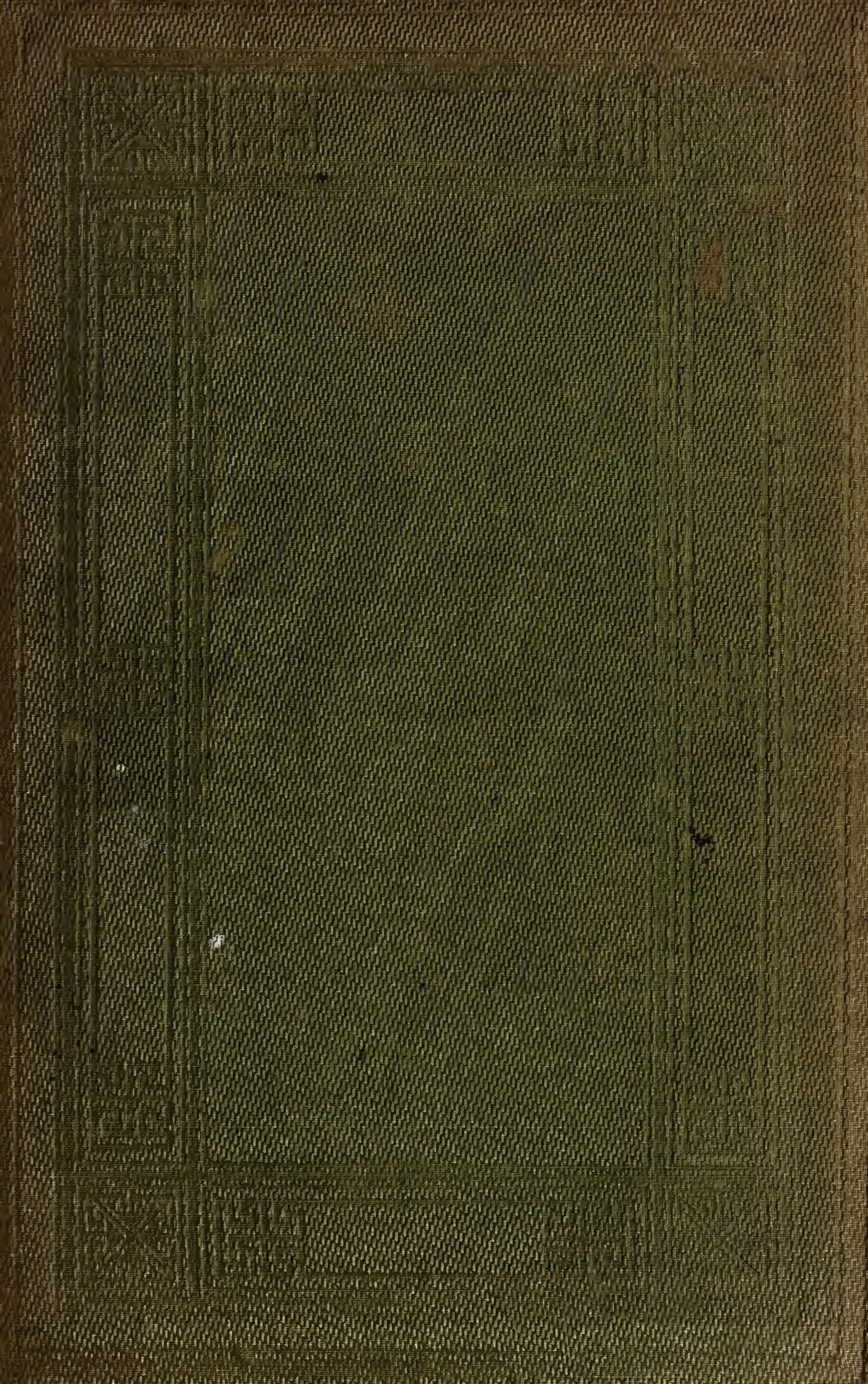

L/R

J. [illegible] NGHAM
[illegible] N ST.
[illegible] ANA ILLS.

UNIVERSITY OF
ILLINOIS LIBRARY
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN
BOOKSTACKS

LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

Gift of the

Urbana Free LIbrary

916

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

https://archive.org/details/memoirsoflifeofc00hutc_2

STANDARD EDITIONS

OF

POPULAR AUTHORS.

◆

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS, TALES OF
FICTION, ENGLISH POETRY, LYRICAL
TRANSLATIONS, &c. &c.

LONDON:
INGRAM, COOKE, AND CO., 227, STRAND.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

J. O. CUNNINGHAM
922 GREEN ST.
URBANA, ILL.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON,

GOVERNOR OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE AND TOWN,

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT, AND OF THE TOWN OF NOTTINGHAM IN THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF CHARLES II., ETC.

WITH

Original Anecdotes

OF MANY OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES,

AND

A SUMMARY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

BY HIS WIDOW LUCY,

DAUGHTER OF SIR ALLEN APSLEY, LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER, ETC.

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT BY THE REV. JULIUS HUTCHINSON.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE LIFE OF MRS. HUTCHINSON.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.—A FRAGMENT.

We have not often met with anything more interesting and curious than this volume. Independent of its being a contemporary narrative of by far the most animating and important part of our history, it challenges our attention as containing an accurate and luminous account of military and political affairs from the hand of a woman; as exhibiting the most liberal and enlightened sentiments in the person of a Puritan; and sustaining a high tone of aristocratical dignity and pretension, though the work of a decided republican. The views which it opens into the character of the writer and the manners of the age, will be to many a still more powerful attraction. Of the times to which this narrative belongs—times to which England owes all her freedom and all her glory—we can never hear too much or too often; and though their story has been transmitted to us both with more fulness of detail and more vivacity of colouring than any other portion of our annals, every reflecting reader must be aware that our information is still extremely defective, and exposes us to the hazard of great misconceptions. The work before us, we think, is calculated in a good degree to supply these deficiencies, and to rectify these errors.

Edinburgh Review, No. XXIV., Oct. 1808.

B.
H976h
1808
Cop. 2

The Work now presented to the readers of the Standard Library is of a very remarkable character—remarkable for two causes; first, as being the production of a woman, at a period when the education of the female sex was commonly neglected; and secondly, as giving a more candid and straightforward account of the grounds of quarrel between the King and Parliament, and of the motives which influenced the partisans of either side, than is to be found in any other historian of the age. The minute details of the conduct of Committees authorised by Parliament is curious, as showing the machinery by which that extraordinary body of men contrived to keep up their authority over the kingdom, and the manner in which they were in the end ruined by the instruments they were obliged to employ; thus affording the army, at first their obedient servitors, an opportunity of undermining, and finally subverting, their power.

The subject is so tempting, that it is difficult to withhold the pen; but an Essay on the state of society in 1642, and the causes of the Civil War, does not consist with our limits. We may, however, be excused for taking a rapid glance at the preceding times, and giving a brief opinion upon their operation. The *result* is best obtained from such works as the present and others, which in due course will be presented in this series.

The history of the British people is more remarkable than that of any other nation. The desire, the *will* of the people to be free, has been manifested from the earliest times; and had the Stuarts regarded the genius of the nation, more than the accidental results which, for comparatively a few years, obliged the people to submit to a government in itself despotic, though still *preserving* the forms of freedom, they would not so madly have insisted on their *divine right* to the throne.

The Conqueror and his immediate successors found it very necessary (though sorely against their will) to grant the privileges which *the people* claimed as their right. "The laws of Edward the Confessor" were an alarum-peal constantly rung in their ears; and, often promised and by parcels granted, were at last confirmed by the Great Charter. Succeeding sovereigns, and more especially Edward the First, perhaps the wisest king that ever graced the throne of England, found it needful to curb the overbearing rapacity of the nobles, by acceding fresh liberty to the Commons. Without their aid the wars with France, which flattered their vanity and made them drunk with glory, had never been achieved. To the wars of the Two Roses, the fatal effects of which struck almost to the vitals of the state, must be ascribed that dream of absolute power which dazzled the Tudors and overwhelmed the Stuarts. Henry the Seventh, when he mounted the throne, found himself possessed of perhaps greater power than had ever before been enjoyed by an English king, and he pushed it to the uttermost. The nation was worn out with war; many of the best families were annihilated; all the remainder weakened: he found them glad of tranquillity on any terms. His son at first appeared to yield to the rising energy of the people; but the religious dissensions which arose, contributed to place even additional power in his hands: to be spiritually free, the nation submitted to be corporeally slaves. The personal character of Elizabeth (for the reigns of Edward and Mary were too short to permit of decisive intimations of public feeling) was fully sufficient to reconcile the people to an almost despotic government; and the spell of her influence remained after her decease. Hence James found many who were ready to acquiesce in his open assertion of supreme power ; and, had he possessed but one half of Elizabeth's talent, he might have brought the nation to submit until they had totally forgotten their former freedom. Had his foreign policy been bold and fortunate, instead of timid and unlucky, the names of Hampden and Cromwell would have been unknown to history.

When the storm, whose foreboding mutterings might have been long heard by any ears but those deafened by flattery, at last burst, its effects, had they not been counteracted, would have been beneficial. The first demands of Parliament were not factious ; the body was mainly composed of virtuous and upright men, who had every one a considerable stake in the welfare of their country, and who then thought as little of a republic as of an El Dorado. The evasion, even more than the denial, of the rights of the people irritated the public feeling, and in the end party spirit usurped the place of patriotism in both parties. So rapidly does the evil feeling inherent in human nature evolve itself when energy degenerates into anger, that at the fatal crisis when the sword was first drawn, it was difficult for a conscientious man, who had not previously mingled in the strife, to determine to which side he should attach himself ; and the moderate man who, like Colonel Hutchinson, acted upon principle, and not from interest or passion, was found fault with by both parties.

The history of such a man, written by his wife—a woman in whom conjugal love, maternal affection, and all the accomplishments befitting a lady of family, were united to learning which would not have disgraced a scholar—is worthy the attention, not only of the historian (who will there find facts clearly detailed and illustrated with curious minuteness), but the student of human nature. The motives which influenced the various partisans ; even the bickerings of the parliamentary commissioners governing a country town ; are all interesting in such a narrative, since they throw so great a light on the causes of the rise and downfall of that mighty machine, the Long Parliament, which at one time regulated the destinies of the empire.

Regarding the book as a mere matter of personal history, it is delightful ; never were a husband's virtues more eloquently pictured by a faithful wife, and her own made bright by the reflection.

This book was first given to the world in the year 1806, by the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, a descendant of the family of Colonel Hutchinson, though not in the direct line from him. We have retained the editor's preface, which contains some interesting particulars regarding the family of Colonel Hutchinson, and also the greater part of the notes he appended (retrenching only a few which seemed superfluous), but have not added any ourselves. The work, indeed, admits of much illustration ; but the subject matter is so various, and replete with facts of so deep an interest, that a full annotation would almost overrun the text, and would comprise nearly a complete history of the events of the whole period of the narrative. We have, therefore, thought it best to leave the work untouched. In the course of this series, it is our intention to reprint other works relating to the history of the Commonwealth, which are in themselves the best illustrations of one like the present, confined to the actions of an individual.

The Rev. Julius Hutchinson, in his edition, carefully retained the old spelling of the authoress, which was as incorrect as that of most other writers of the time, the same word being frequently spelt differently in the same page. To retain this imperfection in a work of the present nature, appears to us to answer no purpose but that of embarrassing the reader, and we have consequently corrected it according to the modern standard. We have not, however, altered any word, or modernized any form of expression. Such are characteristic of the times, and of the mode of thinking of the writer, and could not be altered without detracting from the interest felt in the perusal.

December, 1838.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON.

PREFACE.

It is conceived to be necessary, for the satisfaction of the public, to prefix to this work some account of the manuscripts from which it has been printed, and of the manner in which they came into the hands of the editor; which we shall accordingly do, interweaving therewith such subsequent information as we have been able to collect respecting the families and descendants of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson.

The Memoirs of the Life of Col. Hutchinson had been seen by many persons, as well as the editor, in the possession of the late Thomas Hutchinson, Esq. of Owthorpe, in Nottinghamshire, and of Hatfield Woodhall, in Hertfordshire; and he had been frequently solicited to permit them to be published, particularly by the late Mrs. Catharine Macaulay, but had uniformly refused. This gentleman dying without issue, the editor, his nephew, inherited some part of his estates which were left unsold, including his mansion-house of Hatfield Woodhall. In the library he found the following books, written by Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson:—1st. The Life of Col. Hutchinson. 2nd. A book without a title, but which appears to have been a kind of diary which she had kept, and afterwards made use of when she came to write the Life of Col. Hutchinson. 3rd. A fragment, giving an account of the early part of her own life. This book clearly appears to have been Mrs. Hutchinson's first essay at composition, and contains, besides the story of her life and family, several short copies of verses, some finished, some unfinished, many of which are above mediocrity. And, 4th, Two books treating entirely of religious subjects; in which, although the fancy may be rather too much indulged, the judgment still maintains the ascendancy, and sentiments of exalted piety, liberality, and benevolence, are delivered in terms apposite, dignified, and perspicuous.

These works had all been read, and marked in several places with his initials, by Julius Hutchinson, Esq. of Owthorpe, the father of the late Thomas Hutchinson Esq. just mentioned, and son of Charles Hutchinson, Esq. of Owthorpe, only son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson by his second wife, the Lady Catharine Stanhope. Lady Catharine Hutchinson lived to the age of 102, and is reported to have retained her faculties to the end of her life. Some remarks made by the above-mentioned Julius Hutchinson, which will be found in their proper places in the body of the work, are declared by him to have been communicated by his grandmother, Lady Catharine; and as this lady dwelt in splendour at Nottingham, and had ample means of information; as there is only one instance wherein the veracity of the biographer is at all called in question, and even in this, it does not appear to the editor, and probably may not to the reader, that there was sufficient ground for objection; the opposition and the acquiescence of her grandson and herself seem alike to confirm the authenticity and faithfulness of the narrative.

Col. Hutchinson left four sons, of which the youngest only, John, left issue two sons; and there is a tradition in the family, that these two last descendants of Col. Hutchinson emigrated, the one to the West Indies or America, the other to Russia; the latter is said to have gone out with the command of a ship of war given by Queen Anne to the Czar Peter, and to have been lost at sea. One of the female descendants of the former, the editor once met with by accident at Portsmouth, and she spoke with great warmth of the veneration in which his descendants in the new world held the memory of their ancestor Col. Hutchinson. Of the daughters little more is known than that Mrs. Hutchinson, addressing one of her books of devotion to her daughter Mrs. Orgill, ascertains that one of them was married to a gentleman of that name.

The family of Mr. George Hutchinson likewise became extinct in the second generation.

Charles Hutchinson, only son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson by Lady Catharine Stanhope, married one of the daughters and coheiresses of Sir Francis Boteler, of Hatfield Woodhall, Herts; which family being zealous royalists, and he solicitous to gain their favour, (which he did so effectually, as in the end to obtain nearly their whole inheritance), it is probable that he gave small encouragement or assistance to the elder branch of the family while they suffered for their republican sentiments; on the contrary, it is certain that he purchased of Mrs. Hutchinson and her son, after the death of Col. Hutchinson, their estate at Owthorpe, which, joined to what his father had given him, and what he obtained by his marriage, raised him to more opulence than his father had ever possessed; and he seems not to have fallen short of him in popularity, for he represented the town of Nottingham in parliament from the year 1690, (being the first general election after the accession of King William), till his death.

His son Julius returned into that line of conduct and connexions which was most natural for one of his descent, for he married Betty, daughter of Col. Norton of Wellow, of the well-known patriotic family of that name in Hampshire, and whose mother was a Fiennes. He seems to have bestowed a very rational and well-deserved attention upon the writings of Mrs. Hutchinson, and there is a tradition in the family, that although he had many children of his own, he treated with kindness and liberality the last descendants of his uncle, and assisted them with money to fit them out for their emigration. The editor has seen a written memorandum of his, expressing his regret at hearing no more of them after their departure.

From the circumstance of these, the only grandchildren of Col. Hutchinson, standing in need of this pecuniary assistance, from the mention Mrs. Hutchinson makes of her husband's debts, and from an expression contained in that book which she addresses to her daughter Mrs. Orgill, desiring her not to despise her advice, though she sees her in adversity, it is highly probable that, even after selling her husband's estates, the sum to be divided left each member of the family in strait circumstances.

The affection and well-merited esteem with which Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of her brother, Sir Allen Apsley, will excite an interest in the reader to know what became of him and his posterity: by two marriages, and by the death of his grandson in his minority, the family of Apsley entirely merged in the noble family of Bathurst, who have adopted the name Apsley as their second title; there are five or six of the family of Apsley entombed in Westminster Abbey, near to the entrance of Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

Having traced the manuscript from the hands of the writer to those of the editor, in such a manner as to establish its authenticity beyond all doubt; the next, and that not a less important point, is to remove those objections which may be raised against the tendency of a work of this nature, and to show that the assumption of any evil tendency is groundless.

That avowed predilection for a republican government, which is conspicuous in this history, as it was in the lives of the persons who are the principal subjects of it, may perhaps give a momentary alarm; but a little reflection will dissipate it. At the time when Col. Hutchinson first entered on the great theatre of life, the contest was just begun between the partisans of the divine right of the sovereign, and the indispensable obligation of the subject to passive obedience and non-resistance, on one side; and the assertors of the claims of the people to command, through their representatives, the public purse, of the freedom of debate in parliament, and of the responsibility of ministers, on the other. When the sword, the *Ratio Ultima Regum*, the *last appeal of kings*, was resorted to by the former, and the latter gained the victory, they very naturally adopted the republican system, as concluding, that persons holding such opinions as the princes of the House of Stuart and their adherents did, would never concede to them their franchises, but with a full intention to resume them, whenever they should recover power enough to attempt it with success. The event fully justified this* conclusion; and it is now evident to all, that the only thing which could ever give this nation permanent tranquillity, and put an end to those heartburnings which either openly or covertly had existed even from the time of the Norman conquest, was an explicit compact between king and people, which took its date indeed from the revolution in 1688, but obtained its consummation at the fortunate accession of the house of Brunswick, when the title of the monarch, and the rights of the people, became identified and established on one common basis. Of this truly may be said,

> Quod optanti Divum permittere nemo
> Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultrò.
>
> What to his vot'ry not a God dared promise,
> Revolving years spontaneously produced.

No one will pretend that such an occasion was within the reach of human foresight; of course the only remedy then attainable was applied to the disorder of the state. Upon a fair review of the contest it will be seen that what the Tory and the Courtier of the present day, the friend or even the flatterer of kingly power, admits as axioms, were the grand desiderata of the Whig and the Patriot of those times, and that what were then cried out upon as daring encroachments now pass as the most moderate and unquestioned claims. Not to deceive ourselves then with words, nor attach our minds to names instead of things, although the government under which we prosper be termed Imperial; yet the greater part of the legislative power resting with the people and the executive being vested in a chief magistrate, who is under so many limitations that he seems placed in that situation very much more for the common weal, the public benefit, than his own ease or advantage, it must be allowed to come up to Col. Hutchinson's favourite idea of a republic for all beneficial purposes, and would assuredly be not less acceptable to him, for that the hereditary succession would be found to repress that effervescence of individual ambition which it was the study and the labour of his life to keep down. Possessing himself, but finding not in others, the virtue worthy of and essential to a republic, he would gladly have taken shelter under a well-limited monarchy, and of such a one he would unquestionably have been a loyal subject, a vigorous assertor.

The Puritanism which appears in the story, and actuated the conduct of Colonel Hutchinson all through life, may be accounted for on almost a similar ground with his predilection for a republic.

The puritanic turn of thought and style of expression had been adopted by the vindicators of religious freedom and right of inquiry, with whom the champions of civil liberty naturally made common cause. Divinity as a science was a study then in vogue, and seems to have tinctured the conversations and writings of the greater part of society. In this Mr. Hutchinson had been encouraged by his father, whose library subsisted at his family seat of Owthorpe till about the year 1755, and contained a vast number of folio volumes of polemical divinity. A study environed with many dangers! and which led Col. Hutchinson into whatever errors he was guilty of. On another hand the ministers of the established church in those times preached up the prerogative in all its extravagance, and endeavoured to establish jointly and inseparably implicit faith in, and unqualified obedience to. the church and king (still giving the church the precedency); whilst the laymen of their party practised, and even professed, a total dissoluteness of life: so that those who were slaves in principle, were libertines in practice; while those who were deemed rebels by the court, and latitudinarians by the hierarchy, were rigoriss in religion and morality.

---

* In the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

This contrariety produced a constant and incessant opposition, augmented the vehemence of antipathy, fortified prejudice, and seemed almost to justify bigotry. But from this (bigotry) we are bound to exculpate Col. Hutchinson. The Independents, to whose party, if a man of so much candour and liberality can be said to be of any party, he belonged, proceeded upon that principle, which, how general soever it ought to be is however unfortunately very uncommon, of allowing to all that liberty of conscience they demanded for themselves. Accordingly they began by desiring only an act * to be passed "for taking away all coercive power, authority, and jurisdiction, from bishops, extending to civil penalties," &c. It was not till after they saw the extreme pertinaciousness of the king to retain the bishops as instruments at a future opportunity for remounting his system of arbitrary sway, and that "the prelatical party about him prevailed with him to refuse an accommodation, and hazard his crown and life, rather than diminish their greatness and power to persecute others," that they insisted on the abolition of the order †. It was quite a different party, that of the rigid Presbyterians, and peculiarly their ministers, "who cried out against the tyranny of the bishops only that they might get the power into their own hands, and, without the name, might exercise the authority ‡ of popes." That, instead of this power being irrevocably and immoveably established over us, we are now governed by the mildest church discipline in the universe, we owe to these Independents! Col. Hutchinson in particular, if he had lived in times like ours, "when bishops and ministers desire only to be helpers, § not lords over the consciences of God's people," would either have been a conforming member of the church of England, or at most have only dissented from it in few things, and that with modesty and moderation. For it is well worthy of notice, that after having suffered provocation and persecution from catholic, episcopalian, and presbyterian, when power came into his own hands, he treated all with lenity, and to the worthy persons of all sects and parties extended his protection.

We have next to consider a part of the conduct of Col. Hutchinson which will be the most generally blamed, and is the least capable of defence, the condemnation of Charles the First. To speak of the justice of such a measure in a legal point of view would be a mockery; nothing but the breaking up of the very foundations of the state, and a war of its elements, could let in the possibility of such a procedure. Amidst the tempest and darkness which then involved the whole political horizon, it savours of presumption to decide what measures were right, expedient, or even necessary: this much alone may safely be asserted, that the king and his friends during the contest, and still more after it was virtually ended by the battle of Naseby, maintained such a conduct as rendered his destruction inevitable; but the remark of Whitelock, p. 363, seems no less just than ingenious; "that such an irregular and unheard of business should have been left to that irregular set of men, the army, who urged it on." They however, were determined to throw the odium on others, or at least draw others in to share it.

Be it as it may, though some may blame, many more will pity, a man such as Col. Hutchinson, who found or conceived himself reduced to the cruel alternative of permitting all that system of liberty, civil and religious, to the establishment of which he had devoted all his faculties, and was ready to sacrifice his existence, to be risked upon the good faith of a man whose misfortune it was (to say no worse) to be environed by designing and ambitious persons, who rendered all his virtues abortive, and made all afraid to trust him, or of signing a sentence which has since been called a murder, and the undergoing it a martyrdom! At any rate it would be highly ungracious and ungrateful in us, while we enjoy in our well-balanced constitution the benefits derived to us from the virtue, the energy, the sufferings, and even the faults of our ancestors, to pass a severe censure on their conduct; for it will hardly be denied that the remembrance of his father's fate influenced James the Second to yield so easy and bloodless a victory to his opponents, and leave them to settle the constitution amidst calm and sober counsels. On the contrary, we are bound to ascribe many of the oversights of those first founders of our liberties to a precipitancy forced on them by urgent circumstances, to cast a veil over their imperfections, and cherish their memory with thankfulness.

So much having been said for the purpose of obviating misapprehension as to the effect of this work, it may be further expected that some merit or utility should be shown, to justify the editor in presenting it to the public notice. Being not the child of his brain and fancy, but of his adoption and judgment, he may be supposed to view it with so much the less partiality, and allowed to speak of it with so much the more freedom.

The only ends for which any book can reasonably be published, are to inform, to amuse, or to improve: but unless many persons of highly reputed judgment are mistaken as well as ourselves, this work will be found to attain all three of them. In point of amusement, perhaps novelty or curiosity holds the foremost rank; and surely we risk little in saying that a history of a period the most remarkable in the British annals, written one hundred and fifty years ago by a lady of elevated birth, of a most comprehensive and highly cultivated mind, herself a witness of many

---

* Articles of the army, Rushworth, vol. vii. p. 731.

† The words of Whitelock, p. 340, where he regrets that the king's chaplains prevailed with him beyond the parliament's commissioners or his own judgment.

‡ Vide Letter of Irving, laird of Drum, and his appeal to Col. Overton; Whitelock, p. 526.

§ Words of Cromwell in his letter to Scots ministers, Whitelock, p. 473.

of the scenes she describes, and active in several of them, is a literary curiosity of no mean sort.

As to information, although there are many histories of the same period, there is not one that is generally esteemed satisfactory; most of them carry evident marks of prejudice or partiality; nor were any of those which are now read, written at or near the time, or by persons who had an opportunity of being well acquainted with what was passing, except that of Clarendon. But any one who should take the pains, which the editor has done, to examine Clarendon's State Papers, would find therein documents much better calculated to support Mrs. Hutchinson's representation of affairs than that which he himself has given. Mrs. Hutchinson writing from a motive which will very seldom be found to induce any one to take so much trouble, that of giving her children, and especially her eldest son, then about to enter on the stage of life, a true notion of those eventful scenes which had just been passing before her eyes, and which she well judged must be followed by others not less interesting to the same cause and persons, will surely be thought to have possessed both the means and the inclination to paint with truth and correctness: in effect she will be seen to exhibit such a faithful, natural, and lively picture of the public mind and manners, taken sometimes in larger, sometimes in smaller groups, as will give a more satisfactory view to an observant reader than he will anywhere else discover. He will be further pleased to see avoided the most common error of historians, that of displaying the paradoxical and the marvellous, both in persons and things. But surely the use of history being to instruct the present and future ages by the experience of the past, nothing can be more absurd than a wish to excite and leave the reader in astonishment, which instead of assisting, can only confound his judgment. Mrs. Hutchinson, on the contrary, has made it her business, and that very successfully, to account by common and easy causes for many of those actions and effects which others have left unaccounted for, and only to be gazed at in unmeaning wonder; or, in attempting to account for them, have employed vain subtilty or groundless conjecture. She has likewise not merely described the parties in the state by their general character, but delineated them in *their minute ramifications*, and thus enabled us to trace the springs, and discover the reasonableness, of many of those proceedings which had hitherto seemed incongruous and inconsistent.

But the greater merit shall appear in this work as a history, the greater will be the regret that the writer did not dedicate more of her attention to render it complete and full, instead of summary.

However, the most numerous class of readers are the lovers of biography, and to these it has of late been the practice of historians to address themselves, as Lyttleton in his Life of Henry the Second, Robertson of Charles the Fifth, Roscoe of Leo the Tenth, and many minor writers. Perhaps the prevalence of this predilection may be traced to the circumstance of the reader's thus feeling himself to be, as it were, a party in the transactions which are recounted. A person of this taste will, it is hoped, here have his wishes completely gratified; for he will, in fancy, have lived in times, and witnessed scenes, the most interesting that can be imagined to the human mind, especially the mind of an Englishman; he will have conversed with persons the most celebrated and extraordinary, whom one party represent as heroes and demigods, the other as demons, but whom, having had opportunity to view close at hand, he will judge to have been truly great men, and to have carried at once to a high degree of perfection the characters of the warrior, the politician, the legislator, and the philosopher; yet to have had their great qualifications alloyed by such failings, and principally the want of moderation, as defeated their grand designs. He will have accompanied the hero of the tale, not only through all the ages of life, but through almost every situation in society, from the lowest that can become noticeable, which Mrs. Hutchinson calls the *even ground of a gentleman;* to the highest which his principles permitted him to aspire to, that of a counsellor of state, in a large and flourishing republic; he will have seen him mark each with the exercise of its appropriate grace or virtue, and so completely to have adapted himself to each department, as to appear always to move in the sphere most natural to him: and, finally, to have maintained so steady a course through all the vicissitudes of prosperity and adversity, as enabled him, though he could neither control the conduct of his coadjutors, nor stem the fluctuating tides of fortune or popular opinion, yet to preserve for himself not only the great and inexhaustible resource of a good conscience, but even the unanimous esteem of the great assembly of the nation, when they agreed in no other thing: he will no doubt be sensible that such a character is rare, but he will perceive such a consistency and harmony of parts as to make him deem the whole easy of belief, and conclude that such a one would be even more difficult to feign than to find: he will hence be led to concur with us in asserting, that it is much more efficacious and conducive to improvement and to the advancement of morality thus to hold forth a great example in real life, and to elicit principles from practice, than first to feign a sentiment, and then actions and events to support it, as has been done both by ancients and moderns, from the Hercules of Prodicus to the Grandison of Richardson. Nor has the skill and attention of our author been confined to the portraying of her principal character, she has equally succeeded in the delineation of the subordinate ones; so that whenever their speeches or actions are brought afresh before our view, we need not that they should be named in order to recognise the personage; and both in this department, and in that of the development of the intrigues which she occasionally lays open to us, we shall acknowledge the advantage of her adding to the vigour of a masculine understanding, the nice feeling and discrimination, the delicate touch of the pencil of a female.

As to the style and phraseology, there are so few prose writings of a prior or coeval date now read, that we should be at a loss to point out any which could have served her for models, or us for a standard of comparison; nor does it so much appear to us to bear the stamp of any particular age, as by its simplicity, significancy, and propriety, to be worthy of imitation in all times.

Some expressions will be found that are uncommon, or used in an uncommon sense, but they are such as are justified by classical propriety, and, had her book been published, would probably have been adopted and brought into general use.

We conclude with expressing a confident hope that the public will find this memoir to be such as we first announced it, a faithful image of the mode of thinking in those days of which it treats, an interesting and new specimen of private and public character, of general and individual biography, and that recommended as it comes by clearness of discernment, strength and candour of judgment, simplicity, and perspicuity of narrative, pure, amiable, and christian morality, sentiments at once tender and elevated, conveyed in language elegant, expressive, and classical, occasionally embellished with apposite, impressive, and well-supported figures, it will be found to afford pleasure and instruction to every class of readers.

The ladies will feel that it carries with it all the interest of a novel, strengthened with the authenticity of real history; they will no doubt feel an additional satisfaction in learning, that though the author added to the erudition of the scholar, the research of the philosopher, the politician, and even the divine, the zeal and magnanimity of a patriot; yet she descended from all these elevations to perform, in the most exemplary manner, the functions of a wife, a mother, and mistress of a family.

THE
LIFE OF MRS. LUCY HUTCHINSON,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

A FRAGMENT.

The Almighty Author of all beings, in his various providences, whereby he conducts the lives of men from the cradle to the tomb, exercises no less wisdom and goodness than he manifests power and greatness in their creation; but such is the stupidity of blind mortals, that instead of employing their studies in these admirable books of providence, wherein God daily exhibits to us glorious characters of his love, kindness, wisdom and justice, they ungratefully regard them not, and call the most wonderful operations of the great God, the common accidents of human life, especially if they be such as are usual, and exercised towards them in ages wherein they are not very capable of observation, and whereon they seldom employ any reflection; for in things great and extraordinary, some perhaps will take notice of God's working, who either forget or believe not that he takes as well a care and account of their smallest concernments, even the hairs of their heads.

Finding myself in some kind guilty of this general neglect, I thought it might be a means to stir up my thankfulness for things past, and to encourage my faith for the future, if I recollected, as much as I have heard or can remember, of the passages of my youth, and the general and particular providences exercised towards me, both in the entrance and progress of my life. Herein I meet with so many special indulgences as require a distinct consideration, they being all of them to be regarded as talents intrusted to my improvement for God's glory. The parents by whom I received my life, the places where I began and continued it, the time when I was brought forth to be a witness of God's wonderful workings in the earth, the rank that was given me in my generation, and the advantages I received in my person, each of them carries along with it many mercies which are above my utterance, and as they give me infinite cause of glorifying God's goodness, so I cannot reflect on them without deep humiliation for the small improvement I have made of so rich a stock; which that I may yet by God's grace better employ, I shall recal and seriously ponder; and first, as far as I have since learnt, set down the condition of things in the place of my nativity at that time when I was sent into the world. It was on the 29th day of January, in the year of our Lord 1619-20, that in the Tower of London, the principal city of the English isle, I was, about 4 of the clock in the morning, brought forth to behold the ensuing light. My father was Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower of London; my mother, his third wife, was Lucy, the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregooze, in Wiltshire, by his second wife. My father had then living a son and a daughter by his former wives, and by my mother three sons, I being her eldest daughter. The land was then at peace (it being towards the latter end of the reign of king James) if that quietness may be called a peace, which was rather like the calm and smooth surface of the sea, whose dark womb is already impregnated of a horrid tempest.

Whoever considers England, will find it no small favour of God to have been made one of its natives, both upon spiritual and outward accounts. The happiness of the soil and air contribute all things that are necessary to the use or delight of man's life. The celebrated glory of this isle's inhabitants ever since they received a mention in history confers some honour upon every one of her children, and with it an obligation to continue in that magnanimity and virtue, which hath famed this island, and raised her head in glory higher than the great kingdoms of the neighbouring continent. Britain hath been as a garden enclosed, wherein all things that man can wish, to make a pleasant life, are planted and grow in her own soil, and whatsoever foreign countries yield to increase admiration and delight, are brought in by her fleets. The people, by the plenty of their country, not being forced to toil for bread, have ever addicted themselves to more generous employments, and been reckoned, almost in all ages, as valiant warriors as any part of the world sent forth: insomuch that the greatest Roman captains thought it not unworthy of their expeditions, and took great glory in triumphs for unperfect conquests. Lucan upbraids Julius Cæsar for returning hence with a repulse, and it was two hundred years before the land could be reduced into a Roman province, which at length was done; and such of the nation, then called Picts, as scorned servitude, were driven into the barren country of Scotland, where they have ever since remained a perpetual trouble to the successive inhabitants of this place. The Britons, that thought it better to work for their conquerors in a good land, than to have the freedom to starve in a cold and barren quarter, were by degrees fetched away, and wasted in the civil broils of these Roman lords, till the land, almost depopulated, lay open to the incursions of every borderer, and were forced to call a stout warlike people, the Saxons, out of Germany, to their assistance. These willingly came at their call, but were not so easily sent out again, nor persuaded to let their hosts inhabit with them, for they drove the Britons into the mountains of Wales, and seated themselves in those pleasant countries which, from the new masters, received a new name, and ever since retained it, being called England; on which the warlike Dane made many attempts, with various success; but after about two or three hundred years' vain contest, they were for ever driven out with shame and loss, and the Saxon heptarchy melted into a monarchy, which continued till the superstitious prince, who was sainted for his ungodly chastity, left an empty throne to him that could seize it. He who first set up his standard in it, could not hold it, but with his life left it again for the Norman usurper, who, partly by violence, partly by falsehood, laid here the foundation of his monarchy in the people's blood, in which it hath swum about five hundred years, till the flood that bore it was ploughed into such deep furrows as had almost sunk the proud vessel. Of those Saxons that remained subjects to the Norman conqueror, my father's family descended; of those Normans that came in with him, my mother's was derived; both of them, as all the rest in England, contracting such affinity, by mutual marriages, that the distinction remained but a short space; Normans and Saxons becoming one people, who by their valour grew terrible to all the neighbouring princes, and have not only bravely acquitted themselves in their own defence, but have shown abroad how easily they could subdue the world; if they did not prefer the quiet enjoyment of their own part above the conquest of the whole.

Better laws and a happier constitution of government no nation ever enjoyed, it being a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy, with sufficient fences against the pest of every one of those forms, tyranny, faction, and confusion; yet is it not possible for man to devise such just and excellent bounds as will keep in wild ambition, when princes' flatterers encourage that beast to break his fence, which it hath often done, with miserable consequences both to the prince and people; but could never in any age so tread down popular liberty, but that it rose again with renewed vigour, till at length it trod on those that trampled it before. And in the just bounds wherein our kings were so well hedged in, the surrounding princes have with terror seen the reproof of their usurpations over their free brethren, whom they rule rather as slaves than subjects, and are only served for fear, but not for love; whereas this people have ever been as affectionate to good, as unpliable to bad, sovereigns.

Nor is it only valour and generosity that renown this nation; in arts we have advanced equal to our neighbours, and in those that are most excellent, exceeded them. The world hath not yielded men more famous in navigation, nor ships better built or furnished. Agriculture is as ingeniously practised; the English archery were the terror of Christendom, and their cloths the ornament: but these low things bounded not their great spirits, in all ages it hath yielded men as famous in all kinds of learning, as Greece or Italy can boast of. And to complete the crown of all their glory, reflected from the lustre of their ingenuity, valour, wit, learning, justice, wealth, and bounty, their piety and devotion to God, and his worship, hath made them one of the most truly noble nations in the christian world. God having as it were enclosed a people here, out of the waste common of the world, to serve him with a pure and undefiled worship. Lucius the British king was one of the first monarchs of the earth that received the faith of Christ into his heart and kingdom; Henry the eighth, the first prince that broke the antichristian yoke off from his own and his subjects' necks. Here it was that the first christian Emperor received his crown; here began the early dawn of gospel light, by Wickliffe and other faithful witnesses, whom God raised up after the black and horrid midnight of antichristianism, and a more plentiful harvest of devout confessors, constant martyrs, and holy worshippers of God, hath not grown in any field of the church, throughout all ages, than those whom God hath here glorified his name and gospel by. Yet hath not this wheat been without its tares. God, in comparison with other countries, hath made this as a paradise, so, to complete the parallel, the serpent hath in all times been busy to seduce, and not unsuccessful, ever stirring up opposers to the infant truths of Christ.

No sooner was the faith of Christ embraced in this nation, but the neighbouring heathens invaded the innocent christians, and slaughtered multitudes of them; and when, by the mercy of God, the conquering pagans were afterwards converted, and that there were none left to oppose the name of Christ with open hostility; then the subtle serpent put off his own horrid appearance, and comes out in a christian dress to persecute Christ in his poor prophets, that bore witness against the corruption of the times. This intestine quarrel hath been more successful to the devil, and more afflictive to the church, than all open wars, and I fear, will never happily be decided till the Prince of Peace come to conclude the controversy, which at the time of my birth was working up into that tempest, wherein I have shared many perils, many fears, and many sorrows, and many more mercies, consolations and preservations, which I shall have occasion to mention in other places.

From the place of my birth I shall only desire to remember the goodness of the Lord who hath caused my lot to fall in a good ground, who hath fed me in a pleasant pasture, where the well-springs of life flow to all that desire to drink of them. And this is no small favour, if I consider how many poor people perish among the heathen, where they never hear the name of Christ; how many poor christians spring up in countries enslaved by Turkish and anti-christian tyrants, whose souls and bodies languish under miserable slavery. None knows what mercy it is to live under a good and wholesome law, that have not considered the sad condition of being subject to the will of an unlimited man, and surely it is too universal a sin in this nation, that the common mercies of God to the whole land are so slightly regarded and so unconsiderately passed over; certainly these are circumstances which much magnify God's loving-kindness and his special favour to all that are of English birth, and call for a greater return of duty from us than from all other people of the world.

Nor is the place only, but the time of my coming into the world, a considerable mercy to me. It was not in the midnight of popery, nor in the dawn of the gospel's restored day, when light and shades were blended and almost undistinguished, but when the sun of truth was exalted in his progress and hastening towards a meridian glory. It was indeed early in the morning, God being pleased to allow me the privilege of beholding the admirable growth of gospel light in my days: and oh! that my soul may never forget to bless and praise his name for the wonders of power and goodness, wisdom and truth, which have been manifested in this my time.

The next blessing I have to consider in my nativity is my parents, both of them pious and virtuous in their own conversation, and careful instructors of my youth, not only by precept but example. Which if I had leisure and ability, I should have transmitted to my posterity, both to give them the honour due from me in such a grateful memorial, and to increase my children's improvement of the patterns they set them; but since I shall detract from those I would celebrate by my imperfect commemorations, I shall content myself to sum up some few things for my own use, and let the rest alone, which I either knew not or have forgotten, or cannot worthily express.

My grandfather by the father's side was a gentleman of a competent estate, about 700*l*. or 800*l*. a year, in Sussex. He being descended of a younger house, had his residence at a place called Pulborough; the family out of which he came was an Apsley, of Apsley, a town where they had been seated before the Conquest, and ever since continued till of late, the last heir male of that eldest house, being the son of Sir Edward Apsley; is dead without issue, and his estate gone with his sister's daughters into other families. Particularities concerning my father's kindred or country I never knew much of, by reason of my youth at the time of his death, and my education in far distant places, only in general I have heard that my grandfather was a man well reputed and beloved in his country, and that it had been such a continued custom for my ancestors to take wives at home, that there was scarce a family of any note in Sussex, to which they were not by intermarriages nearly related: but I was myself a stranger to them all, except my Lord Goring, who living at court, I have seen with my father, and heard of him, because he was appointed one of my father's executors, though he declined the trouble. My grandfather had seven sons, of which my father was the youngest: to the eldest he gave his whole estate, and to the rest, according to the custom of those times, slight annuities. The eldest brother married to a gentlewoman of a good family, and by her had only one son, whose mother dying, my uncle married himself again to one of his own maids, and by her had three more sons, whom, with their mother, my cousin William Apsley, the son of the first wife, held in such contempt, that a great while after, dying without children, he gave his estate of inheritance to my father and two of my brothers, except about 100*l*. a year to the eldest of his half brothers, and annuities of 30*l*. a-piece to the three for their lives. He died before I was born, but I have heard very honourable mention of him in our family; the rest of my father's brothers went into the wars in Ireland and the Low Countries, and there remained none of them nor their issues when I was born, but only three daughters who bestowed themselves meanly, and their generations are worn out except two or three unregarded children. My father at the death of my grandfather being but a youth at school, had not patience to stay the perfecting of his studies, but put himself into present action, sold his annuity, bought himself good clothes, put some money in his purse, and came to London; and by means of a relation at court, got a place in the household of Queen Elizabeth, where he behaved himself so that he won the love of many of the court; but being young, took an affection to gaming, and spent most of the money he had in his purse. About that time the Earl of Essex was setting forth for Cales voyage, and my father, that had a mind to quit his idle court life, procured an employment from the Victualler of the Navy, to go along with that fleet. In which voyage he demeaned himself with so much courage and prudence, that after his return he was honoured with a very noble and profitable employment in Ireland. There a rich widow that had many children cast her affections upon him and he married her; but she not living many years with him, and having no children by him, after her death he distributed all her estate among her children, for whom he ever preserved a fatherly kindness, and some of her grand-children were brought up in his house after I was born. He, by God's blessing, and his fidelity and industry growing in estate and honour, received a knighthood from King James soon after his coming to the crown, for some eminent service done to him in Ireland, which having only heard in my childhood I cannot perfectly set down. After that, growing into a familiarity with Sir George Carew, made now by the King, Earl of Totness, a niece of this Earl's, the daughter of Sir Peter Carew, who lived a young widow in her uncle's house, fell in love with him, which her uncle perceiving, procured a marriage between them. She had divers children by my father, but only two of them, a son and daughter, survived her, who died whilst my father was absent from her in Ireland. He led all the time of his widowhood a very disconsolate life, careful for nothing in the world but to educate and advance the son and daughter, the dear pledges she had left him, for whose sake he quitted himself of his employments abroad, and procured himself the office of Victualler of the Navy, a place then both of credit and great revenue. His friends considering his solitude, had procured him a match of a very rich widow, who was a lady of as much discretion as wealth ; but while he was upon this design, he chanced to see my mother at the house of Sir William St. John, who had married her eldest sister, and though he went on his journey, yet something in her person and behaviour he carried along with him, which would not let him accomplish it, but brought him back to my mother. She was of a noble family, being the youngest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregooze, in the county of Wilts ; her father and mother died when she was not above five years of age, and yet at her nurse's, from whence she was carried to be brought up in the house of the Lord Grandison, her father's younger brother, an honourable and excellent person, but married to a lady so jealous of him, and so ill-natured in her jealous fits, to any thing that was related to him, that her cruelties to my mother exceeded the stories of step-mothers : the rest of my aunts, my mother's sisters, were dispersed to several places, where they grew up till my uncle Sir John St. John being married to the daughter of Sir Thomas Laten, they were all again brought home to their brother's house. There were not in those days so many beautiful women found in any family as these, but my mother was by the most judgments preferred before all her elder sisters, who, something envious at it, used her unkindly, yet all the suitors that came to them still turned their addresses to her, which she in her youthful innocency neglected, till one of greater name, estate, and reputation than the rest happened to fall deeply in love with her, and to manage it so discreetly, that my mother could not but entertain him, and my uncle's wife, who had a mother's kindness for her, persuaded her to remove herself from her sisters' envy by going along with her to the Isle of Jersey, where her father was governor ; which she did, and there went into the town, and boarded in a French minister's house to learn the language, that minister having been, by the persecution in France, driven to seek his shelter there. Contracting a dear friendship with this holy man and his wife, she was instructed in their Geneva discipline, which she liked so much better than our more superstitious service, that she could have been contented to have lived there, had not a powerful passion in her heart drawn her back. But at her return she met with many afflictions, the gentleman who had professed so much love to her, in her absence had been, by most vile practices and treacheries, drawn out of his senses, and into the marriage of a person, whom, when he recovered his reason, he hated : but that served only to augment his misfortune, and the circumstances of that story not being necessary to be here inserted I shall only add that my mother lived in my uncle's house, secretly discontented at this accident, but was comforted by the kindness of my uncle's wife, who had contracted such an intimate friendship with her that they seemed to have but one soul. And in this kindness she had some time a great solace, till some malicious persons had wrought some jealousies which were very groundless in my uncle concerning his wife, but his nature being inclinable to that passion whichw as fomented in him by subtile wicked persons, and my mother endeavouring to vindicate injured innocence, she was herself not well treated by my uncle, whereupon she left his house, with a resolution to withdraw herself into the island where the good minister was, and there to wear out her life in the service of God. While she was deliberating, and had fixed upon it in her own thoughts, resolving to impart it to none, she was with Sir William St. John, who had married my aunt, when my father accidentally came in there, and fell so heartily in love with her that he persuaded her to marry him, which she did, and her melancholy made her conform cheerfully to that gravity of habit and conversation which was becoming the wife of such a person : who was then forty-eight years of age, and she not above sixteen. The first year of their marriage was crowned with a son, called after my father's name, and born at East Smithfield, in that house of the king's, which belonged to my father's employment in the navy ; the next year they removed to the Tower of London, whereof my father was made lieutenant, and there had two sons more before me, and four daughters, and two sons after : of all which only three sons and two daughters survived him at the time of his death, which was in the sixty-third year of his age, after he had three years before languished of a consumption that succeeded a fever, which he got in the unfortunate voyage to the Isle of Rhee.

He died in the month of May 1630, sadly bewailed by not only all his dependants and relations, but by all that were acquainted with him, for he never conversed with any to whom he was not at some time or in some way beneficial ; and his nature was so delighted in doing good, that it won him the love of all men, even his enemies, whose envy and malice it was his custom to overcome with obligations. He had great natural parts, but was too active in his youth to stay the heightening of them by study of dead writings, but, in the living books of men's conversations, he soon became so skilful that he never was mistaken, but where his own good would not let him give credit to the evil he discerned in others. He was a most indulgent husband, and no less kind to his children ; a most noble master, who thought it not enough to maintain his servants honourably while they were with him, but, for all that deserved it, provided offices or settlements as for children. He was a father to all his prisoners, sweetening with such compassionate kindness their restraint, that the affliction of a prison was not felt in his days. He had a singular kindness for all persons that were eminent either in learning or arms, and when, through the ingratitude and vice of that age, many of the wives and children of queen Elizabeth's glorious captains were reduced to poverty, his purse was their common treasury, and they knew not the inconvenience of decayed fortunes till he was dead : many of those valiant seamen he maintained in prison, many he redeemed out of prison, and cherished with an extraordinary bounty. If among his excellencies one outshined the rest, it was the generous liberality of his mind, wherein goodness and greatness were so equally distributed, that they mutually embellished each other. Pride and covetousness had not the least place in his breast. As he was in love with true honour, so he contemned vain titles, and though in his youth he accepted an addition to his birth, in his riper years he refused a barondry, which the king offered him. He was severe in the regulating of his family, especially would not endure the least immodest behaviour or dress in any woman under his roof. There was nothing he hated more than an insignificant gallant, that could only make his legs and prune himself, and court a lady, but had not brains to employ himself in things more suitable to man's nobler sex. Fidelity in his trust, love and loyalty to his prince, were not the least of his virtues, but those wherein he was not excelled by any of his own or succeeding times. The large estate he reaped by his happy industry, he did many times over as freely resign again to the king's service, till he left the greatest part of it at his death in the king's hands. All his virtues wanted not the crown of all virtue, piety and true devotion to God. As his life was a continued exercise of faith and charity, it concluded with prayers and blessings, which were only the consolations his desolate family could receive in his death. Never did any two better agree in magnanimity and bounty than he and my mother, who seemed to be acted by the same soul, so little did she grudge any of his liberalities to strangers, or he contradict any of her kindness to all her relations; her house being a common home to all of them, and a nursery to their children. He gave her a noble allowance of 300*l*. a year for her own private expense, and had given her all her own portion to dispose of how she pleased, as soon as she was married; which she suffered to increase in her friends' hands; and what my father allowed her she spent not in vanities, although she had what was rich and requisite upon occasions, but she laid most of it out in pious and charitable uses. Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Ruthin being prisoners in the Tower, and addicting themselves to chemistry, she suffered them to make their rare experiments at her cost, partly to comfort and divert the poor prisoners, and partly to gain the knowledge of their experiments, and the medicines to help such poor people as were not able to seek to physicians. By these means she acquired a great deal of skill, which was very profitable to many all her life. She was not only to these, but to all the other prisoners that came into the Tower, as a mother. All the time she dwelt in the Tower, if any were sick she made them broths and restoratives with her own hands, visited and took care of them, and provided them all necessaries; if any were afflicted she comforted them, so that they felt not the inconvenience of a prison who were in that place. She was not less bountiful to many poor widows and orphans, whom officers of higher and lower rank had left behind them as objects of charity. Her own house was filled with distressed families of her relations, whom she supplied and maintained in a noble way. The care of the worship and service of God, both in her soul and her house, and the education of her children, was her principal care. She was a constant frequenter of weekday lectures, and a great lover and encourager of good ministers, and most diligent in her private reading and devotions.

When my father was sick she was not satisfied with the attendance of all that were about him, but made herself his nurse, and cook, and physician, and, through the blessing of God and her indefatigable labours and watching, preserved him a great while longer than the physicians thought it possible for his nature to hold out. At length, when the Lord took him to rest, she showed as much humility and patience, under that great change, as moderation and bounty in her more plentiful and prosperous condition, and died in my house at Owthorpe, in the county of Nottingham, in the year 1659. The privilege of being born of and educated by such excellent parents, I have often revolved with great thankfulness for the mercy, and humiliation that I did no more improve it. After my mother had had three sons, she was very desirous of a daughter, and when the women at my birth told her I was one, she received me with a great deal of joy; and the nurses fancying, because I had more complexion and favour than is usual in so young children, that I should not live, my mother became fonder of me, and more endeavoured to nurse me. As soon as I was weaned, a French-woman was taken to be my dry nurse, and I was taught to speak French and English together. My mother, while she was with child of me, dreamed that she was walking in the garden with my father, and that a star came down into her hand, with other circumstances, which, though I have often heard, I minded not enough to remember perfectly; only my father told her, her dream signified she should have a daughter of some extraordinary eminency; which thing, like such vain prophecies, wrought as far as it could its own accomplishment,* for my father and mother fancying me then beautiful, and more than ordinarily apprehensive, applied all their cares, and spared no cost to improve me in my education, which procured me the admiration of those that flattered my parents. By that time I was four years old I read English perfectly, and having a great memory, I was carried to sermons, and while I was very young could remember and repeat them exactly, and being caressed, the love of praise tickled me, and made me attend more heedfully. When I was about seven years of age, I remember I had at one time eight tutors in several qualities, languages, music, dancing, writing, and needle-work, but my genius was quite averse from all but my book, and that I was so eager of, that my mother, thinking it prejudiced my health, would moderate me in it; yet this rather animated me than kept me back, and every moment I could steal from my play, I would employ in any book I could find, when my own were locked up from me. After dinner and supper, I still had an hour allowed me to play, and then I would steal into some hole or other to read. My father would have me learn Latin, and I was so apt that I outstripped my brothers who were at school, although my father's chaplain, that was my tutor, was a pitiful dull fellow. My brothers, who had a great deal of wit, had some emulation at the progress I made in my learning, which very well pleased my father, though my mother would have been contented, had I not so wholly addicted myself to that as to neglect my other qualities: as for music and dancing, I profited very little in them, and would never practice my lute or harpsichords but when my masters were with me; and for my needle, I absolutely hated it; play among other children I despised, and when I was forced to entertain such as came to visit me, I tired them with more grave instructions than their mothers, and plucked all their babies to pieces, and kept the children in such awe, that they were glad when I entertained myself with elder company, to whom I was very acceptable; and living in the house with many persons that had a great deal of wit; and very profitable serious discourses being frequent at my father's table, and in my mother's drawing-room, I was very attentive to all, and gathered up things that I would utter again to great admiration of many that took my memory and imitation for wit. It pleased God that through the good instructions of my mother, and the sermons she carried me to, I was convinced that the knowledge of God was the most excellent study, and accordingly applied myself to it, and to practice as I was taught: I used to exhort my mother's maids much, and to turn their idle discourses to good subjects; but I thought, when I had done this on the Lord's day, and every day performed my due tasks of reading and praying, that then I was free to any thing that was not sin, for I was not at that time convinced of the vanity of conversation which was not scandalously wicked. I thought it no sin to learn or hear witty songs and amorous sonnets or poems, and twenty things of that kind, wherein I was so apt that I became the confident in all the loves that were managed among my mother's young women, and there was none of them but had many lovers, and some particular friends beloved above the rest; among these I have[†] * *

---

* This is an ingenious way of accounting for the fulfilment of superstitious predictions and expectations, which might frequently with close attention be traced to their source, as is here done. It is clear that in the present case it occasioned a peculiar care to be taken of her education; and this again caused her mind and disposition to take that singular stamp which attracted the notice of Mr. Hutchinson, and led her to the highest situation that she could wish for, that of the lady of a counsellor of state in her beloved, but short-lived republic. When the reader shall have followed her to the end of her labours, let him judge whether there could be any situation to which she was not adequate.

* * * * * * *

Five years after me my mother had a daughter that she nursed at her own breast, and was infinitely fond of above all the rest, and I being of too serious a temper was not so pleasing to my[‡]

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

MRS. HUTCHINSON TO HER CHILDREN,

CONCERNING THEIR FATHER.

TO MY CHILDREN.

They who doat on mortal excellencies, when by the inevitable fate of all things frail, their adored idols are taken from them, may let loose the winds of passion to bring in a flood of sorrow; whose ebbing tides carry away the dear memory of what they have lost; and when comfort is essayed to such mourners, commonly all objects are removed out of their view, which may with their remembrance renew the grief; and in time these remedies succeed, when oblivion's curtain is by degrees drawn over the dead face, and things less lovely are liked, while they are not viewed together with that which was most excellent; but I that am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women*, while I am studying which way to moderate my woe, and if it were possible, to augment my love, can for the present find out none more just to your dear father, nor consolatory to myself, than the preservation of his memory, which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers do equally give to the truly and titularly honourable; a naked undressed narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory, than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men.

Indeed that resplendent body of light, which the beginning and ending of his life made up, to discover the deformities of this wicked age, and to instruct the erring children of this generation, will through my apprehension and expression shine as under a very thick cloud, which will obscure much of their lustre; but there is need of this medium to this world's weak eyes, which I fear hath but few people in it so virtuous as can believe, because they find themselves so short, any other could make so large a progress in the race of piety, honour, and virtue: but I am almost stopped before I set forth to trace his steps; finding the number of them by which he still outwent himself more than my unperfect arithmetic can count, and the exact figure of them such as my unskilful pen cannot describe. I fear to injure that memory which I would honour, and to disgrace his name with a poor monument; but when I have beforehand laid this necessary caution, and ingenuously confessed, that through my inability either to receive or administer much of that wealthy stock of his glory that I was intrusted with for the benefit of all, and particularly his own posterity, I must withhold a great part from them, I hope I shall be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him, especially when even the rudest draught that endeavours to counterfeit him, will have much delightful loveliness in it.

---

* The command of her husband at his death. It will be readily admitted that she does indeed not grieve after any common rate, but with that noble sorrow which raises, instead of depressing the soul: it would be an affront to the reader's taste to point out the beauties of this dirge; but it is only a just commendation of our authoress's judgment and modesty to observe, that having shown her ability to ornament and embellish, she confines herself to such occasions as are most suitable, and employs the greatest simplicity in her narrative.

[†] At this place is a great chasm, many leaves being torn out apparently by the writer herself.

[‡] Here the story of herself abruptly ends.

Let not excess of love and delight in the stream make us forget the fountain, he and all his excellencies came from God, and flowed back into their own spring; there let us seek them, thither let us hasten after him; there having found him, let us cease to bewail among the dead that which is risen, or rather was immortal; his soul conversed with God so much when he was here, that it rejoices to be now eternally freed from interruption in that blessed exercise; his virtues were recorded in heaven's annals, and can never perish, by them he yet teaches us and all those to whose knowledge they shall arrive: 'tis only his fetters, his sins, his infirmities, his diseases, that are dead, never to revive again, nor would we have them; they were his enemies and ours; by faith in Christ he vanquished them: our conjunction, if we had any with him, was indissoluble, if we were knit together by one spirit into one body of Christ, we are so still, if we were mutually united in one love of God, good men, and goodness, we are so still; what is it then we wail in his remove? the distance! faithless fools! sorrow only makes it; let us but ascend to God in holy joy for the great grace given his poor servant, and he is there with us. He is only removed from the malice of his enemies, for which we should not express love to him in being afflicted, we may mourn for ourselves that we come so tardily after him, that we want his guide and assistance in our way, and yet if our tears did not put out our eyes we should see him even in heaven, holding forth his flaming lamp of virtuous examples and precepts to light us through the dark world. It is time that I let in to your knowledge that splendour which while it cheers and enlightens your heavy senses, let us remember to give all his and all our glory to God alone, who is the father and fountain of all light and excellence.

Desiring, if my treacherous memory have not lost the dearest treasure that ever I committed to its trust, to relate to you his holy, virtuous, honourable life, I would put his picture in the front of his book, but my unskilful hand will injure him. Yet to such of you as have not seen him to remember his person, I leave this—

HIS DESCRIPTION.

He was of a middle stature, of a slender and exactly well-proportioned shape in all parts, his complexion fair, his hair of light brown, very thick set in his youth, softer than the finest silk, curling into loose great rings at the ends, his eyes of a lively grey, well-shaped and full of life and vigour, graced with many becoming motions, his visage thin, his mouth well-made, and his lips very ruddy and graceful, although the nether chap shut over the upper, yet it was in such a manner as was not unbecoming, his teeth were even and white as the purest ivory, his chin was something long, and the mould of his face; his forehead was not very high, his nose was raised and sharp, but withal he had a most amiable countenance, which carried in it something of magnanimity and majesty mixed with sweetness, that at the same time bespoke love and awe in all that saw him; his skin was smooth and white, his legs and feet excellently well-made, he was quick in his pace and turns, nimble and active, and graceful in all his motions, he was apt for any bodily exercise, and any that he did became him; he could dance admirably well, but neither in youth nor riper years made any practice of it; he had skill in fencing such as became a gentleman; he had a great love to music, and often diverted himself with a viol, on which he played masterly; he had an exact ear and judgment in other music; he shot excellently in bows and guns, and much used them for his exercise; he had great judgment in paintings, graving, sculpture, and all liberal arts, and had many curiosities of value in all kinds; he took great delight in perspective glasses, and for his other rarities was not so much affected with the antiquity as the merit of the work—he took much pleasure in improvement of grounds, in planting groves and walks, and fruit-trees, in opening springs, and making fish-ponds*; of country recreations he loved none but hawking, and in that was very eager and much delighted for the time he used it, but soon left it off; he was wonderfully neat, cleanly and genteel in his habit, and had a very good fancy in it, but he left off very early the wearing of anything that was costly, yet in his plainest negligent habit appeared very much a gentleman; he had more address than force of body, yet the courage of his soul so supplied his members that he never wanted strength when he found occasion to employ it; his conversation was very pleasant, for he was naturally cheerful, had a ready wit and apprehension; he was eager in every thing he did, earnest in dispute, but withal very rational, so that he was seldom overcome; every thing that it was necessary for him to do, he did with delight, free, and unconstrained; he hated ceremonious compliment, but yet had a natural civility and complaisance to all people; he was of a tender constitution, but through the vivacity of his spirit could undergo labours, watchings, and journeys, as well as any of stronger compositions; he was rheumatic, and had a long sickness and distemper occasioned thereby two or three years after the war ended, but else for the latter half of his life was healthy, though tender: in his youth and childhood he was sickly, much troubled with weakness and tooth-aches, but then his spirits carried him through them; he was very patient under sickness or pain or any common accidents, but yet upon occasions, though never without just ones, he would be very angry, and had even in that such a grace as made him to be feared, yet he was never outrageous in passion; he had a very good faculty in persuading, and would speak very well, pertinently and effectually without premeditation upon the greatest occasions that could be offered, for indeed his judgment was so nice, that he could never frame any speech before-hand to please himself, but his invention was so ready, and wisdom so habitual in all his speeches, that he never had reason to repent himself of speaking at any time without ranking the words beforehand; he was not talkative yet free of discourse, of a very spare diet, not much given to sleep, an early riser when in health; he never was at any time idle, and hated to see any one else; so in all his natural and ordinary inclinations and composure, there was something extraordinary and tending to virtue, beyond what I can describe, or can be gathered from a bare dead description; there was a life of spirit and power in him that is not to be found in any copy drawn from him: to sum up therefore all that can be said of his outward frame and disposition, we must truly conclude, that it was a very handsome and well furnished lodging prepared for the reception of that prince, who in the administration of all excellent virtues reigned there awhile, till he was called back to the palace of the universal emperor.

---

* Many traces of his taste, judgment, and industry, in each of these, were to be seen at the distance of 140 years.

HIS VIRTUES.

To number his virtues, is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another, till in a short time he arrived to that height, which many longer lives could never reach, and had I but the power of rightly disposing and relating them, his single example would be more instructive than all the rules of the best moralists, for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of his Spirit; therefore in the head of all his virtues, I shall set that which was the head and spring of them all, his Christianity—for this alone is the true royal blood that runs through the whole body of virtue, and every pretender to that glorious family, who hath no tincture of it, is an imposter and a spurious brat. This is that sacred fountain which baptizeth all the gentile virtues, that so immortalize the names of Cicero, Plutarch, Seneca, and all the old philosophers; herein they are regenerated and take a new name and nature; digged up in the wilderness of nature, and dipped in this living spring, they are planted and flourish in the paradise of God.

By christianity I intend that universal habit of grace which is wrought in a soul by the regenerating Spirit of God, whereby the whole creature is resigned up into the divine will and love, and all its actions designed to the obedience and glory of its Maker. As soon as he had improved his natural understanding with the acquisition of learning, the first studies he exercised himself in were principles of religion, and the first knowledge he laboured for was a knowledge of God, which by a diligent examination of the Scripture, and the several doctrines of great men pretending that ground, he at length obtained.—Afterward when he had laid a sure and orthodox foundation in the doctrine of the free grace of God given us by Jesus Christ, he began to survey the superstructures, and to discover much of the hay and stubble of man's inventions in God's worship, which his spirit burnt up in the day of their trial. His faith being established in the truth, he was full of love to God and all his saints. He hated persecution for religion, and was always a champion for all religious people against all their great oppressors. He detested all scoffs at any practice of worship, though such a one as he was not persuaded of. Whatever he practised in religion was neither for faction nor advantage, but contrary to it, and purely for conscience' sake. As he hated outsides in religion, so could he worse endure those apostacies and those denials of the Lord and base compliances with his adversaries, which timorous men practise under the name of prudent and just condescensions to avoid persecution. Christianity being in him as the fountain of all his virtues, and diffusing itself into every stream, that of his prudence falls into the next mention. He from a child was wise, and sought to by many that might have been his fathers for counsel, which he could excellently give to himself and others, and whatever cross event in any of his affairs may give occasion to fools to overlook the wisdom of the design, yet he had as great a foresight, as strong a judgment, as clear an apprehension of men and things as no man more. He had rather a firm impression than a great memory, yet he was forgetful of nothing but injuries. His own integrity made him credulous of other men's, till reason and experience convinced him, and as unapt to believe cautions which could not be received without entertaining ill opinions of men, yet he had wisdom enough never to commit himself to a traitor, though he was once wickedly betrayed by friends whom necessity and not mistake forced him to trust*. He was as ready to hear as to give counsel, and never pertinacious in his will when his reason was convinced. There was no opinion which he was most settled in, either concerning divine or human things, but he would patiently and impartially hear it debated. In matters of faith his reason always submitted to the word of God, and what he could not comprehend he would believe because it was written, but in all other things, the greatest names in the world could never lead him without reason: he would deliberate when there was time, but never lost an opportunity of anything that was to be done by tedious dispute. He would hear as well as speak, and yet never spoke impertinently or unseasonably. He very well understood himself his own advantages, natural parts, gifts, and acquirements, yet so as neither to glory of them to others, nor over-value himself for them, for he had an excellent virtuous modesty, which shut out all vanity of mind, and yet admitted that true understanding of himself which was requisite for the best improvement of all his talents; he no less understood and was more heedful to remark his defects, imperfections, and disadvantages, but that too only to excite his circumspection concerning them, not to damp his spirit in any noble enterprise. He had a noble spirit of government, both in civil, military, and domestic administrations, which forced even from unwilling subjects a love and reverence of him, and endeared him to the souls of those rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck an awe of him into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love. He had a clear discerning of men's spirits, and knew how to give every one their just weight, he contemned none that were not wicked, in whatever low degree of nature or fortune they were otherwise: wherever he saw wisdom, learning, or other virtues in men, he honoured them highly, and admired them to their full rate, but never gave himself blindly up to the conduct of the greatest master. Love itself, which was as powerful in his as in any soul, rather quickened than blinded the eyes of his judgment in discerning the imperfections of those that were most dear to him. His soul ever reigned as king in the internal throne, and never was captive to his sense; religion and reason, its two favoured counsellors, took order that all the passions kept within their own just bounds, there did him good service, and furthered the public weal. He found such felicity in that proportion of wisdom that he enjoyed, as he was a great lover of that which advanced it, learning and the arts, which he not only honoured in others, but had by his industry arrived to be himself a far greater scholar than is absolutely requisite for a gentleman. He had many excellent attainments, but he no less evidenced his wisdom in knowing how to rank and use them, than in gaining them. He had wit enough to have been subtile and cunning, but he so abhorred dissimulation that I cannot say he was either. Greatness of courage would not suffer him to put on a vizard, to secure him from any, to retire into the shadow of privacy and silence was all his prudence could effect in him. It will be as hard to say which was the predominant virtue in him, as which is so in its own nature. He was as excellent in justice as in wisdom—the greatest advantage, nor the greatest danger, nor the dearest interest or friend in the world, could not prevail on him to pervert justice even to an enemy. He never professed the thing he intended not, nor promised what he believed out of his own power, nor failed the performance of anything that was in his power to fulfil. Never fearing anything he could suffer for the truth, he never at any time would refrain a true or give a false witness; he loved truth so much that he hated even sportive lies and gulleries. He was so just to his own honour that he many times forbore things lawful and delightful to him, rather than he would give any one occasion of scandal. Of all lies he most hated hypocrisy in religion, either to comply with changing governments or persons, without a real persuasion of conscience, or to practise holy things to get the applause of men or any advantage.—As in religion so in friendship, he never professed love when he had it not, nor disguised hate or aversion, which indeed he never had to any party or person, but to their sins: and loved even his bitterest enemies so well, that I am witness how his soul mourned for them, and how heartily he desired their conversion. If he were defective in any part of justice, it was when it was in his power to punish those who had injured him, whom I have so often known him to recompense with favours instead of revenge, that his friends used to tell him if they had any occasion to make him favourably partial to them they would provoke him by an injury. He was as faithful and constant to his friends as merciful to his enemies: nothing grieved him more than to be obliged, where he could not hope to return it. He that was a rock to all assaults of might and violence, was the gentlest easy soul to kindness, that the least warm spark of that melted him into anything that was not sinful. There never was a man more exactly just in the performance of duties to all relations and all persons. Honour, obedience, and love to his father, were so natural and so lasting in him, that it is impossible to imagine a better son than he was, and whoever would pray for a blessing in children to any one, could but wish them such a son as he*. He never repined at his father's will in anything, how much soever it were to his prejudice, nor would endure to hear any one say his father was not so kind to him as he might have been, but to his dying day preserved his father's memory with such tender affection and reverence as was admirable, and had that high regard for his mother-in-law and the children she brought his father, as he could not have been more dearly concerned in all their interest if she had been his own mother—which, all things considered, although they were deserving persons, was an example of piety and goodness that will not easily be matched. For conjugal affection to his wife, it was such in him, as whosoever would draw out a rule of honour, kindness, and religion, to be practised in that estate, need no more, but exactly draw out his example; never man had a greater passion for a woman, nor a more honourable esteem of a wife, yet he was not uxorious, nor remitted not that just rule which it was her honour to obey, but managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection that she who would not delight in such an honourable and advantageable subjection, must have wanted a reasonable soul; he governed by persuasion, which he never employed but to things honourable and profitable for herself: he loved her soul and her honour more than her outside, and yet he had even for her person a constant indulgence, exceeding the common temporary passions of the most uxorious fools: if he esteemed her at a higher rate than she in herself could have deserved, he was the author of that virtue he doted on, while she only reflected his own glories upon him: all that she was, was *him*, while he was here, and all that she is now at best but his pale shadow. So liberal was he to her and of so generous a temper, that he hated the mention of severed purses: his estate being so much at her disposal that he never would receive an account of anything she expended; so constant was he in his love, that when she ceased to be young and lovely, he began to show most fondness, he loved her at such a kind and generous rate as words cannot express, yet even this, which was the highest love he or any man could have, was yet bounded by a superior; he loved her in the Lord as his fellow creature, not his idol, but in such a manner as showed that an affection bounded in the just rules of duty, far exceeds every way all the irregular passions in the world. He loved God above her and all the other dear pledges of his heart, and at his command and for his glory cheerfully resigned them. He was as kind a father, as dear a brother, as good a master, and as faithful a friend, as the world had, yet in all these relations, the greatest indulgence he could have in the world never prevailed on him to indulge vice in any the dearest person; but the more dear any was to him, the more was he offended at anything that might take off the lustre of their glory. As he had great severity against errors and follies pertinaciously pursued, so had he the most merciful, gentle, and compassionate frame of spirit that can be imagined to those who became sensible of their errors and frailties, although they had been never so injurious to himself.

---

* It is not known what peculiar transaction this refers to, though it may be conjectured to refer to the false protestations of Monk and Sir Ashley Cooper at the Restoration; whom he and many others trusted much against their will.

---

* This we shall find called in question by his mother-in-law, and will be discussed in the course of the history.

Nor was his soul less shining in honour than in love. Piety being still the bond of all his other virtues, there was nothing he durst not do or suffer, but sin against God; and therefore as he never regarded his life in any noble and just enterprise, so he never staked it in any rash or unwarrantable hazard. He was never surprised, amazed, nor confounded with great difficulties or dangers, which rather served to animate than distract his spirits: he had made up his accounts with life and death, and fixed his purpose to entertain both honourably, so that no accident ever dismayed him, but he rather rejoiced in such troublesome conflicts as might signalise his generosity. A truer or more lively valour there never was in any man, but in all his actions it ever marched in the same file with wisdom. He understood well, and as well performed when he undertook it, the military art in all parts of it; he naturally loved the employment, as it suited with his active temper more than any, conceiving a mutual delight in leading those men that loved his conduct: and when he commanded soldiers, never was man more loved and reverenced by all that were under him, for he would never condescend to them in anything they mutinously sought, nor suffer them to seek what it was fit for him to provide, but prevented them by his loving care; and while he exercised his authority no way but in keeping them to their just duty, they joyed as much in his commands as he in their obedience. He was very liberal to them, but ever chose just times and occasions to exercise it. I cannot say whether he were more truly magnanimous or less proud; he never disdained the meanest person nor flattered the greatest; he had a loving and sweet courtesy to the poorest, and would often employ many spare hours with the commonest soldiers and poorest labourers, but still so ordering his familiarity as it never raised them to a contempt, but entertained still at the same time a reverence with love of him. He ever preserved himself in his own rank, neither being proud of it so as to despise any inferior, nor letting fall that just decorum which his honour obliged him to keep up. He was as far from envy of superiors as from contemning them that were under him: he was above the ambition of vain titles, and so well contented with the even ground of a gentleman, that no invitation could have prevailed upon him to advance one step that way; he loved substantial not airy honour; as he was above seeking or delighting in empty titles for himself, so he neither denied nor envied any man's due precedency, but pitied those that took a glory in that which had no foundation of virtue. As little did he seek after popular applause, or pride himself in it, if at any time it cried up his just deserts; he more delighted to do well than to be praised, and never set vulgar commendations at such a rate as to act contrary to his own conscience or reason for the obtaining them, nor would forbear a good action which he was bound to, though all the world disliked it, for he ever looked on things as they were in themselves, not through the dim spectacles of vulgar estimation. As he was far from a vain affectation of popularity, so he never neglected that just care that an honest man ought to have of his reputation, and was as careful to avoid the appearances of evil as evil itself; but if he were evil spoken of for truth or righteousness' sake, he rejoiced in taking up the reproach, which all good men that dare bear their testimony against an evil generation must suffer. Though his zeal for truth and virtue caused the wicked, with the sharp edges of their malicious tongues, to attempt to shave off the glories from his head, yet his honour springing from the fast root of virtue did but grow the thicker and more beautiful for all their endeavours to cut it off*. He was as free from avarice as from ambition and pride. Never had any man a more contented and thankful heart for the estate that God had given, but it was a very narrow compass for the exercise of his great heart. He loved hospitality as much as he hated riot; he could contentedly be without things beyond his reach, though he took very much pleasure in all those noble delights that exceeded not his faculties. In those things that were of mere pleasure, he loved not to aim at that he could not attain; he would rather wear clothes absolutely plain, than pretending to gallantry, and would rather choose to have none than mean jewels or pictures, and such other things as were not of absolute necessity: he would rather give nothing than a base reward or present, and upon that score lived very much retired, though his nature were very sociable, and delighted in going into and receiving company, because his fortune would not allow him to do it in such a noble manner as suited with his mind. He was so truly magnanimous, that prosperity could never lift him up in the least, nor give him any tincture of pride or vain glory, nor diminish a general affability, courtesy, and civility, that he had always to all persons. When he was most exalted, he was most merciful and compassionate to those that were humbled. At the same time that he vanquished any enemy, he cast away all his ill-will to him, and entertained thoughts of love and kindness as soon as he ceased to be in a posture of opposition. He was as far from meanness as from pride, as truly generous as humble, and showed his noble spirit more in adversity than in his prosperous condition. He vanquished all the spite of his enemies by his manly suffering, and all the contempts they could cast upon him were their, not his, shame.

His whole life was the rule of temperance in meat, drink, apparel, pleasure, and all those things that may be lawfully enjoyed, and herein his temperance was more excellent than in others, in whom it is not so much a virtue, but proceeds from want of appetite or gust of pleasure: in him it was a true, wise, and religious government of the desire and delight he took in the things he enjoyed. He had a certain activity of spirit which could never endure idleness either in himself or others, and that made him eager for the time he indulged it as well in pleasure as in business: indeed, though in his youth he exercised innocent sports a little while, yet, afterwards, his business was his pleasure; but how intent soever he were in anything, how much soever it delighted him, he could freely and easily cast it away when God called him to something else. He had as much modesty as could consist with a true virtuous assurance, and hated an impudent person. Neither in youth nor riper age could the most fair or enticing women ever draw him so much as into unnecessary familiarity or vain converse or dalliance with them, yet he despised nothing of the female sex but their follies and vanities; wise and virtuous women he loved, and delighted in all pure, holy, and unblameable conversation with them, but so as never to excite scandal or temptation. Scurrilous discourse even among men he abhorred, and though he sometimes took pleasure in wit and mirth, yet that which was mixed with impurity he never would endure. The heat of his youth a little inclined him to the passion of anger, and the goodness of his nature to those of love and grief; but reason was never dethroned by them, but continued governess and moderator in his soul[*].

---

* Samson and Dalilah.

THE
LIFE OF JOHN HUTCHINSON, OF OWTHORP,
IN THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM, ESQUIRE.

He was the eldest surviving son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, and the lady Margaret his first wife, one of the daughters of Sir John Biron, of Newsted, in the same county, two persons so eminently virtuous and pious in their generations, that to descend from them was to set up in the world upon a good stock of honour, which obliged their posterity to improve it, as much as it was their privilege to inherit their parents' glories. Sir Thomas was he that removed his dwelling to Owthorpe; his father, though he was possessor of that lordship, having dwelt at Cropwell, another town, within two miles wherein he had an inheritance, which, if I mistake not, was the place where those of the family that began to settle the name in this county first fixed their habitation. The family, for many generations past, have been of good repute in Yorkshire, and there is yet a gentleman in that county, descendant of the elder house, that possesses a fair estate and reputation in his father's ancient inheritance.[†] They have been in Nottinghamshire for generations; wherein I observe that, as if there had been an agrarian law in the family, as soon as they arrived to any considerable fortune beyond his who was first transplanted hither, they began other houses, of which one is soon decayed and worn out in an unworthy branch (he of Basford), another begins to flourish, and long may it prosper.[‡] It is further observable in their descent, that though none of them before Sir Thomas Hutchinson advanced beyond an esquire, yet they successively matched into all the most eminent and noble families in the country, which shows that it was the unambitious genius of the family, rather than their want of merit, which made them keep upon so even a ground, after their first achievements had set them on a stage elevated enough from the vulgar, to perform any honourable and virtuous actions. I spoke with one old man who had known five generations of them in these parts, where their hospitality, their love to their country, their plain and honest conversation with all men, their generous and unambitious inclinations, had made the family continue as well beloved and reputed as any of the prouder houses in the country.[§] Although they changed not their titles, yet every succession increased the real honour of their house. One disadvantage they had, that few of them were so long lived as to prevent their sons from the bondage of wardship, whereby they fell into the hands of wicked guardians, that defaced instead of cultivating their seats, and made every heir a new planter. Sir Thomas Hutchinson, as I have heard, was not above eight years of age when his father died, and his wardship fell into the hands of an unworthy person, Sir Germaine Poole, who did him so many injuries, that he was fain, after he came of age, to have suits with him. This so raised the malice of the wicked man, that he watched an opportunity to assassinate him unawares, and as Sir Thomas was landing out of a boat at the Temple-stairs, in London, Poole, having on a private coat, with some wicked assistants, before he was aware, gave him some cuts on the head and his left hand that was upon the boat; but he full of courage drew his sword, ran at Poole and broke his weapon, which could not enter his false armour, whereupon he ran in to him, resolved not be murdered without leaving some mark on the villain; he bit off his nose, and then, by the assistance God sent him, of an honest waterman, being rescued, he was carried away, so sorely wounded that his life was in some danger: but the fact being made public, his honourable carriage in it procured him a great deal of glory, and his adversary carried the mark of his shame to his grave.[‖] After this, returning into

---

[*] In this place Mrs. Hutchinson has written, "All this and more is true, but I so much dislike the manner of relating it, that I will make another assay." And accordingly she proceeds to write his character over again, but it has the appearance of being much *more laboured*, and much *less characteristic*, and therefore the former is preferred.

At the same place is written, "This book was written by Lucy, the widow and relict of Col. John Hutchinson, of Owthorp." J. H.

(Julius Hutchinson, grandfather of the Editor.)

[†] At Wykeham Abbey, in the county of York, where it is believed they still reside.

[‡] It stood only two generations; the last possessor, who was the great-grandson of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, directing by his will the estate to be sold, and the produce given to strangers.

[§] Sir Thomas Hutchinson's son and grandson fell no way short of him in this.

[‖] This is a singular tale, and savours almost too much of the ridiculous for the gravity of an historian: however Rushworth recites a story of this same man not a little resembling it. In the appendix to his second volume, "Sir German Poole vowed revenge against a Mr. Bright-the country, he there lived with very much love, honour, and repute; but having been tossed up and down in his youth, and interrupted in his studies, he grew into such an excessive humour of books, that he wholly addicted himself to them; and deeply engaging in school divinity, spent even his hours of meat and sleep among his books, with such eagerness, that though he himself attained a high reputation of learning thereby, and indeed a great improvement in wisdom and piety, yet he too much deprived his dear friends and relations of his conversation. When he was entered into this studious life, God took from him his dear wife, who left him only two weak children; and then being extremely afflicted for so deplorable a loss, he entertained his melancholy among the old fathers and schoolmen, instead of diverting it, and having furnished himself with the choicest library in that part of England, it drew to him all the learned and religious men thereabouts, who found better resolutions from him than from any of his books. Living constantly in the country, he could not be exempted from administering justice among them, which he did with such equity and wisdom, and was such a defender of the country's interest, that, without affecting it at all, he grew the most popular and most beloved man in the country, even to the envy of those prouder great ones that despised the common interest. What others sought, he could not shun, being still sought by the whole county, to be their representative, to which he was several times elected,[*] and ever faithful to his trust and his country's interest, though never approving violence and faction. He was a man of a most moderate and wise spirit, but still so inclined to favour the oppressed saints and honest people of those times, that, though he conformed to the government, the licentious and profane encroachers upon common native rights branded him with the reproach of the world, though the glory of good men, Puritanism; yet notwithstanding he continued constant to the best interest, and died at London, in the year 1643, a sitting member of that glorious parliament that so generously attempted, and had almost effected, England's perfect liberty. He was a person of great beauty and comeliness in all ages,[†] of a bounteous and noble nature, of clear courage, sweet and affable conversation, of a public spirit, of great prudence and reputation, a true lover of all pious learned persons, and no less of honest plain people, of a most tender conscience, and therefore declaring much for and endeavouring moderation, if it had been possible in the beginning of our wars that the greatest wisdom could have cast on any drops of healing counsel, to have allayed the furious rage of both parties. Though never man was a deeper nor truer mourner than he for his first wife, yet that long dropping grief did but soften his heart for the impression of a second love, which he conceived for a very honourable and beautiful lady, who was Katherine, the youngest daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, a noble family in Derbyshire, by whom he had a son and two daughters surviving him, not unworthy of their family.

Mr. John Hutchinson, the eldest of his surviving sons, by his first wife, was born at Nottingham in the month of September, in the year 1616. That year there had been a great drought, by reason of which the country would not afford his father any provision for his stables, so that he was forced to remove from Owthorpe, to winter in the town of Nottingham, somewhat before his lady's time of account. She being in the coach on her way thither, and seeing her husband in some danger by reason of a mettled horse he rode upon, took a fright, and was brought to bed the next day, as they imagined some three weeks before her time, and they were confirmed in that opinion by the weakness of the child, which continued all his infancy. When he was born there was an elder brother in the family, but he died a child. Two years and a half after this was Mr. George Hutchinson, his younger brother, born at Owthorpe, and half a year after his birth the two children lost their mother, who died of a cold she had taken, and was buried at Owthorpe. She was a lady of a noble family as any in the county, of an incomparable shape and beauty, embellished with the best education those days afforded, and above all had such a generous virtue joined with attractive sweetness, that she captivated the hearts of all that knew her: she was pious, liberal, courteous, patient, kind above an ordinary degree, ingenious in all things she would apply herself to, and notwithstanding she had had her education at court, was delighted in her own country habitation, and managed all her family affairs better than any of the homespun housewifes, that had been brought up to nothing else: she was a most affectionate wife, a great lover of her father's house, showing that true honour to parents is the leading virtue, which seldom wants the concomitancy of all the rest of honour's train. She was a wise and bountiful mistress in her family, a blessing to her tenants and neighbourhood, and had an indulgent tenderness to her infants; but death veiled all her mortal glories in the 26th year of her age. The stories I have received of her have been but scanty epitaphs of those things which were worthy a large chronicle, and a better recorder than I can be; I shall therefore draw again the sable curtain before that image which I have ventured to look at a little, but dare not undertake to discover to others. One that was present at her death told me that she had an admirable voice, and skill to manage it, and that she went away singing a psalm, which this maid apprehended she sung with so much

---

house, shot two pistols at him out of a window, set two servants on him with swords, who ran him through the cloak between the arm and body, but killed him not, he defending himself effectually till Sir German came on, who wounded him, and for which he and another were committed to the Fleet, fined 1100*l.*" &c. This does not seem to have cured him; perhaps the mark set on him by Sir Thomas H. succeeded better.

[*] He was omitted only in that parliament which was chosen at a time when he and other patriots were imprisoned to prevent their being re-elected. See note, page 18.

[†] His picture remained at Owthorpe, and very well justified this description, and is now in the editor's possession in high preservation. For the bounty and nobleness of his nature, take this instance from Thoroton's History of Notts. "Henry Sacheverell, Esq., being dissatisfied with his only daughter for an improper marriage, left his whole estate at Ratcliff upon Soar, to Sir Thomas Hutchinson, his sister's son, who willingly divided it with the disinherited lady." His moiety came afterwards to Alderman Ireton, being sacrificed to him through necessity by Col. Hutchinson, as will hereafter be shown.

more than usual sweetness, as if her soul had been already ascended into the celestial quire.

There is a story of her father and mother so memorable, that though it be not altogether pertinent to their grandchild's affairs, which I only intend, yet I shall here put it in, since the third generation, for whom I make this collection, is not altogether unconcerned in the great-grandfather. He (the great-grandfather) was not the eldest son of his father Sir John Biron, but had an elder brother that had married a private gentleman's daughter in the country, and so displeased his father in that match, that he intended an equal part of his estate to this Sir John Biron, his younger son, and thereupon married him to a young lady who was one of the daughters of my lord Fitzwilliam, that had been deputy of Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and lived as a prince in that country *. This daughter of his having an honourable aspiring to all things excellent, and being assisted by the great education her father gave her, attained to a high degree of learning and language, to such an excellency in music and poetry that she made rare compositions in both kinds; and there was not any of those extraordinary qualities, which are therefore more glorious, because more rare in the female sex, but she was excellent in them; and besides all these ornaments of soul, she had a body of as admirable form and beauty, which justly made her husband so infinitely enamoured of her as never man was more. She could not set too high a value on herself if she compared herself with other women of those times, yet it was an alloy to her glories that she was a little grieved that a less woman, the elder brother's wife, was superior to her in regard of her husband, though inferior in regard of her birth and person; but that grief was soon removed by a sad accident. That marriage, wherein the father had not been obeyed, was fruitless, and the young gentleman himself being given to youthful vanity, as he was one day to go out hunting with his father, had commanded something should be put under the saddle of a young serving-man, that was to go out with them, to make sport at his affright, when his horse should prove unquiet. The thing succeeded as it was designed, and made them such sport, that the young gentleman, in the passion of laughter, died, and turned their mirth into mourning: leaving a sad caveat by his example, to take heed of hazarding men's precious lives for a little sport. The younger brother by this means became the heir of the family, and was father of a numerous and hopeful issue. But while the incomparable mother shined in all the human glory she wished, and had the crown of all outward felicity to the full, in the enjoyment of the mutual love of her most beloved husband, God in one moment took it away, and alienated her most excellent understanding in a difficult childbirth, wherein she brought forth two daughters, which lived to be married, and one more, that died, I think, as soon or before it was born †: but after that, all the art of the best physicians in England could never restore her understanding: yet she was not frantic, but had such a pretty deliration, that her ravings were more delightful than other women's most rational conversations. Upon this occasion her husband gave himself up to live retired with her, as became her condition, and made haste to marry his son, which he did so young, that I have heard say when the first child was born, the father, mother, and child, could not make one-and-thirty years old. The daughters and the rest of the children, as soon as they grew up, were married and dispersed. I think I have heard she had some children after that childbirth which distempered her, and then my lady Hutchinson must have been one of them, for she was the youngest daughter, and at nine years old so taking, and of such an amiable conversation, that the lady Arabella ‡ would needs take her from her parents along with her to the court, where she minded nothing but her lady, and grew up so intimate in all her counsels, that the princess was more delighted in her than in any of the women about her, but when she (the princess) was carried away from them to prison, my lady's brother fetched her home to his house; and there, although his wife, a most prudent and virtuous lady, laboured to comfort her with all imaginable kindness, yet so constant was her friendship to the unfortunate princess, I have heard her servants say, even after her marriage, she would steal many melancholy hours to sit and weep in remembrance of her. Meanwhile her parents were driving on their age, in no less constancy of love to each other, when even that distemper which had estranged her mind in all things else, had left her love and obedience entire to her husband, and he retained the same fondness and respect for her after she was distempered, as when she was the glory of her age. He had two beds in one chamber, and she being a little sick, two women watched by her some time before she died. It was his custom, as soon as ever he unclosed his eyes, to ask how she did; but one night, he being as they thought in a deep sleep, she quietly departed towards the morning. He was that day to have gone hunting, his usual exercise for his health, and it was his custom to have his chaplain pray with him before he went out: the women, fearful to surprise him with the ill news, knowing his dear affection to her, had stolen out and acquainted the chaplain, desiring him to inform him of it. Sir John waking, did not on that day, as was his custom, ask for her, but called the chaplain to prayers, and joining with him, in the midst of the prayer, expired, and both of them were buried together in the same grave. Whether

---

* By mistake Mrs. Hutchinson calls him lord. The person here meant was Sir William Fitzwilliam, appointed governor of Ireland seven times, with the different titles of Lord Justice and Lord Deputy, by that distinguishing and judicious princess. A sufficient eulogy! From him descends in a direct line the present Earl Fitzwilliam. *Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.* The reader will most likely find this episode too beautiful and affecting to think it needs the apology the writer makes.

† The twins, here mentioned as daughters, are said by Thoroton to have been sons, viz. Sir John, presently herein spoken of as the brother-in-law of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, and Sir Nicholas, who served Charles the First with the same zeal as the rest of that family.

‡ By the lady Arabella is here meant the lady Arabella Stuart, whose romantic and melancholy story is told by Rapin, vol. ii. p. 161 and 189, in the reign of James the First. That mean-souled tyrant shut her up in the Tower, where she died, not without suspicion of poison.

he perceived her death, and would not take notice, or whether some strange sympathy in love or nature, tied up their lives in one, or whether God was pleased to exercise an unusual providence towards them, preventing them both from that bitter sorrow which such separations cause, it can be but conjectured ; but the thing being not ordinary, and having received it from the relation of one of his daughters and his grandchild, I thought it not impertinent here to insert. I shall now proceed to our own story.

As soon as my lady Hutchinson was dead, her brother, Sir John Biron, came over, and found the most desolate afflicted widower that ever was beheld, and one of his sisters, the lady Radcliffe, who was the dear sister of the dead lady, scarce alive for sorrow ; and indeed such a universal lamentation in the house and neighbourhood, that the protraction of their griefs for such a funeral as was intended her, might possibly have made them all as she : Sir John therefore, the next morning, privately, unknown to her husband, with only her own family, carried her to the church, which was but the next door, and interred her without further ceremony. It booted not Sir Thomas to be angry at her friend's care of him, who pursued it so far, that the next day he carried away Sir Thomas, lady Radcliffe, and Mr. John Hutchinson, towards his own house at Bulwell, leaving Mr. George at his nurse's. But the horses of the coach being mettled, in the halfway between Owthorpe and Nottingham, ran away, overthrew it, and slightly hurt all that were in the coach ; who all got out, one by one, except the maid that had the child in her arms, and she stayed as long as there was any hope of preventing the coach from being torn to pieces ; but when she saw no stop could be given to the mad horses, she lapped him as close as she could in the mantle, and flung him as far as she could from the coach into the ploughed lands, whose furrows were at that time very soft, and by the good providence of God, the child, reserved to a more glorious death, had no apparent hurt. He was taken up and carried to Bulwell, where his aunt had such a motherly tenderness for him that he grew and prospered in her care. As the fresh memory and excessive love they bore the mother endeared the young child to all her relations at the first, so as he grew, he discovered so much growing wisdom, agility, and pretty sprightfulness, had such a natural gravity without sullenness, and such sweet innocence, that every child of the family loved him better than their own brothers and sisters, and Sir John Biron and my lady were not half so fond of any of their own. When it was time for them to go to school, both the brothers were sent to board with Mr. Theobalds, the master of the free-school at Nottingham, who was an excellent scholar, but having no children, some wealth, and a little living that kept his house, first grew lazy, and after left off his school. Sir Thomas then removed his sons to the free school at Lincoln, where there was a master very famous for learning and piety, Mr. Clark, but he was such a supercilious pedant, and so conceited of his own pedantic forms, that he gave Mr. Hutchinson a disgust of him, and he profited very little there. At this place it was that God began early to exercise him with affliction and temptation ; he was deprived of the attendance and care he had been used to, and met with many inconveniences, unsuitable to his tender and nice constitution ; but this was little, for he had such discretion in his childhood that he understood what was fit for him to require, and governed wherever he lived ; for he would not be denied reasonable, and would not ask other things. He was as a father over his brother, and having some advantage of years, took upon him to be the guide of his youth, yet with such love, that never were children more commendable and happy in mutual affections : but it pleased God to strike his brother with a sad disease, the falling sickness, wherein Mr. Hutchinson most carefully attended him while he continued at Lincoln, which his father permitted him to do, for the opportunity of Dr. Pridgeon, one of the best physicians in those parts. When he had in vain exercised all his art on the young gentleman, and that he found no success in it, he advised he should return to his father's house, and be entertained with all the sports that could be found to delight his mind or exercise his body. Accordingly he was carried home, and had a pack of hounds, huntsmen, and horses, kept for him, and was something recreated, but not cured thereby, till afterward it pleased God to effect that cure by a young practitioner, which the ablest physicians of the country could not work. The separation from his brother to whom he had such an entire affection, considered with the sad occasion of it, was a great affliction to the elder brother, who remained in a place where he had little to delight him, having an aversion to his austere pedantic master, and that increased by an opinion that his severity had been the cause of his dear brother's distemper.

The great encouragement Sir Thomas had to trust his sons in this town, was because, at that time, a gentleman inhabited there who had married his uncle's widow, and had been his fellow-sufferer in a confinement in Kent, when King Charles the First had broken up a parliament to the disgust of the people, and durst not trust those gentlemen that had been most faithful defenders of their country's interests, to return for some time to their own countries, for which they served*. Of these worthy patriots Sir Thomas Hutchinson and Sir Thomas Grantham, the gentleman of whom I am speaking, were confined from Nottingham and Lincolnshire to the house of one Sir Adam Newton in Kent: the good father little thinking then, that in that fatal country his son should suffer an imprisonment, upon the same account, to the destruction of his life and family. Sir Thomas Grantham was a gentleman of great repute in his country, and kept up all his life the old hospitality of England, having a great retinue and a noble table, and a resort of all the nobility and gentry in those parts. He had only two sons, whereof the eldest was a fine gentleman, bred beyond the seas, according to the best education of those times; the other was a foolish youth, schoolfellow with Mr. Hutchinson, who every Saturday night was fetched from school to Sir Thomas Grantham's, and returned again the Monday morning. Upon the intimate friendship between Sir Thomas Hutchinson and this gentleman, Sir Thomas Hutchinson had a lodging always kept for him at Lincoln, and was very often there. My Lady Grantham had with her a very pretty young gentlewoman, whom she brought with her out of Kent, the daughter of Sir Adam Newton; my lady's design was to begin an early acquaintance, which might after draw on a marriage between her and Mr. Hutchinson, and it took such effect that there was a great inclination in the young gentlewoman to him; and so much good-nature on his side, as amounted to a mutual respect, and such a friendship as their youth was capable of, which the parents and others that wished so, interpreted to be a passion of love; but if it were, death quenched the flame, and ravished the young lady from him in the sweet blooming of her youth. That night she died, he lay in his father's chamber, and by accident being very sick, it was imputed to that cause, but he himself least perceived he had any more of love for her than gratitude for her kindness to him, upon which account her death was an affliction to him, and made that house which had been his relief from his hated school less pleasant to him: especially when he met there continual solicitations to sin by the travelled gentleman, who living in all seeming sobriety before his father, was in his own chamber not only vicious himself, but full of endeavour to corrupt Mr. Hutchinson, who by the grace of God resisted and detested his frequent temptations of all kinds. The advantage he had at this school, there being very many gentlemen's sons there, an old Low-country soldier was entertained to train them in arms, and they all bought themselves weapons, and instead of childish sports, when they were not at their books, were exercised in all their military postures, and in assaults and defences; which instruction was not useless, in a few years after, to some of them: Col. Thornhagh, who was now trained in this sportive militia, with Col. Hutchinson, afterwards was his fellow-soldier in earnest, when the great cause of God's and England's rights came to be disputed with swords against encroaching princes. Sir Thomas Grantham dying, Mr. Hutchinson was removed from Lincoln to the free-school at Nottingham, where his father married a second wife, and for a while went up to London with her, leaving his son at board in a very religious house, where new superstitious and pharisaical holiness, straining at gnats and swallowing camels, gave him a little disgust, and was awhile a stumbling-block in his way of purer profession, when he saw among professors such unsuitable miscarriages. There was now a change in the condition and contentment of his life; he was old enough to be sensible that his father's second love and marriage to a person of such quality, as required a settlement for her son, must needs be a lessening to his expectation, but he was so affectionate to his father that he received it very contentedly, and rejoiced in his remove, coming from a supercilious pedant to a very honest man, who using him with respect, advanced him more in one month than the other did in a year. This tied him to no observation, nor restrained him from no pleasure, nor needed not, for he was so moderate when he was left at his liberty that he needed no regulation. The familiar kindness of his master made him now begin to love that which the other's austerity made him loath; and in a year's time he advanced exceedingly in learning, and was sent to Cambridge. He was made a fellow-commoner of Peter House, under the tuition of one Mr. Norwich, an admirable scholar, who by his civil demeanour to him won so much upon his good-nature, that he loved and reverenced him as a father, and betook himself with such delight to his studies that he attained to a great height of learning, performed public exercises in his college with much applause, and upon their importunity took a degree in the university, whereof he was at that time the grace, there not being any gentleman in the town that lived with such regularity in himself, and such general love and good esteem of all persons, as he did. He kept not company with any of the vain young persons, but with the graver men, and those by whose conversation he might gain improvement. He was constant at their chapel, where he began to take notice of their stretching superstition to idolatry; and was courted much into a more solemn practice of it than he could admit, though yet he considered not the emptiness and carnality, to say no more, of that public service which was then in use. For his exercise he practised tennis, and played admirably well at it; for his diversion, he chose music, and got a very good hand, which afterwards he improved to a great mastery on the viol; there were masters that taught to dance and vault, whom he practised with, being very agile and apt for all such becoming exercises: his father stinted not his expense, which the bounty of his mind made pretty large, for he was very liberal to his tutors and servitors, and to the meaner officers of the house. He was enticed to bow to their great idol, learning, and had a higher veneration for it a long time than can strictly be allowed, yet he then looked upon it as a handmaid to devotion, and as the great improver of natural reason. His tutor, and the masters that governed the college while he was there, were of Arminian principles, and that college was noted above all for popish superstitious practices, yet through the grace of God, notwithstanding the mutual kindness the whole household had for him and he for them, he came away, after five years' study there, untainted with those principles or practices, though not yet enlightened to discern the spring of them in the rites and usages of the English church.

---

* This piece of history is mentioned by Rapin ; Sir Thomas Grantham is named, but Sir Thomas Hutchinson and many others not named. It appears, in Thoroton's History of Nottingham, edited by Throsby, that this confinement so far answered the purpose of Charles the First, that it caused another to be chosen instead of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, Knight of the Shire; but as soon as Sir Thomas got free he was again chosen, and continued to represent the county till his death.

When he came from the university, he was about twenty years of age, and returned to his father's house, who had now settled his habitation at Nottingham; but he there enjoyed no great delight, another brood of children springing up in the house, and the servants endeavouring with tales and flatteries to sow dissension on both sides. Therefore, having a great reverence for his father, and being not willing to disturb him with complaints, as soon as he could obtain his leave he went to London. In the mean time, the best company the town afforded him, was a gentleman of as exquisite breeding and parts as England's court ever enjoyed, one that was now married, and retired into this town, one of such admirable power of language and persuasion as was not anywhere else to be found ; but after all this, discontents, or the debaucheries of the times, had so infected him, that he would not only debauch himself, but make a delight to corrupt others for his sport: some he would commend into such a vain-glorious humour, that they became pleasantly ridiculous ; some he would teach apish postures and make them believe themselves rare men, some he would encourage to be poets and laugh at their ridiculous rhymes, some young preachers he would make stage-players in their pulpits, and several ways sported himself with the follies of most of the young men that he conversed with. There was not any way which he left unpractised upon Mr. Hutchinson ; but when, with all his art and industry, he found he could not prevail, then he turned seriously to give him such excellent advice and instructions for living in the world, as were not afterward unuseful to him*. There was, besides this gentleman, a young physician, who was a good scholar and had a great deal of wit, but withal a professed atheist, and so proud, insolent, scurrilous a fellow, daring to abuse all persons how much soever above him, that he was thrown out of familiarity with the great people of the country, though his excellency in his profession made him to be taken in again. There was also an old man, who had been Mr. Hutchinson's first schoolmaster, a person once of great learning, but afterwards becoming a cynic, yet so pleasantly maintaining that kind of humour, that his conversation was sometimes a good diversion. These were Mr. Hutchinson's companions, yet, through the grace of God, had not power to infect him, who, like a bee, sucked a great deal of honey from these bitter flowers. At that time, there was in the town a young maid, beautiful, and esteemed to be very rich, but of base parentage and penurious education, though else ingenuous enough: she was the grandchild of an old physician, and from her childhood, having been acquainted with Mr. Hutchinson, who used to visit her grandmother, she had conceived a kindness for him, which though he civilly resented†, his great heart could never stoop to think of marrying into so mean a stock ; yet by reason of some liking he shewed of her company, and the melancholy he had, with some discontents at home, she was willing to flatter herself that it was love for her, wherein, when she discovered her mistake, it was a great grief. However, she was, without much love on either side, married to an earl's son, and both of them, wanting the ground of happiness in marriage, mutual love, enjoyed but little felicity, either in their great fortunes or in one another‡.

In the house with Mr. Hutchinson, there was a young gentlewoman, of such admirable tempting beauty, and such excellent good-nature, as would have thawed a rock of ice, yet even she could never get an acquaintance with him: wealth and beauty thus in vain tempted him, for it was not yet his time of love: but it was not far off. He was now sent to London, and admitted of Lincoln's Inn, where he was soon coveted into the acquaintance of some gentlemen of the house, but found them so frothy and so vain, and could so ill centre with them in their delights, that the town began to be tedious to him, who was neither taken with wine, nor game, nor the converse of wicked or vain women, to all which he wanted not powerful tempters, had not the power of God's grace in him been above them. He tried a little the study of the law, but finding it unpleasant and contrary to his genius, and the plague that spring beginning to drive people out of the town, he began to think of leaving it, but had no inclination to return home, finding his father's heart so set upon his second family, that his presence was but disturbance : yet his father was wonderfully free and noble to him in allowance, at all places, as large as any of his quality had made to them, and it was very well bestowed on him, who consumed nothing in vain expense, but lived to the honour of his friends and family. For his diversion, he exercised himself in those qualities he had not had so good opportunities for in the country, as dancing, fencing, and music, wherein he had great aptness and address, and entertaining the best tutors, was at some expense that way, and loth to leave them off before he had perfected himself. However, many things putting him into the thoughts of quitting the town, while he was in deliberation how to dispose of himself, and had some reflections upon travel, a cousin-german of his, a French merchant, came to visit him one morning, and told him, he was immediately going into France, and understanding Mr. Hutchinson had some such inclination, had almost persuaded him to go along with him. The only obstacle in the way was, that his father could not be acquainted with it time enough to receive his answer before they went. While he was in this deliberation, his music-master came in, to whom he communicated his thoughts, and the man told him, it was better to go into France at the latter end than the beginning of summer, and that if he pleased, in the mean time, to go to Richmond, where the prince's court was, he had a house there, where he might be accommodated, and there was very good company and recreations, the king's hawks being kept near the place, and several other conveniences. Mr. Hutchinson considering this, resolved to accept his offer ; and that day telling a gentleman of the house whither he was going, the gentleman bid him take heed of the place, for it was so fatal for love, that never any young disengaged person went thither, who returned again free. Mr. Hutchinson laughed at him, but he, to confirm it, told him a very true story of a gentleman, who not long before had come for some time to lodge there, and found all the people he came in company with bewailing the death of a gentlewoman that had lived there. Hearing her so much deplored he made inquiry after her, and grew so in love with the description, that no other discourse could at first please him, nor could he at last endure any other; he grew desperately melancholy, and would go to a mount where the print of her foot was cut, and lie there pining and kissing of it all the day long, till at length death in some months' space concluded his languishment. This story was very true; but Mr. Hutchinson was neither easy to believe it, nor frighted at the example; thinking himself not likely to make another. He therefore went to Richmond, where he found a great deal of good young company, and many ingenuous persons, that by reason of the court, where the young princes were bred, entertained themselves in that place, and had frequent resort to the house where Mr. Hutchinson tabled: the man being a skilful composer in music, the rest of the king's musicians often met at his house to practise new airs, and prepare them for the king; and divers of the gentlemen and ladies that were affected with music came thither to hear; others, that were not, took that pretence to entertain themselves with the company. Mr. Hutchinson was soon courted into their acquaintance and invited to their houses, where he was nobly treated, with all the attractive arts that young women and their parents use to procure them lovers, but though some of them were very handsome, others wealthy, witty, well qualified, all of them set out with all the gaiety and bravery that vain women put on to set themselves off, yet Mr. Hutchinson could not be entangled in any of their fine snares, but without any taint of incivility, in such a way of handsome raillery reproved their pride and vanity as made them ashamed of their glory, and vexed that he alone, of all the young gentlemen that belonged to the court or neighbourhood, should be insensible of their charms. In the same house with him, there was a younger daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late lieutenant of the Tower, tabled for the practice of her lute, till the return of her mother, who was gone into Wiltshire, for the accomplishment of a treaty that had been made some progress in, about the marriage of her elder daughter with a gentleman of that country, out of which my lady herself came, and where her brothers, Sir John St. John, and Sir Edward Hungerford, living in great honour and reputation, had invited her to a visit of them. This gentlewoman, that was left in the house with Mr. Hutchinson, was a very child, her elder sister being at that time scarcely past it, but a child of such pleasantness, and vivacity of spirit, and ingenuity in the quality she practised, that Mr. Hutchinson took pleasure in hearing her practise, and would fall in discourse with her. She having the keys of her mother's house, some half a mile distant, would sometimes ask Mr. Hutchinson, when she went over, to walk along with her: one day when he was there, looking upon an odd by-shelf, in her sister's closet, he found a few Latin books; asking whose they were, he was told they were her elder sister's, whereupon inquiring more after her, he began first to be sorry she was gone before he had seen her, and gone upon such an account that he was not likely to see her; then he grew to love to hear mention of her, and the other gentlewomen who had been her companions used to talk much to him of her, telling him how reserved and studious she was, and other things which they esteemed no advantage; but it so much inflamed Mr. Hutchinson's desire of seeing her, that he began to wonder at himself that his heart, which had ever had such an indifferency for the most excellent of womenkind, should have so strong impulses towards a stranger he never saw; and certainly it was of the Lord, (though he perceived it not,) who had ordained him, through so many various providences, to be yoked with her in whom he found so much satisfaction. There scarcely passed any day but some accident or some discourse still kept alive his desire of seeing this gentlewoman, although the mention of her, for the most part, was inquiries whether she had yet accomplished the marriage that was in treaty. One day there was a great deal of company met at Mr. Coleman's, the gentleman's house where he tabled, to hear the music, and a certain song was sung, which had been lately set, and gave occasion to some of the company to mention an answer to it, which was in the house, and, upon some of their desires, read: a gentleman saying it was believed that a woman in the neighbourhood had made it, it was presently inquired who? whereupon a gentleman, then present, who had made the first song, said there were but two women that could be guilty of it, whereof one was a lady then among them, the other Mrs. Apsley. Mr. Hutchinson, fancying something of rationality in the sonnet beyond the customary reach of a she-wit, although, to speak truth, it signified very little, addressed himself to the gentleman, and told him, he could scarcely believe it was a woman's; whereupon this gentleman, who was a man of good understanding and expression, and inspired with some passion for her himself, which made him regard all her perfections through a multiplying glass, told Mr. Hutchinson that though, for civility to the rest, he entitled another lady to the song, yet he was confident it was Mrs. Apsley's only, for she had sense above all the rest; and fell into such high praises of her, as might well have begotten those vehement desires of her acquaintance, which a strange sympathy in nature had before produced: another gentleman, that sat by, seconded this commendation, with such additions of praise as he would not have given if he had known her. Mr. Hutchinson hearing all this, said to the first gentleman, I cannot be at rest till this lady's return, that I may be acquainted with her; the gentleman replied, "Sir, you must not expect that, for she is of a humour she will not be acquainted with any of mankind, and however this song is stolen forth, she is the nicest creature in the world of suffering her perfections to be known; she shuns the converse of men as the plague, she only lives in the enjoyment of herself, and has not the humanity to communicate that happiness to any of our sex." "Well," said Mr. Hutchinson, "but I will be acquainted with her;" and indeed the information of this reserved humour pleased him more than all else he had heard, and filled him now with thoughts how he should attain the sight and knowledge of her. While he was exercised in this, many days passed not, but a footboy of my lady her mother's came to young Mrs. Apsley as they were at dinner, bringing news that her mother and sister would in a few days return; and when they inquired of him, whether Mrs. Apsley was married, having before been instructed to make them believe it, he smiled, and pulled out some bride laces, which were given at a wedding in the house where she was, and gave them to the young gentlewoman and the gentleman's daughter of the house, and told them Mrs. Apsley bade him tell no news, but give them those tokens; and carried the matter so, that all the company believed she had been married. Mr. Hutchinson immediately turned pale as ashes, and felt a fainting to seize his spirits in that extraordinary manner, that finding himself ready to sink at table, he was fain to pretend something had offended his stomach, and to retire from the table into the garden, where the gentleman of the house going with him, it was not necessary for him to feign sickness, for the distemper of his mind had infected his body with a cold sweat, and such a dispersion of spirit, that all the courage he could at present recollect was little enough to keep him alive. His host was very troublesome to him, and to be quit of him he went to his chamber, saying he would lie down. Little did any of the company suspect the true cause of his sudden qualm, and they were all so troubled at it, that the boy then passed without further examination. When Mr. Hutchinson was alone, he began to recollect his wisdom and his reason, and to wonder at himself, why he should be so concerned in an unknown person; he then remembered the story was told him when he came down, and began to believe there was some magic in the place, which enchanted men out of their right senses; but it booted him not to be angry at himself, nor to set wisdom in her reproving chair, nor reason in her throne of council, the sick heart could not be chid nor advised into health; this anxiety of mind affected him so, that it sent him to his bed that afternoon, which indeed he took to entertain his thoughts alone that night, and having fortified himself with resolution, he got up the next day, but yet could not quit himself of an extravagant perplexity of soul, concerning this unknown gentlewoman, which had not been admirable in another light person, but in him, who was from his childhood so serious and so rational in all his considerations, it was the effect of a miraculous power of Providence, leading him to her that was destined to make his future joy. While she so ran in his thoughts, meeting the boy again, he found out, upon a little stricter examination of him, that she was not married, and pleased himself in the hopes of her speedy return, when one day, having been invited by one of the ladies of that neighbourhood to a noble treatment at Sion Garden, which a courtier, that was her servant, had made for her and whom she would bring, Mr. Hutchinson, Mrs. Apsley, and Mr. Coleman's daughter, were of the party, and having spent the day in several pleasant divertisements, at evening they were at supper, when a messenger came to tell Mrs. Apsley her mother was come. She would immediately have gone, but Mr. Hutchinson, pretending civility to conduct her home, made her stay till the supper was ended, of which he ate no more, now only longing for that sight, which he had with such perplexity expected. This at length he obtained; but his heart, being prepossessed with his own fancy, was not free to discern how little there was in her to answer so great an expectation. She was not ugly, in a careless riding-habit, she had a melancholy negligence both of herself and others, as if she neither affected to please others, nor took notice of anything before her; yet, spite of all her indifference, she was surprised with some unusual liking in her soul, when she saw this gentleman, who had hair, eyes, shape, and countenance enough to beget love in any one at the first, and these set off with a graceful and generous mien, which promised an extraordinary person; he was at that time, and indeed always, very neatly habited, for he wore good and rich clothes, and had variety of them, and had them well suited, and every way answerable, in that little thing showing both good judgment and great generosity, he equally becoming them, and they him, which he wore with such unaffectedness and such neatness as do not often meet in one. Although he had but an evening sight of her he had so long desired, and that at disadvantage enough for her, yet the prevailing sympathy of his soul made him think all his pains well paid, and this first did whet his desire to a second sight, which he had by accident the next day, and to his joy found she was wholly disengaged from that treaty which he so much feared had been accomplished; he found withal, that though she was modest, she was accostable and willing to entertain his acquaintance. This soon passed into a mutual friendship between them, and though she innocently thought nothing of love, yet was she glad to have acquired such a friend, who had wisdom and virtue enough to be trusted with her counsels, for she was then much perplexed in mind; her mother and friends had a great desire she should marry, and were displeased that she refused many offers which they thought advantageous enough; she was obedient, loath to displease them, but more herself, in marrying such as she could find no inclination to. The troublesome pretensions of some of the courtiers, had made her willing to try whether she could bring her heart to her mother's desire, but being by a secret working, which she then understood not, averted, she was troubled to return, lest some might believe it was a secret liking of them which had caused her dislike of others, and being a little disturbed with these things and melancholy, Mr. Hutchinson, appearing, as he was, a person of virtue and honour, who might be safely and advantageably conversed with, she thought God had sent her a happy relief. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, having been told, and seeing how she shunned all other men, and how civilly she entertained him, believed that a secret power had wrought a mutual inclination between them, and daily frequented her mother's house, and had the opportunity of conversing with her in those pleasant walks which, at that sweet season of the spring, invited all the neighbouring inhabitants to seek their joys; where, though they were never alone, yet they had every day opportunity for converse with each other, which the rest shared not in, while every one minded their own delights.

---

* Who the first gentleman was does nowhere appear. The physician here meant, is Dr. Plumptre, of whom much more will be said in this work.

† Resent, in English, seldom used but in a bad sense ; in French, *ressentir* is used to signify a reciprocal sentiment of kindness as well as unkindness.

‡ It is written in the margin by Julius Hutchinson, Esq., probably from the information given him by Lady Catharine Hutchinson, that this lady's name was Martin, and the gentleman who married her Mr. Pierrepont. It would not have been thought worth while to inform the reader of these minute particulars in a note, but for the sake of pointing out the accuracy with which Mr. Julius Hutchinson read and remarked upon this history, and the full knowledge he had of all the circumstances of Col. Hutchinson's life.

They had not six weeks enjoyed this peace, but the young men and women, who saw them allow each other that kindness which they did not afford commonly to others, first began to grow jealous and envious at it, and after to use all the malicious practices they could invent to break the friendship. Among the rest, that gentleman who at the first had so highly commended her to Mr. Hutchinson, now began to caution him against her, and to disparage her, with such subtle insinuations, as would have ruined any love, less constant and honourable than his. The women, with witty spite, represented all her faults to him, which chiefly terminated in the negligence of her dress and habit, and all womanish ornaments, giving herself wholly up to study and writing. Mr. Hutchinson, who had a very sharp and pleasant wit, retorted all their malice with such just reproofs of their idleness and vanity, as made them hate her who, without affecting it, had so engaged such a person in her protection, as they with all their arts could not catch. He in the meanwhile prosecuted his love, with so much discretion, duty, and honour, that at the length, through many difficulties, he accomplished his design. I shall pass by all the little amorous relations, which if I would take the pains to relate, would make a true history of a more handsome management of love than the best romances describe: for these are to be forgotten as the vanities of youth, not worthy mention among the greater transactions of his life. There is this only to be recorded, that never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life, with inexpressible tenderness and kindness, had a most high obliging esteem of her, yet still considered honour, religion, and duty, above her, nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections: these he looked upon with such an indulgent eye, as did not abate his love and esteem of her, while it augmented his care to blot out all those spots which might make her appear less worthy of that respect he paid her; and thus indeed he soon made her more equal to him than he found her; for she was a very faithful mirror, reflecting truly, though but dimly, his own glories upon him, so long as he was present; but she, that was nothing before his inspection gave her a fair figure, when he was removed, was only filled with a dark mist, and never could again take in any delightful object, nor return any shining representation. The greatest excellency she had was the power of apprehending and the virtue of loving his: so as his shadow, she waited on him everywhere, till he was taken into that region of light, which admits of none, and then she vanished into nothing. 'Twas not her face he loved, her honour and her virtue were his mistresses, and these (like Pygmalion's) images of his own making, for he polished and gave form to what he found with all the roughness of the quarry about it; but meeting with a compliant subject for his own wise government, he found as much satisfaction as he gave, and never had occasion to number his marriage among his infelicities. That day that the friends on both sides met to conclude the marriage, she fell sick of the small-pox, which was many ways a great trial upon him; first her life was almost in desperate hazard, and then the disease, for the present, made her the most deformed person that could be seen, for a great while after she recovered; yet he was nothing troubled at it, but married her as soon as she was able to quit the chamber, when the priest and all that saw her were affrighted to look on her: but God recompensed his justice and constancy, by restoring her, though she was longer than ordinary before she recovered, as well as before. One thing is very observable, and worthy imitation in him; although he had as strong and violent affections for her as ever any man had, yet he declared it not to her till he had acquainted first his father, and after never would make any engagement but what his love and honour bound him in, wherein he was more firm and just than all the promissory oaths and ties in the world could have made him, notwithstanding many powerful temptations of wealth and beauty, and other interests, that were laid before him; for his father had concluded another treaty, before he knew his son's inclinations were this way fixed, with a party in many things much more advantageable for his family, and more worthy of his liking: but his father was no less honourably indulgent to his son's affection, than the son was strict in the observance of his duty, and at length, to the full content of all, the thing was accomplished, and on the third day of July, in the year 1638, he was married to Mrs. Lucy Apsley, the second daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, late lieutenant of the Tower of London, at St. Andrew's church in Holborn. He lived some time in this neighbourhood with her mother, but four months were scarce past after their marriage, before he was in great danger to have lost her, when she lost two children she had conceived by him. Soon after conceiving again, she grew so sickly, that her indulgent mother and husband, for the advantage of her health, removed their dwelling out of the city, to a house they took in Enfield chace, called the Blew House, where, upon the third of September, 1639, she was brought to bed of two sons, whereof the elder he named after his own father, Thomas, the younger was called Edward, who both survived him. September 1641, she brought him another son, called by his own name, John, who lived scarce six years, and was a very hopeful child, full of his father's vigour and spirit, but death soon nipped that blossom.

Mr. Hutchinson, after about fourteen months' various exercise of his mind, in the pursuit of his love, being now at rest in the enjoyment of his wife, his next design was to draw her into his own country, but he would not set upon it too roughly, and therefore let her rest awhile, when he had drawn her ten miles nearer it, out of the city where she had had her birth and education, and where all her relations were most conversant, and which she could not suddenly resolve to quit for altogether, to betake herself to the north, which was a formidable name among the London ladies. While she was weaning from the friends and places she had so long conversed in, Mr. Hutchinson employed his time in making an entrance upon the study of school divinity, wherein his father was the most eminent scholar of any gentleman in England, and had a most choice library*, valued at a thousand pounds; which Mr. Hutchinson mistakingly expecting to be part of his inheritance, thought it would be very inglorious for him not to understand how to make use of his father's books. Having therefore gotten into the house with him an excellent scholar in that kind of learning, he for two years made it the whole employment of his time. The gentleman that assisted him he converted to a right belief in that great point of predestination, he having been before of the Arminian judgment, till, upon the serious examination of both principles, and comparing them with the Scriptures, Mr. Hutchinson convinced him of the truth, and grew so well instructed in this principle, that he was able to maintain it against any man. At that time, this great doctrine grew much out of fashion with the prelates, but was generally embraced by all religious and holy persons in the land. Mr. Hutchinson, being desirous to inform himself thoroughly of it, when he was able to manage the question, offered it to his father, but Sir Thomas would not declare himself in the point to him, nor indeed in any other, as we conceived, lest a father's authority should sway against his children's light, who he thought ought to discern things with their own eyes, and not with his. Mr. Hutchinson, taking delight in the study of divinity, presently left off all foolish nice points that tended to nothing but vain brangling, and employed his whole study in laying a foundation of sound and necessary principles, among which he gave the first place to this of God's absolute decrees. This was so far from producing a carelessness of life in him, a thing generally objected against this faith, that, on the other side, it excited him to a more strict and holy walking in thankfulness to God, who had been pleased to choose him out of the corrupted mass of lost mankind, to fix his love upon him, and give him the knowledge of himself by his ever-blessed Son. This principle of love and life in God, which had been given him when he discerned not what it was in himself, had from a child preserved him from wallowing in the mire of sin and wickedness, wherein most of the gentry of those times were miserably plunged, except a few, that were therefore the scorn of mankind; and but few of those few, that had not natural and superstitious follies, that were in some kind justly ridiculous and contemptible. It was a remarkable providence of God in his life, that must not be passed over without special notice, that he gave him these two years' leisure, and a heart so to employ it, before the noise of war and tumult came upon him. Yet about the year 1639, the thunder was heard afar off, rattling in the troubled air, and even the most obscured woods were penetrated with some flashes, the forerunners of the dreadful storm which the next year was more apparent; but Mr. Hutchinson was not yet awakened till it pleased God to deliver him from a danger into which he had run himself, had not mercy prevented him. His wife having already two sons, and being again with child, considered that it would be necessary to seek an augmentation of revenue, or retire into a cheaper country; and more inclining to the first, than to leave at once her mother, and all the rest of her dear relations, had propounded to him to buy an office, which he was not of himself very inclinable to, but, to give her and her mother satisfaction, he hearkened to a motion that was made him in that kind. Sir William Pennyman, who had married his cousin-german, a very worthy gentleman, who had great respect both for and from his father, had purchased the chief office in the Star-chamber; the gentleman who held the next to him was careless and debauched, and thereby a great hindrance of Sir William's profits, who apprehended if he could get an honest man into that place, that they might mutually much advantage each other: whereupon he persuaded Mr. Hutchinson to buy the place, and offered him any terms, to go any share with him, or any way he could desire. Mr. Hutchinson treated with the gentleman, came to a conclusion, went down into the country, provided the money, and came up again, thinking presently to enter into the office; but the gentleman that should have sold it, being of an uncertain humour, thought to make the benefit of another term, before he sold his place; and it pleased God in the mean time that arbitrary court was, by the parliament then sitting, taken away. Mr. Hutchinson was very sensible of a peculiar providence to him herein, and resolved to adventure no more such hazards, but to retire to that place whither God seemed to have called him by giving him so good an interest there, and to study how he was to improve that talent. His wife, convinced by this kind check which God had given to her desires, that she ought to follow her husband where the Lord seemed to call him, went along with him, and about October, 1641, they came to their house at Owthorpe. Here Mr. George Hutchinson (Sir Thomas being then chosen knight for Nottinghamshire, and sitting in the parliament at London) came and gave a glad entertainment of his brother and sister into the country, by his good company, and they were for a few months peaceful and happy in their own house, till the kingdom began to blaze out with the long-conceived flame of civil war. But here I must make a short digression from our particular actions, to sum up the state of the kingdom at that time, which though I cannot do exactly, yet I can truly relate what I was then able to take notice of, and if any one have a desire of more particular information, there were so many books then written, as will sufficiently give it them: and although those of our enemies are all fraught with abominable lies, yet if all ours were suppressed, even their own writings impartially considered would be a sufficient chronicle of their injustice and oppression; but I shall only mention what is necessary to be remembered, for the better carrying on of my purpose.

---

* This is spoken of in the preface, and did in fact remain at Owthorpe, but probably was placed there by Charles, the son of Sir Thomas Hutchinson by his second wife: it was of excessively small value when taken possession of in the year 1776. It is apparent, from Sir Thomas Hutchinson

When the dawn of the gospel began to break upon this isle, after the dark midnight of papacy, the morning was more cloudy here than in other places by reason of the state interest, which was mixing and working itself into the interest of religion, and which, in the end, quite wrought it out. King Henry the Eighth, who, by his royal authority, cast out the pope, did not intend the people of the land should have any ease of oppression, but only change their foreign yoke for homebred fetters, dividing the pope's spoils between himself

---

being upon all the committees for religion, as may be seen in Rushworth's collection, that he was in repute for this kind of knowledge.

and his bishops, who cared not for their father at Rome, so long as they enjoyed their patrimony and their honours here under another head : so that I cannot subscribe to those who entitle that king to the honour of the reformation. But even then there wanted not many who discerned the corruptions that were retained in the church, and eagerly applied their endeavours to obtain a purer reformation, against whom those who saw no need of further reformation, through excess of joy for that which was already brought forth, or else through a secret love of superstition rooted in their hearts, thought this too much, were bitterly incensed, and hating that light which reproved their darkness, everywhere stirred up spirits of envy and persecution against them. Upon the great revolution which took place at the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the crown, the nation became divided into three great factions, the papist, the state protestant, and the more religious zealots, who afterward were branded with the name of Puritan. In vain it was for these to address to the queen and the parliament ; for the bishops, under the specious pretences of uniformity and obedience, procured severe punishments to be inflicted on such as durst gainsay their determinations in all things concerning worship, whereupon some, even in those godly days, lost their lives.

The papists had a most inveterate hatred to all the protestants, but especially to those who were godly, and they again, many of them, suffered their zeal to run out into bitter personal hate. Between these two extremes, the common protestant was in the middle, though I cannot reckon them as a virtuous medium ; for of them the more profane and ignorant only left popery because it grew out of fashion, but in their hearts inclined that way ; those who were peaceable, conscientious, or moral persons, inclined to the puritan ; of whom there were many that unwillingly bore the burden of the ceremonies, for quietness' sake, and through false doctrine of their unfaithful teachers, as well as some that discerned the base and carnal minds of those seducers, and would not be persuaded by them to defile their consciences : the former sort of these, in zeal to reduce the whole land from their idolatrous practices, procured laws and invented oaths to suppress popery, which they little thought, but we now sadly find, are the bitterest engines to batter down the pure worship and destroy the pure worshippers of God ; which I have often looked upon as an evidence that God is not pleased with the conversions that are enforced by men's laws. We have spiritual weapons given us for spiritual combats, and those who go about to conquer subjects for Christ with swords of steel, shall find the base metal break to shivers when it is used, and hurtfully fly in their own faces.

About the time of the reformation, there was a great change in the civil interest of all that part of the world which had long lain under the bondage of the Roman prelate and his tyrannical clergy. These had by degrees so encroached upon all the secular princes, that they were nothing but vassals and hangmen to the proud insolent priest. Obtaining his empire by fraud, false doctrine, lies, and hypocrisy, he maintained it by blood and rapine, till it pleased God to cause that light to break forth about Luther's time, which hath ever since been increasing, and, notwithstanding all the attempts of Satan and his ministers, will, in the end, grow up to a glorious flame, and quite devour that bloody city. When the wrath of princes and priests was in vain at first blown up against the professors of the gospel, and their blood and ashes became fruitful seed in God's field, then the old fox comes into the fold as a lamb, and seduces some of them that saw the approach of Christ's kingdom, to set it up irregularly, and indeed (though I know not whether they perceived their own delusion) to set up themselves in Christ's throne, casting down the thrones of all other magistrates, and destroying the properties of men, and ruling by their own arbitrary lust, which they brought forth in the name of God's law *. This example was so threatening to all mankind, that the gospel itself, by the adversaries thereof, suffered much reproach upon this miscarriage ; whereupon the protestants, in all places, to clear themselves from the just aspersions, which the Munster anabaptists and others had occasioned, fell into an error on the other hand, not much less hurtful in the consequence ; for to flatter the princes of the world, whether popish or protestant, they invested them with God's prerogative, and preached to them and the people such doctrines as only changed the idol, but left the idolatry still in practice.

The popes of Rome had for many ages challenged and practised a power to disthrone princes, to give away their realms, to interdict whole kingdoms and provinces and devote them to slaughter, to loose subjects from all bonds and oaths of allegiance to their sovereigns, and to stir up both princes and people to the mutual murder of each other, which abominable courses had been justly cast upon them as reproach, they pretending to do all these things for the propagation of the true worship and the advance of God's glory. This reproach they retorted when some protestants, upon the same pretence, did maintain that idolatrous princes were to be removed, and such magistrates set up as feared God, who were guardians of both tables, and bound to compel all their people to the right religion. This confusion was there among the sons of darkness at the first appearance of gospel light.

About this time in the kingdom of Scotland there was a wicked queen, daughter of a mother that came out of the bloody house of Guise †, and brought up in the popish religion, which she zealously persevered in, as most suitable to her bloody lustful temper ; she being guilty of murders and adulteries, and hateful for them to the honestest of the people, was deposed, imprisoned, and forced to fly for her life ; but her son was received into the throne, and educated after the strictest way of the protestant religion, according to Calvin's form. Those who were chiefly active and instrumental in the justice executed on this wicked queen, were the reformers of religion in Scotland, which made the neighbouring idolatrous princes to fear them of the same faith. About the same time, likewise, the provinces of the Netherlands united themselves in a resistance of the King

---

* A description of the principles of the most extravagant of those whom in history they call Fifth-Monarchy men, from their affecting to set up the empire of Christ as the fifth ; the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, and Roman, being the first four.

† Mary, Queen of Scots.

of Spain, and cast off that yoke wherewith he had most barbarously galled them. The King of France, persecuting his protestant subjects with much inhuman violence, forced them to defend themselves against his unsanctified league, and much blood was shed in those civil wars, till at length those who had had so much experience of God's providence in delivering them from their cruel princes, were persuaded to make up an alliance with the enemies of God and religion, and by the treacherous foe drawn into his snares, where they were most wickedly and barbarously massacred[*]. Now, although religion were the main ground of those bloody quarrels, yet there were, in all these countries, many disputes of civil right, which, for the most part, bore the face of the wars, whereat I have only hinted in this survey of the condition of other states, and their interests in those days and since, which is something necessary to be known for the better understanding of our own, with which I shall now proceed.

The civil government of England, from the time called the Conquest, had been administered by a King, Lords, and Commons, in a way of Parliaments; the Parliament entrusted with the legislative, and the King with the executive power; but several of the kings, not satisfied with their bounded monarchy, made attempts to convert it into an absolute sovereignty—attempts fatal both to themselves and their people, and ever unsuccessful; for the generous people of England, as they were the most free and obsequious subjects in the world to those princes that managed them with a kind and tender hand, commanding them as freemen, not as slaves, so were they the most untameable, invincible people, in defence of their freedoms against all those usurping lords, that scorned to allow them liberty. The nobility of the realm, having at first the great balance of the lands, and retaining some of that free honourable virtue, for which they were exalted above the vulgar, ever stood up in the people's defence, and curbed the wild ambition of the tyrants, whom they sometimes reduced to moderation, and sometimes deposed for their mis-governments, till at length the kings, eager to break this yoke, had insensibly worn out the interest of the nobility, by drawing them to their courts, where luxuries melted away the great estates of some, others were destroyed by confiscations in divers civil wars, and others otherways mouldered with time. While the kings were glad to see the abatement of that power, which had been such a check to their exorbitances, they perceived not the growing of another more dangerous to them, and that when the nobility shrunk into empty names, the throne lost its supporters, and had no more but a little puff of wind to bear it up, when the full body of the people came rolling in upon it. The interest of the people, which had been many years growing, made an extraordinary progress in the days of King Henry the Eighth, who returning the vast revenues of the church into the body of the people, cast the balance clear on their side, and left them now only to expect[†] an opportunity to resume their power into their own hands, and had not differences in religion divided them among themselves, and thereby prolonged the last gasps of expiring monarchy, they had long since exercised it in a free commonwealth.

England was not an idle spectator of the great contest between the papist and protestant, in which all christendom seemed to be engaged. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the protestant interest, being her peculiar interest, that princess became not only glorious in the defence of her own realm, but in the protection she gave to the whole protestant cause, in all the neighbouring kingdoms; wherefore, as if it had been devolved upon her person, the pope shot all his arrows at her head, and set on many desperate assassinations against her, which, by the good providence of God, were all frustrated, and she not only miraculously delivered from those wretches, but renowned at home and abroad for successes against her rebellious subjects in England and Ireland, and for the assistance of her distressed neighbours: but above all for the mercy which it pleased God to afford her and this realm in the year 1588, when the invading Spaniard had devoured us in his proud hopes, and by the mighty hand of God was scattered as a mist before the morning beams. That which kept alive the hopes of the papists, most part of her reign, was the expectation of the Queen of Scots, who, entering into confederacy with them, lost her head for the forfeit, wherein the Duke of Norfolk suffered also for her the loss of his. The Queen of England was very loath to execute this necessary justice; but the true-hearted protestants of her council, foreseeing the sad effects that might be expected, if ever she arrived to the crown, urged it on[‡], and after the death of Queen Elizabeth, the wiser of them much opposed the admission of her son: but he, dissembling the resentment of his mother's death, by bribes and greater promises, managed a faction in the court of the declining queen, which prevailed on her dotage to destroy the Earl of Essex, who only had courage to have kept out him they thought dangerous to let in[§]. So subtilely brought they their purpose about, that wise counsel was in vain to a blinded and betrayed people. The antiprelatical party, hoping that, with a king bred up among the Calvinists, they should now be freed from the episcopal yoke, were greedy of entertaining him, but soon cured of their mistake, when immediately after his entry into the kingdom, himself being moderator at a dispute between both parties, the non-conformists were cast out of doors, the offensive ceremonies, instead of being removed, were more strictly imposed, the penalties against papists relaxed, many of them taken into favour, those families who suffered for his mother graced and restored as far as the times would bear, and those who consented any way to the justice done upon her disfavoured. A progress was made suitable to this beginning, the protestant interest abroad was deserted and betrayed, the prelates at home daily exalted in pride and pomp, and declining in virtue and godliness. Arminianism * crept in, to the corruption of sound doctrine, till at length they had the impudence to forbid preaching of those great and necessary truths, concerning the decrees of God; secret treaties were entertained with the court of Rome †, and notwithstanding that hellish powder plot, the papists lost not their credit at court, where they now wrought no longer by open and direct ways, but humouring the king and queen in their lusts and excesses, found the most ready way to destroy the doctrine of the gospel, was to debauch the professors. The court of this king was a nursery of lust and intemperance; he had brought in with him a company of poor Scots, who, coming into this plentiful kingdom, surfeited with riot and debaucheries, and got all the riches of the land only to cast away. The honour, wealth, and glory of the nation, wherein Queen Elizabeth left it, were soon prodigally wasted by this thriftless heir, the nobility of the land utterly debased by setting honours to public sale, and conferring them on persons that had neither blood nor merit fit to wear, nor estates to bear up their titles, but were fain to invent projects to pill ‡ the people, and pick their purses for the maintenance of vice and lewdness. The generality of the gentry of the land soon learned the court fashion, and every great house in the country became a sty of uncleanness. To keep the people in their deplorable security, till vengeance overtook them, they were entertained with masks, stage plays, and sorts of ruder sports. Then began murder, incest, adultery, drunkenness, swearing, fornication, and all sort of ribaldry, to be no concealed, but countenanced, vices; because they held such conformity with the court example. Next to this, a great cause of these abominations was the mixed marriages of papist and protestant families, which, no question, was a design of the popish party to compass and procure, and so successful that I have observed that there was not one house of ten, where such a marriage was made, but the better party was corrupted, the children's souls were sacrificed to devils, the worship of God was laid aside in that family, for fear of distasting the idolater; the kindred, tenants, and neighbours, either quite turned from it, or cooled in their zeal for religion. As the fire is most fervent in a frosty season, so the general apostacy from holiness, if I may so call it, and defection to lewdness, stirred up sorrow, indignation, and fear, in all that retained any love of God in the land, whether ministers or people: the ministers warned the people of the approaching judgments of God, which could not be expected but to follow such high provocations; God, in his mercy, sent his prophets into all corners of the land to preach repentance and cry out against the ingratitude of England, who thus requited so many rich mercies as no nation could ever boast of more; and by these a few were everywhere converted and established in faith and holiness; but at court these were hated, disgraced, and reviled, and in scorn had the name of Puritan fixed upon them. And now the ready way to preferment there, was to declare an opposition to the power of godliness, under that name; so that their pulpits might justly be called the scorner's chair, those sermons only pleasing that flattered them in their vices and told the poor king that he was Solomon, that his sloth and cowardice, by which he betrayed the cause of God and honour of the nation, was gospel meekness and peaceableness, for which they raised him up above the heavens, while he lay wallowing like a swine in the mire of his lust. He had a little learning, and this they called the spirit of wisdom, and so magnified him, so falsely flattered him, that he could not endure the words of truth and soundness, but rewarded these base, wicked, unfaithful fawners with rich preferments, attended with pomps and titles, which heaved them up above a human height: with their pride their envy swelled against the people of God, whom they began to project how they might root out of the land; and when they had once given them a name, whatever was odious or dreadful to the king that they fixed upon the puritan, which, according to their character, was nothing but a factious hypocrite.

---

[*] The famous massacre on St. Bartholomew's day at Paris.

[†] Expect, a Latinism; expectare, to wait for; or Italian, aspettare, *id.*

[‡] The signing and expediting the warrant for the execution of Mary Queen of Scots is an enigma which has employed the wits of many to solve—perhaps this may be the true solution of it; it is at least clear that it thus appeared to well-informed persons, living in times when the thing was recent, and accounts for it more naturally than the mean jealousy attributed to Queen Elizabeth, which would in fact have been a better reason for putting her to death many years sooner.

[§] In Heylin's History of the Presbyterians, it is said that the Earl of Essex was much courted by the puritans, and in return caressed them; that a title to the crown was drawn out for him and he began to look up to it; that he encouraged an opinion, that inferior magistrates might curb and control their sovereign; that he was outwitted and brought to the scaffold by Cecil and Raleigh, very opportunely for King James, whose entrance might have been opposed and his title questioned.

The king had upon his heart the dealings both of England and Scotland with his mother, and harboured a secret desire of revenge upon the godly in both nations, yet had not courage enough to assert his resentment like a prince, but employed a wicked cunning he was master of, and called king-craft, to undermine what he durst not openly oppose, the true religion; this was fenced with the liberty of the people, and so linked together, that 'twas impossible to make them slaves, till they were brought to be idolaters of royalty and glorious lust, and as impossible to make them adore these gods while they continued loyal to the government of Jesus Christ. The payment of civil obedience to the king and the laws of the land satisfied not; if any durst dispute his impositions in the worship of God, he was presently reckoned among the seditious and disturbers of the public peace, and accordingly persecuted: if any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdom, or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppressions of the subject by a thousand ways, invented to maintain the riots of the courtiers and the swarms of needy Scots the king had brought in, to devour like locusts the plenty of this land, he was a puritan: if any, out of mere morality and civil honesty, discountenanced the abominations of those days, he was a puritan, however he conformed to their superstitious worship: if any showed favour to any godly honest person, kept them company, relieved them in want, or protected them against violent or unjust oppression, he was a puritan: if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest, for good order or government, he was a puritan: in short, all that crossed the views of the

---

* James, however, professed himself a great enemy to it.

† The first volume of Clarendon's State Papers is half filled with them.

‡ Pill—pillage, plunder.

needy courtiers, the proud encroaching priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentry, whoever was zealous for God's glory or worship, could not endure blasphemous oaths, ribald conversation, profane scoffs, sabbath breach, derision of the word of God, and the like; whoever could endure a sermon, modest habit or conversation, or anything good, all these were puritans; and if puritans, then enemies to the king and his government, seditious factious hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and finally, the pest of the kingdom; such false logic did the children of darkness use to argue with against the hated children of light, whom they branded besides as an illiterate, morose, melancholy, discontented, crazed sort of men, not fit for human conversation*; as such, they made them not only the sport of the pulpit, which was become but a more solemn sort of stage, but every stage, and every table, and every puppet-play, belched forth profane scoffs upon them, the drunkards made them their songs, all fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, as finding it the most gameful way of fooling. Thus the two factions in those days grew up to great heights and enmities, one against the other, while the papist wanted not industry and subtilty to blow the coals between them, and was so successful that, unless the mercy of God confound them by their own imaginations, we may justly fear they will at last obtain their full wish.

But to deal impartially, we must, with sadness enough confess, that the wolf came into the fold in a sheep's clothing, and wrought more slaughter that way among the lambs, than he could have done in his own skin; for it is true that many of wit and parts, discontented, when they could not obtain the preferments their ambition gaped at, would declare themselves of the puritan party, and such were either bought off, or, if the adversary would not give their price, seduced their devout hearers, sometimes into indiscreet opposition, to work out their own revenge; others that had neither learning, nor friends, nor opportunities to arrive to any preferments, would put on a form of godliness, finding devout people that way so liberal to them, that they could not hope to enrich themselves so much any other way. Some that had greater art and parts, finding there was no inconsiderable gain to be made of the simple devotion of men and women, applied their wits to it, and collected great sums for the advancement of the religious interest, of which they converted much to their own private uses. Such as these tempted the people of God to endeavour to shelter themselves in human policies, and found out ways by bribes, and other not less indirect courses, to procure patrons at court, and to set up against the prelates with countermines and other engines, which being of man's framing, were all at last broken.

The puritan party, being weak and oppressed, had not faith enough to disown all that adhered to them for worldly interests, and indeed it required more than human wisdom to discern at the least all of them, wherefore they, in their low condition, gladly accepted any that would come over to them, or incline towards them; and their enemies through envy at them augmented much their party, while, with injuries and reproaches, they drove many, that never intended it, to take that party; which in the end got nothing but confusion by those additions. While these parties were thus counterworking, the treasure of the kingdom being wasted by court-caterpillars, and parliaments called to resupply the royal coffers, therein there wanted not some, that retained so much of the English spirit, as to represent the public grievances, and desire to call the corrupt ministers of state to an account; but the king, grudging that his people should dare to gainsay his pleasure, and correct his misgovernment, in his favourites, broke up parliaments, violated their privileges, imprisoned their members for things spoken in the House, and grew disaffected to them, and entertained projects of supply by other grievances of the people. The prelates, in the mean time, finding they lost ground, meditated reunion with the popish faction, who began to be at a pretty agreement with them†; and now there was no more endeavour in their public sermons, to confute the errors of that church, but to reduce our doctrines and theirs to an accommodation: the king, to bring it about, was deluded into the treaty of a match for his son with the Infanta of Spain; and the prince, with the Duke of Buckingham, privately sent into Spain, from whence he difficultly came back, but to the great rejoicing of the whole people in general, who were much afflicted at his going thither. During this treaty, the papists got many advantages of the king, to the prejudice of the protestant interest at home and abroad, and the hearts of all but the papists were very much saddened, and the people, loath to lay the miscarriages of things at the king's own door, began to entertain a universal hatred of the Duke of Buckingham, raised from a knight's fourth son to that pitch of glory, and enjoying great possessions, acquired by the favour of the king, upon no merit but that of his beauty and his prostitution. The parliament had drawn up a charge against him, and though the king seemed to protect him, yet knowing the fearfulness of his nature, and doubting his constancy, it was believed he added some help to an ague that killed that king; however, the king died, and the duke continued as high in the favour of the next succeeding as of the deceased prince: whereupon one, not unaptly, says of him, "he seemed as an unhappy exhalation, drawn up from the earth, not only to cloud the setting, but the rising sun."

The face of the court was much changed in the change of the king; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious; so that the fools and bawds, mimics and catamites, of the former court, grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the king, to retire into corners to practise them: men of learning and ingenuity in all arts were in esteem, and received encouragement from the king; who was a most excellent judge, and a great lover of paintings, carvings, gravings, and many other ingenuities, less offensive than the bawdry and profane abusive wit, which was the only exercise of the other court. But as in the primitive times, it is observed that the best emperors were some of them stirred up by Satan to be the bitterest persecutors of the church, so this king was a worse encroacher upon the civil and spiritual liberties of his people, by far, than his father. He married a papist, a French lady, of a haughty spirit, and a great wit and beauty, to whom he became a most uxorious husband. By this means the court was replenished with papists, and many, who hoped to advance themselves by the change, turned to that religion; all the papists in the kingdom were favoured, and, by the king's example, matched into the best families; the puritans more than ever discountenanced and persecuted, insomuch that many of them chose to abandon their native country, and leave their dearest relations, to retire into any foreign soil or plantation, where they might, amidst all outward inconveniences, enjoy the free exercise of God's worship; such as could not flee were tormented in the bishops' courts, fined, whipped, pilloried, imprisoned, and suffered to enjoy no rest, so that death was better than life to them; and notwithstanding their patient sufferance of all these things, yet was not the king satisfied till the whole land were reduced to perfect slavery. The example of the French king was propounded to him, and he thought himself no monarch, so long as his will was confined to the bounds of any law; but knowing that the people of England were not pliable to an arbitrary rule, he plotted to subdue them to his yoke by a foreign force, and till he could effect it, made no conscience of granting anything to the people, which he resolved should not oblige him longer than it served his turn; for he was a prince that had nothing of faith or truth, justice or generosity, in him; he was the most obstinate person in his self-will that ever was, and so bent upon being an absolute uncontrollable sovereign, that he was resolved either to be such a king or none. His firm adherence to prelacy was not for conscience of one religion more than another, for it was his principle that an honest man might be saved in any profession; but he had a mistaken principle that kingly government in the state could not stand without episcopal government in the church, and therefore as the bishops flattered him with preaching up his sovereign prerogative, and inveighing against the puritans as factious and disloyal, so he protected them in their pomp and pride, and insolent practices, against all the godly and sober people of the land. In the first parliament after he came to the crown, the Duke of Buckingham was impeached concerning the death of King James, and other misdemeanours, but the present king, who had received him into the same degree of favour that he was with the former, would not endure the question of his favourite, and, to deliver him from it, broke up the parliament, which gave too just a suspicion that he favoured the practice; for it is true that the duke's mother, without the consent of the physicians, had made an application to the wrists of the king for his ague, after which he died in his next fit. Some other parliaments there were, but still abruptly broken up, when they put forth any endeavour to redress grievances. The protestants abroad were all looked upon as puritans, and their interest, instead of being protected, sadly betrayed; ships let out to the French king to serve against them; all the flower of the English gentry lost in an ill-managed expedition to the Isle of Rhee, under pretence of helping them, but so ordered that it proved the loss of Rochelle, the strong fort and best defence of all the protestants in France. Those in Germany were no less neglected in all treaties, although his own sister and her children were so highly concerned. The whole people were sadly grieved at these misgovernments, and, loth to impute them to the king, cast all the odium upon the Duke of Buckingham, whom at length a discontented person stabbed, believing he did God and his country good service by it. All the kingdom, except the duke's own dependents and kindred, rejoiced in the death of this duke, but they found little cause, for after it the king still persisted in his design of enslaving them, and found other ministers, ready to serve his self-willed ambition, such as were Noy his attorney-general, who set on foot that hateful tax of ship-money, and many more illegal exactions; and ten of the judges who perverted judgment in the cause of those who refused the illegal imposition; although there were even in that time found two honest judges, who durst judge rightly against the king, although he had changed the words usual in their commissions, which were Quamdiù bene se gesserint,* into another form, Durante bene placito. Besides these, and a great rascally company of flatterers and projectors, there were all the corrupted tottering bishops and others of the proud profane clergy of the land, who, by their insolencies, grown odious to the people, bent their strong endeavours to disaffect the prince to his honest godly subjects, and to get a pretence of power from him, to afflict those who would not submit to their insolent dominion. But there were two above all the rest, who led the van of the king's evil counsellors, and these were Laud, archbishop of Canterbury, a fellow of mean extraction and arrogant pride, and the Earl of Strafford, who as much outstripped all the rest in favour as he did in abilities, being a man of deep policy, stern resolution, and ambitious zeal to keep up the glory of his own greatness. In the beginning of this king's reign, this man had been a strong asserter of the liberties of the people, among whom he had gained himself an honourable reputation, and was dreadful to the court party, who thereupon strewed snares in his way, and when they found a breach at his ambition, his soul was that way entered and captivated. He was advanced first to be lord president of the council in the north, to be a baron, after an earl, then deputy of Ireland; the nearest to a favourite of any man since the death of the Duke of Buckingham, who was raised by his first master, and kept up by the second, upon no account of personal worth or any deserving abilities in him, but only upon violent and private inclinations of the princes; but the Earl of Strafford wanted not any accomplishment that could be desired in the most serviceable minister of state: besides, he having made himself odious to the people, by his revolt from their interest to that of the oppressive court, he was now obliged to keep up his own interest with his new party, by all the malicious practices that pride and revenge could inspire him with. But above all these the king had another instigator of his own violent purpose, more powerful than all the rest, and that was the queen, who, grown out of her childhood, began to turn her mind from those vain extravagancies she lived in at first, to that which did less become her, and was more fatal to the kingdom, which never is in any place happy, where the hands which were made only for distaffs affect the management of sceptres.—If any one object the fresh example of Queen Elizabeth, let them remember that the felicity of her reign was the effect of her submission to her masculine and wise councillors; but wherever male princes are so effeminate as to suffer women of foreign birth and different religions to intermeddle with the affairs of state, it is always found to produce sad desolations; and it hath been observed that a French queen never brought any happiness to England: some kind of fatality, too, the English imagined to be in her name of Marie, which, 'tis said, the king rather chose to have her called by than her other, Henrietta, because the land should find a blessing in that name, which had been more unfortunate; but it was not in his power, though a great prince, to control destiny. This lady being by her priests affected with the meritoriousness of advancing her own religion, whose principle it is to subvert all other, applied that way her great wit and parts, and the power her haughty spirit kept over her husband, who was enslaved in his affection only to her, though she had no more passion for him than what served to promote her designs. Those brought her into a very good correspondency with the archbishop and his prelatical crew, both joining in the cruel design of rooting the godly out of the land. The foolish protestants were meditating reconciliations with the church of Rome, who embraced them as far as they would go, carrying them in hand, as if there had been a possibility of bringing such a thing to pass: meanwhile they carried on their design by them, and had so ripened it, that nothing but the mercy of God prevented the utter subversion of protestantism in the three kingdoms. —But how much soever their designs were framed in the dark, God revealed them to his servants, and most miraculously ordered providences for their preservation. About the year 1639, the Scots, having the English service-book obtruded upon them violently, refused it, and took a national covenant against it, and entered England with a great army, to bring their complaints to the king, which his unfaithful ministers did much, as they supposed, misreport. The king himself levied an army against them, wherein he was assisted by the nobility and gentry, but most of all by the prelates, insomuch that the war got the name of bellum episcopale*; but the commonalty of the nation, being themselves under grievous bondage, were loth to oppose a people that came only to claim their just liberties. When the king was at York, the chief of the Scotch covenanters came, under a pretence of treating with the king, but their chief intent was to disabuse the nobility of England, and to take off their edge against them by remonstrating those grievances and oppressions from the prelatical innovators, which had forced them thus to defend their religion and liberties. This they did so effectually, that the hearts of the English were much moved towards them, and the king perceiving it, by their mediations, consented to a dissembled peace for that time, and returned home. But the Scots, unsatisfied in the performance of their articles, made preparation for a second return into England; whereupon the king, in his anger and necessity, was forced to have recourse to the long-neglected remedy of parliaments, and assembled one at Westminster, the 13th of April, 1640, which he suffered to sit but twenty-one days, and broke it up again, apprehending that if he had suffered them to sit a day longer, they would have voted against the war with Scotland, which he was violently bent to prosecute.

---

* Such is the idea entertained of them in general even at this day; whoever shall read these memoirs will be well convinced that not one of these qualities needs or does by any natural consequence accompany the character. It is a great misfortune that many of the zealous professors of piety should give it so austere an aspect, and this can never be better contrasted than by the cheerful and amiable one this professed puritan gives it.

† The first volume of Clarendon's State Papers abounds with instances.

---

* "Quamdiù bene se gesserint," during good behaviour, as long as they act right. "Durante bene placito," during the king's good pleasure.

The bishops at that time devised, as an anti-covenant, in their convocation house, that execrable oath known by the name of the *et cætera*, wherein all ministers were required to swear to uphold the government of the church of England by archbishops, deans, archdeacons, &c. After this the Scots enter England, the king makes a second expedition into the north against them, and sends part of his army to keep the passes upon the river Tyne: but the soldiers being raw and heartless to this war, and the commanders themselves inexperienced, they were vanquished, and the Scots forced their way, after they had been refused to pass quietly by, with their petitions in their hands, and thus possessed themselves of Newcastle and Durham. At that time the Scots had put forth a declaration, wherein they had affirmed their intentions not to lay down arms till the reformed religion were settled in both nations upon sure grounds, and the causers of these present troubles brought to public justice, and that in a parliament. This was so plausible to the English, that the king, finding both the hearts and hands of his people fail him on this occasion, was induced to grant the petition of twelve noble lords, who at that time interposed, and calling together all his lords at York, agreed upon a parliament at London, to convene the third of November following. In the mean time there was a treaty condescended to of sixteen lords of each side, Scotch and English, who agreed upon a cessation between both armies for the present, in order to a peace, to be concluded at London with the parliament, who met as appointed in November.

They began with throwing down monopolies, and then impeached the Earl of Strafford of high treason, who, after a solemn trial and hot disputes on both sides, was at length attainted of treason, and the king, against his own mind, to serve his ends, gave him up to death †. The archbishop of Canterbury was also made prisoner upon an accusation of high treason, for which he after suffered; Wren, bishop of Norwich, was likewise committed to the Tower; several other prelatical preachers were questioned for popish and treasonable doctrines; the Star-chamber, an unjust and arbitrary court, was taken away, and the high-commission court; an act was procured for a triennial parliament, and another for the continuation of this, that it should not be broken up without their own consent. There were great necessities for money, by reason of the two armies that were then maintained in England, and the people would give the king no money without some ease of grievances, which forced him against his inclination to grant those bills, which, after he had granted, he found he had bound up his own hands*, and therefore privately encouraged plots that were in those times contrived against the parliament. One of them was to have rescued the Earl of Strafford out of prison, and put him at the head of eight thousand Irish, which the king would not consent to disband, when the parliament had some time before moved him to it; then the English army in the north should have been brought up and engaged against the parliament itself upon a pretence of maintaining the king's prerogative, episcopacy, and some other such things. This plot was managed by Percy, Germyn, Goring, Wilmot, Ashburnham, Pollard, Suckling, O'Neale, and others, of whom some confessed and impeached their fellows, others fled, others were put in prison. While this parliament was sitting, the king would needs, contrary to their desires, take a journey to Scotland, and passed by the two disbanding armies in his journey, where some report that he secretly attempted to urge the Scotch army against the parliament, which then succeeded not. The houses had rejourned for some time, and left a standing committee of fifty to prepare businesses. About that time a plot was discovered to them from Scotland, against the lives of some of the greatest peers of that kingdom; the committee, fearing the like attempts from the same spring, placed strong guards in divers parts of the city of London. The king's design in going to Scotland was variously conjectured, but this was a certain effect of it, that it retarded all the affairs of the government of England, which the king had put into such disorder that it was not an easy task to reform what was amiss, and redress the real grievances of the people; but yet the parliament shewed such a wonderful respect to the king, that they never mentioned him, as he was, the sole author of all those miscarriages, but imputed them to evil councillors, and gave him all the submissive language that could have been used to a good prince, fixing all the guilt upon his evil councillors and ministers of state, which flattery I fear they have to answer for; I am sure they have thereby exposed themselves to much scandal†. While the king was in Scotland, that cursed rebellion in Ireland broke out, wherein above two hundred thousand were massacred in two months' space, being surprised, and many of them most inhumanly butchered and tormented; and besides the slain, abundance of poor families stripped and sent naked away, out of all their possessions; and had not the providence of God miraculously prevented the surprise of Dublin castle, the night it should have been seized, there had not been any remnant of the protestant name left in that country. As soon as this sad news came to the parliament, they vigorously set themselves to the work of relieving them, but then the king returned from Scotland, and being sumptuously welcomed home by the city, took courage thereby against the parliament, and obstructed all their proceedings for the effectual relief of Ireland. Long was he before he could be drawn to proclaim these murderers rebels, and when he did, by special command, there were but forty proclamations printed, and care taken that they should not be much dispersed; which courses afflicted all the good protestants in England, and confirmed that the rebellion in Ireland received countenance from the king and queen of England. The parliament, beset with so many difficulties, were forced for their own vindication to present the king with a petition and a remonstrance of the state of the kingdom, wherein they spared him as much as truth would bear, and complained only of his ill counsellors and ministers; but this, instead of admonishing, exasperated him, and was answered with another declaration of his; and upon several occasions the parliament being enforced to justify their proceedings publicly, and the king setting forth replies, these open debates were but the prologue to the ensuing tragedy. The city declaring their good affections to the parliament by a petition, gave the king distrust, and he was observed to entertain an extraordinary guard of cavaliers, who killed and wounded some of the poor unarmed men that passed by his house at Whitehall, and the parliament, conceiving themselves not safe, desired a guard might be allowed them under the command of the Earl of Essex; but he refused it, with an assurance that he would command such a guard to wait upon them as he would be reponsible to Almighty God for, and that the safety of all and every one of them was as dear to him as that of his own person and children. Yet the very next day after this false message he came to the house of commons, attended with his extraordinary guard of about four hundred gentlemen and soldiers, armed with swords and pistols, and there demanded five of their members, whom not finding there (for a great lady at court had before informed one of them of his coming, and the house ordered them to retire) he returned, leaving the house under a high sense of this breach of their privilege. At this time the people began in great numbers to bring petitions to the king and parliament, to beg a more cheerful concurrence between them for the relief of Ireland, and to encourage the parliament in their honourable endeavours for the relief of both kingdoms. The king was offended at this, and retired first to Hampton-court, then went with the queen to Canterbury, whom he sent from thence into Holland with her daughter, lately married to the prince of Orange, under pretence of conducting her to her own court, but really to manage his business abroad, and procure arms to be employed against the parliament, by the sale of the crown jewels, which she carried over with her. After her departure, the king, taking the prince and the duke of York with him, went to Theobalds, whither the parliament sent a petition to him to return to his parliament and abide near London, and that he would not carry the prince away with him, and that he would grant the militia of the kingdom to be put into such hands as the parliament should recommend, and might confide in ; all which he denied, and went immediately to Newmarket, and from thence to York ; all this while, by many false pretences, really obstructing the relief of bleeding Ireland, and seducing many of the poor people of England into blood and ruin.

---

* The bishops' war.

† Whoever has read the propositions delivered to his majesty by the Earl of Strafford, for bridling of parliaments and increase of his revenue, which is preserved in the third volume of Ludlow's Memoirs, p. 322, ingenious, bold, and dangerous beyond example, will think him richly to have deserved his fate, but not at the hand of Charles, who herein acted so treacherously by his friends, that their very adversaries are shocked at it, and fixed on his reputation a deep and indelible stain; accordingly he seems all his life long to have borne in mind an incessant regret of this crime.

---

* This act for perpetuating the parliament was in fact that which gave them a clear ascendancy over the king. The proposing this, as it showed the ingenuity and judgment of Mr. Pierrepont, to whom Mrs. Hutchinson attributes it, so does it the weakness of the king and his counsellors, who having granted this, had no longer any power of refusal left.—For extraordinary evils, extraordinary remedies are often sought, but this, as it soon proved too strong for the king, so was it at last thought too strong for the people. The omnipotence of parliament would be indeed dreadful alike to both if, instead of being amovable, it was permanent.

† This is an oversight of Mrs. Hutchinson's, of which she is seldom guilty. Good policy required then, as it does now, that the king should be held incapable of wrong, and the criminality fixed on ministers, who are amenable to the law. If the patriots of that day were the inventors of this maxim, we are highly obliged to them.

In conducting the state of England in those days, wherein he, whose actions I am tracing, began to enter into his part in this great tragedy, I have been too long for that I intended, and too short to give a clear understanding of the righteousness of the parliament's cause * ; which I shall desire you to inform yourselves better of by their own printed papers, and Mr. May's history, which I find to be impartially true, so far as he hath carried it on, saving some little mistakes in his own judgment, and misinformations which some vain people gave of the state, and more indulgence to the king's guilt than can justly be allowed.

To take up my discourse of Mr. Hutchinson where I left it, he was now come to his own house at Owthorpe, about the time when the Irish massacre was acted, and finding humours begin to be very stirring, he applied himself to understand the things then in dispute, and read all the public papers that came forth between the king and parliament, besides many other private treatises, both concerning the present and foregoing times. Hereby he became abundantly informed in his understanding, and convinced in conscience, of the righteousness of the parliament's cause, in point of civil right ; and though he was satisfied of the endeavours to reduce † popery, and subvert the true protestant religion, which indeed was apparent to every one that impartially considered it, yet he did not think that so clear a ground of the war, as the defence of the just English liberties ; and although he was clearly swayed by his own judgment and reason to the parliament, he, thinking he had no warrantable call at that time to do anything more, contented himself with praying for peace. At that time Mr. Henry Ireton was in the country, and being a kinsman of Mr. Hutchinson's, and one that had received so much advantage to himself and his family in the country, by Sir Thomas Hutchinson's countenance and protection, that he seemed a kind of dependant upon him, being besides a very grave, serious, religious person, there was a great league of kindness and good-will between them ‡. Mr. Ireton, being very active in promoting the parliament, and the godly interest in the country, found great opposition by some projectors and others of corrupt interest that were in commission of the peace, whereupon making complaint at the parliament, he procured some of them to be put out of the commission, and others, better affected, to be put into their rooms, of which Mr. Hutchinson was one ; but he then forbore to take his oath, as not willing to launch out rashly into public employments while such a storm hung threatening over-head ; yet his good affections to godliness and the interest of his country being a glory that could not be concealed, many of his honest neighbours made applications to him, and endeavoured to gain his conduct, which he at first in modesty and prudence would not too hastily rush into §. The parliament had made orders to deface the images in all churches : within two miles of his house there was a church,

---

* Probably few people will think Mrs. Hutchinson has been too prolix, many will that she has been too concise. Mr. May's history comes down only to September, 1643, which is much to be regretted, as he may justly be called an impartial and clear historian, but is little read, probably because his history finishes before that period which was the most interesting.

† Reduce, Latin *reducere*, to bring back, restore, revive.

‡ As it will be seen in the sequel that Mr. Hutchinson reposed a very great confidence in Ireton, and even allowed to the information he received from him such weight in forming his judgment as he did to that of no one else, it may be well to examine how far the one was deserving, and the other discerning, in this.

The question will be probably decided to general satisfaction upon the testimony of Whitelock and Ludlow, men of very different dispositions, but both of great good sense and knowledge of their subject. Whitelock, in speaking of some reforms proposed in the election and composition of the House of Commons, says, "Ireton was chiefly employed in them, having learned some grounds of law, and having a laborious and working brain and fancy." When he comes to speak of the reforms of the law which Ireton likewise meditated, he says, "he was a man full of invention and industry, who had a little knowledge of the law, which led him into the more errors." But when by his death the jealousy lest he should bring about those reforms which Whitelock and most of the lawyers were averse to, had ceased, he says of him, page 516, "this gentleman was a person very active, industrious, and stiff in his ways and purposes; he was of good abilities for council as well as action, made much use of his pen, and was very forward to reform the proceedings in law, wherein his having been bred a lawyer was a great help to him. He was stout in the field, and wary and prudent in councils; exceedingly forward as to the business of a commonwealth. Cromwell had a great opinion of him, and no man could prevail so much, nor order him so far, as Ireton could." But Ludlow, who viewed him more constantly and closely in a post of great power and temptation, that of deputy of Ireland, being himself next in command to him, gives the following account of his conduct in one instance, which will render all others superfluous: "The parliament also ordered an act to be brought in for settling two thousand per annum on the lord-deputy Ireton, the news of which being brought over was so unacceptable to him, that he said, they had many just debts, which he desired they would pay before they made any such presents; that he had no need of their land, and would not have it; and that he should be more contented to see them doing the service of the nation, than so liberal in disposing of the public treasure."

§ Mr. Hutchinson, being born in the latter end of the year 1616, was only about three-and-twenty years old at this period, when some may think this modesty became him. It was not the fashion of those times to arrive at the perfection of wisdom and judgment so early as in our days.

where Christ upon the cross, the Virgin, and John, had been fairly set up in a window over the altar, and sundry other superstitious paintings of the priest's own ordering were drawn upon the walls. When the order for razing out those reliques of superstition came, the priest only took down the heads of the images, and laid them carefully up in his closet, and would have had the church officers to have certified that the thing was done according to order; whereupon they came to Mr. Hutchinson, and desired him that he would take the pains to come and view their church, which he did, and upon discourse with the parson, persuaded him to blot out all the superstitious paintings, and break the images in the glass, which he consented to; but being ill-affected, was one of those who began to brand Mr. Hutchinson with the name of Puritan.

At that time most of the gentry of the country, were disaffected to the parliament; most of the middle sort, the able substantial freeholders, and the other commons, who had not their dependence upon the malignant nobility and gentry, adhered to the parliament. These, when the king was at York, made a petition to him to return to the parliament, which, upon their earnest entreaty, Mr. Hutchinson went, with some others, and presented at* York, where, meeting his cousins the Birons, they were extremely troubled to see him there, on that account. After his return, Sir John Biron being likewise come to his house at Newsted, Mr. Hutchinson went to visit him there, and not finding him, returned to Nottingham, five miles short of his own house. There, going to the mayor to hear some news, he met with such as he expected not, for as soon as he came in, the mayor's wife told him, that the sheriff of the county was come to fetch away the magazine that belonged to the trained bands of the county, which was left in her husband's trust, and that her husband had sent for the country to acquaint them, but she feared it would be gone before they could come in, whereupon Mr. Hutchinson, taking his brother from his lodgings along with him, presently went to the town's-hall, and going up to my Lord Newark†, lord lieutenant, told him, that hearing some dispute concerning the country's powder, he was come to wait on his Lordship, to know his desires and intents concerning it. My Lord answered him, that the king, having great

---

* Persons of the description which now bears the name of Yeomanry, seem to have been passed over by Charles and his advisers as of little consequence, and perhaps this was the real ground of the grand error they were in of supposing they had all or most of the strength of the nation with them, because they had most of the nobility and richer gentry: whereas it was found, when a general movement took place, that the great bulk of the people was against them, and, like an overwhelming tide, bore down all before it. Yet he and they had abundant warnings by this and such-like petitions, and by associations which began very early to be entered into; or still earlier in the expedition against the Scots, wherein the averseness of the common soldiers to the war was so evident, that it compelled the patching up a peace. "And, astonishing as it might be, (says May, p. 64,) it was seen that the common people were sensible of public interest and religion, when lords and gentlemen seemed not to be." It is true that the mass of the people, having little time for contemplation, are content to let those to whom affluence gives leisure, think for them; but when they do think for themselves, and strongly adopt a sentiment, he is a bold man, and ought to have astonishing resources, who contravenes it. That will be generally, if not always, found the wiser government which informs itself well as to the real bent of the public mind: and, if it is misled by a faction, takes the way of candour and frankness to dispel the mist of error or prejudice, but avoids to do violence to the general opinion. The editor of this work is proud of being the first person who, two years before its adoption, suggested an appeal to the sense and spirit of the nation by the association of armed volunteers.

† Eldest son of the Earl of Kingston, and brother of two Mr. Pierreponts mentioned in this work; this nobleman was afterwards created Marquis of Dorchester, and will be spoken of under that title in the sequel.—In the diary mentioned in the first page of the preface, the dialogue between Lord Newark and Mr. Hutchinson is set down at full length, and as it may be an object of curiosity to some of our readers it is here inserted in a smaller type.

Mr. Hutchinson asking who were above, he was told that the lord lieutenant, my Lord Newark, was there, to whom he sent his name and desired to speak with him: and being come up, found in the room, where the powder was weighing, my Lord Newark, the sheriff Sir John Digby, and two or three captains: Mr. Hutchinson, addressing himself to my lord only, spoke to him—

H. My lord, hearing that there was some question, concerning the county's powder, I am come to kiss your lordship's hands, and to beseech you that I may know what your desires and intents are concerning it?

N. Cousin, the king desires to borrow it of the country to supply his great necessities.

H. I beseech your lordship, what commission have you to demand this?

N. Upon my honour, I have a commission from his Majesty, but it is left behind me: but I will engage my honour it shall be repaid the country.

H. Your lordship's honour is an engagement, would be accepted for more than I am worth; but in such an occasion as this, the greatest man's engagement in the kingdom, cannot be a satisfaction to the country.

N. The king's intents are only to borrow it, and if the country will not lend it, he will pay for it.

H. My Lord, 'tis not the value of the powder we endeavour to preserve, but in times of danger, as these are, those things which serve for our defence are not valuable at any price, should you give us as many barrels of gold as you take barrels of powder.

N. Upon my faith and honour, cousin, it shall be restored in ten days.

H. My lord, such is the danger of the times, that for aught we know, we may in less than four days be ruined for want of it; and I beseech your lordship to consider, how sad a thing it is, in these times of war, to leave a poor country and the people in it, naked and open to the injury of every passenger; for if you take our powder, you may as well take our arms, without which we are unable to make use of them, and I hope your lordship will not disarm the country.

N. Why, who should the country fear? I am their lord lieutenant and engaged with my life and honour to defend them! what danger are they in?

H. Danger, yes, my lord, great danger; there is a troop of horse now in the town, and it hath often happened so that they have committed great outrages and insolencies, calling divers honest men puritans and rogues, with divers other provoking terms and carriages; I myself was abused by some of them, as I passed on the road: I chanced to meet some of these gentlemen, who, as soon as I was past, inquired my name, and being told it, gave me another, saying among themselves, that I was a puritan and a traitor; as two or three honest men that came behind told me. Besides your lordship may be far of, and we ruined before you can come to us, being unarmed and not able to defend ourselves from any body, and this country being a road through which, under the name of soldiers, rude people daily pass from the north to south, and terrify the country; which if they knew to be naked and unarmed, they would thereby be encouraged to greater insolencies and mischiefs.

N. The king's occasions are such and so urgent as I cannot dispense with it for any reasons, but must needs have it.

H. I hope your lordship will not deny that the country hath a right, interest, and property in it.

N. I do not deny it.

H. Then, my lord, I hope his Majesty will not command it from them.

N. No, he doth but desire to borrow it.

H. Then, I hope, if he do but desire to borrow it, his Majesty hath signified his request to those that have interest in it, under his hand.

N. Upon my honour he hath, but I left it behind me.

H. I beseech your lordship then, that you would not take it away, till you have acquainted the country with it, who only have power to lend it; and if your lordship be pleased to do this, I will engage myself that by to-morrow at twelve of the clock, that part of the country who have interest in the powder, shall all wait on your lordship and give you their resolutions.

N. The king's occasions cannot admit of that delay.

H. I beseech of your lordship, yet be pleased to consider the dangerous consequence of taking it without the country's consent, and be pleased but to stay 'till they can come in.

N. That time is more than his Majesty's necessities can dispense withal.

With that Mr. Hutchinson went down stairs, where by that time a good company of the country were gathered together, to whom Mr. Hutchinson told what my lord had said to him, and they desired him that he would but stand to them, and they would part with every drop of blood out of their bodies before he should have it; and said besides, that they would go up and break my lord's neck and the sheriff's out of the windows; but Mr. Hutchinson desired them to stay below, till he had once more spoken to my lord, and then, taking only one or two more with him, went up and spoke to my lord.

H. My lord, I am again, at the request of the country, that are below, come to your lordship, and do once more humbly beseech you, to consider the business you are about, before you proceed further in it, for it may prove of dangerous consequence if you go on.

N. Cousin, I am confident it cannot, for the country will not deny this to the king.

H. It's very probable they will not, if your lordship please to have patience, till they can be called in, that they may be acquainted with his Majesty's desires.

N. His Majesty is very well assured of the willingness and cheerfulness of the greater part of the country to it.

H. My lord, I do not know what assurance his Majesty hath of it, but if you please to look out of this window, (pointing to the countrymen below in the streets,) you will see no inconsiderable number gathered, who I fear will not be willing to part with it.

N. Those are but some few factious men, not to be considered.—

H. My lord, we have been happy yet, in these unhappy differences, to have had no blood shed, and I am confident your lordship is so noble and tender of your country, that it would very much trouble you, to have a hand in the first man's blood that should be spent in this quarrel.

N. Cousin, it cannot come to that, fear it not, (this was spoken very slightly and contemptuously,) his Majesty's occasions are urgent and must be served.

(With that, the country came very fast up, which when the cavalier captains saw, they slunk down).

H. Why then, my lord, I must plainly tell you, not one here but will lose every drop of blood in his body, before he will part with one corn of it, without your lordship can show either a command or a request for it under his Majesty's hand and seal, or that the country be called together to give their free consent to it, for we have all property and interest in it, being members of this county, and it being bought with our money, for the particular defence and safety of the same.

My lord desired to borrow part of it, but that being denied, he turned to Sir John Digby and took him to the window, where, after he had whispered with him a while, Sir John Digby laid down his pen, ink, and paper, with which he had been taking an account of the powder, match, and bullet. The countrymen desired my lord aloud, that he would not take away their powder, out of the country; upon which, turning to them, he thus spoke—

"Gentlemen, his Majesty was assured by some of the cheerfulness of this country's affections to him, which I am very sorry to see so much failing in, and that the country should come so much short of this town, which hath cheerfully lent his Majesty one barrel of powder, but it seems he can have none from you; I pray God you do not repent this carriage of yours towards his Majesty, which he must be acquainted withal."

A countryman, standing forth, asked his lordship this question, "Whether, if he were to take a journey into a place where probably he might be set upon by thieves and robbers, and having a charge about him, if any friend should ask him to lend his sword, he would part with it and go himself without?" My lord, the case is ours, our wives, children, and estates, all depend upon this country's safety; and how can it be safe in these dangerous times, when so many troops and companies pass through and commit outrages and abuses among us, if we have not arms and powder wherewith to defend us?

My lord made no reply, but bade the men whom he had employed to weigh up the powder desist; and so went down the stairs. Mr. Hutchinson followed him, and as he went, an ancient gentleman, who was with my lord, whose face and name were both unknown to him, came to him and said these words:—"Stand to it, I'll warrand you, gentlemen, it is well done." And as they passed through a low room, my lord took Mr. Hutchinson aside and said,

N. Cousin, I must acquaint the king with this!

H. My lord, it's very likely you must, being employed upon his Majesty's service, give him an account.

N. Nay cousin, (smiling,) I mean not so, but I must acquaint him, and I am sorry I must, that you are the head and ringleader of a faction, whereby you hinder his Majesty's service.

H. My lord, I do not conceive how this can be a faction, I speaking only out of the noble respect and honour I bear your lordship, in private to you, to prevent a mischief, the sense of these men, who I perceived were come to know by what authority, and why, their powder, which is their proper goods, and only means of safety, in these times of danger, should be taken from them; and if it were a faction, I am not the head of it: I, accidentally coming to town from Sir John Biron's last night, and neither knowing nor imagining any of this business, was this morning importuned to wait on your lordship, at the town's hall, by many countrymen, who informed me you were taking away their powder out of the country.

N. Cousin, if you can answer it, I shall be glad of it: but I'll assure you I must let his Majesty know.

H. If his Majesty must know it, I am very happy I spoke to none but your lordship; who, I am confident, is so noble that you will neither add nor diminish anything to my prejudice, and then I am confident the justness and reasonableness of what I have said, with my own innocency in speaking it, will bear me out.

N. Aye, cousin, but your name is up already.

H. It may be so, my lord; and I believe those that set it up had no good wishes to me, and as it rose, so, in the name of God, let it fall; for I know my own clearness and innocency in any thing that can be objected against me.

N. Well, cousin, well; I am glad of your good resolution.

And so my lord left him. The gentlemen of the country that were there, upon consideration, what they should do with their powder, determined to return my lord thanks for sparing it, and to lock it up with two locks, whereof the sheriff should have one key, and the mayor another: which accordingly was done; but Mr. Hutchinson came no more at my lord.

necessities, desired to borrow it of the country. Mr. Hutchinson asked my lord what commission he had from his Majesty. My lord told him he had one, but he had left it behind. Mr. Hutchinson replied, that my lord's affirmation was satisfactory to him, but the country would not be willing to part with their powder in so dangerous a time, without an absolute command: my lord urged that he would restore it in ten days, Mr. Hutchinson replied, they might have need of it sooner, and he hoped my lord would not disarm his country in such a time of danger: my lord contemned the mention of danger, and asked what they could fear while he was their lord lieutenant and ready to serve them with his life: Mr. Hutchinson told him of some grounds to apprehend danger by reason of the daily passing of armed men through the country, whereof there was now one troop in the town, and that before they could repair to my lord they might be destroyed in his absence, and withal urged to him examples of their insolence; but my lord replied to all the urgency of the king's occasions for it, which were such that he could not dispense with it. It was in vain to argue with him the property the country had in it, being bought with their money, and therefore not to be taken without their consent: my lord declared himself positively resolved to take it, whereupon Mr. Hutchinson left him. There were in the room with him Sir John Digby, the high sheriff of the county, who was setting down the weight of the powder and match, and two or three captains and others, that were busy weighing the powder. By that time Mr. Hutchinson came down, a good company of the country were gathered together; whom Mr. Hutchinson acquainted what had passed between him and my lord, and they desired him that he would but please to stand to them, and they would part with all their blood before he should have a corn of it, and said moreover they would go up and tumble my lord and the sheriff out of the windows. Mr. Hutchinson, seeing them so resolved, desired them to stay below while he went yet once again up to my lord, which they did, and he told my lord some of the country were come in, at whose request he was again come to beseech his lordship to desist from his design, which pursued might be of dangerous consequence. My lord replied, it could not be, for the king was very well assured of the cheerful compliance of the greatest part of the country with his service. Mr. Hutchinson told him, whatever assurance his Majesty might have, if his lordship pleased to look out, he might see no inconsiderable number below that would not willingly part with it. My lord replied they were but a few factious men, whereupon Mr. Hutchinson told him, since it was yet the happiness of these unhappy times that no blood had been spilt, he should be sorry the first should be shed upon my lord's occasion in his own country. My lord scornfully replied, Fear it not, it cannot come to that, the king's occasions are urgent and must be served. Whereupon Mr. Hutchinson looking out at the countrymen, they came very fast up the stairs, and Mr. Hutchinson told him however he slighted it, not one there but would part with every drop of their blood before they would part with it, except he could show a command or request for it under the king's hand, or would stay till the country were called in to give their consents, for it was their property, and all had interest in it, as bought with their money for the particular defence of the county. Then my lord fell to entreaties to borrow part of it, but that being also denied, he took the sheriff aside, and, after a little conference, they put up their books and left the powder, when my lord, turning to the people, said to them, "Gentlemen, his Majesty was by some assured of the cheerfulness of this country's affections to him, whereof I am sorry to see so much failing, and that the county should fall so much short of the town, who have cheerfully lent his Majesty one barrel of powder, but it seems he can have none from you; I pray God you do not repent this carriage of yours towards his Majesty, which he must be acquainted withal." A bold countryman then stepping forth, by way of reply asked my lord, whether if he were to take a journey with a charge into a place where probably he should be set upon by thieves, if any friend should ask to borrow a sword, he would part with it: my lord, said he, the case is ours, our lives, wives, children, and estates, all depend upon this country's safety, and how can it be safe in these dangerous times, when so many rude armed people pass daily through it, if we be altogether disarmed? My lord made no reply, but bade the men who were weighing the powder desist, and went down. Mr. Hutchinson followed him down the stairs, when an ancient gentleman that was sitting with my lord, came, and whispering him commended his and the country's zeal, and bade them stand to it and they would not be foiled. As they passed through a long room below, my lord told Mr. Hutchinson he was sorry to find him in the head of a faction: Mr. Hutchinson replied, he could not tell how his lordship could call that a faction which was so accidental as his being at that time in the town, where hearing what was in hand, out of respect to his lordship, he only came to prevent mischief and danger, which he saw likely to ensue. My lord replied he must inform the king, and told him his name was already up, to which Mr. Hutchinson answered that he was glad, if the king must receive an information of him, it must be from so honourable a person; and for his name, as it rose, so in the name of God let it fall: and so took his leave and went home. The rest of the country that were there determined to give my lord thanks for sparing their ammunition, and locked it up with two locks, whereof the key of the one was entrusted with the mayor of Nottingham, the other with the sheriff of the county, which accordingly was done *.

In the mean time, at York, the king had sent the parliament a message, that he intended to go in person to Ireland, and to raise a guard for his own person, about West Chester, which he would arm out of his magazine at Hull. But the parliament, having before intercepted a letter of the Lord Digby's, sent to the queen from Middleburg in

---

* How my lord may have reported this matter to the king signifies little; but he probably remembered as a kindness Mr. Hutchinson's interposition between him and the more rough arguments of the countrymen; for there appears to have existed, on all suitable occasions, an intercourse of friendship during the remainder of their lives.

Zealand, wherein he intimated, that, if the king would retire to some safe place, and declare himself, he should be able to wait upon him from thence, &c. Upon this letter and other presumptions, they suspected that the chief end of the king's going northward, was to seize the magazine at Hull, and arm himself from thence, against them; wherefore they sent a petition, for leave to remove that magazine to the tower of London, and accordingly had sent Sir John Hotham thither to do it. Sir John prevented the Earl of Newcastle, whom the king had sent for the same purpose, to seize the magazine, and kept him out; at which the king was much incensed, and on the 23rd of April, 1642, went himself to Hull, attended with some noblemen, gentlemen, and soldiers, and demanded entrance; but the gates were shut, and Hotham, kneeling upon the wall, intreated the king not to command that, which, without breach of trust, he could not obey.

In conclusion, the king not getting entrance, proclaimed Hotham traitor, and sent a complaint of the affront to the parliament. The parliament justified Hotham, many declarations about it were published on both sides, many cross-commands, the parliament authorizing Hotham to issue out warrants to constables and other officers, to come in armed, to the defence of Hull, the king forbidding it. The king meanwhile in the north, summoned divers of the nobility and gentry to attend him, and made speeches to them, to desire a guard for his person, pretending danger from the parliament. He then began to entertain soldiers, and was much encouraged by the defection of divers lords and many of the commons' house, who forsook their trust and came to him at York; whereupon he called those who remained only a faction, a pretended parliament, and such names; but they continued still petitioning to him, and the well-affected and godly, in all countries, did the like, that he would return to his parliament. The papists all over England were high partakers with him and promoters of his designs, and all the debauched nobility and gentry, and their dependents, and the lewder rout of people; yet even of these some there were, that had English hearts, who came in to the parliament; but finding afterwards that the advance of liberty and righteousness could not consist with riot and ungodliness, they forsook their party, and were content to be the king's slaves, rather than divorce themselves from those lusts which found countenance from both priests and princes on one side; and on the other were preached down by the ministers, and punished by the magistrates*.

Towards the end of May, the parliament sent the king word, that if he would not disband his forces, and rely upon the laws and affections of his people, for his security, as all good princes before him had done, they held themselves bound in duty to God and the people's trust reposed in them, and by the fundamental laws, to employ their utmost care and power, for securing the parliament and preserving the kingdom's peace. Whereupon they voted, "That it seems the king, seduced by wicked counsel, intends a war against the parliament, &c.

"That whensoever the king makes war upon the parliament, it is a breach of the trust reposed in him by the people, contrary to his oath, and tending to the dissolution of this government.

"That whosoever shall assist him in such wars, are traitors, by the fundamental laws of this kingdom, and have been so adjudged, in two acts of parliament, 11 Richard II., and 1 Henry IV.; and that such persons ought to suffer as traitors."

Hereupon nine of the lords, that first went to the king, were summoned to return; who sending a letter of denial, were, by the whole house of peers, sentenced to be incapable of ever sitting again as members of that house, or of benefit or privilege of parliament, and to suffer imprisonment during pleasure. Then the lord keeper, who had appeared firm to the parliament, and voted with them, for settling the militia by ordinance of parliament, ran away to the king, after he had delivered up his seal, the day before, to one the king sent for it. The king, having this, issued out many proclamations, and among the rest, one that no man should obey the parliament's warrants, about settling the militia. The parliament on the other side, made ordinances forbidding all men to raise arms, by warrant from the king, without authority of parliament. And now they began to settle the kingdom's militia, both by land and sea, and made the Earl of Warwick admiral, which place the king had conferred upon Sir John Pennington, in the room of the Earl of Northumberland, and commanded my lord of Warwick to resign; but he chose to obey the parliament, and got the fleet at length wholly into his hands, and took a ship with ammunition coming to the king out of Holland. The parliament now, despairing of the king's return, made an ordinance for money and plate to be brought in, for raising arms for the cause; which came in, in great abundance, upon public faith, and likewise horses and arms for the service. The king, who had received money, arms, and ammunition, which the queen had procured in Holland, by pawning the crown jewels, sent out commissions of array, to arm the people in all counties, and mocked the parliament, using their own words, wherein they invited men to arm for the defence of the protestant religion, the king's person, dignity, and authority, the laws of the land, the peace of the kingdom, and privilege of parliament; and thus deceived many people, and got contributions of plate, money, and arms, in the country. While these things were in transaction, the king made a solemn protestation before the lords, as in the presence of God, declaring that he would not engage them in any war, against the parliament, but only for his necessary defence; that his desire was to maintain the protestant religion, the liberties of the subject, and privilege of parliament; but the next day, he did some action, so contrary to this protestation, that two of the lords durst not stay with him, but returned to the parliament; and one of them coming back through Nottinghamshire, acquainted Mr. Hutchinson with the sad sense he had, discovering that falsehood in the king.

---

* Whatever may be said at this day of the hypocrisy of the religionists of those times, the most that can possibly be allowed, is that their professions might somewhat outgo their practice; but this must in some degree befal every Christian. No one can deny that, instead of captivating vulgar minds by breaking the bonds of morality, as modern demagogues have done, the forefathers of our liberties set the pattern of a religious and decent conduct, and caused the same to be observed in their armies with an exactness that surprises us, and of which rigour many striking examples are to be found in Whitelock's Memorials.

Now had the king raised an army of three thousand foot, and one thousand horse, with which he went to Beverley, in order to besiege Hull. When he was within two hours' march of the place, Sir John Hotham floated the country about it, and Sir John Meldrum, sallying out of the town, with five hundred townsmen, made the king's party retreat to Beverley: but however they beleagured the town, into which the parliament sent a relief of five hundred men by water, with whom Meldrum made another sally, routed the leaguer-soldiers, killed some, made others prisoners, took the magazine of arms and ammunition, which was in a barn, with their fire-balls, and fired the barn. Hereupon the king's counsel of war broke up the siege, from whence the king went back to York, and about the middle of August came to Nottingham, where he set up his standard royal, and hither his two nephews, Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, came to him, and were put into commands. The king, marching through Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, called together the trained bands as to attend him, disarmed those counties, and marched to Shrewsbury, and there set up a mint, and coined the plate that had been brought in to him. Here a great many men came in to him, with whom, marching into Warwickshire, he there fought his first battle at a village called Keynton*; it not being yet agreed who gained the victory that day.

As the king on his part, made this progress, so the parliament, on theirs, upon the twelfth of July, voted an army to be raised, and the Earl of Essex to be general of it. Divers of the lords, and several members of the house of commons, took commissions, and raised regiments and companies under his command, who marched with his army of about fourteen thousand horse and foot to his rendezvous at Northampton, whither the parliament sent a petition to him, to be delivered to the king, in a safe and honourable way; the sum of which was, to beseech him to forsake those wicked people with whom he was, and not to mix his danger with theirs, but to return to his parliament, &c. The king, intending to make Worcester a garrison, sent Prince Rupert thither; the Earl of Essex, to prevent him, sent other forces, between whom there was some skirmish, but the prince left the town at their approach. My lord of Essex left a garrison in Northampton, put others into Coventry and Warwick, and went to Worcester. Here he made some stay, till the king, marching from Shrewsbury, there was some apprehension of his going up to London, for which cause my lord left part of his artillery behind him, and followed the king's motions, which the king perceiving, took an opportunity, before his artillery and the foot left with it were come up to him, and resolved to give him battle; which was not declined on the other side, but fought with doubtful success, the circumstances whereof may be read at large in the stories of those things. The king's general was slain, his standard was taken, though not kept; but on the other side also there were many brave men slain and prisoners. My lord of Essex marched to Coventry; the king to take up his winter quarters at Oxford, from whence Prince Rupert flew about the countries with his body of horse, plundered and did many barbarous things; insomuch that London, growing into apprehensions of the king's army, the parliament called back the Earl of Essex to quarter about London; and he being returned thither, the king was advanced as far as Colebrook, where he was presented with a petition from the parliament for accommodation, to which he answered, with a protestation to God, how much he was grieved for his subjects' sufferings, and, in order to peace, was willing to reside near London, to receive their propositions, and to treat with them. As soon as ever the commissioners were gone, the king advanced with his horse and artillery towards London, and, taking the advantage of a great mist, fell upon a broken regiment of Col. Hollis's quartered at Brainford, and killed many of them, and had destroyed them all, but that Brooke's and Hampden's regiments, by Providence, came seasonably to their rescue; and then so many forces flocked with the general, out of London, that the king was enclosed, and the war had been ended, but that, I know not how, three thousand of the parliament's forces were called away by their procurement who designed the continuance of the war; and so the king had a way of retreat left open, by which he got back to Oxford, and the parliament's general was sent out again with their army; whose proceedings I shall take up again in their due places, so far as is necessary to be remembered, for the story I most particularly intend.

Before the flame of the war broke out in the top of the chimnies, the smoke ascended in every country; the king had sent forth commissions of array, and the parliament had given out commissions for their militia, and sent off their members into all counties to put them in execution. Between these in many places there were fierce contests and disputes, almost to blood, even at the first; for in the progress every county had the civil war, more or less, within itself. Some counties were in the beginning so wholly for the parliament, that the king's interest appeared not in them; some so wholly for the king, that the godly, for those generally were the parliament's friends, were forced to forsake their habitations, and seek other shelters: of this sort was Nottinghamshire. All the nobility and gentry, and their dependents, were generally for the king, the chief of whose names I shall sum up here, because I shall often have occasion to mention them. The greatest family was the Earl of Newcastle's†, a lord so much once beloved in his country that, when the first expedition was against the Scots, the gentlemen of the country set him forth two troops, one all of gentlemen, the other of their men, who waited on him into the north at their own charges. He had indeed, through his great estate, his liberal hospitality, and constant residence in his country, so endeared them to him, that no man was a greater prince than he in all that northern quarter, till a foolish ambition of glorious slavery carried him to court, where he ran himself much in debt, to purchase neglects of the king and queen, and scorns of the proud courtiers. Next to him was the Earl of Kingston, a man of vast estate, and not less covetousness, who divided his sons between both parties, and concealed himself, till at length his fate drew him to declare himself absolutely on the king's side, wherein he behaved himself honourably, and died remarkably. His eldest son* was lord lieutenant of the county, and at that time no nobleman had a greater reputation in the court for learning and generosity than he, who was so high of the king's party, that the parliament was very much incensed against him. Lord Chesterfield and all his family were highly of the royal party: so was the Lord Chaworth; and the Earl of Clare was very often of both parties, and I think never advantaged either. All the popish gentry were wholly for the king, whereof one Mr. Golding, next neighbour to Mr. Hutchinson, had been a private collector of the catholics' contributions to the Irish rebellion, and for that was by the queen's procurement made a knight and baronet. Sir John Biron, afterwards Lord Biron, and all his brothers bred up in arms, and valiant men in their own persons, were all passionately the king's. Sir John Savill, a man of vast estate, was the like: so were Sir Gervas Eyre, Sir John Digby, Sir Matthew Palmer, Sir Thomas Williamson, Sir Roger Cowper, Sir W. Hickman, Sir Hugh Cartwright, Sir. T. Willoughby, Sir Thomas Smith, Sir Thomas Blackwell, Markham, Perkins, Tevery, Pearce, Palme, Wood, Sanderson, Moore, Mellish, Butler, with divers others.—Of the parliament men, Mr. Sutton, afterwards Lord Lexington, and Sir Gervas Clifton, forsook the parliament, went to the king, and executed his commission of array. Mr. William Stanhope left the parliament, and came home disaffected to them, whose eldest son was after slain in the king's service. Mr. William Pierrepont†, second son of the Earl of Kingston, was of the parliament, though he served not for his own country, to which notwithstanding he was an ornament, being one of the wisest counsellors and excellent speakers in the house, and by him was that bill promoted and carried on which passed for the continuation of this parliament. He had a younger brother living at Nottingham, who coldly owned the parliament. Sir Thomas Hutchinson continued with the parliament, was firm to their cause, but infinitely desirous the difference might rather have been composed by accommodation, than ended by conquest; and therefore did not improve his interest to engage the country in the quarrel, which, if he could have prevented, he would not have had come to a war. He was, however, clearly on the parliament side, and never discouraged his two sons, who thought this prudential tardiness in their father was the declension of that vigour which they derived from him, and which better became their youth. It is true they were the foremost in point of time and in degree, except a piece of a nobleman that was after drawn in, who owned the parliament's interest in their country. Mr. Henry Ireton, their cousin, was elder than they, and having had an education in the strictest way of godliness, and being a very grave and solid person, a man of good learning, great understanding, and other abilities, to which was joined a willing and zealous heart to the cause and his country; he was the chief promoter of the parliament's interest in the country; but finding it generally disaffected, all he could do, when the king approached it, was to gather a troop of those godly people which the cavaliers drove out, and with them he went into my lord of Essex his army; which he, being a single person, might the better do: Mr. Hutchinson was not willing so soon to quit his house, to which he was so lately come, if he could have been suffered to live quietly in it, but his affections to the parliament being taken notice of, he became an object of envy to the other party.

---

* Commonly called Edge-hill fight. Both king and parliament claimed the victory, but our authoress shows rather more candour than either. The king's main design of marching to London was however frustrated, and therefore the parliament might be most properly termed gainers.

† This title was at that time in the family of Cavendish, of which this line ceased with the nobleman here mentioned.

Sir Thomas Hutchinson, a little before the standard was set up, was come to Nottingham, where his house was, to see his children and refresh himself, when, hearing of the king's intentions to come to the town, he, some days before his coming, went over to Owthorpe, his son's house, to remain there till he could fit himself to return to the parliament. One day, as Mr. Hutchinson was at dinner, the mayor of Nottingham sent him word that the high sheriff had broken open the lock of the country's ammunition, which was left in his trust, and was about to take it away. Mr. Hutchinson immediately went in all haste to prevent it, but before he came to the town it was gone, and some of the king's soldiers were already come to town, and were plundering all the honest men of their arms. As one of them had taken a musket, seeing Mr. Hutchinson go by, he wished it loaded for his sake, and said he hoped the day would shortly come when all such roundheads would be fair marks for them. This name of roundhead coming so opportunely in, I shall make a little digression to tell how it came up. When puritanism grew into a faction, the zealots distinguished themselves, both men and women, by several affectations of habit, looks, and words, which, had it been a real declension of vanity, and embracing of sobriety in all those things, had been most commendable in them; but their quick forsaking of those things, when they were where they would be, showed that they either never took them up for conscience, or were corrupted by their prosperity to take up those vain things they durst not practise under persecution. Among other affected habits, few of the puritans, what degree soever they were of, wore their hair long enough to cover their ears, and the ministers and many others cut it close round their heads, with so many little peaks, as was something ridiculous to behold; whereupon Cleaveland, in his Hue and Cry after them, begins,

---

* Lord Newark, before spoken of. In Collins's Peerage, under the title of Duke of Kingston, there are cited singular proofs of this nobleman's learning.

† From this gentleman the late Duke of Kingston and the present Earl Manvers are lineally descended. His wisdom as a politician is sufficiently evinced by this masterly stroke, which decided the fate of the king and the parliament: of his moderation Whitelock speaks repeatedly: of his eloquence there are preserved by Rushworth some specimens, from one of which is extracted this, as a singular trait of candour and delicacy. "It is pleasing to the nature of man that others should obey his will, and well-framed dispositions of princes may easily be persuaded their power is unlimited, when they are also put in mind that they have therefore more cause to do well, and for doing well are more renowned: for the most oppressive designs we have suffered under, the pretences to his Majesty have been the good of his subjects: his is the sin, who is to judge by the laws, who knows the laws are to the contrary, yet puts and confirms such thoughts in his prince. He that incites another to arbitrary government usually doth it for self-ends, and when they are compassed, hates him for taking that power he himself persuaded him unto." This will be found an elegant solution of the paradox which appears in the character given by Mrs. Hutchinson of Charles the First, "that so good a man should make so bad a prince."

With hair in characters and luggs in text, &c.

From this custom of wearing their hair, that name of roundhead became the scornful term given to the whole parliament party; whose army indeed marched out so, but as if they had been sent out only till their hair was grown: two or three years after, any stranger that had seen them, would have inquired the reason of that name. It was very ill applied to Mr. Hutchinson, who, having naturally a very fine thickset head of hair, kept it clean and handsome, so that it was a great ornament to him, although the godly of those days, when he embraced their party, would not allow him to be religious because his hair was not in their cut, nor his words in their phrase, nor such little formalities altogether fitted to their humour, who were, many of them, so weak as to esteem rather for such insignificant circumstances, than for solid wisdom, piety, and courage, which brought real aid and honour to their party: but as Mr. Hutchinson chose not them, but the God they served, and the truth and righteousness they defended, so did not their weaknesses, censures, ingratitude, and discouraging behaviour, with which he was abundantly exercised all his life, make him forsake them in any thing wherein they adhered to just and honourable principles or practices, but when they apostatized from these, none cast them off with greater indignation, how shining soever the profession were that gilt, not a temple of living grace, but a tomb, which only held the carcass of religion. Instead of digressing, I shall ramble into an inextricable wilderness, if I pursue this sad remembrance: to return therefore to his actions at that time.

When he found the powder gone, and saw the soldiers taking up quarters in the town, and heard their threats and revilings, he went to his father's house in the town, where he had not been long but an uncivil fellow stepped into the house, with a carbine in his hand: Mr. Hutchinson asked what he would have; the man replied, he came to take possession of the house; Mr. Hutchinson told him, he had the possession of it, and would know on what right it was demanded from him; the man said, he came to quarter the general there; Mr. Hutchinson told him, except his father and mother, and their children, were turned out of doors, there was no room: the quarter-master, upon this, growing insolent, Mr. Hutchinson thrust him out of the house, and shut the doors upon him. Immediately my lord of Lindsey came himself, in a great chafe, and asked who it was that denied him quarter? Mr. Hutchinson told him, he that came to take it up for him deserved the usage he had, for his uncivil demeanour, and those who had quartered his lordship there had much abused him, the house being no ways fit to receive a person of his quality, which, if he pleased to take a view of it, he would soon perceive; whereupon my lord, having seen the rooms, was very angry they had made no better provision for him, and would not have lain in the house, but they told him the town was so full that it was impossible to get him room any where else. Hereupon he told Mr. Hutchinson, if they would only allow him one room, he would have no more; and when he came upon terms of civility, Mr. Hutchinson was as civil to him, and my lord only employed one room; staying there with all civility to those that were in the house. As soon as my lord was gone, Mr. Hutchinson was informed by a friend, that the man he had turned out of doors was the quarter-master-general, who, upon his complaint, had procured a warrant to seize his person; whereupon Mr. Hutchinson, with his brother, went immediately home to his own house at Owthorpe. About four or five days after, a troop of cavaliers, under the command of Sr. Lewis Dives, came to Stanton, near Owthorpe, and searched Mr. Needham's house, who was a noted puritan in those days, and a colonel in the parliament's service, and governor of Leicester: they found not him, for he hid himself in the gorse, and so escaped them; his house being lightly plundered, they went to Hickling and plundered another puritan house there, and were coming to Owthorpe, of which Mr. Hutchinson having notice, went away to Leicestershire; but they, though they had orders to seize Mr. Hutchinson, came not at that time because the night grew on; but some days after he was gone another company came and searched for him, and for arms and plate, of which finding none, they took nothing else.

Two days after Mr. Hutchinson was in Leicestershire he sent for his wife, who was then big with child, to come thither to him, where she had not been a day, but a letter was brought him from Nottingham, to give him notice that there was a warrant sent to the sheriff of Leicestershire to seize his person. Upon this he determined to go the next day into Northamptonshire, but at five of the clock that evening the sound of their trumpets told him a troop was coming into the town; he stayed not to see them, but went out at the other end as they came in, who, by a good providence for his wife, (somewhat afflicted to be so left alone in a strange place,) proved to be commanded by her own brother, Sir Allen Apsley, who quartered in the next house to that where she was, till about two or three days before all the king's horse that were thereabouts marched away, being commanded upon some service to go before the rest.

Mr. Hutchinson in the mean time, was carried by a servant that waited on him to the house of a substantial honest yeoman, who was bailiff to the lord of the town* of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire; this man and his wife, being godly, gave Mr. Hutchinson very kind entertainment, and prevailed with him to be acquainted with their master, who had just then made ready plate and horses to go in to the king, that had now set up his standard at Nottingham; but Mr. Hutchinson diverted him, and persuaded him and another gentleman of quality, to carry in those aids, they had provided for the king, to my lord general Essex, who was then at Northampton, where Mr. Hutchinson visited him, and could gladly at that time have engaged with him, but that he did not then find a clear call from the Lord; and therefore, intelligence being brought of the king's remove, he was now returning to his wife, when unawares he came into a town where one of prince Rupert's troops was, which he narrowly escaped, and returning to his former honest host, sent a letter to his wife, to acquaint her what hazard he was in, by attempting to come to her, but that as soon as the horse were marched away, he would be with her. This letter was intercepted, at Prince Rupert's quarters, and opened and sent her. There was with prince Rupert, at that time, one captain Welch, who, having used to come to captain Apsley, and seen Mrs. Hutchinson with him, made a pretence of civility to visit her, that day that all the prince's horse marched away. They marched by the door of the house where she was, and all the household were gone out to see them, and had left her alone in the house, with Mr. George Hutchinson, who was in her chamber, when captain Welch came in, and she went down into the parlour to receive him. He taking occasion to tell her of her husband's letter, by way of compliment, said it was a pity she should have a husband so unworthy of her, as to enter into any faction, which should make him not dare to be seen with her; whereat she being piqued, and thinking they were all marched away, told him he was mistaken, she had not a husband that would at any time hide himself from him, or that durst not show his face where any honest man durst appear; and to confirm you, said she, he shall now come to you; with that she called down her brother, who, upon a private hint, owned the name of husband she gave him, and received a compliment from Welch, that in any other place he had been obliged to make him a prisoner, but here he was in sanctuary; and so, after some little discourse, went away. When the gentleman of the house and the rest of the family, that had been seeing the march, were returned, and while they sat laughing together, at those that went to see the prince, telling how some of the neighbouring ladies were gone along with him, and Mrs. Hutchinson telling how she had abused the captain, with Mr. Hutchinson instead of her husband, the captain came back, bringing another gentleman with him, and told Mr. Hutchinson, that his horse having lost a shoe, he must be his prisoner, till the smith released him; but they had not sat long, ere a boy came in with two pistols, and whispered the captain, who desiring Mr. Hutchinson and the gentleman of the house to walk into the next room, seized Mr. George, in the name of Mr. John Hutchinson. It booted not for them both to endeavour to undeceive him, by telling him Mr. John was still at Northampton, for he would not, at least would seem not, to believe them, and carried him away, to be revenged of Mrs. Hutchinson, at whom he was vexed for having deluded him: so, full of wicked joy, to have found an innocent gentleman, whom he knew the bloodhounds were after, he went and informed the prince, and made it of such moment, as if they had taken a much more considerable person. The prince had sent back a troop of dragoons to guard him to them, which troop had beset the house and town, before Welch came in to them the second time, when, notwithstanding all informations of his error, he carried away Mr. Hutchinson, and put his sister into affright and distemper with it; which when the women about her saw, they railed at him for his treachery and baseness, but to no purpose. As soon as he overtook the body of horse, with his prisoner, there was a shout from one end to the other of the soldiers. Mr. Hutchinson, being brought to the prince, told him he was the younger brother, and not the person he sent for, which three or four of the Birons, his cousin-germans, acknowledged to be so, yet Welch outswore them all, that it was Mr. John Hutchinson. The lord viscount Grandison, a cousin-german of Mrs. Hutchinson's, was then in the king's army, to whom she immediately dispatched a messenger, to entreat him to oblige her, by the procurement of her brother's liberty, who, upon her imprudence, had been brought into that trouble: my lord sent her word, that, for the present, he could not obtain it, but he would endeavour it afterwards, and in the mean time gave her notice that it was not safe for her husband to return, there being forty men left to lie close in the country, and watch his coming to her. So Mr. George Hutchinson was carried to Derby, and there, with some difficulty, his liberty obtained, by the interposition of my Lord Grandison and the Birons. They would have had him to have given them an engagement, that he would not take arms with the parliament; but he refused, telling them, he lived peaceably at home, and should make no engagement to do any thing, but what his conscience led him to, that if they pleased, they might detain him, but it would be no advantage to them, nor loss to the other side; upon which considerations, they were persuaded to let him go. Immediately after his release, he went to London to his father, where his elder brother was before him; for as soon as he understood from his wife what his brother suffered in his name, he took post to London, to procure his release, and there they both stayed till they received assurance, that the king's forces were quite drawn out of the country, and then they together returned to Leicestershire, where Mrs. Hutchinson, within a few days after her brother was taken, was brought to bed of her eldest daughter, which, by reason of the mother's and the nurse's griefs and frights, in those troublesome times, was so weak a child that it lived not four years, dying afterwards in Nottingham castle. When Mr. Hutchinson came to his wife, he carried her and her children, and his brother, back again to his house, about the time that the battle was fought at Edge Hill. After this, the two brothers, going to Nottingham, met there most of the godly people, who had been driven away by the rudeness of the king's army, and plundered upon the account of godliness, who were now returned to their families, and desirous to live in peace with them, but having, by experience, found they could not do so, unless the parliament interest were maintained, they were consulting how to raise some recruits for the Earl of Essex, to assist in which Mr. Hutchinson had provided his plate and horses ready to send in.

---

* It is customary, in Nottinghamshire, to call every village of any size a town.

About this time Sir John Gell, a Derbyshire gentleman, who had been sheriff of the county, at that time when the illegal tax of ship-money was exacted, and so violent in the prosecution of it, that he starved Sir John Stanhope's cattle in the pound, and would not suffer any one to relieve them there, because that worthy gentleman stood out against that unjust payment, and who had by many aggravating circumstances, not only concerning his prosecution of Sir John Stanhope, but others, so highly misdemeaned himself, that he looked for punishment from the parliament, to prevent it, very early put himself, into their service, and after the king was gone out of these countries, prevented the cavalier gentry from seizing the town of Derby, and fortified it, and raised a regiment of foot. These were good, stout, fighting men, but the most licentious ungovernable wretches, that belonged to the parliament. He himself, no man knows for what reason he chose that side ; for he had not understanding enough to judge the equity of the cause, nor piety or holiness, being a foul adulterer all that time he served the parliament, and so unjust, that, without any remorse, he suffered his men indifferently to plunder both honest men and cavaliers; so revengeful, that he pursued his malice to Sir John Stanhope, upon the forementioned account, with such barbarism after his death, that he, pretending to search for arms and plate, came into the church and defaced his monument that cost six hundred pounds, breaking off the nose and other parts of it; he digged up a garden of flowers, the only delight of his widow, upon the same pretence ; and thus wooed that widow, who was by all the world believed to be the most prudent and affectionate of womankind, but, deluded by his hypocrisies, consented to marry him, and found that was the utmost point to which he could carry his revenge, his future carriage making it apparent he sought her for nothing else but to destroy the glory of her husband and his house. This man kept the journal makers * in pension, so that whatever was done in the neighbouring counties, against the enemy, was attributed to him; and thus he hath indirectly purchased himself a name in story, which he never merited ; he was a very bad man, to sum up all in that word, yet an instrument of service to the parliament in those parts. I thought it necessary to insert this little account of him here, because there will be often occasion to mention him in my following discourse; and because, although there never was any personal acquaintance between him and Mr. Hutchinson, yet that natural antipathy which is between good and evil, rendered him a very bad neighbour to Mr. Hutchinson's garrison, and one that, under the name of a friend and assistant, spoiled our country, as much as our enemies. He indeed gave his men leave to commit all insolencies, without any restraint, whereas Mr. Hutchinson took up arms to defend the country as much as was possible from being a prey to rude soldiers, and did oftentimes preserve it both from his and other rude troops†, which stirred up in him envy, hate, and ill-will against his neighbour. He was not wise in ordering the scouts and spies he kept out, and so had the worst intelligence in the world. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, employed ingenuous persons, and was better informed of the true state of things, and so, oftentimes communicated those informations, to the chief commanders, which convinced the falsehood of his ; and that was another cause of envy. Some that knew him well, said he was not valiant, though his men once held him up, among a stand of pikes, while they obtained a glorious victory, when the Earl of Northampton was slain ; certain it is he was never by his good-will in a fight, but either by chance or necessity ; and that which made his courage the more questioned was, the care he took, and the expense he was at, to get it weekly mentioned in the diurnals, so that when they had nothing else to renown him for, they once put in that the troops of that valiant commander Sir John Gell took a dragoon with a plush doublet. Mr. Hutchinson, on the other side, that did well for virtue's sake, and not for the vainglory of it, never would give anything to buy the flatteries of those scribblers, and when one of them had once, while he was in town, made mention of something done at Nottingham, with falsehood, and given Gell the glory of an action wherein he was not concerned, Mr. Hutchinson rebuked him for it, whereupon the man begged his pardon, and told him he would write as much for him the next week ; but Mr. Hutchinson told him he scorned his mercenary pen, only warned him not to dare to lie in any of his concernments, whereupon the fellow was awed, and he had no more abuse of that kind.

But to turn out of this digression into another, not altogether impertinent to the story which I would carry on. In Nottinghamshire, upon the edge of Derbyshire, there dwelt a man, who was of mean birth and low fortunes, yet had kept company with the underling gentry of his neighbourhood : this man had the most factious, ambitious, vainglorious, envious, and malicious nature that is imaginable ; but he was the greatest dissembler, flatterer, traitor, and hypocrite that ever was, and herein had a kind of wicked policy, knowing himself to be inferior to all gentlemen, he put on a vizard of godliness and humility, and courted the common people with all plausibility and flattery that could be practised ; all this while he was addicted to many lusts, especially to that of women, but practised them so secretly, that they were not vulgarly taken notice of, though God, to shame him, gave him up to marry a wench out of one of the alehouses he frequented ; but to keep up a fame of godliness, he gave large contributions to puritan

---

* Sir John Gell succeeded so far as to get some of this puffing intelligence introduced even into his Memorials by Whitelock; who, p. 186, talks of an expedition where he killed five of the enemy! He likewise gives him the honour of taking Shelford Manor, at least two years before it was really taken by Colonel Hutchinson. It is very much to be wondered at, that Mrs. Hutchinson no where speaks of his trial and condemnation for misprision of treason, which Whitelock notes in the year 1650 during the time of Mr. Hutchinson's being in the second council of state. He is said to have been convicted on the full evidence of Bernard and Titus. Col. Andrews, who was condemned along with him, gave an attestation on his behalf a little before his death. Whitelock does not say what this treason consisted in, but he was pardoned by the third council, just before Cromwell's usurpation : and was among those members of parliament who opposed him boldly.

† To the interposition of such men as Colonel Hutchinson we must attribute the proportionably small quantity of mischief that was suffered by this nation, in so long and sharp a civil war as this was.

preachers, who had the art to stop the people's mouths, from speaking ill of their benefactors. By a thousand arts this fellow became popular, and insinuated himself so, into all the gentlemen that owned the parliament's party, that till he was discovered some years after, they believed him a most true-hearted, faithful, vigilant, active man for the godly interest; but he could never climb higher than a presbyterian persecutor, and in the end fell quite off to a declared cavalier. In Sir George Booth's business, thinking he could sway the scales of a country, he raised a troop, and brought them into Derby, and published a declaration of his own for the king, then ran away to Nottingham, and lost all his troop in the rout there, and hid himself till the king * came in, when he was rewarded for his revolt with an office, which he enjoyed not many months, his wife and he, and some of his children, dying altogether in a few days of a fever little less than the plague. This man, called Charles White, at the beginning of the civil war got a troop of dragoons, who armed and mounted themselves out of devotion to the parliament's cause, and being of his neighbourhood, marched forth in his conduct, he having procured a commission to be their captain, and they, having stocks and families, were not willing to march as far as the army, but joined themselves to those who were already in arms at Derby.

After the battle at Edge-hill, Sir John Digby, the high sheriff of Nottinghamshire, returned from the king, and had a design of securing the county against the parliament, whereupon he sent out summons to all the gentlemen resident in the country to meet him at Newark. Mr. Hutchinson was at the house of Mr. Francis Pierrepont, the Earl of Kingston's third son, when the letter was delivered him, and another of the same to Mr. Pierrepont, and while they were reading them, and considering what might be the meaning of this summons, an honest man, of the sheriff's neighbourhood, came and gave them notice, that the sheriff had some design in agitation, for he had assembled and armed about fourscore of his neighbours, to go out with them to Newark, and, as they heard, from thence to Southwell, and from thence to Nottingham, through which town many armed men marched day and night, to their great terror. Mr. Hutchinson, upon this intimation, went home, and instead of going to meet the sheriff, sent an excuse, by an intelligent person, well acquainted with all the country, who had orders to find out their design, which he did so well, that he assured Mr. Hutchinson if he and some others had gone in, they would have been made prisoners: for the sheriff came into Newark with a troop of eighty men, with whom he was gone to Southwell, and was to go the next day to Nottingham, to secure those places for the king. Mr. Hutchinson immediately went with his brother and acquainted them at Nottingham with his intellience, which they had likewise received from other hands. Although the town was generally more malignants than well affected, yet they cared not much to have cavalier soldiers quarter with them, and therefore agreed to defend themselves against any force which should come against them, and being called hastily together, as the exigence required, about seven hundred listed themselves, and chose Mr. George Hutchinson for their captain, who having lived among them, was very much loved and esteemed by them. The sheriff, hearing this, came not to Nottingham, but those who were now there thus became engaged to prosecute the defence of themselves, the town, and country, as far as they could. They were but few, and those not very considerable, and some of them not very hearty; but it pleased God here, as in other places, to carry on his work by weak and unworthy instruments. There were seven aldermen in the town, and of these only alderman James, then mayor, owned the parliament. He was a very honest, bold man, but had no more than a burgher's discretion; he was yet very well assisted by his wife, a woman of great zeal and courage, and more understanding than women of her rank usually have. All the devout people of the town were very vigorous and ready to offer their lives and families, but there was not the half of the town that consisted of these; the ordinary civil sort of people coldly adhered to the better, but all the debauched, and such as had lived upon the bishops' persecuting courts, and been the lacqueys of projectors and monopolisers, and the like, they were all bitterly malignant: yet God awed them, that they could not at that time hinder his people, whom he overruled some of their greatest enemies to assist, such as were one Chadwick and Plumptre, two who, at the first, put themselves most forward into the business. Plumptre was a doctor of physic, an inhabitant of Nottingham, who had learning, natural parts, and understanding enough to discern between natural civil righteousness and injustice, but he was a horrible atheist, and had such an intolerable pride, that he brooked no superiors, and having some wit, took the boldness to exercise it, in the abuse of all the gentlemen wherever he came †. Sir Thomas Hutchinson first brought him into credit and practice in the country, it having pleased God to make him instrumental in the cure of Mr. George Hutchinson, who had in vain tried the skill of the best doctors in England, for an epileptic disease, under which he laboured some years. Upon this occasion, Sir Thomas, and both his sons, gave him much respect, and this cure gave him reputation, and introduced him into practice, in all gentlemen's houses in the country, which he soon lost again by his most abusive tongue and other ill carriages, and was even got out of favour with Sir Thomas Hutchinson himself, for some abusive scoffs given out against his lady: but Mr. Hutchinson and his brother, in pity to him, and in remembrance of what God had done through him, still owned him, and protected him a little against the bitter zealots, though it was impossible for his darkness and their light long to continue mixed. This man had sense enough to approve the parliament's cause, in point of civil right, and pride enough to desire to break the bonds of slavery, whereby the king endeavoured to chain up a free people, and upon these scores

---

* By the king is here meant Charles the Second.

† It is said of him, in Thoroton's history of Notts, " he was a person eminent in his profession, of great note for wit and learning, as he had formerly been for poetry, when he printed a book of epigrams : " a species of composition which the more it pleases the reader, the less it renders the author beloved. This inclination to sport with the feelings of others was not at all likely to recommend him to Mr. Hutchinson, nor make him a good associate in weighty and serious business.

appearing high for the parliament's interest, he was admitted into the consultations of those who were then putting the country into a posture of defence. Chadwick was a fellow of a most pragmatical temper, and, to say truth, had strangely wrought himself into a station unfit for him. He was at first a boy that scraped trenchers in the house of one of the poorest justices in the county, but yet such a one as had a great deal of formality and understanding of the statute law, from whom this boy picked such ends of law, that he became first the justice's, then a lawyer's clerk; then, I know not how, got to be a parcel-judge in Ireland, and came over to his own country swelled with the reputation of it, and set on foot a base, obsolete, arbitrary court there, which the Conqueror of old had given to one Peverel, his bastard, which this man entitling my lord Goring unto, executed the office under him, to the great abuse of the country. At the beginning of the parliament, they had prosecuted him for it, but that my Lord Goring begged of Sir Thomas Hutchinson to spare him, and promised to lay it down for ever; so from the beginning of the parliament he executed not that office, but, having an insinuating wit and tongue, procured himself to be deputy-recorder of Nottingham, my lord of Clare being chief. When the king was in town a little before, this man so insinuated into the court, that, coming to kiss the king's hand, the king told him he was a very honest man; yet by flatteries and dissimulations he kept up his credit with the godly, cutting his hair, and taking up a form of godliness, the better to deceive. In some of the corrupt times he had purchased the honour of a barrister, though he had neither law nor learning, but he had a voluble tongue, and was crafty; and it is almost incredible that one of his mean education and poverty should arrive to such things as he reached: he was very poor, although he got abundance of money by a thousand cheats, and other base ways, wherein he exercised all his life, for he was as great a prodigal in spending as knave in getting, and, among other villanies which he secretly practised, was a libidinous goat, for which his wife, they say, paid him with making him a cuckold; yet were there not two persons to be found that pretended more sanctity than he and she, who had a tongue no less glavering and false than his. This baseness he had, that all the just reproaches in the world could not move him, but he would fawn upon any man that told him of his villanies to his face, even at the very time. Never was a truer Judas since Iscariot's time than he, for he would kiss the man he had in his heart to kill; he naturally delighted in mischief and treachery, and was so exquisite a villain, that he destroyed those designs he might have thriven by, with overlaying them with fresh knaveries. I have been a little tedious in these descriptions, yet have spoken very little in comparison of what the truth would bear; indeed such assistants as these were enough to disgrace the best cause by their owning of it, but the truth of God, being above the testimony of men, could neither receive credit from the good, nor discredit from the worst men: but they were not all such, who first offered themselves to carry on the Lord's work with him of whom we chiefly treat. There was then dwelling at Nottingham a third son of the Earl of Kingston, a man of good natural parts, but not of education according to his quality, who was in the main well affected to honest men, and to righteous liberty; a man of a very excellent good nature, and full of love to all men; but that his goodness received a little allay by a vainglorious pride, which could not well brook any other should outstrip him in virtue and estimation*. Mr. Francis Thornhagh, the eldest son of Sir Francis Thornhagh, was a man of a most upright faithful heart to God and God's people, and to his country's true interest, comprehended in the parliament's cause; a man of greater valour or more noble daring fought not for them, nor indeed ever drew sword in any cause; he was of a most excellent good nature to all men, and zealous for his friend; he wanted counsel and deliberation, and was sometimes too facile to flatterers, but had judgment enough to discern his errors when they were represented to him, and worth enough not to persist in an injurious mistake because he had once entertained it†. Mr Pigott was a very religious, serious, wise gentleman, true-hearted to God and his country, of a generous and liberal nature, and that thought nothing too dear to expose, nor too difficult to undertake, for his friend; one that delighted not in the ruin of his neighbours, but could endure it rather than the destruction of religion, law, and liberty; one that wanted not courage, yet chose rather to venture himself as a single person than a leader in arms, and to serve his country in counsel than in action; there was no man in his nature, and his whole deportment, showed himself more a gentleman than he‡. There was one Mr. Widmerpoole, a man of good extraction, but reduced to a small fortune, had declined all the splendour of an old house, and sunk into the way of the middle men of the country; yet had a perfect honest heart to God, his country, and his friend; he had a good discretion, and though he were elder than all the rest, yet was so humble, to be content to come in the rear of them all, having, through the declining of his family, the slenderness of his estate, and the parsimony of his nature, less interest in the country*. To yoke with him, there was a very honest man, who could not be reckoned among the gentry, though he were called by the name of Mr. Lomax; he was in the strength and perfection of his age, a stout and an understanding man, plain and blunt, but withal godly, faithful to his country, and honest to all men. There lived at Nottingham a man called Mr. Salusbury, who had very good abilities with his pen, upon which he was taken in to be their secretary, but he proved ambitious and froward, and being poor, when he was after made treasurer, fell into some temptation; but he carried at first a fair colour of religion and honesty. These were they whom Mr. Hutchinson was first mated with, whose characters it was necessary thus far to hint at, for the better carrying on of his story.

---

* Mr. Francis Pierrepont, who will frequently be mentioned again in the course of the story, when it will be clearly seen that Mrs. Hutchinson here speaks with candour, or rather favour of him, though he was her husband's opponent.

† Col. Thornhagh is often mentioned by other writers, and always with praise in his military capacity, in which only he was known to the public. Mrs. Hutchinson here delineates with a masterly hand a frank, open, unsuspecting, amiable soldier. The family of Col. Thornhagh continued to flourish in the county of Nottingham so late as the year 1750, at which time one of them represented the county; they are believed to be now extinct in the male line, and their possessions to have centered in a female who was the lady of Francis Ferrand Foljambe, Esq.

‡ Mr. Pigott survived Col. Hutchinson about five years. He was summoned to parliament by Cromwell, but it is very uncertain whether he condescended to sit or no. Thoroton, in his History of Notts, says of him, that "he was a person of great parts, natural and acquired: he was sheriff of the county in 1669, and died presently after the summer assizes; at which time being in mourning for his daughter Mary, wife of Robert, eldest son of Sir Francis Burdett, of Formark, he gave his attendants black liveries with silver trimmings, which served for his own funeral. His sobriety, ingenuity, generosity, piety, and other virtues, few of his rank will ever exceed, if any equal."

It is thought necessary to take more particular notice of what may appertain to Ireton, Col. Thornhagh, and Mr. Pigott, because they are the three persons who enjoyed the greatest share in the friendship and esteem of Col. Hutchinson, and made him a due return.

Sir John Digby, having notice that they had prevented him, by getting arms in their hands before, came not to Nottingham, where, now they had taken up the sword, it was not safe to lay it down again, and hold a naked throat to their enemy's whetted knives. Wherefore, upon the parliament's commission for settling the militia, sometime before, there having been three colonels nominated; viz. Sir Francis Thornhagh, Sir Francis Molineux, and Mr. Francis Pierrepont; they propounded to them to raise their regiments. Sir Francis Molineux altogether declined, Sir Francis Thornhagh appointed his son for his lieutenant-colonel, and he began to raise a regiment of horse, with whom many of the honest men, that first listed themselves with Mr. George Hutchinson, became troopers. Mr. John Hutchinson and his brother were persuaded to be lieutenant-colonel and major, to Col. Pierrepont's regiment of foot; and accordingly Mr. George Hutchinson had immediately a very good standing company of foot, formed out of those townsmen who first came in to list under him. Mr. John Hutchinson had a full company of very honest godly men, who came for love of him and the cause, out of the country. It was six weeks before the colonel would be persuaded to put on a sword, or to list any men, which at length he did, of substantial honest townsmen, and Mr. Poulton, a nephew of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, a stout young gentleman, who had seen some service abroad, was his captain-lieutenant: there were two companies more raised, one under Capt. Lomax, and another under one Capt. Scrimpshire. The first thing these gentlemen did, was to call Capt. White, with his dragoons, raised in Nottinghamshire, home to the service of his own country, for Sir John Gell, at Derby, had received from Hull a regiment of grey coats, who were at first sent down from London, for the assistance of that place, when the king attempted it. They also sent to the Earl of Essex, to desire that Capt. Ireton, with a troop of horse, which he had carried out of the country into his excellency's army, might be commanded back, for the present service of his country, till it were put into a posture of defence, which accordingly he was, and was major of the horse regiment. They sent also to the parliament, and received from them a commission, with instructions, whereby they were empowered to levy forces, and to raise contributions for the maintaining them, with all authority of seizing delinquents, sequestering, and the like. The committee appointed were the parliament men that served for the county, Mr. Francis Pierrepont, Mr. John Hutchinson, Mr. Francis Thornhagh, Mr. Gervas Pigott, Mr. Henry Ireton, Mr. George Hutchinson, Mr. Joseph Widmerpoole, Mr. Gervas Lomax, Dr. Plumptre, the mayor of Nottingham, Mr. James Chadwick, and Mr. Thomas Salusbury. Then did neighbouring counties every where associate, for the mutual assistance of each other; and the parliament commissioned major-generals, to command in chief, and give out commissions, to the several commanders of the regiments. Nottinghamshire was put into the association with Leicestershire and other counties, whereof Lord Grey of Grooby, eldest son to the Earl of Stamford, was commander-in-chief, and from him the gentlemen of Nottingham took their first commissions.

The high sheriff and the malignant gentry, finding an opposition they expected not, writ a letter to Mr. Francis Pierrepont, and Mr. John Hutchinson, excusing the sheriff's force, that he brought with him, and desiring a meeting with them, to consult for the peace of the country, security of their estates, and such-like fair pretences; which letter was civilly answered them again, and the treaty kept on foot some fourteen days, by letters signed by the Lord Chaworth, Sir Thomas Williamson, Mr. Sutton, Sir Gervas Eyre, Sir John Digby, Sir Roger Cooper, Mr. Palmer, Mr. John Millington: at length a meeting was appointed, at a village in the country, on the forest side, where Mr. Sutton should have met Mr. John Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson came to the place, but found not Mr. Sutton there, only the Lord Chaworth came in and called for sack, and treated Mr. Hutchinson very kindly; when Mr. Hutchinson, telling my lord he was come according to appointment, to conclude the treaty which had been between Nottingham and Newark, my lord told him, he knew nothing of it; whereupon, Mr. Hutchinson, being informed that some of my Lord Newcastle's forces were to be in that town that night, and that Mr. Sutton was gone to meet them, and conduct them into the country, returned to Nottingham, where he received a kind of lame excuse from Mr. Sutton for his disappointing of him, and for their bringing in strange soldiers into Newark, which they pretended was to save the town from the plunder of some Lincolnshire forces: but Mr. Hutchinson, seeing all their treaties were but a snare for him, would no longer amuse himself about them; but being certainly informed, that Henderson who commanded the soldiers at Newark, if he were not himself a papist, had many Irish papists in his troops, he, with the rest of the gentlemen, sent notice, to all the towns about Nottingham, desiring the well-affected to come in to their assistance, which the ministers pressing them to, upon Christmas day 1642, many came in to them, and stayed with them, till they had put themselves in some posture of defence.

---

* The pedigree of the family of Widmerpoole in Thoroton, shows him to have been of very ancient and good descent; his ancestor represented the town of Nottingham in the reign of Edward the Third.

As soon as these strange soldiers were come into Newark, they presently began to block up and fortify that town, as, on the other side, they at Nottingham began works about that town, but neither of them being yet strong enough to assault each other, contented themselves to stand upon their own defence. The Earl of Chesterfield had raised some horse for the king, and was in the vale of Belvoir with them, where he had plundered some houses near Mr. Hutchinson's; whereupon Mr. Hutchinson sent a troop of horse in the night, for they were not strong enough to march in the day, and fetch away his wife and children to Nottingham.

The preservation of this town was a special service to the parliament, being a considerable pass into the north, which, if the enemy had first possessed themselves of, the parliament had been cut off of all intercourse between the north and south, especially in the winter time, when the river Trent is not fordable, and only to be passed over by the bridges of Nottingham and Newark, and up higher at a place called Wilden Ferry, where the enemy also had a garrison*. The attempting to preserve this place, in the midst of so many potent enemies, was a work of no small difficulty, and nothing but an invincible courage, and a passionate zeal for the interest of God and his country, could have engaged Mr. Hutchinson, who did not, through youthful inconsideration and improvidence, want a foresight of those dangers and travails he then undertook: he knew well enough that the town was more than half disaffected to the parliament; that had they been all otherwise, they were not half enough to defend it against any unequal force; that they were far from the parliament and their armies, and could not expect any timely relief or assistance from them; that he himself was the forlorn hope of those who were engaged with him, and had then the best stake among them; that the gentlemen who were on horseback, when they could no longer defend their country, might at least save their lives, by a handsome retreat to the army; but he must stand victorious, or fall, tying himself to an indefensible town. Although his colonel might seem to be in the same hazard, yet he was wise enough to content himself with the name, and leave Mr. Hutchinson to act all things, the glory of which, if they succeeded, he hoped to assume; if they failed, he thought he had a retreat; but Mr. Hutchinson, though he knew all this, yet was he so well persuaded in his conscience, of the cause, and of God's calling him to undertake the defence of it, that he cast by all other considerations, and cheerfully resigned up his life, and all other particular interests, to God's dispose, though in all human probability, he was more like to lose than to save them.

He and his brother were so suddenly called in to this work, that they had not time beforehand to consult their father; but they sent to him to buy their armour and useful swords, which he did, giving them no discouragement, but promoting all their desires to the parliament very effectually†.

By reason of the coldness of the colonel, the affairs of the war at Nottingham went more tardily on than else they would have done; but the gentlemen there, thinking it would be easier to prevent Newark from being made a fortified garrison, than to take it when it was so, sent over to Lincoln and Derby, to propound the business to them. At length it was, about Candlemas, agreed and appointed that the forces of Nottingham and Derby should come on their side of the town, and those of Lincoln on the other. All the disaffected gentry of both those countries, were, at that time, gone into Newark, and one Ballard, a gentleman, who, decayed in his family, and owing his education to many of them, had been bred up in the wars abroad, was commander-in-chief for the parliament in Lincolnshire. Much ado had the gentlemen of that county to engage him in the design against Newark; but when he could not divert them, he was resolved to cast them away, rather than ruin his old benefactors. He had appointed the forces of Nottingham and Derby to come to a rendezvous within a mile of Newark upon Saturday, upon which day, all the persuasions the Lincolnshire gentlemen could use, could not prevail with him to march out, according to appointment; which those at Newark had notice of, and had prepared an ambuscade to have cut off all those forces if they had then come to the place; but by providence of an extraordinary stormy season, they marched not till the next day, and so were preserved from that danger, which no doubt was treacherously contrived. As soon as they came, who were about a thousand horse, foot, and dragoons, the Lincolnshire commanders informed ours of the sloth and untoward carriage of Ballard, and told them how, that day, he had played his ordnance, at a mile's distance from the town, and how, when the Newark horse came out to face them, upon the Beacon Hill, he would not suffer a man of the Lincolnshire troops to fall upon them, though the Lincoln horse were many more in number than they, and in all probability might have beaten them. The next day, notwithstanding Mr. Hutchinson went to him, to give him an account of the forces they had brought, and to receive orders, he could have none, but a careless answer to stand at such a side of the town and fall on as they saw occasion. Accordingly they did, and beat the enemy from their works, with the loss of only four or five men, and entrenched themselves; when, the night coming on upon them, they provided straw to have lodged in their trenches, all the night. On the other side of the town, Captain King of Lincolnshire had taken a street, cut up a chain, and placed a‡ drake in a house; whereupon the Newark gentlemen were almost resolved to yield up the town, and some of them began to fly out of it, but Ballard would not suffer the horse to pursue them, only one captain went out without his leave and took fifty horses, and turned back Mr. Sutton and many others that were flying out of the town. At length, when he could no other way preserve his old patrons, but by betraying his friends, he ordered Captain King to retreat; whereupon the whole force of Newark fell upon the forces of Nottingham and Derby, in their trenches, where they fought very resolutely, till a Lincolnshire trooper came and bade them fly for their lives, for else they were all lost men. At this two hundred Lincolnshire men, whom Ballard, with much entreaty, had sent to relieve them, first ran away, and then Sir John Gell's grey coats made their retreat after them; Major Hutchinson and Capt. White, all this while, kept their trenches, and commanded their Nottingham men not to stir, who accordingly shot there, till all their powder was spent. The lieutenant-colonel in vain importuned Ballard to send them ammunition and relief, but could obtain neither, and so they were forced, unwillingly, to retreat, which they did in so good order, the men first, and then their captains, that they lost not a man in coming off. The town was sallying upon them, but they discharged a drake and beat them back. The next day all the captains importuned Ballard they might fall on again, but he would neither consent nor give any reason of his denial, so that the Nottingham forces returned with great dissatisfaction, though Ballard, to stop their mouths, gave them two pieces of ordnance.

---

* In the place of Wilden Ferry has been substituted in modern days a very beautiful bridge, called Cavendish Bridge, with a good and firm road of considerable length at each end to approach it: it is about midway on the high road between Loughborough and Derby. There is near to it a place called Sawley Ferry, little used, and hardly at all practicable in winter.

† The reader is desired to bear this in mind, as it tends much to invalidate the credibility of an assertion made by the stepmother of these gentlemen, which will be noticed in its proper place. It is said, in a note by Julius Hutchinson, Esq., that Sir Thomas Hutchinson bought his two sons armour, though he knew not of their accepting commissions against the king. What was the armour for? Was it to serve the king against the parliament?

‡ Drake, a piece of cannon so called.

It being necessary to carry on the main story, for the better understanding the motion of those lesser wheels that moved within the great orb, I shall but name in what posture things were abroad in the kingdom, while these affairs I relate were transacted at Nottingham. After the retreat from Brainford fight, a treaty was ineffectually carried on between the king and parliament from the 31st of January 1642, to the 17th of April 1643, after which my Lord of Essex marched to Reading, where the king had a garrison, and besieged it. The king's horse came to relieve it, and had an encounter with my lord's army, wherein many gentlemen of quality fell on the king's side, the king himself being in a place where he saw them. In a few days after, Reading was yielded upon composition to the Earl of Essex, whose soldiers having been promised their pay and a gratuity to spare the plunder of the town, fell into a mutiny upon the failing of the performance, and many of them disbanded. Among those who remained there was a great mortality, occasioned by the infected air in the town of Reading; insomuch that my lord was forced to return and quarter his sick and weak army about Kingston and those towns near London. And now were all the countries in England no longer idle spectators, but several stages, whereon the tragedy of the civil war was acted, except the eastern association, where Mr. Oliver Cromwell, by his diligence, prevented the designs of the royal party, which were so successful the first year in all other places, that the parliament's condition appeared so desperate, as many of their members, of both houses, ran away to Oxford to the king, and others sat among them conspiring against them. One plot, conducted by Mr. Waller, and carried on among many disaffected persons, in the city, was near taking effect, to the utter subversion of the parliament and people; but that God, by his providence, brought it timely to light, and the authors were condemned, and some of them executed; but Waller, for being more a knave then the rest, and 'peaching his 'complices, was permitted to buy his life for ten thousand pounds. This summer all the west was reduced by the king, the Earl of Stamford yielding up Exeter, and Col. Fiennes Bristol. Sir William Waller had lost all his army, which had been victorious in many encounters. The king was master of all or most part of Wales, and the parliament had no army left in the field, so that had he taken the opportunity to have gone immediately to London, that summer, he had accomplished his design: but being denied the town of Gloucester, and taking it in disdain, that that town, in the heart of the land, should make a resistance when the greater cities were yielded to him, he stopped his course to take in that place, where he stayed to turn the tide of his good fortune, as his general my Lord of Newcastle did, at the siege of Hull[*]. My Lord Newcastle was general of the north, and master of all the strong places, to the very borders of Scotland, and formidable to all the neighbouring counties. Only the Lord Fairfax, with his son Sir Thomas, headed all the religious, honest Englishmen, they could raise, in those parts, and with a far inferior force, kept him in play, and in several skirmishes came off conquerors. But as the fortune of the parliament declined in other places, so those who had not principles strong enough to hold them fast to a just, though falling cause, sought early to secure their lives by treasons, which destroyed them. The Earl of Newcastle's army was judged to be about eight thousand, horse and foot, my Lord Fairfax had not above two thousand one hundred foot, and seven troops of horse. After this there was a great accession of strength to my Lord Newcastle, by the coming, first of the Lord Goring, with many old commanders; then of General King, with six thousand arms, from beyond the seas; then of the queen herself, who, in February 1642, landed near Sunderland, coming out of Holland, with large provisions of arms, ammunition, and commanders of note, with which she was convoyed, by the Earl of Newcastle, to York, and thither came to her the Earl of Montrose, out of Scotland, with a hundred and twenty horse: then Sir Hugh Cholmly, governor of Scarborough, revolted from the parliament, whereof he was a member, and came to the queen, with three hundred men. Browne Bushell also, who was left in charge with the town, yielded it up. Then had the queen's practices wrought so upon the two Hothams, that their treason was not altogether undiscerned; but my lord Fairfax, having only strong presumptions, and no power to secure them, while they had the strong town of Hull in their hands, it was all he could do to be vigilant and silent, till God should give opportunity to secure that great danger. My Lord of Newcastle had given the papists in the north commissions to arm in the king's defence*, and now the queen was preparing to march up, with the assistance she had gotten, to the king. Those countries through which she was to pass, could not but be sensible of their danger, especially the gentlemen at Nottingham, who were but a few young men, environed with garrisons of the enemy, and scarcely firm among themselves, and hopeless of relief from above, where the parliament, struggling for life, had not leisure to bind up a cut finger. But God was with them in these difficulties, and gave an unexpected issue.

---

[*] The impolicy of this measure is more fully noticed and explained, and the cause of it set down, by Sir Philip Warwick, in his Memoirs, p. 260. "One or the like council in both quarters, north and west, blasted the prosperity in each place, for the king pitcht upon that fatal resolution, recommended to him by Lord Culpeper, of besieging Glocester, thinking it a good policy not to leave a strong town behind him: but the counsel proved fatal, for had the king at that time resolved in himself to have struck at the proud head of London, and had had authority enough at that time to have required the Earl of Newcastle to have joined with him; humanly speaking, he had raised such confusion among the two houses and the Londoners, that they had either sent him his own terms, or if they had fought him most probably he had been victorious. But the king fixes on Glocester and the Earl of Newcastle on Hull, upon the advice of his Lieut. General King, who was suspected."

The Earl of Kingston a few montns stood neuter, and would not declare himself of either party, and being a man of great wealth and dependencies, many people hung in suspense by his example; whereupon the gentlemen of Nottingham often spoke to his son to persuade his father to declare himself; but he told them he knew his father's affections were firm to the parliament, that he had encouraged him to join with them, and promised him money to carry it on, and such-like things, which he continually assured them, till the colonel's cold behaviour, and some other passages, made them at length, those at least who were firm to the cause, jealous both of the father and the son. Hereupon when the danger grew more imminent, and my lord lay out a brave prey to the enemy, they sent captain Lomax, one of the committee, to understand his affections from himself, and to press him to declare for the parliament, in that so needful season. My lord professing himself to him rather desirous of peace, and fully resolved not to act on either side, made a serious imprecation on himself in these words: "When," said he, "I take arms with the king against the parliament, or with the parliament against the king, let a cannon bullet divide me between them;" which God was pleased to bring to pass a few months after: for he, going into Gainsborough, and there taking up arms for the king, was surprised by my lord Willoughby, and, after a handsome defence of himself, yielded, and was put prisoner into a pinnace, and sent down the river to Hull, when my lord Newcastle's army marching along the shore, shot at the pinnace, and being in danger, the earl of Kingston went up upon the decks to show himself, and to prevail with them to forbear shooting †, but as soon as he appeared, a cannon bullet flew from the king's army and divided him in the middle, being then in the parliament's pinnace, who perished, according to his own unhappy imprecation. His declaring himself for the king, as it enforced the royal, so it weakened the other party.

Sir Richard Biron was come to be governor of Newark. A house of my lord Chaworth's in the vale was fortified, and some horse put into it, and another house of the Earl of Chesterfield's, both of them within a few miles of Nottingham ‡. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, within eight miles of Nottingham, on the other side, was kept by Mr. Hastings. On the forest side of the country, the Earl of Newcastle's house had a garrison in it, and another castle of his, within a mile, was garrisoned. Sir Roger Cooper's house at Thurgaton, was also kept; so that Nottingham, thus beleaguered with enemies, seemed very unlikely to be able either to resist the enemy, or support itself §. Therefore the gentlemen, upon the news of my Lord Newcastle's intended approach that way, sent up Mr. John Hutchinson to acquaint the parliament with their condition, who so negociated their business that he procured an order for Col. Cromwell, Col. Hubbard, my Lord Grey, and Sir John Gell, to unite their forces, and rendezvous at Nottingham, to prevent the queen from joining with the king, and to guard those parts against the cavaliers. Accordingly in the Whitsun holidays, 1643, they all came, and the younger Hotham also brought some more rude troops out of Yorkshire, and joined himself to them. The forces now united at Nottingham were about five or six thousand, my lord Grey being their commander-in-chief. Upon the urgency of the gentlemen at Nottingham, he drew them out against Wiverton-house in the vale, but upon a groundless apprehension quitted it, when they might in all probability have taken it, and retreated to Nottingham, where, two or three days after, the enemy's horse faced them, but they would not be prevailed with to go out, though they were not inferior to them. Young Hotham, at that time, carried on a private treaty with the queen, and every day received and sent trumpets, of which he would give no account. Then was Nottingham more sadly distrest by their friends than by their enemies; for Hotham's and Gell's men not only lay upon free quarter, as all the rest did, but made such havoc and plunder of friend and foe, that it was a sad thing for any one that had a generous heart to behold it. When the committee offered Hotham to assign him quarters for his men, because they were better acquainted with the country, he would tell them he was no stranger in any English ground. He had a great deal of wicked wit, and would make sport with the miseries of the poor country, and, having treason in his heart, licensed his soldiers, which were the scum of mankind, to all villanies in the country that might make their party odious. Mr. Hutchinson was much vexed to see the country wasted, and that little part of it which they could only hope to have contribution from, eaten up by a company of men who, instead of relieving them, devoured them; and Hotham's soldiers, having taken away goods from some honest men, he went to him to desire restitution of them, and that he would restrain his soldiers from plunder; whereupon Hotham replied, "he fought for liberty and expected it in all things." Replies followed, and they grew to high language; Hotham bidding him, if he found himself grieved, to complain to the parliament. Mr. Hutchinson was passionately concerned, and this being in the open field, Col. Cromwell, who had likewise had great provocations from him, began to show himself affected with the country's injuries, and the idle waste of such a considerable force, through the inexperience of the chief commander, and the disobedience and irregularities of the others; so they, at that time, being equally zealous for the public service, advised together to seek a remedy, and dispatched away a post to London, who had no greater joy in the world than such employments as tended to the displacing of great persons, whether they deserved it or not; him they sent away immediately from the place to inform the parliament of Hotham's carriages, and the strong presumptions they had of his treachery, and the ill management of their forces. This they two did, without the privity of any of the other gentlemen or commanders, some of which were little less suspected themselves, and others, as my Lord Grey, through credulous good nature, too great a favourer of Hotham. The messenger was very diligent in his charge, and returned as soon as it was possible with a commitment of Hotham, who accordingly was then made prisoner in Nottingham-castle, and Sir John Meldrum was sent down to be commander-in-chief of all those united forces. When they marched away, a troop of my Lord Grey's having the charge of guarding Hotham, towards London, suffered him to escape, and thereby put the town of Hull into a great hazard; but that the father and son were there unexpectedly surprised, sent up prisoners to London, and after some time executed. Those who knew the opinion Cromwell afterwards had of Mr. Hutchinson, believed he registered this business in his mind as long as he lived, and made it his care to prevent him from being in any power or capacity to pursue him to the same punishment, when he deserved it; but from that time, growing into more intimate acquaintance with him, he always used to profess the most hearty affections to him, and the greatest delight in his plainness and open-heartedness that was imaginable *

---

* The king pretended never to do this himself: but the Earl of Newcastle did it, as most people would in his place, and avowed it as became him. Sir Philip Warwick recites a witticism of his on the occasion of his going to see him at the siege of Hull, where his men being very badly entrenched, he said to Sir Philip, who remarked it, "You hear us often called the Popish Army, but you see we trust not in our *good works*."

† This is a most singular story, and no doubt peculiarly gratifying to a fatalist to recite; it is however assuredly true, being mentioned by several historians, with only the difference of his being said to be under, instead of on, the deck; the latter of which is far the most probable.

‡ Wiverton-house and Shelford manor.

§ In a letter to the king, the queen writes from Newark that "all the force the parliament had in those parts was only one thousand men in Nottingham."

As soon as Sir John Meldrum came down to his charge at Nottingham, the queen's forces came and faced the town, whereupon the cannon discharging upon them, the Duke of Vendome's son and some few others were slain. The parliament horse drew out of Nottingham to receive the queen's, but they came not on, after this execution of the cannon, for in the mean time the queen was passing by, and although the parliament horse pursued them, yet would not they engage, for it was not their business; so when they saw they had lost their design, the horse returned again to Nottingham, where the foot had stayed all the while they were out. When the Earl of Kingston declared himself for the king he raised what forces he could and went into Gainsborough, a town in Lincolnshire, situate upon the river of Trent. There, before he was fortified, my Lord Willoughby, of Parham, surprised the town and all his soldiers, who disputed it as long as they could, but being conquered, were forced to yield, and the earl himself retreated into the strongest house, which he kept till it was all on flame round him, and then giving himself up only to my Lord Willoughby he was immediately sent prisoner to Hull, and shot according to his own imprecation. Immediately part of my Lord Newcastle's army, with all that Newark could make, besieged my Lord Willoughby in Gainsborough, and General Essex sent a command to Sir John Meldrum to draw all the horse and foot he could out of Nottingham, to relieve my lord, leaving only a garrison in the castle of Nottingham. Sir John Meldrum called the committee of Nottingham together, to consult what was to be done for the settlement of the place, which upon deliberation he had judged not fit to leave in the hands it was, nor in Col. Pierrepont's, who, with some appearance, lay under suspicion at that time; and therefore conceiving Mr. Hutchinson the most able to manage, and the most responsible for it, both Sir John and the whole committee ordered him to take the castle into his charge, which, though there were many causes why he should decline, yet believing that God hereby called him to the defence of his country, and would protect him in all the dangers and difficulties he led him into, he accepted it, and the 29th June, 1643, received an order for that government from Sir John Meldrum and the whole committee; whereunto Col. Pierrepont subscribed, though with a secret discontent in his heart, not for any ill-opinion or ill affection he had to Mr. Hutchinson's person, but for that he

---

* Those who consider and represent Cromwell as a prodigy not only of treachery, design, ambition and artifice, but likewise of sagacity and foreknowledge, will deem this a proof of his having thus early conceived his scheme of aggrandisement; but to those who are better satisfied with the probable than the marvellous, it will seem to prove no such thing: they must well know that if he had so soon any great views, they must have been very distant and indistinct; they will find here only the first of a long series of instances, wherein will be seen the quick and clear discernment, the strong and well-poised judgment, the promptitude and firmness of decision, which enabled him to seize and convert to his advantage every opportunity that presented itself, and even the actions, thoughts, and inclinations, of other men; and they will see united to these such a command over his own thoughts and passions as permitted exactly so much, and no more of them than was convenient, to appear; these qualities, though less astonishing than the prescience and almost the power of creating events, which is attributed to him, would and did equally well answer the purpose of his progression; which he effected in such a manner as to fill with the greatest propriety all the intermediate situations through which he passed, to take as it were a firm footing at each gradation, and to arrive at the pinnacle of power without having once run any considerable risk of an overthrow in his career. Such rational observers will likewise see here, what will in the sequel still more strikingly appear, that if he must be called a traitor, he was not of that paltry treachery which sacrifices a man's party to self; he was steadily bent on procuring the triumph of his own party over their opponents, but too covetous of commanding his party himself. It may be thought there wanted but little, perhaps only the survivance of Ireton, to have made Cromwell intrinsically as well as splendidly great.

resented it as a great affront that himself was passed by. It is true that this discontent produced some envious and malicious practices secretly in him against Mr. Hutchinson, who in the end overcame him with so many good offices in requital of his bad ones, that he lived and died full of love and acknowledgment of kindness to him.

The castle was built upon a rock, and nature had made it capable of very strong fortification, but the buildings were very ruinous and unhabitable, neither affording room to lodge soldiers nor provisions. The castle stands at one end of the town, upon such an eminence as commands the chief streets of the town. There had been enlargements made to this castle after the first building of it. There was a strong tower which they called the old tower, built upon the top of all the rock, and this was that place where Queen Isabell, the mother of King Edward the Third, was surprised with her paramour Mortimer, who by secret windings and hollows in the rock came up into her chamber from the meadows lying low under it, through which there ran a little rivulet, called the Line, almost under the castle rock. At the entrance of this rock there was a spring, which was called Mortimer's Well, and the cavern Mortimer's Hole: the ascent to the top is very high, and not without some wonder. At the top of all the rock there is a spring of water; in the midway to the top of this tower there is a little piece of the rock on which a dove-cot had been built, but the governor took down the roof of it, and made it a platform for two or three pieces of ordnance, which commanded some streets and all the meadows better than the higher tower; under that tower, which was the old castle, there was a larger castle, where there had been several towers and many noble rooms, but the most of them were down; the yard of that was pretty large, and without the gate there was a very large yard that had been walled, but the walls were all down, only it was situated upon an ascent of the rock, and so stood a pretty height above the streets; and there were the ruins of an old pair of gates, with turrets on each side.

Before the castle the town was on one side of a close, which commanded the fields approaching the town; which close the governor afterwards made a platform; behind it was a place called the park, that belonged to the castle, but then had neither deer nor trees in it, except one, growing under the castle, which was almost a prodigy, for from the root to the top, there was not one straight twig or branch of it; some said it was planted by King Richard the Third, and resembled him that set it. On the other side the castle, was the little river of Line, and beyond that, large flat meadows, bounded by the river of Trent. In the whole rock there were many large caverns, where a great magazine and many hundred soldiers might have been disposed, if they had been cleansed and prepared for it, and might have been kept secure from any danger of firing the magazines by any mortar-pieces shot against the castle. In one of these places, it is reported, that one David, a Scotch king, was kept in cruel durance, and with his nails had scratched on the wall the story of Christ and his twelve apostles. The castle was not flanked, and there were no works about it, when Mr. Hutchinson undertook it, but only a little breastwork, before the outmost gate. It was as ill provided, as fortified, there being but ten barrels of powder, eleven hundred and fifty pounds of butter, and as much cheese, eleven quarters of bread-corn, seven beeves, two hundred and fourteen flitches of bacon, five hundred and sixty fishes, and fifteen hogsheads of beer. As soon as the governor received his charge, he made proclamation in the town, that whatsoever honest persons desired to secure themselves or their goods in the castle should have reception there if they would repair their quarters, which divers well-affected men accepting, it was presently made capable of receiving four hundred men commodiously.

In the beginning of July 1643, Sir John Meldrum, with all the force that quartered in Nottingham, marched forth to the relief of Gainsborough, leaving the town to be guarded by few more than the very townsmen. There had been large works made about it, which would have required at least three thousand men to man them and defend them well, and upon these works there were about fourteen guns, which the governor, when the forces were marching away, before they went, drew up to the castle; whereupon the townsmen, especially those that were ill-affected to the parliament, made a great mutiny, threatening they would pull the castle down, but they would have their ordnance again upon their works, and wishing it on fire and not one stone upon another. Hereupon the governor sent Alderman Drury, with fourteen more, that were heads of this mutiny, prisoners to Derby, whither Major Ireton convoyed them with his troop. The reasons which made the governor carry the ordnance from the town-works up into the castle were, 1st, That the town being so ill-affected, the ordnance remaining in it would but be an invitation to the enemy to come to take them away, and a booty for them if they should. 2dly, He had often visited the guards, and found them exposed much by their carelessness, wherefore he thought it his duty to preserve them by soldiers more under his command. 3dly, Intelligence was brought to the committee by a friend, then with the Earl of Newcastle, that Mr. Francis Pierrepont kept intelligence with his mother the Countess of Kingston, carrying on a design for betraying of the town to the earl, and that letters were carried between them by a woman, who often came to town to the colonel, and that two aldermen and a chief officer, employed about the ordnance, were confederates in the plot: whereupon a suspected cannoneer was secured, who, as soon as he obtained his liberty, ran away to Newark. 4thly, When the town was full of troops, there had been several attempts to poison and betray them, which if it should again be attempted, after the most of the forces were gone, might prove effectual. 5thly, The main reason was, that if the town should be surprised or betrayed (which was then most to be feared), the ordnance would be useless; if any considerable force came against the town, it was impossible then to keep the works against them with so few men, and it would be difficult, at such a time, to draw off the artillery; if any force they were able to deal with came, it would then be time enough, after the alarum was given, to draw them to the works, unless they were surprised.

It was not only the town malignants that murmured at the drawing up of the ordnance, but Dr. Plumptre, hearing that the forces were to march away, was raging at it; whereupon being answered, that it was for the more public interest of the cause, in great passion he replied, "What is the cause to me, if my goods be lost?" The governor told him, he might prevent that hazard and secure them in the castle. He replied, "It pitied him to soil them, and he had rather the enemy had them, than they should be spoiled in removing." While this was boiling upon his spirit, he met the governor, with some other gentlemen in the street, and began to rail at him for countenancing the godly townsmen, whom he called a company of puritanical prick-eared rascals; and said, the worst of the malignants the governor had sent out of the town were honester men than the best of those he favoured, and in spite of his teeth he would have three of the most eminent of them turned out of the castle: the governor telling him he would maintain them as the most faithful friends to the cause, Plumptre replied he was as honest to the cause as the governor. "No," said the governor (who was not ignorant of his atheism), "that you cannot be, for you go not upon the same principles." The doctor told him, it was false, with such uncivil insolence, that the governor struck him, at which he departed quietly home; and after two or three days, retired with his wife and children to the house of Mr. Parkyns of Bunney, who was at that time in arms against the parliament, where he stayed till the parliament forces were routed, and Nottingham castle summoned and preparing for a siege; and then he sent a ridiculous challenge to the governor, with all the foolish circumstances imaginable, which the governor, at that present, only answered with contempt. The pretence he made was a distress, wherein the committee had employed some of the governor's soldiers for the levying an assessment which his brother would not pay, and this distress he called the governor's affront to his family. Though these passages may seem too impertinent here, yet they having been grounds and beginnings of injurious prosecutions, wherewith the governor was after much exercised, it was not altogether unnecessary to insert them, since even these little things were links in the chain of providences which measured out his life.

All the horse that had been raised in Nottinghamshire marched away with Sir John Meldrum, which were Col. Thornhagh, Major Ireton, Capt. White, and Capt. Farmer's troops; who, together with Capt. Lomax and Capt. Scrimpshire's foot companies, joining with Col. Cromwell's men, marched to Gainsborough, and engaged those that besieged it, and were victorious, killing their general, Sir Charles Cavendish, with many more commanders, and some hundreds of soldiers; and this was opportunely done, while my Lord Newcastle was hastening to come over the water and join with them, who, by a bridge of boats, passed all his army over, and came near Gainsborough, just in a season to behold the rout of all his men. The parliament's forces expected he would have fallen upon them, and drew up in a body and faced him, but he advanced not, so they contented themselves to relieve Gainsborough, and made a very honourable retreat to Lincoln; but Gainsborough not being fortified nor provided, this relief did not much advantage them, for my Lord Newcastle again besieged it, which was rendered to him after eight days, upon honourable conditions for the defendants,—though they were not performed by the besiegers, for all my Lord Willoughby's men were disarmed contrary to articles *, and with them, some of the Nottingham soldiers, that had gone into the town to refresh themselves, and so were shut up with them, when my lord laid siege to it; the rest had gone to Lincoln. They had behaved themselves very well in the fight, where Capt. White received a wound in his hand in the forlorn hope; Col. Thornhagh, who had fought very gallantly, was taken prisoner, and after he was stripped of his arms and coat, a major of the enemy's, whom the colonel had slightly wounded in the fervour of the fight, came and basely wounded the colonel, being disarmed, so that he left him for dead; but by the good providence of God, that wound which the enemy intended to give him death, gave him liberty; for coming to himself a little after his hurt, he crept to one of his own tenant's houses, and there had his wounds bound up, and found means to get to Lincoln, from whence all the forces that went from Nottingham dispersed into different services. Major Ireton quite left Col. Thornhagh's regiment, and began an inseparable league with Col. Cromwell, whose son-in-law he after was. None of them could return to Nottingham, by reason of my Lord Newcastle's army, which lay between them and home.

And now it was time for them at Nottingham to expect my Lord Newcastle, which the governor made provision for with all the diligence that it was possible, under so many difficulties and obstacles, which would to any one else have been discouragements; but he had so high a resolution, that nothing conquered it. The townsmen, through discontent at the drawing out of the forces, whereby their houses, families, and estates were exposed, began to envy, then to hate the castle, as grieved that anything should be preserved when all could not; and indeed those who were more concerned in private interests than in the cause itself had some reason, because the neighbourhood of the castle, when it was too weak to defend them, would endanger them. In this hate and discontent, all the soldiers being townsmen, except some of the governor's own company, they resolved they would not go into the castle, to behold the ruin of their houses; little considering that when the governor came first into Nottingham to defend them, at their earnest desire, he left a house and a considerable estate to the mercy of the enemy, rather desiring to advance the cause than to secure his own stake; but their mean and half-affected hearts were not capable of such things. The governor perceiving this defection, set some of the most zealous honest men to find out how many there were in the town who, neglecting all private interests, would cheerfully and freely come in and venture all with him, intending, if he could not have found enough to defend the place, that he would have sent to other neighbouring garrisons to have borrowed some. Upon this inquiry, it was found that many of Col. Pierrepont's own company were desirous to come in, but first wished to know their colonel's resolution, how he would dispose of them; whereupon a Hall was called, and the danger of the place

---

* Particularly noticed by Whitelock.

declared to the whole town, that they might have time to provide for their goods and persons before the enemy came upon them. The colonel being present, his company asked him what he would advise them to do; to whom his answer was, "You have but three ways to choose, either leave the town and secure yourselves in some other parliament garrisons, or list into the castle *, or stand on the works and have your throats cut." Two or three days after this he went to his mother's, and carried his children, with part of his goods, and sent his wife to Sir Gervas Clifton's house. Notwithstanding this public resolution in the Hall to his company, he told them and many others in private, that he preferred the interest of the town above that of his life, and would expose his life for the good of it, and stand on the works of the town as long as they could be defended, and when they could no longer be kept, would retire to some other parliament garrison. Others he told, he scorned his colours should serve in the castle; that if his company went up thither, he would get him a new one, which should follow him wherever he went, and many more such things in private; but openly, both to the governor and others, approved and encouraged their going into the castle. According to his advice, the townsmen, as they were diversely affected, disposed of themselves; the malignants all laid down their arms and stayed in the town; some honest and well-affected, but not bold enough to stand the hazard, went to other parliament garrisons and served there; others secured themselves, their goods, and families, in the country; some listed into the castle; one Alderman Nix, captain of two hundred, gave up his commission, his men all disbanded, except about forty, who came into the castle and filled up the broken companies there. At length, out of all the four companies and the whole town, about three hundred men listed into the castle.

The governor had procured forty barrels of powder, and two thousand weight of match from London, and had increased the store of provision, as much as the present poverty of their condition would permit him. Then the committee of Nottingham, so many of them as were remaining in the town, and all the ministers of the parliament's party there, came up to the castle, and, with the officers of the garrison, eat at the governor's, to very great charge, considering that he was so far from receiving pay at that time, that all the money he could procure of his own credit, or take up with others, he was forced to dispend for the several necessities of the soldiers and garrison; yet were the soldiers then, and a long time after, kept together as long as they could live, without any pay, and after paid part in victuals, and the rest run on in arrears †.

The townsmen who came into the castle disposed their families into several villages in the country; and at length a trumpet was sent, for a safe-conduct for a gentleman from my Lord Newcastle, and, having it, Major Cartwright came from him with a summons for the delivery of the town and castle, to which the committee for the town, and the governor for the castle, returned a civil defiance in writing, about the tenth day of August. Cartwright having received it, and being treated with wine by the governor and the rest of the officers, grew bold in the exercise of an abusive wit he had, and told both Mr. Hutchinsons they were sprightly young men, but when my lord should come with his army, he should find them in other terms, beseeching my lord to spare them as misled young men, and suffer them to march away with a cudgel; and "then," said he, "shal. I stand behind my lord's chair and laugh." At which the governor being angry, told him he was much mistaken, for he scorned ever to yield on any terms to a papistical army, led by an atheistical general ‡. Mr. George Hutchinson told him, "If my lord would have that poor castle, he must wade to it in blood." Which words, they say, he told his general. After these summonses were received, the governor drew all his soldiers into the castle, and committed the guard of the town to the aldermen, who were to set guards of fifty in a night, according to their wards. Then calling together his soldiers, he once again represented to them their condition, and told them, that being religious and honest men, he could be assured no extremity would make them fail in what they found themselves strong enough to undertake, and therefore he should not fear to let them freely understand their danger, which yet they had power to shun, and therefore whatever misery might be the issue of their undertaking, they could not justly impute it to him, it being their own election; for after this summons they must expect the enemy, and to be reduced to the utmost extremity by them that thought could reach: it must not move them to see their houses flaming, and, if need were, themselves firing of them, for the public advantage; to see the pieces of their families cruelly abused and consumed before them; they must resolve upon hard duty, fierce assaults, poor and sparing diet, perhaps famine, and want of all comfortable accommodations; nor was there very apparent hope of relief at last, but more than common hazard of losing their lives, either in defence of their fort, or with the place; which,

---

* The particular account which has before been spoken of has in this place a little difference of expression, which yet perhaps signifies much. There Col. Pierrepont says, "List into the castle with *John*, for so in a jesting way he used to call Col. Hutchinson," alluding no doubt to his frank and downright mode of speaking and acting.

† In all the histories of those times we read so much of the soldiers' complaints for want of pay, and so much of auditing their officers' acounts, as, being no way reconcileable to modern practice, makes one suppose the officers fraudulent, the soldiers mutinous; but this opinion will be corrected by observing what is here recited. Hence we shall likewise conceive a high idea of the virtue of those men, who started forth out of every rank of life to devote themselves to the service of God and their country, and persevered through such privations and difficulties; and consider their interference in the settling the constitution of their country, for which they had fought, in a far different light from the tumult and mutiny of mercenary soldiers.

‡ Charles the First, when accused of retaining papists, denied having any in his army, and tried to have it believed that those which the Earl of Newcastle had enlisted were unknown to him, although there is ample proof that it was done by his order: that nobleman acted in a much more ingenuous manner, and, as is before related in a quotation from Sir P. Warwick's Memoirs, turned the imputation into a jest; probably his indifference about the religion of his soldiers caused the epithet of *atheistical* to be applied to him, certainly without sufficient reason.

for want of good fortifications, and through disadvantage of a neighbouring mount and building, was not, in human probability, tenable against such an army as threatened it: all which, for his own part, he was resolved on, and if any of them found his courage failing, he only desired they would provide for their safety in time elsewhere, and not prejudice him and the public interest so highly as they would do to take upon them the defence of the castle, except they could be content to lay down their lives and all their interests in it. The soldiers were none of them terrified at the dangers which threatened their undertaking; but at the latter end of August took, upon the solemn fast day, the national covenant, and besides it, a particular mutual covenant between them and the governor, to be faithful to each other, and to hold out the place to the death, without entertaining any parley, or accepting any terms from the enemy: and this the governor was forced to do to confirm them, for he had his exercise, not only by the ungodly and ill-affected, but even the godly themselves, who thought it scarce possible for any one to continue a gentleman and firm to a godly interest, and therefore repaid all his vigilance and labours for them with a very unjust jealousy*. The governor of Newark was his cousin-german, to whom he was forced, against his nature, to be more uncivil than to any other that were governors in that place. Whether it were that the dissension of brethren is always most spitefully pursued, or that Sir Richard Biron, as it was reported, suffered under the same suspicions on his side, it is true they were to each other the most uncivil enemies that can be imagined. After this summons, my Lord Newcastle came not, according to their bravadoes, but diverted his army to Hull, to besiege my Lord Fairfax there; they of Newark having gotten him to send this summons upon confidence, knowing the condition of the place, that it would have been yielded to a piece of paper. The governor immediately set upon the fortification of his castle, made a work behind it, another to the Line side, turned the Dove-cote into a platform, and made a court of guard in Mortimer's Hole.

At this time Sir Thomas Hutchinson died at London†, and gave all his personal estate, and all that was unsettled at Mr. Hutchinson's marriage, to his second wife and her children; at which his two sons had not the least repining thought, but out of tender love were very much afflicted for his loss, and procured a pass from Newark for Mr. George Hutchinson to go to London, to visit his mother and fetch mournings, which accordingly he did; and upon a letter the committee sent up by him, brought down an order of parliament to allow a table to the governor and committee, whom Mr. Hutchinson had till that time entertained at his own cost, with all the officers of the garrison and the ministers, which were no small charge to him, who had a noble heart, and could not basely evade the expense which that place necessarily drew upon him, not only by the constant entertainment of the committee, officers, and ministers, and all parliament officers, that came and went through the garrison, but by the relieving of the poor soldiers, who had such short pay that they were, for the most part, thirty weeks and more behind; and when they marched out at any time, the governor would not suffer them to take a cup of drink, unpaid for, in the country, but always, wherever they took any refreshment in their marches, paid it himself. He besides gave them much from his own house, especially when any of them were sick or wounded, and lent moneys to those that were most necessitous. All this run him into a great private debt, besides many thousands of pounds which he engaged himself in with other gentlemen, taken up for the supply of the garrison and carrying on of the public service. Although the allowance of his table was much envied by those mean fellows that never knew what the expense of a table was, and although it was to him some ease, yet did it not defray the third part of his expense in the service, being but ten pounds a-week allowed by the state, and his expenses all that time, only in the public service, and not at all in any particular of his own family, being, as it was kept upon account, above fifteen hundred pounds a-year. As soon as his father was dead, and rents became due to him, the enemies, in the midst of whom his estate lay, fetched in his tenants and imprisoned them, and took his rents; his estate was begged, and promised by the king; those who lived not upon the place, flung up his grounds, and they lay unoccupied while the enemy prevailed in the country. He was not so cruel as others were to their tenants, who made them pay over again those rents which the enemy forced them to redeem themselves out of prison withal, but lost the most part of his rents all the while the country was under the adverse power; he had some small stock of his own plundered, and his house, by the perpetual haunting of the enemy, defaced, and for want of inhabitation rendered almost uninhabitable. For these things he had some subscriptions‡, but never received any penny recompense, and his arrears of pay, which he received after all the war was done, did not half pay the debts those services contracted. But when he undertook this engagement, it was for the defence of his country's and God's cause, and he offered himself, and all he had, a willing sacrifice in the service; and rather praised God for what was saved than repined at what was spent, it being above his expectation, that deliverance which God gave him out of his enemies' hands. He might have made many advantages by the spoil of his enemies, which was often brought in, and by other encroachments upon the country, which almost all the governors, on both sides, exacted everywhere else, but his heart abhorred it: all prize the soldiers had, and he never shared it; all malignants' goods the committee disposed of, and it ever grieved his heart to see the spoil of his neighbours, how justly soever they deserved it; but he chose all loss, rather than to make up himself* by violence and rapine. If, in a judicial way, he were forced at any time, in discharge of his trust, to sign any harsh orders against any of the gentlemen of the country, it was with grief that they should deserve that severity; but this testimony is a truth of him, that in his whole actings in this cause, he never prosecuted any private lust, either of revenge, ambition, avarice, or vain-glory, under a public vizard, but was most truly public-spirited. Conscience to God, and truth and righteousness, according to the best information he could get, engaged him in that party he took; that which engaged him, carried him through all along, though he encountered with no less difficulties and contradictions from those of his own party, that were not of the same spirit he was, than from his enemies.

---

* It passes for a saying of Charles the Second, that the presbyterian might be a very good religion, but it was not the religion of a gentleman; these good folks seem to have been of the same mind.

† August 18, 1643, as appeared by his tombstone, under the communion-table in St. Paul's Covent Garden, London, and that he was 55 when he died.—J. H.

A marginal note written by Julius Hutchinson, grandfather of the editor.

‡ By subscriptions is here meant acknowledgments or certificates given by the committees, which parliament professed to make good, but many times did not. But Col. Hutchinson's disinterestedness and devotion to the cause did not suffice to exempt him from calumny, for in Walker's History of Independency, p. 166, et seq. a list is given of members of parliament who were unduly returned, who held commands contrary to the self-denying ordinance, or had moneys or offices given them. And Col. Hutchinson is accused of all *three*,—how absurdly and unjustly every one must perceive. He was regularly elected to parliament in place of his father deceased; he had a regiment which he raised, and, in a great degree, subsisted himself; he had a government, which, at the time of his undertaking it, was a charge others feared to accept, and which for a long time was a loss and a detriment to him, and at the end of all he fell far short of receiving as much as he had expended. In the same place Mr. William Pierrepont is most invidiously accused of getting 40,000*l*.—*but how? it was the personal estate of his own father!*

The death of Sir Thomas Hutchinson made every way a great reverse in the affairs of his eldest son, who had before been looked upon as his father's heir, and reverenced as much, or rather more, upon his father's score than his own, so that no man durst attempt to injure him, whom they looked upon under such a powerful protection. Sir Thomas and his fathers before him had ever deserved very well of their country, and, as lovers of their country, their neighbours had an implicit faith in all their dictates and actions, insomuch that Sir Thomas Hutchinson's single authority swayed, with many, more than all the greater names of the country. But he at his death having divided, all things considered, his estate between the children of his two wives, though it be true the latter deserved more than they had, yet it is as true the first deserved not to be so much lessened as they were: and Mr. Hutchinson having been known to be the most pious and obedient son, from his childhood, that ever any father was blest in, when it came to be known that his father had given away all that was in his power to give from him, those that had a great reverence and esteem for Sir Thomas would not believe him so defective in justice, to do this without some secret cause; and therefore it was given out that he was displeased with his son's engagement, and for that cause disposed away so much of his estate from them. But that was not so; indeed at the time of his death the parliament's interest was so low that he might well look upon them as lost persons, and so what he gave away to the unengaged infant he might well look upon as all that could be preserved. Mr. Hutchinson had only an allowance from his father, while he lived, which was duly paid him; but as soon as he died, all his estate was seized by the enemy; who had so much desire not to injure publicly a person so popular, that they disturbed not Sir Thomas's tenants while he lived, though he continued with the parliament, and faithful to their interest, because he was moderate, and one that applied all his endeavours to peace, which he did not out of policy, but out of conscience to his country, and a wise foresight of the sad consequences of a conquest by either side; for he hath often expressed, that accommodation was far more desirable than war, and he dreaded that the spirits of those men would become most insolent after conquest, who were so violently bent to prosecute a war; that some of them, whom we have since known to be vile apostates, then professed they abhorred accommodation. This report of Sir Thomas's dislike of his son's engagement was raised and dispersed by those who themselves were ill-affected to it; but, however, it abated all the respects men had for him upon any account but his own. Those who had entertained a secret envy of him, now feared not to manifest it, and began to work secret mines, to blow him up on all sides; but God was with him, and disappointed all his enemies, and made his virtues more illustrious by the oppositions they encountered with, and the removal of all those props of wealth and power which are necessary to hold up weaker fabrics*.

Soon after the death of his father, one Mr.

---

* Make himself up, make himself whole, reimburse himself.

* Here is in the original a marginal note in the following words:—"The division of Sir Thomas Hutchinson's estate. Sir Thomas Hutchinson being mightily beloved in the country, and a moderate man, using all his endeavours for peace, his estate was never plundered in his lifetime; and though it is here falsely insinuated that he approved of his son's conduct in taking arms against the king, it is most true that he was extremely afflicted at it, being altogether for peace, and condemned such rash counsels as arms on both sides; and the miseries he saw his king and country involved in were certainly the occasion of his death: and though Sir T. Hutchinson sat longer in the house than many honest men, it was only in hopes by his moderate counsels to effect a happy peace between his king and country. All this I have heard attested by his lady and relict, my grandmother. Teste J. Hutchinson." This is that testimony of Lady Katharine Hutchinson which was spoken of in the preface, and which, in attempting to impeach the veracity of the author in a single point, contributes largely to corroborate it in all. In the very instance before us there seems much more reason for the opinion of Mrs. Hutchinson than of Lady Katharine: Sir Thomas Hutchinson had before been imprisoned for his opposition to the court; was in this parliament on all committees for the reform of religion; sat with the parliament after the war was deeply engaged; sent his sons arms, and promoted their desires to the parliament: it is incredible that he should have any great objection to the part they took, other than the general one of regretting that arms were taken on either side. The most probable thing is, that this lady, being of the same party and opinion as her brother and family, and jealous of Sir Thomas Hutchinson's children by his former wife, influenced him to their disadvantage in the making of his will, and set up these reasons to countenance it after his death. The other estates of Sir Thomas Hutchinson in Notts were fully equal, if not superior, in value to that of Owthorpe. This being the only instance wherein the truth of the narrative is called in question, and this cer-

Ayscough, a gentleman of the country, allied to Sir Richard, since Lord Biron, then governor of Newark, came to the governor of Nottingham, and told him that Sir Richard Biron, out of that tender natural affection which he ever had for him, and still preserved, desired him now to consider his wife and children, and the loss of his whole estate, which was so inevitable, if he persisted in the engagement he was in; that some had already been suing to the Earl of Newcastle for it; but if he would return to his obedience to the king, he might not only preserve his estate, but have what reward he pleased to propound for so doing: to which, the governor telling him this was a thing he ought to scorn, Mr. Ayscough told him that Sir Richard had, only out of love and tender compassion to him, given him this employment, with many protestations how much Sir Richard desired to employ all his interest to save him, if it were possible, and therefore begged of him that if he would still persist in this party, that he would yet quit himself of this garrison, and go into my Lord of Essex's army; for there, he said, Sir Richard would find pretence to save his rents for him for the present, and his estate for the future; for, said he, he can plead, "you were an inconsiderate young man, rashly engaged, and dares assure himself to beg your pardon; but to keep a castle against your king is a rebellion of so high a nature, that there will be no colour left to ask favour for you." The governor told him he should deliver the same propositions, and receive his answer, before some witnesses; whereupon he carried the gentlemen to two of the committee, before whom he repeated his message, and the governor bade him return Sir Richard answer, "That except he found his own heart prone to such treachery, he might consider there was, if nothing else, so much of a Biron's blood in him, that he should very much scorn to betray or quit a trust he had undertaken; but the grounds he went on were such, that he very much despised such a thought as to sell his faith for base rewards or fears, and therefore could not consider the loss of his estate, which his wife was as willing to part with as himself, in this cause, wherein he was resolved to persist, in the same place in which it had pleased God to call him* to the defence of it."

About this time a woman was taken, whereof the committee had before been informed that she carried intelligence between Col. Pierrepont and his mother, the Countess of Kingston. The woman was now going through Nottingham, with letters from the old countess to her daughter-in-law, the colonel's wife, who was then at Clifton; Sir Gervas Clifton's house. In this packet there was a letter drawn, which the countess advised her daughter to sign, to be sent to Col. Stanton, one of the king's colonels, to entreat back from him some goods of her husband's which he had plundered; wherein there were these expressions: "That though her husband was unfortunately engaged in the unhappy rebellion, she hoped ere long he would approve himself a loyal subject to his Majesty." The committee having read these letters, sealed them up again, and enclosed them in another to the colonel, then at Derby, telling him, that having intercepted such letters, and not knowing whether his wife might follow her mother's advice, which, if he should, would prove very dishonourable to him, they had chosen rather to send the letters to him, than to her. The colonel was vexed that they had opened them, but for the present took no notice of it. All the horse having been drawn out of Nottingham to the relief of Gainsborough, and the Newarkers, knowing that the garrison was utterly destitute, plundered all the country, even to the walls of Nottingham; upon which some godly men offered themselves to bring in their horses, and form a troop for the defence of the country, and one Mr. Palmer, a minister, had a commission to be their captain. This man had a bold, ready, earnest way of preaching, and lived holily and regularly, as to outward conversation, whereby he got a great reputation among the godly, and this reputation swelled his spirit, which was very vain-glorious, covetous, contentious, and ambitious: he had insinuated himself so as to make these godly men desire him for their captain, which he had more vehement longing after than they, yet would have it believed that it was rather pressed upon him, than he pressed into it; and, therefore, being at that time in the castle with his family, and feeding at the governor's table, who gave him room in his own lodgings, and all imaginable respect, he came to the governor and his wife, telling them that these honest people pressed him very much to be their captain, and desiring their friendly and christian advice, whether he should accept or refuse it. They freely told him that, having entered into a charge of another kind, they thought it not fit to engage in this, and that he might as much advance the public service and satisfy the men in marching with them in the nature of a chaplain, as in that of a captain. He, that asked not counsel to take any contrary to his first resolve, went away confused when he found he was not advised as he would have been, and said he would endeavour to persuade them to be content; and after said they would not be otherwise satisfied, and so he was forced to accept the commission. The governor having only declared his own judgment when he was asked, as a christian ought to do according to his conscience, left the captain to act according to his own, and censured him not, but entertained him with the same freedom and kindness he had done before; but the man being guilty* of the avarice and ambition of his own heart, never after that looked upon the governor with a clear eye, but sought to blow up all factions against him, whenever he found opportunity, and in the meantime dissembled it as well as he could. And now before his troop was well raised, Col. Thornhagh being recovered, brought back his troop from Lincoln, and both the troops quartered in the town; which being a bait to invite the enemy, the governor gave charge to all that belonged to the cas-

---

tainly invidiously, if not unjustly, we may safely say we have the testimony of an adversary in our favour to all the rest.

* Notice is taken by Whitelock of several attempts to prevail on Col. Hutchinson to betray his trust, and of his steady adherence to it: there will be seen other instances more remarkable than this, but here are two things extremely well worth notice; this elegant and forcible apostrophe to Sir Richard Byron; and the patriotic and disinterested devotion of Mrs. Hutchinson to the cause, at least a rare example in her sex.

* Guilty; Latin, *sibi conscius*, conscious of.

tle, being about three hundred men, that they should not, upon any pretence whatever, be out of their quarters; but they having, many of them, wives and better accommodations in the town, by stealth disobeyed his commands, and seldom left any more in the castle than what were upon the guard.

The townsmen were every night set upon the guard of the town, according to the wards of the aldermen; but the most of them being disaffected, the governor, fearing treachery, had determined to quarter the horse in those lanes which were next to the castle, and to block up the lanes for the better securing them. Just the night before these lanes should have been blocked up, Alderman Toplady, a great malignant, having the watch, the enemy was by treachery let into the town, and no alarum given to the castle; though there were two muskets at the gate where they entered, both of them were surrendered without one shot to give notice, and all the horse, and about two parts of the castle soldiers, betrayed, surprised, and seized on in their beds, but there were not above fourscore of the castle foot taken; the rest hid themselves, and privately stole away, some into the country, some by night came up to the castle and got in, in disguises, by the river side; but the cavaliers were possessed of the town, and no notice at all given to the castle. When, at the beating of reveille, some of the soldiers that had been on the watch all night, were going down into the town to refresh themselves; they were no sooner out of the castle-gates, but some of the enemy's musketeers discharged upon them, and they hasting back, got in with such care that the enemy was prevented of their design of falling in with them. They brought a strong alarum into the castle, where the governor coming forth, was exceedingly vexed to find that his men were, so many of them, contrary to his command, wanting in their quarters; but it was no time to be angry, but to apply himself to do what was possible to preserve the place; wherefore he immediately despatched messengers, by a private sally-port, to Leicester and Derby, to desire their assistance, either to come and help beat the enemy out of the town, or to lend him some foot to help keep the castle, in which there was but fourscore men, and never a lieutenant nor any head officer but his brother, nor so much as a surgeon among them. As soon as the governor had despatched his messengers he went up to the towers, and from thence played his ordnance into the town, which seldom failed of execution upon the enemy; but there was an old church, called St. Nicholas Church, whose steeple so commanded the platform that the men could not play the ordnance without woolpacks before them. From this church the bullets played so thick into the outward castle yard, that they could not pass from one gate to the other, nor relieve the guards, but with very great hazard, and one weak old man was shot the first day, who, for want of a surgeon, bled to death before they could carry him up to the governor's wife, who at that time supplied that want as well as she could; but at night the governor and his men dug a trench between the two gates, through which they afterwards better secured their passage. In the meantime the cavaliers that came from Newark, being about six hundred, fell to ransack and plunder all the honest men's houses in the town, and the cavaliers of the town, who had called them in, helped them in this work. Their prisoners they at first put into the sheep-pens in the market place*, where an honest townsman seeing four or five commanders go into his own house, procured a cunning boy that came by him, while the enemy regarded more their plunder than the prisoners, to run privately up to the castle and give them notice, who sent a cannon-bullet presently into the house. The cavaliers called in all the country as soon as they were in the town, and made a fort at the Trent bridges, and thither they carried down all their considerable plunder and prisoners. The next day after Sir Richard Biron had surprised the town, Mr. Hastings, since made Lord of Loughborough, then governor of Ashby de la Zouch, came with a body of about four hundred men, but being displeased that the plunder was begun before he came, he returned again and left the Newark gentlemen to themselves, who, as they made a fort at the bridges, threw down the half moons and bulwarks that had been raised about the town. They staid five days, but very unquietly, for the cannon and muskets from the castle failed not of execution daily upon many of them, and they durst not in all that time go to bed. The third day Major Cartwright sent a letter, desiring the governor or his brother to come and meet him in St. Nicholas Church, and promised them safe passage and return; but the governor read the letter to his soldiers, and commanded a red flag to be set upon the tower, to bid them defiance, and shot three pieces of cannon at the steeple, in answer to his desired parley.

Five days the enemy staid in the town, and all that time the governor and his soldiers, none of them, were off from the guard, but if they slept, which they never did in the night, it was by them that watched. At length on Saturday, September the twenty-third, in the afternoon, the governor saw a great many goods and persons going over the Line bridge, and not knowing what it meant, sent some cannon-bullets after them; when on the other side of the town he discerned a body of men, whom he knew not at first, whether friends or foes, but having at that time about eight score men in the castle, for in that five days' space fourscore were come in by stealth, he caused them all to be drawn out in the castle-yard, and perceiving that those he last saw were friends, he sent out his brother, Major Hutchinson, with all the musketeers that could be spared, to help drive the enemy out of the town. They having effected what they came for, in fortifying the bridges, had nothing more to do but to get safe off, which they endeavoured with more haste and disorder than became good and stout soldiers. When Major Hutchinson came into the town with his men, they, greedy of knowing what was become of their wives and houses, dropped so fast from behind him to make the inquiry, that they had left him only at the head of sixteen men, when Sir Richard Biron, with Captain Hacker, followed by a whole troop of horse and a foot company, came upon him. The major commanded his men to charge them, which they did, but shot over; yet falling in with them pell-mell, they had gotten Sir Richard Biron down, and they had his hat, but he escaped, though his horse was so wounded that it fell dead in the next street.

---

* It appears by Deering's account of Nottingham that these once occupied a considerable portion of the market-place.

These men that came to the governor's relief were Captain White with his troop, who quartered at Leicester, in his return from Lincolnshire, from whence he was coming back to Nottingham; and at Leicester met the messenger the governor had sent for assistance, which he prosecuted so, that from the two garrisons of Leicester and Derby, with his own troop, he brought about four hundred men. As soon as they were come into the town Sir John Gell's men, seeing the cavaliers had a mind to be gone, interrupted them not, but being as dexterous at plunder as fight, they presently went to Toplady's house, who had betrayed the town, and plundered it and some others, while the governor's soldiers were busy in clearing the town of the enemy. When they had done this, the governor did what he could to restrain the plunder; but the truth is, Gell's men were nimble youths at that work, yet there was not very much mischief done by them. Toplady's house fared the worst, but his neighbours saved much of his goods; he himself, with several other townsmen and countrymen, who had been very active against the well-affected, at this time were brought up prisoners to the castle. There were not above five-and-twenty of the Newark soldiers taken; how many were slain at their going off and during the time of their stay we could not certainly tell, because they had means of carrying them off by the bridge, where they left Captain Hacker governor* of their new fort with fourscore men. Their prisoners and plunder they sent away in boats to Newark; many of the townsmen went with them, carrying away not only their own, but their neighbours' goods, and much more had been carried away, but that the unexpected sally of the castle prevented them. Dr. Plumptre, one of the committee of Nottingham, whom they found prisoner at the marshal's house in the town, and released, went out of town with them. This man, when he had provoked the governor to strike him, upon his malicious and uncivil railings against him for the respect he showed to the godly men of the town, had retired to the house of a malignant gentleman in arms against the parliament; had received a protection from the governor of Newark, and had divers meetings with the Newark officers; yet after all this had the impudence to come into the town of Nottingham: and in all the taverns and ale-houses he came into, to belch out abominable scoffs and taunts against the governor and the committee men, before Col. Thornhagh's face, who commanded him out of the room for it; and upon information of these things to the governor and the committee, he was sent for by some musketeers, and the enemy's protection for himself and his goods found about him, for which he was committed prisoner, but there being no good accommodation for him in the castle, the governor, in more civility than he deserved, suffered him to be in the town, whence he went with them, and after retired to Derby. At the same time, the cavaliers having taken some prisoners upon the parliament's score who lived quietly in the country, the committee had fetched in some gentlemen's sons of their party, who were left at their fathers' houses, whereof one was remaining at the marshal's house when the cavaliers came into the town, whom the governor suffered to be there upon his parole, there being no good accommodation for him in the castle. Him the cavaliers would have had to have gone away with them, but he would not; which handsome behaviour so took the governor, that he freely gave him his liberty without exchange.

As soon as the enemy was driven out of the town, the governor brought down two pieces of ordnance to the market-place, and entreated the soldiers that were come from Leicester and Derby to march with him immediately, to assault them in their fort at the bridges, before they had time to put themselves in order, and re-collect their confused souls, after their chase; but the major of Derby, an old dull-headed Dutchman, said ten thousand men could not do it, and would by no means be entreated to go on, nor to stay one day longer, but to stand by while the governor made the attempt with his own men. He, when he saw he could not prevail, thought it not convenient, at that time, to urge his men beyond their power, after they had had a week of such sore labour, and so much discontented that he could not effect his desire, he drew back his ordnance into the castle. Here his women, while the men were all otherwise employed, had provided him as large a supper as the time and present condition would permit, at which he entertained all the strangers, and his own officers and gentlemen.

There was a large room, which was the chapel, in the castle: this they had filled full of prisoners, besides a very bad prison, which was no better than a dungeon, called the Lion's Den; and the new Captain Palmer, and another minister, having nothing else to do, walked up and down the castle yard, insulting and beating the poor prisoners as they were brought up. In the encounter, one of the Derby captains was slain, and five of our men hurt, who for want of another surgeon, were brought to the governor's wife, and she having some excellent balsams and plasters in her closet, with the assistance of a gentleman that had some skill, dressed all their wounds, whereof some were dangerous, being all shots, with such good success, that they were all well cured in convenient time†. After our hurt men were dressed, as she stood at her chamber door, seeing three of the prisoners sorely cut, and carried down bleeding into the Lion's Den, she desired the marshal to bring them in to her, and bound up and dressed their wounds also: which while she was doing, Captain

---

* The brother of Colonel Hacker, who was tried, condemned, and executed, for attending the execution of Charles the First. This brother, who served the king during the whole war with great zeal, could not obtain the pardon of Col. Hacker, nor prevent the confiscation of his family estate, which was granted to the Duke of York, the king's brother, from whom he was obliged to ransom it at a high rate: it lay at Colston Basset, joining to Owthorpe.

† The reader will remember that the mother of Mrs. Hutchinson had patronised and assisted Sir Walter Raleigh, when prisoner in the Tower, in his chymical experiments, and had acquired a little knowledge of medicine; whether her daughter had obtained instructions from her mother, or the mother herself was here (for she passed the latter part of her life with her daughter, and died in her house at Owthorpe), is uncertain.—Mrs. Hutchinson was certainly an extraordinary woman, and this is not one of the least singular, nor least amiable, instances of it.

Palmer came in and told her his soul abhorred to see this favour to the enemies of God; she replied, she had done nothing but what she thought was her duty in humanity to them, as fellow-creatures, not as enemies: but he was very ill satisfied with her, and with the governor presently after, when he came into a large room where a very great supper was prepared, and more room and meat than guests, to fill up which, the governor had sent for one Mr. Mason, one of the prisoners, a man of good fashion, who had married a relation of his, and was brought up more in fury, than for any proof of guilt in him, and I know not whether two or three others the governor had called to meat with them; for which Captain Palmer bellowed loudly against him, as a favourer of malignants and cavaliers. Who could have thought this godly, zealous man, who could scarce eat his supper for grief to see the enemies of God thus favoured, should have after entered into a conspiracy against the governor, with those very same persons, who now so much provoked his zeal? But the governor took no notice of it, though he set the very soldiers a muttering against him and his wife, for these poor humanities.

The next day, the neighbour forces returned home. Col. Thornhagh having lost the most of his troop, went to London to get another; Captain White staid at Nottingham with his, where intelligence being given that the cavaliers intended to possess themselves of Broxtow and Woollerton, two gentlemen's houses within two miles a-piece of Nottingham, Captain Palmer was sent with the remainder of his men to keep Broxtow house, and the governor's captain-lieutenant with his company to Woollerton. The governor, at Nottingham, broke up the Line bridge to prevent the cavaliers coming suddenly that way into the town; then he blocked up the lanes next the castle, and cut up all the hedges, that were dangerous to make approaches to the castle, and having the experience of the mischief of it, pulled down St. Nicholas Church by the advice of the committee.*

Presently after the cavaliers were gone out of the town, some naughty people, set on by them, fired the town, but it was quenched without burning above two or three houses; yet for a fortnight together it was perpetually attempted, fire being laid to hay-barns and other combustible places, insomuch that the women were forced to walk by fifty in a night to prevent the burning, which the committee perceiving to be attempted by the instigation of the Newark gentlemen, they wrote them word, that if they forbade not their instruments, if so much as one house were fired, they would fire all the cavaliers' houses near them. The gentlemen returned them a scornful letter, full of taunts and disdain, but after that no more houses were attempted with fire.

The Derby soldiers, when they returned home, being asked why they left the cavaliers at the bridges unassaulted, made answer, they would have beaten them out, but the governor would not lend them a piece of ordnance out of his castle; which false report, when the governor heard, piqued him heartily, being so notorious a lie; for he drew down two pieces of ordnance, and could not entreat them but to stand by, while he attempted it with his own men; but their Major Molanus, being an old soldier, discouraged our soldiers, and told them, it was a vain and impossible attempt. For this cause, the governor resolved he would set upon it alone, whenever it was seasonable; and watching an opportunity, he soon took it, at a time when intelligence was brought him, that all the forces Newark could send forth, were gone upon a design into Lincolnshire. Then, on the Lord's day, under colour of hearing a sermon at the great church in the town, he went thither, and, after sermon, from the steeple, took a view of the fort at the bridges, no one perceiving his design but his engineer, who was with him, and took a full survey of Hacker's works. Then, after supper, he called the committee together, and communicated his intentions to them, which they approved of. So all that night he spent in preparations against the next morning; he sent away orders to the horse and foot that lay at Broxtow to come to him in the morning by eight of the clock, with all the pioneers they could gather up in the country; he sent into the town, and caused all the pioneers there to be brought up, under pretence of making a breastwork before the castle gates, and pretending to set them upon the platforms, caused all the cannon baskets to be filled, which he intended for rolling trenches. All things, betimes in the morning, being gotten into perfect readiness, and so discreetly ordered, that the enemy had no notice from any of their friends in town, nor knew anything of the design till it was ready, the governor, about eleven of the clock on Monday morning, marched out, although the weather at that time, being very tempestuous and rainy, seemed to have combined with his enemies and withstood the attempt; but the soldiers were rather animated than discouraged, thinking that difficulties, after they were vanquished, would increase their glory. So when the ugly storm had, three or four hours, wasted itself in its fury on them, it fell at their feet, and no more envious clouds obscured the cheerful face of heaven, so long as they continued in the field. The governor's own company marched through the meadows and gave the alarm to the enemy's foot, while Mr. George Hutchinson's company went through the lanes to gain a nook which was very advantageous for the approaches of our men, and which they easily possessed themselves of, and then advancing, planted their colours within musket-shot of the fort. Although they planted so many colours, the governor had but eight-score foot, and a hundred horse, in all that went with him out of the castle, but he set the pioneers fairly among them to make the better show.

---

* It is said, in Deering's History of Nottingham, that this church was pulled down by Col. Hutchinson, and the bells carried to Owthorpe; which last was at that time impossible, the enemy being in possession of the Vale of Belvoir and the ways to it. And moreover, the church at Owthorpe was, as Deering in another place observes, too small to contain them. In Throsby's edition of Thoroton, he remarks that neither Deering nor Thoroton were properly acquainted with the circumstances of that affair; and mentions, that in digging near the foundation of the present tower (for the church has been rebuilt), a bell was found, evidently broken to pieces at the demolition of the church; probably by the cannon-shot which was sent in answer to Major Cartwright's message. The situation of this church was both very near to the castle, and on a parallel height.

When the colours were thus planted, the pioneers were set to work to cast up a breast-work, and being left in a safe posture with the inferior officers, the governor and his brother went up to the castle to order the drawing down of the ordnance: meanwhile the cavaliers sallied out of their fort to gain the colours, at whose approach all the pioneers ran away from their works, but the soldiers kept their ground and their colours, and beat back the enemy into their own fort, killing some of them, whereof two were left dead before our men, whom they thought it not safe to carry off. Our horse meeting the flying pioneers, brought them back again to their works, which they continued all that day, and the cavaliers attempted no more sallies. At evening the ordnance were brought down and planted within musket-shot of the fort, and then the governor despatched a messenger to Derby to tell Sir John Gell, if he pleased to send any of his men, they might come and see the fort taken. Accordingly on Tuesday the Dutch major came, with about six-score foot and dragoons. Hard by the fort, at the bridges, at that side our men approached, there were two houses full of coals, into which, if the cavaliers had put any men, they might have done much mischief to the assailants; wherefore the governor sent two or three soldiers, who very boldly went almost under their works and fired them both, by the light of which, burning all night, the governor's men wrought all that night in their trenches, and cut a trench in the meadows, some of them calling to the cavaliers in the fort, and keeping them in abusive replies, one upon another, while the pioneers carried on their works; the governor and his brother, and all the other officers continuing all night in the trenches with them, they behaved themselves so cheerfully, that the governor gave them the next morning twenty pounds, and they had very good drink and provisions brought them out of the garrison, which much encouraged them, but the governor's presence and alacrity among them much more. When the Derby men came on Tuesday, the Dutch major came down to the trenches, and told the governor that he wondered he would attempt the fort, for it was impregnable, and therefore much dissuaded him from going on, and said he and his men would return. The governor told him he and the soldiers with him were resolved to leave their lives rather than their attempt, and if they failed for want of seconding by that force which was sent with him to their assistance, let the blame lie on him. When the Derby officers saw him so resolute to persist, they, after much dissuasion and dispute, determined to stay, and the officers went up with the governor to supper in the castle; the soldiers to quarters provided for them in the town: but after supper, the governor went down again, and stayed all night in the trenches with his men, and left them not as long as they stayed there, but only to fetch down what was necessary for them. He, his brother, and all the officers, were every night with them, and made them continue their custom of railing at each other in the dark, while they carried on their approaches. There was in the Trent a little piece of ground, which, by damming up the water, the cavaliers had made an island; while some of the soldiers held them in talk, others on Wednesday night cut the sluice, and by break of day on Thursday morning had pitched two colours in the island, within carbine-shot of the fort, and the governor's company had as much advanced their approach on the other side. When they in the fort saw, in the morning, how the assailants had advanced, while they were kept secure in talk all the night, they were extremely mad, and swore like devils, which made the governor and his men great sport: and then it was believed they in the fort began to think of flight; which the besiegers not expecting, still continued their approaches, and that day got forty yards nearer in the island and on the other side. Although Sir John Gell's men came but on Tuesday, on Thursday the second messenger came from him to call them back. The governor entreated them to stay that night and keep the trenches, while his men refreshed themselves, which they did; but his men would not go out of their trenches, but slept there to fit themselves for the assault which the governor had resolved in the morning, and for that purpose, after he had left them with all things provided in their trenches, he went to the castle to see the fire-balls and other necessaries for the assault brought down, and at three in the morning came with them, when the soldiers told him the cavaliers in the fort had for two hours left off shooting. He sent some soldiers then to the work-sides to discover what this meant; but they, perceiving the place empty, went in and found that all the garrison was stolen away, and had left behind them four-score sheep, a hundred loads of coals, twenty quarters of oats, much hay, a great deal of plundered lead, and a fort so strong, that if they had had such courage as became men of their profession, they would never have quitted it. They left all their works standing, and only broke up two arches of the Trent bridges to hinder the governor's men from following them. Their flight was by that means secured, the river being so out that the horse could not ford over. Mr. George Hutchinson and his company were appointed to possess and keep the fort at the bridges, which he did; and the next week the garrison kept a day of solemn thanksgiving to God for this success and the mercy in it, whereby all their men were preserved, notwithstanding their very bold adventures, so that not one of them was slain, and but four of them wounded, whereof three were so slightly hurt, that they returned again next day into the field. To increase their thanks to God, news was brought them that, the same week, the forces that went out from Newark joined with Henderson's had received a great overthrow by Cromwell, and my lord Newcastle had been forced to raise his siege of Hull with great loss and dishonour. Some time after the bridge was recovered, the horse went forth and brought in some oxen of Mr. John Wood's, a justice of the county, disaffected to the parliament, but not in action against them. He, following his oxen, came to the governor, and, after he had despatched his business, told him how Mr. Sutton would have once employed him on a message, to offer the governor any terms he would ask the king, to come over to his side and deliver up the castle to his use. Mr. Wood told him, such a message might not obtain credit, unless he had some propositions in writing; whereupon he called for pen and ink, and wrote that he should offer the governor, if he would resign his castle, not only to be received into favour, but to have what reward of honour, money, or command, himself would propound; which paper, when Mr. Wood had received, Sir Richard Biron came in, and Mr. Sutton told him the business; to which Sir Richard answered he believed it would not take effect, for he himself had made the like offers to him, and been rejected*: which Mr. Wood hearing, would not undertake the employment, but the governor made him declare the story to two of the gentlemen of the committee.

The governor not growing secure by successes, was but stirred up to more active preparations for the defence of the place he had undertaken; and having a very ingenious person, Mr. Hooper, who was his engineer, and one that understood all kind of operations, in almost all things imaginable, they procured some saltpetre-men and other necessary labourers, and set up the making of powder and match in the castle, both which they made very good; they also cast mortar pieces in the town, and finished many other inventions for the defence of the place. The governor also caused a mount near the castle to be bulwarked, and made a platform for ordnance, and raised a new work before the castle gates to keep off approaches, and made a new in-work in the fort at the bridges.

Sir Thomas Fairfax, being overmastered in the north by the Earl of Newcastle's great army, after his father was retired into Hull, came with those horse that were left him into the Vale of Belvoir, and so visited Nottingham castle, where he and the commanders that were with him, considering of what advantage it was to the parliament to keep that place, by reason of the commodious situation of it, and the pass which might be there maintained between the north and south, and the happy retreat it might afford to their northern forces, he very much pressed the governor and the committee to raise all the force they could, offering arms and commissions for them: especially he pressed the governor to complete a regiment for himself, which at that time he would not accept, because Colonel Pierrepont had not yet declared what he would do with his regiment. The Colonel was then at Derby, whither some of his officers going to him to know what they should do, he dismissed them; yet coming to town, he gave out strange envious whispers, and behaved himself so disingenuously to the governor, that he had just cause to have no more regard for him, and being again importuned by Sir Thomas Fairfax, he received a commission· to raise a regiment of twelve hundred. He presently recruited his own companies, and began to raise more: Mr. George Hutchinson was his lieutenant-colonel, and one Mr. Widmerpoole his major; there was a company raised by one Captain Wright; there remained a broken piece of Col. Pierrepont's company, and Captain Poulton, who had been their captain-lieutenant, being dismissed by the colonel, had a new commission under the governor for a company; when those soldiers of Col. Pierrepont's not knowing what to do, it was determined at a council of war of strangers, whereof Sir William Fairfax was president, that they should list under Capt. Poulton. Sir William and Sir Thomas Fairfax, both of them, when the governor made scruple of passing by Col. Pierrepont, assured him that they had intelligence given them, in the north, of his intention to deliver Nottingham to the king.

About this time, Chadwick, the deputy recorder of Nottingham, and one of the committee, came to Nottingham, from whence he went away, when the soldiers were all drawn out, and all that were fearful went to other places to secure themselves. This fellow, being sent of a message to the Lord Fairfax, general of the north, had received letters of credence from the committee; but instead of prosecuting their business, which was to have procured some force from my lord, to help keep the place, when my Lord Newcastle was daily expected to come against it, he procured himself a commission for a regiment, and a joint commission for himself and Col. Pierrepont to be governors of the town and castle. The last he kept very private; the first he bragged of as a thing, which my lord, considering his great abilities, would needs enforce upon him. In execution of this, he raised seven men, which were his menial servants, went into Staffordshire, possessed a papist's fine house, and fired it to run away by the light, when the enemy was thirty miles off from it, and cheated the country of pay for I know not how many hundred men: for which, if he had not stolen away in the night, he had been stoned; and as his wife passed through the towns, she was in danger of her life, the women flinging scalding water after her. But before this, he came to Nottingham at the time the governor raised his regiment, and coming up to the castle, behaved himself somewhat insolently, and cast out mysterious words of his authority; the governor set on a person to find out his meaning, to whom he showed a commission he had privately obtained some four months before, for himself and Col. Pierrepont to be joint governors of the county, town, and castle; but neither now did he declare this to any of the committee, but only made some private brags in the town, that he would shortly come and take order for the safety of the place, and so went out of town again. The governor acquainted the committee with this, who seemed to have great indignation at it, and wrote immediately to Mr. Millington, burgess of the town of Nottingham, to have the government of the castle confirmed on Col. Hutchinson by authority of parliament. Mr. Salisbury, their secretary, had also put in the government of the town, but Col. Hutchinson caused him to put it out; and the governor, being informed that Col. Pierrepont, at London, was labouring to obtain a regiment, and to be sent down as governor of the town, for the more speedy despatch sent his own chaplain with the committee's letters to London, and sent other letters of his own to Sir Thomas Fairfax, to acquaint him how Chadwick had abused my lord, his father, in the surreptitious procurement of this dormant commission, which, during all the time of danger, had lain asleep in his pocket, and now was mentioned as a thing whereby he might, when he would, take that place out of Col. Hutchinson's hands, which he had with so many labours and dangers preserved, by God's blessing, for the parliament's service; he therefore desired a commission for the castle only.

---

* This is the second instance of attempting Col. Hutchinson's fidelity, but the most remarkable one will be found in the sequel.

As soon as Mr. Allsop came to London, he was immediately despatched again to Nottingham, with an order of parliament, dated November 20, 1643, for Col. Hutchinson to be governor both of the town and castle of Nottingham, with an acknowledgement of the good service he had done, in preserving the place, and Mr. Millington said he should likewise have a commission from the Earl of Essex. At Leicester, Mr. Allsop met letters, directed to the governor, from Sir Thomas Fairfax, wherein was a commission enclosed from his father, then general of all the north, for the government of both the town and castle. These coming both together, although the general and the parliament had added the government of the town to that of the castle, as more honour to him, Colonel Hutchinson was for many reasons much troubled at it, among which these were some of his considerations.—First, it was almost all malignants, there being scarce a man left that was to be confided in, except those who were already listed into the castle. Secondly, they were not so much open professed enemies, as close, hypocritical, false-hearted people, amongst whom were some leading eminent men, so subtle in their malignity, that though their actions were most prejudicial to the public service, yet did they cast such cunning specious pretences over them of public good, that even the most upright men of the garrison were often seduced by their fair colours. Thirdly, the most religious and best people were so pragmatical, that no one act, nor scarcely word, could pass without being strictly arraigned and judged at the bar of every common soldier's discretion, and thereafter censured and exclaimed at. Fourthly, the townsmen being such as had lived free and plentifully of themselves, could not subject themselves to government, but were so saucy, so negligent, and so mutinous, that the most honourable person in the world could expect nothing but scandal, reproach, and ingratitude for the payment of his greatest merit; and this the worthy governor found sufficiently from them. Lastly, the few good men were so easily blown up into causeless suspicions and jealousies, and there were so many malignant whispers daily spread abroad of every one in office, that it was impossible for any man so worthily to demean himself, but that a jealous misconstruction of some inconsiderable trifle was enough to blast the esteem of all his actions, though never so pious and deserving; and of all things in the world, nothing was so contrary to the governor's clear and generous heart, as a base and causeless jealousy of him. But notwithstanding these and many other reasons, such as the unprofitable expense of his time, estate, and labours, where he should reap neither glory nor advantage to himself, he considered, that since he had rather declined than sought the enlargement of his power and command, and that the parliament and generals had, at such a distance, been moved to put it, unsought for, upon him, it was a work which God called him to, and that the Lord, who set him into the employment, would conquer all the difficulties. For the unjust thoughts or reports of men or their ungrateful returns, he was as much above the grief of that, as the vain-glory of mutable popular applause. It was in all things his endeavour to do and deserve well, and then he never regarded the praise or dispraise of men, for he knew that it was impossible to keep on a constant career of virtue and justice, and to please all. It sufficed him, for his inward peace, that he did not thrust himself into this and other employments for any popular, ambitious, or advantageous interest of his own, but that he was called of God, to the carrying on of the interest of truth, righteousness, and holiness, and to the defence of his country, wherein he was faithful, and found the Lord's protection and glorious presence, not only in all he did, but in all he suffered for him and from him.

As soon as the governor had received his commission, he thought it his duty to put it in execution, and to arm and fortify the town; but my Lord Newcastle coming with all his forces into Nottingham and Derbyshire, the governor, by the advice of the committee, forbore to publish his new commissions, least the enemy, perceiving an intent to enlarge the garrison, should utterly destroy the town, before they were able to defend it. At the reading of his commission in the committee chamber, Col. Thornhagh showed much discontent, and was melancholy after it; whereupon the governor told him, that as he had not sought that enlargement of command, so if any of them thought themselves abridged by it, or any other inconvenience to the public service, he would resign it, and never make use of his commission. The colonel answered, with much kindness, that he only wondered how the town came to be added, when they only wrote for the castle, but he was well satisfied with it, and forced himself to a seeming content, though the truth is he had some emulation, but not malice, to the governor; and being of a nature a little jealous and easy to be wrought upon, the wicked enemies of the cause endeavoured what they could to insinuate into him, and work disaffection and division between these two gentlemen, who were the most faithful, unbiassed, and zealous champions of the public interest in their country. But after Col. Thornhagh had been wrought up to declare discontent, there were many odd passages, by which others also of the committee, who durst not before reveal their envious hearts, showed themselves displeased; whereupon, when they were all together, the governor, who hated secret heart-boilings, spoke to them, and told them, that their carriages, since the commission came to him, did manifest their dissatisfaction in it, and if they would deal ingenuously with him and let him know it, as he had not sought the additional government of the town, so he would never undertake it, if they had any jealousies that, unknown to them, he procured it for himself, and closely sought after the enlargement of his own power by the abridgement of theirs; he assured them he was much mistaken, and that neither to Mr. Millington, nor Sir Thomas Fairfax, had he mentioned anything more than the government of the castle; for that of the town he rejoiced not in it, but looked upon it as a great burthen; yet since it was conferred as an honour upon him, he should not decline serving them therein that had thought him worthy of it, except it gave distaste to any of those present; which if it did, he would esteem it an obligation, if they would but declare it before he published his commission. They all unanimously replied, they were not only contented, but exceedingly well pleased in it. Then the governor told them, if they were real, as they professed, he should expect their ready and free concurrence with him in all affairs tending to the public service, and in those courses he should apply himself to, for the good of the garrison: and again earnestly desired them, if they had any dislikes, either of him personally, or of the alteration of the town out of the hands it had been in the last year, that they would now freely declare it; for as he should take it exceeding kindly of them, to do so at this time; so if, after he had undertaken the charge, there should be any thwarting or crossing of powers and commands between them, he should not bear it; for as he should not stand upon all punctual niceties in his command, so he would not be abridged of the just and lawful power due to him in his place. They all unanimously answered, it was very fit and just he should have it, and they would rather endeavour to uphold him in it, than any way to retrench it.

Now was my lord Newcastle's army come into Derbyshire, and having taken some places there, nothing was expected at Derby and Nottingham but a siege; whereupon Capt. Palmer's troop was called away from Broxtow, and all the rest of the horse was sent away into Leicestershire, except a few left for scouts, and as soon as they were gone my Lord Newcastle's forces came and quartered almost at the town side, and in all the near towns, and Hastings took this opportunity to make a garrison at Wilden ferry.* By the mercy of God the enemy was restrained from coming up to the town, though it lay so open that they might have come in at their pleasure, and they not only miserably wasted and plundered the country all about, but one of them told a malignant, where he quartered, that that was their design in coming to those parts, to devour the country. The regiments that were quartered the nearest to Nottingham were Sir Marmaduke Langdale's and Col. Dacre's, who had been a familiar acquaintance of Lieutenant-colonel Hutchinson's when he was in the north, and they loved each other as well as if they had been brothers. Col. Dacre sent a trumpet to desire Lieutenant-colonel Hutchinson to send him a safe convoy, that he might come and see him, which he acquainted the committee withal, and would have refused, but that the committee, thinking some good use might be made o it, persuaded him to suffer him to come; accordingly he sent him a ticket under his hand, promising him to come and go safely; so upon Thursday morning he came, with about eight more, to the top of the hill at Nottingham, and from thence sent his trumpet to the governor, as not willing to trust himself without his leave, to know whether he would permit him and his two servants to come into his garrison to visit the lieutenant-colonel. The governor sent him a ticket for them to come in, and though usually they kept no sentinels in the town, yet he sent down some officers and soldiers to show him a guard at his entrance. When the lieutenant-colonel came to him, he made many endearing expressions to him, how much he rejoiced when his regiment was designed for that place where he was, and how kind an affection he retained for him, notwithstanding their contrary engagements. Falling into further discourse of this, he said that if he could but be convinced that the king first entertained papists into his army, and that the parliament had none in theirs, he would never fight more on his side. The lieutenant-colonel told him, he should easily be able to do that. "Well," said Dacre, "you and I must have some discourse in private†, and I shall be glad if you can satisfy me in that." Then the colonel desired some drink might be sent out to two or three gentlemen, that staid for him upon the top of the hill; which the lieutenant-colonel hearing, sent some of his own officers and soldiers on horseback, to fetch them down, who coming in all together with them, the town rose in an uproar and came to the governor with a high complaint, that I know not how many cavaliers were come into the town, and rode up and down, armed, threatening the people to their great terror. This the governor thinking to be true, was vexed at it, and sent down an angry letter to his brother, requiring him to send up the men that came last into the town. Col. Dacre hearing this, desired the lieutenant-colonel that the gentlemen might pass as they came, and offered to go up himself and answer for the offence they had given. But the lieutenant-colonel presently carried them all out of town, and came himself up to the castle, taking it something unkindly that his brother should write such a letter to him, and worse that others should have suspicions of him; so that though he had made a promise to dine the Saturday following at Dacre's quarters, yet, to take away all offence and suspicions, he resolved he would have no more meetings with him, and to that end writ him a very civil letter to excuse him not coming; and the governor writ another to excuse the mistake, whereupon the gentlemen were sent for to the castle. Dacre returned complimental answers to them both, and writ another to Capt. Poulton, entreating very earnestly the lieutenant-colonel and Capt. Poulton to come and dine with him on Wednesday, and desiring the governor he might have the honour to see him. These letters being communicated to the committee, they would fain have had the lieutenant-colonel to have gone, but he held firm to his resolution and would not; so with their privity Capt.

---

* Wilden Ferry was said before to be in the possession of the king's forces, but whether that was an anachronism, or that the thing now meant was an increase of the fortifications, and the placing a large number of men there, it is clear that the garrison of this place did after this period become a greater annoyance to the parliament, and Lord Grey of Groby, who commanded in chief the associated forces of Leicester, Nottingham, &c., attacked and took it, assisted, as Whitelock says, p. 96, by Sir John Gell, who contrived to get the thanks of the parliament for his services herein, and for taking Winkfield manor and Shelford manor; although, some time after, we find him besieging Winkfield manor, in conjunction with Lord Denbigh, and Shelford manor was not taken till more than two years after by Col. Hutchinson, acting under the command of Poyntz.

† Though this may appear somewhat improbable in a time when religious opinions have so little effect upon political ones, it was otherwise considered at that time; for nearly at this same juncture it is to be seen, in Whitelock, page 81, that Sir E. Deering did on this very account of there being so many papists and Irish rebels entertained in the king's army, quit him and come into the parliament, who admitted him to composition, being the first.

Poulton only went to excuse it, and two of White's officers were sent along with him, with charge, if they could, to find out how the enemy lay. When Capt. Poulton came, the colonel entertained him very kindly, and expressed a great deal of trouble that the lieutenant-colonel was not come, and took him aside and told him that the governor of Nottingham and his brother had now an opportunity whereby they might much advantage themselves, and do the king excellent service. Capt. Poulton asking him how, he said, if the governor would deliver up the castle, he should be received into favour, have the castle confirmed to him and his heirs, have ten thousand pounds in money, and be made the best lord in the country. If the lieutenant-colonel would deliver up the bridges, he should have three thousand pounds and what command he would ask in the army; and offered Capt. Poulton two thousand pounds to effect this. The captain told him, for his own part nothing should buy him to such a villany, and he believed the same of the governor and his brother, and made no question but they had before been attempted. The colonel told him he did not this without authority, and thereupon pulled a paper out of his pocket, wherein were words to this effect: "These are to authorise Col. Dacre to treat with Col. Hutchinson and Lieutenant-colonel Hutchinson for the delivery of Nottingham-castle and the bridges, and to make them large promises, which shall be performed by *W. Newcastle.*" Having showed him this warrant, the colonel was very importunate with the captain to acquaint the governor and his brother, and return their answer to him upon the Friday after, when he offered to meet him, if they would, at a place called St. Ann's Well. Capt. Poulton told the governor and his brother, and they the committee, and showed them very disdainful refusals they all had written to the colonel, and sent him by a drum, who was not long gone out of the garrison but another came from Col. Dacre with a letter to Capt. Poulton, excusing himself that he could not stay in his quarters for him, according to appointment, but assuring him that what he had promised should be really performed. The governor's drum, in the absence of Col. Dacre, delivered the three letters to Langdale, who writ them back a good civil letter, that he believed my Lord Newcastle and Dacre, out of familiarity and acquaintance with them, might have made these offers in kindness to them, but for his part he should otherwise pursue the king's service*.

After this, the weather being pretty fair, and the moon shining at that time, the governor sent out a foot company to beat up their quarters, and gave them a fierce alarum throughout, and took twelve horses out of one of their stables, which they sent home. In their return, meeting a great body of horse, they all at once discharged upon them, and killed some eight of them, as we were told in the morning. After this charge the horse immediately retreated and would not stand another, and the next day removed their quarters further from the garrison. Then the governor and committee sent for the Nottingham horse back from Leicester, and appointed them to bring five hundred muskets which were come to Leicester for the governor. They came, but left the arms behind them. Besides this the colonel and all his regiment fell into disputes, that the governors of the parliament garrisons had no command of the horse that were quartered in their towns; and hereupon the governor was often prevented of many opportunities advantageous to the public service, and much discouraged to find such obstructions from the envious pride and humour of those who should have been his assistants; but he bore with it as long as only himself suffered by it, and was willing for quietness' sake to pass by many injuries offered himself, till the public service came to be infinitely prejudiced by it. In the meantime he went on, as well as he could, through all difficulties, in the faithful and active discharge of his trust. He called a committee and council of war, where it was put to the question and voted that the town should be fortified: then he applied himself to the thing, and called a full Hall of all the town, who declared sufficiently their disaffection to the parliament, but in such a subtle way as would have entrapped a less prudent person: but the governor overlooked many things that he saw, and made use of all the advantages they gave him, and did not manifest his resentments of anything which they could cloak under a specious pretence, how disadvantageously soever it were designed against the parliament interest. The whole town unanimously voted that the place should be fortified, except Alderman Drury, and two or three that followed him: then the governor gave them encouraging promises of his protection and care over them, and endeavours to preserve them with his regiment, if they would assist in their own defence. The town being well satisfied, or at least seeming so, (for he treated them with that dexterity that they could not, for shame, openly oppose him, though he was not ignorant that the cavalier party cursed him in their hearts, as the only obstacle in their greater desire of having declared themselves on the other side,) with general outward cheerfulness, in Christmas week, the works were begun. About this time Sir Thomas Fairfax being to march into Staffordshire, sent for some arms he had left in Nottingham castle, and by the same convoy that went with them the governor got his five hundred muskets brought home from Leicester. Sir Thomas sent orders to the governor to send him all the horse in the garrison; but when the governor acquainted them with it, they would none of them obey him and go, though Sir Thomas sent twice very earnestly for them, but staid in Nottingham, where they would obey no order of the governor's, and by doing things that concerned the garrison without and against his orders, they made a sad confusion and thwarting of powers, which the governor bore with in respect to Col. Thornhagh, who did things not so much out of malice in himself, as out of a little emulation, which did not destroy his kindness to the governor, and by the subtle instigation of Captain White, who wrought upon his facility to do those things which his malice and factious ambition prompted him to wish, but he durst not himself attempt. Although the horse would not obey Sir Thomas Fairfax, it was not out of cowardice, for the men were very stout and cheerful in the service, but only had the general fault of all the parliament party, that they were not very obedient to commands, except they knew and approved their employment: they had no sooner refused Sir Thomas, but my Lord Grey sending for two troops, they went to him to Melton, which he had begun to fortify. The governor, notwithstanding these obstacles from secret enemies and refractory friends, carried on his business with good success, and had many events according to his endeavours. Among the rest his men encountering a party where Col. Frecheville and Sir Henry Humlack were in person, fought them, killed many of their men, and took Frecheville prisoner; but his captain-lieutenant Jammot came to his rescue and freed him, though himself was taken in his stead and brought to Nottingham. Here, after he had been sometime kept, he corrupted a soldier, who disguised and led him out, and went away with him. The man being a Frenchman, and a proper black man, some would needs report him to be Prince Rupert, and thereupon raised a great clamour at the governor.

---

* This proposal for betraying the castle, together with the refusal, is mentioned by Whitelock, p. 79. Mr. Noble, who is mentioned in the preface as having published the lives of one hundred and thirty-six regicides, makes this remark, "that Col. Hutchinson hereby lost a fine opportunity of aggrandising himself and his family, which doubtless they must regret." That very discerning gentleman is here informed that the Editor of this work, who is the only representative of Col. Hutchinson in these kingdoms, is much more proud of counting amongst his ancestors so firm and faithful a patriot than the most illustrious of traitors.

But before his escape, upon the fifteenth of January, intelligence was brought that all the forces in Newark were marched on a design upon Sleeford in Lincolnshire. The governor not trusting that pretence, commanded all the soldiers and townsmen to sit up that night and expect them; and the next morning, being Tuesday, two of his intelligencers came and brought him word very early that the design was against Nottingham. After them the horse scouts came in with the news of their approach, the enemy's scouts and they having fired upon each other. Hereupon a strong alarum was given throughout the garrison, and a foot company sent down from the castle to the works, and the horse were there set with them to dispute the enemy's entrance into the town; but the horse perceiving the enemy's body to be a great one, retreated to the castle, and the foot seeing them gone, and none of the townsmen come forth to their assistance, made also an orderly retreat back to the castle, in which there was not a man lost or wounded. The works being imperfect and quitted, were easily entered, though the cannon that played upon them from the castle took off wholly the second file of musketeers that entered the gates. The first was led up by Lieut. Col. Cartwright, who two days before had sent to the governor for a protection to come in and lay down arms. The enemy being entered, possessed themselves of St. Peter's Church and certain houses near the castle, from whence they shot into the castle yard and wounded one man and killed another, which was all the hurt that was done our men that day.

The governor was very angry with the horse for coming up so suddenly, and stirred them up to such a generous shame, that they dismounted, and all took muskets to serve as foot, with which they did so very good service, that they exceeding well regained their reputations. Having taken foot arms, the governor sent one of his own companies with part of them, and they beat the cavaliers out of the nearest lanes and houses, which they had possessed, and so made a safe way for the rest to sally out and retreat, as there should be occasion.

When this was done, which was about noon, the governor sent out all the rest of the horse and foot to beat them out of the town. Sir Charles Lucas, who was the chief commander of all the forces there, had prepared a letter to send up to the governor to demand of him the castle; or if he would not deliver it, that then he should send down the mayor and aldermen, threatening that, if they came not immediately, he would sack and burn the town. There were, at that time, above a thousand cavaliers in the town, and as many in a body without the town, to have beaten off Derby and Leicester forces, if they should have made any attempt to come in to the assistance of their friends in Nottingham. On the other side the Trent, were all the forces Mr. Hastings could bring out from his own garrison and Belvoir and Wiverton, to force the bridges. All the cavalier forces, that were about the town, were about three thousand. When Sir Charles Lucas had written his letter, he could find none that would undertake to carry it to the castle, whereupon they took the mayor's wife, and, with threats, compelled her to undertake it; but just as she went out of the house from them, she heard an outcry, that "the roundheads were sallying forth," whereupon she flung down their letter and ran away; and they ran as fast from four hundred soldiers, who came furiously upon them out of the castle, and surprised them, while they were secure the castle would not have made so bold an attempt. But the governor's men chased them from street to street, till they had cleared the town of them, who run away confusedly; the first that went out shot their pistols into the thatched houses to have fired them, but by the mercy of God neither that, nor other endeavours they showed to have fired the town, as they were commanded, took effect. Between thirty and forty of them were killed in the streets, fourscore were taken prisoners, and abundance of arms were gathered up, which the men flung away in haste, as they ran; but they put some fire into a hay barn and hay mows, and all other combustible things they could discern in their haste, but by God's mercy the town notwithstanding was preserved from burning. Their horse faced the town in a valley where their reserve stood, while their foot marched away, till towards evening, and then they all drew off. Many of them died in their return, and were found dead in the woods and in the towns they passed through. Many of them, discouraged with this service, ran away, and many of their horses were quite spoiled: for two miles they left a great track of blood, which froze as it fell upon the snow, for it was such bitter weather that the foot had waded almost to the middle in snow as they came, and were so numbed with cold when they came into the town, that they were fain to be rubbed to get life in them, and in that condition, were more eager of fires and warm meat than of plunder, which saved many men's goods, and their security that did not believe an enemy who had unhandsomely, to speak truth, suffered them to enter the town without any dispute, would have durst, at such great odds, to have set upon driving them out. Indeed no one can believe, but those that saw that day, what a strange ebb and flow of courage and cowardice there was in both parties that day. The cavaliers marched in with such terror to the garrison, and such gallantry, that they startled not when one of their leading files fell before them all at once, but marched boldly over the dead bodies of their friends, under their enemies' cannon, and carried such valiant dreadfulness about them, as made very courageous stout men recoil. Our horse, who ran away frighted at the sight of their foes, when they had breast-works before them, and the advantage of freshness to beat back assailants already vanquished with the sharpness of the cold and a killing march, within three or four hours, as men that thought nothing too great for them, returned fiercely upon the same men, after their refreshment, when they were entered into defensible houses. If it were a romance, one should say after the success, that the heroes did it out of excess of gallantry, that they might the better signalise their valour upon a foe who was not vanquished to their hands by the inclemency of the season : but we are relating wonders of Providence, and must record this as such a one as is not to be conceived, but by those who saw and shared in it ; it was indeed a great instruction, that the best and highest courages are but the beams of the Almighty ; and when he withholds his influence, the brave turn cowards, fear unnerves the most mighty, makes the most generous base, and great men to do those things they blush to think on ; when God again inspires, the fearful and the feeble see no dangers, believe no difficulties, and carry on attempts whose very thoughts would, at another time, shiver their joints like agues. The events of this day humbled the pride of many of our stout men, and made them after more carefully seek God, as well to inspire as prosper their valour ; and the governor's handsome reproaches of their faults, with showing them the way to repair, retrieved their straggling spirits, and animated them to very wonderful and commendable actions.

The governor would not let his men pursue the rear, but thought they might, in the night, have completed their day's work, if they had fallen into the enemy's quarters, which he gave orders to the horse to do ; but Colonel Thornhagh would not obey them, because they came from him, and so lost a great opportunity, and contented himself with praising God for the great deliverance of the day, wherein there was not one townsman that came in to the assistance of the soldiers.

The next day, the governor called the town together, represented to them the mercy of God and the malice of their enemies, who, without regard of any friends they had among them, came purposely to fire the town, which God alone preserved, who having showed them their danger, required they should be no longer slothful in their own defence, but to take arms to preserve their families and houses. He propounded to them, that if they would so do, they should choose their own captains. They, considering the just reasons and motives with which he urged them, at length resolved to join in their own defence, and chose four captains ; but the captains refusing, the soldiers that day went home unlisted, yet by the governor's dexterity in managing them, he at last brought four hundred, whereof more than half were high malignants, to list themselves under one Mr. Coates, a minister, an honest godly man.* and Mr. Mason,† an attorney, a great cavalier, but a reserved silent man, who, for an austere knit of his brow, and a grave severe countenance, had the reputation of a wise man, but was known to be disaffected to the parliament, though cunning enough not to do anything that might expose him to sequestration. Into these men's hands he put arms, and so ordered them, that at the last they grew fiercer in the service than those who were uprightly honest.

The next month the Lord Chaworth sent a letter to the governor, acquainting him that he was sick, and desired a protection to come and remain at his own house, in order to making his peace with the parliament, which protection the governor gave him.

The governor had acquainted the parliament with the late successes, whereupon they ordered a thousand pounds to be sent to the garrison out of the sequestrations of London, and the excise of the town to go to the payment of the garrison ; but through Mr. Millington's negligent prosecution, the thousand pounds never came.‡

The governor went on again successfully in his employment, and began to endear himself to all the town as well as the soldiery, which awakening White's sleeping envy, he cast new plots to disturb him ; and first made a motion to send to London for two hundred soldiers : to which the governor answered—If they were honest, there were men enough to keep the garrison ; if they were not, to call in other forces was but to bait their treachery with a greater prize ; and that to send for more force, while they had so slender maintenance for these, was to increase trouble without any benefit.

The same afternoon the committee sent the governor a warrant to be signed, which was before subscribed by four of them, White in the front. The warrant was to this effect :

"TO MR. HOOPER,

"*Engineer of the Garrison of Nottingham.*

"You are hereby required to make your present appearance to this committee, there to give an account what you have done about the works of the town, and how far you have proceeded in them ; how, and in what manner, and by what time you intend to finish them ; and what materials are needful for the finishing of them, there being imminent danger to the garrison."

As soon as the governor received the warrant he took the engineer with him, and went to the committee, to whom, said he, "Gentlemen, I received just now such a strange warrant from you, that I can impute it to nothing but a picked occasion of quarrel. If you desire to question anything in the fortifying of the town, I have not only brought the engineer, but am here myself to answer it: if there be money in his hands, let him give you an account of it; but concerning the fortifications, I conceive he is only to be accountable to me; therefore, why this warrant should be made I cannot tell, unless purposely to affront me; as for that imminent danger you pretend, it is utterly unknown to me, and if there be any, I ought to have been acquainted with it, and desire now to understand it." They answered, "Were they not in daily peril?" He replied, "That was certain, but at this time none more imminent than usually, that he knew of; and further desired them, if he had been negligent of those things, which conduced to the safety of the town, that they would article against him whatever they could accuse him of; if he had done nothing worthy of blame, he took it exceeding ill, to be thus thwarted and affronted in his just and lawful command." Upon replies and debate, White said, "If Hooper did not render them an account of his works, they would clap him by the heels." Whereupon the governor, addressing to him only, told him, "That from the first opening of his commission, he had manifested his discontent, and that he had taken notice of his secret endeavours to oppose, and was glad the humour was now so ripe as to vent itself; that for the time to come, since he saw his condescensions did but encourage them to wrest all things from him, and to question all his dues, he would now expect that full observance from them all, that was due from the officers of a garrison to the governor; that he expected the horse should receive orders from him, and that he would no longer put up with such affronts and neglects as he had that very day received; when calling for a muster of the horse to have been sent out upon a very advantageous design, a whole troop, unknown to him, was, by the committee, sent out for hay, whereby that opportunity was lost;" he told them further, "protections charging officers and soldiers to forbear plunder, ought to be given only by him upon their certificate, and not by them; and," said he, "gentlemen, I received that affront from you lately, which no governor in the world, but myself, would have put up with; when at a public council of war, among all the officers, enough to have caused a mutiny, it was propounded how far my command extended, and questioned whether I could command horse in the garrison. And all of you, at a council of war, ordered the booty taken should be at the disposal of the chief officer that went out; so that if a corporal went out, he must dispose of the booty, which in all garrisons is the governor's right to do."

---

* It appears from this that Mr. Palmer, mentioned before, and who will be mentioned more than once in the sequel, was not quite singular in taking up arms, notwithstanding his function. The famous preacher Hugh Peters, acted as an officer of horse. It was in those days common to quote the expression, that the saints should have the praises of God in their mouths, and a two-edged sword in their hands !

† The same whom, when put into confinement at the castle, the governor invited to his table.

‡ Mentioned by Whitelock as *given*.

While they were in this dispute, the lieutenant-colonel came in, and seconded his brother; and after some smart disputes on both sides, they parted for that night.

The next morning the committee sent for the governor, who coming to them, one of them drew a paper out of his pocket, and offered some propositions to the governor; which were, first, that the dispute between them might be silenced and kept private; next, that he would join with them in a letter to Mr. Millington, to desire him to get the question decided by the close committee,—What were the several powers of a governor, and a committee? and, lastly, that he would draw up what he conceived his power to be. To this the governor replied, that for silencing the thing, he was very willing to do it; for sending to the close committee, he very well understood his own power, and if they questioned it, they might send whither they pleased, to satisfy themselves; for setting down the particulars wherein he conceived his power to consist, when he did anything which they thought belonged not to him, let them call him to question where they pleased, and he should be ready to give an account of his actions, but he would not make himself so ridiculous, as to send for satisfaction in unquestionable things; yet to inform them, if any of them pleased, he would go along with them, either to my Lord of Essex, or my lord Fairfax, to have the power of a governor decided. They told him the generals understood not the power of a committee as the parliament, and therefore writ a letter to Mr. Millington with extraordinary commendations of the governor, yet desiring to know the extent of his power, and showed it to him. He told them, if they believed those things they writ of him, he wondered whence all this discontent should arise, for he appealed to them all, whether, ever since he undertook the government, he had usurped any command over them, or done so much as the least inconsiderable act without acquainting them, and receiving their approbation; and what should ail them he could not imagine, unless they were discontented at his being made governor; which, if they were, they might thank themselves, who put it upon him, when he received nothing but trouble, expense, and danger in it. They all acknowledged his appeal true, and said they had desired his establishment in the government of the castle, as the man they esteemed most worthy of it and most fit for it. He told them, if the addition of the town grieved them, that was to be transferred on the parliament, who without his seeking had added that to him. One of them replied, they had so worthy an opinion of him, that they wished the assessing of the country, too, might be only put into his power. He said he should have been obliged to them had this proceeded from anything but discontent, and that if without his own seeking he should be honoured with that trust, as he was with this, he should endeavour to discharge it faithfully; but he rather desired it might continue in the hands it was, and if he were negligent to fetch in those assessments which were given him, then let the blame lie on him; but for rating and assessing the towns, those who were acquainted with the country were fittest for it: and thus for the present it rested.

The design they prevented by sending out the troop unknown to him was the saving the town of Southwell from being made a garrison for the king; which the town being unwilling to, sent word to the governor, that if he would come and assist them, they would join with him to beat out some soldiers that had intent to fortify themselves there; but the horse, by reason of their employment, failing those two days, and extraordinary ill weather coming after, that opportunity was lost: this was about the middle of February. Capt. White continued still afterwards to prevent all designs, whose events might any way have conduced to the governor's honour, not weighing what hindrance it was to the public service, which was a great vexation to the governor; but his courage was above their malice, and his zeal to the service carried him vigorously on, in all things which he could accomplish by his own officers and soldiers, who were more obedient to him; and, although this was the exercise of his patience, yet was it also a spur to his diligence, and made his fidelity more illustrious, and kept him more in waiting upon God, and more strict in the watch over all his actions, because he knew how all his enemies watched for his fall.

Upon the 11th of February, Cornet Palmer, who had been prisoner at Newark, came home and told the governor that he had discovered in his prison a design intended about this time to surprise the bridge by Hacker's soldiers, who were to come in the habit of market people the next Saturday. This intelligence was seconded, whereupon the governor sent his officers to command all the bridge soldiers to keep in their quarters that day: he commanded also all the horse in the town to be ready to go out upon the first sound of the trumpet, and gave orders for all the drums in the garrison to beat betimes in the morning; the lieutenant-colonel set out a guard beyond the bridge, with charge strictly to examine all passengers. About eleven of the clock on Saturday, the 17th of February, they took twelve of them* upon the bridges, disguised like market men and women, with pistols, long knives, hatchets, daggers, and great pieces of iron about them; whereupon they sent and acquainted the governor, who being himself on horseback at the works, went immediately down to the bridge, and commanded all the horse to come away and pursue them, but the horse commanders, being always slow in obeying his commands, came not till the enemy's foot beyond the bridge, perceiving their fellows were taken upon the bridge, retired and got safe off, only nine who were to have assassinated those at the bridge, and advanced forwarder than the rest for that purpose, were overtaken, and with their captain leaped into the Trent to have saved themselves, of whom our men plucked four out of the water, five were drowned, and the captain swam to shore on the other side. The governor was in doubt whether these men taken in disguises were to be released as prisoners of war, or executed as spies and assassins by martial law; but though he had not cared if the bridge-soldiers had turned them into the Trent when they took them, he afterwards released them all upon exchange, except one Slater, a soldier of his own that had run away to the enemy, and this day was taken coming into the town, with a montero† pulled close about his face, but denied that he was of the design; yet after, upon trial at a court-martial, he was condemned and executed. The governor had sent out some horse and foot to drive the grounds at the enemy's garrison at Shelford, which they did, and from under the very works from which the enemy shot at them, brought away many beasts and horses that belonged to the garrison, and brought them up into the castle-yard. The governor being then in the committee chamber, told them it was fit the soldiers should have a reward, whereupon it was ordered to give them six pounds, and the governor told the soldiers the committee had assigned them a reward; but when they came to receive it, Salisbury, the treasurer, tithed it out, and gave the soldiers groats apiece, and sixpence apiece to the officers, which in all came but to forty shillings and odd money; which the soldiers, being mad at, flung back his money, and desired a council of war, to do them right; which the governor assented to, and the next day the business being heard at a full council of all the officers of the garrison, it was determined by the unanimous vote of all but Mr. Salisbury, that in regard the enemy shot at them when they took the booty, it did of right belong to the soldiers that fought for it, and so they had it; whereupon Salisbury flung away from the board in a great huff and muttering, for which the governor rebuked him, and told him such carriage ought not to be suffered in him, who, as an officer, ought to have more respect to the place and them that sat there. After this, about eighteen of the lieutenant-colonel's men went out and met twenty-five men in arms; between them there was a brook, the bridge men called to them and asked of what side they were, and perceiving they were cavaliers, told them, after some little defies between them, that though the number was unequal, they would fight with them; and passing over the brook, charged them, put them to flight, killed two of them, took eight prisoners and twelve of their horses. Upon examination they were found to be northern gentlemen, who having listed themselves in the prince's own troop, after the death of Sir Thomas Biron that commanded under the prince, were assigned to my Lord Wentworth, at which being discontented, they were now returning into their own country, being almost all of them gentlemen. Sir Richard Biron, for his brother's memory, exchanged them for prisoners of Nottingham, taken when the town was first surprised.

In the end of this month, on the fast-day, the national covenant was taken, with a great solemnity, both by the soldiers and inhabitants, men and women, of the garrison. This day, unexpectedly came Sir Edward Hartup, with a thousand horse of Leicester and Derby, to which the governor added between five and six hundred; Sir Edward being appointed to command the party, should have gone with them to take Muscam bridges, at Newark, before which place Sir John Meldrum was now come, with about seven thousand men, and had laid siege to it. The horse of Newark, as soon as the parliament's forces came, made an escape over Muscam bridge, which Sir Edward Hartup, having more mind to drink than fight, lingering a day at Nottingham, and then marching to no purpose against it, lost his opportunity of taking; yet God, by a providence, gave it up with 200 men that kept it to the parliament's forces, who had they then pursued their success, they might have carried the town too, but it was not God's time then to deliver the country of that pernicious enemy. The horse that were escaped out of Newark, went into all their garrisons in the Vale and Derbyshire, and gathered up all the force they could make, to about the number of two thousand, and with these they came and quartered near Nottingham;

---

* Hacker's soldiers.

† A kind of cap so called.

themselves and the country giving out that they were about four thousand.

There was a fast kept at Nottingham, to seek God for his presence with our armies; and before the first sermon was ended, the enemy's horse came to the town-side and gave a strong alarum, and continued facing the town till night, at which time they returned to their quarters, and those horse that were in the garrison following their rear, gleaned up two lieutenants and two or three other officers: the next day the body marched just by the town-side, and so passed over the river at Wilden Ferry. After they were gone from about Nottingham, the governor went down to the Leaguer, at Newark, where Sir John Meldrum had made all things ready for a general assault of the town; but at a council of war that was called in the field, it was determined that it should not then be, whereupon the governor of Nottingham returned to his garrison; who coming to take his leave of Sir John Meldrum, Sir John entreated him that he would return again and be among them as much as he could, making a sad complaint of the envying, heart-burnings, and dissentions that were among the several commanders, so that he had much ado to hold them together, and had great need of men of moderation and prudence to assist him, and to help to mediate among them. The forces that Sir John Meldrum commanded before this town, were gathered out of several associated counties, and the commanders so emulous of one another, and so refractory to commands, and so piquing in all punctilios of superiority, that it galled the poor old gentleman to the heart, who, having commanded abroad, and been used to deal with officers that understood the discipline of war, was confounded among those who knew not how to obey any orders, but disputed all his commands, and lost their time and honour in a fruitless expedition, through their vain contentions; whereas had they joined in the assault then, when he would have made it, they might probably have carried the town, but missing that opportunity, they came off at last with loss and dishonour. While the governor was at the Leaguer, Sir John Meldrum told him, that Col. Pierrepont had been with him to get his hand to a paper, which should have testified, that the government of Nottingham did of right belong to him; but Sir John answered he could not testify any such thing, for it was his own act to confer that government, where now it was; with which Col. Pierrepont seemed very well satisfied at that time. When he could not prevail in this, he desired Sir John to set his hand to another paper, which should have certified, that in all things he had approved himself most firm and faithful to the service of the parliament. Sir John said he would not injure him so much as to make any such certificate of a thing not called into question; but if there should be any doubt of it, he should be ready to do him all right. Col. Pierrepont, moreover, went to the governor's soldiers, that had formerly been of his regiment, and giving them twenty shillings to drink, told them he was to be governor of the town, and would shortly come among them.

Sir Edward Hartup was sent with the party of horse he before had at Muscam bridge, to pursue those that were gone out of Newark, and fight with them, and hinder their joining with Prince Rupert, who was expected to come to raise the siege; and when Sir Edward came into Leicestershire the whole country rose with him, and the governor of Leicester brought out foot and cannon to assist him. His forlorn hope being of the Nottingham horse, charged the enemy's forlorn hope and routed them, and then fell into their body of foot, which they had drained out of their little garrisons, and routed them also, and if Sir Edward Hartup would have come on with his body, they had all been cut off; but the knight would not stir, but commanded the forlorn hope to retreat, who had slain and taken many prisoners of the enemy, and among them Jammot, that had lately made his escape out of Nottingham castle. The enemy perceiving Sir Edward would not hurt them, rallied again and joined with Prince Rupert; of whom as soon as Sir Edward had intelligence, he went back to Newark with such shameful haste that he quitted Melton with all the prisoners the forlorn hope had lately taken. The Leicester forces, discouraged at this miscarriage, returned to their garrisons and marched no more with him.*

The governor of Nottingham kept out spies upon the enemy's motions, and sent word to the Leaguer, but the gentlemen there were so over-confident, they would not believe any force could come to raise their siege. At length, the governor of Nottingham being there himself, word was brought Prince Rupert was come to Ashby, wherefore he, fearing some attempt upon his garrison, to divert the forces at the siege, returned home with his brother to look to their charge. It was late upon Wednesday night when the governor came home, and was certainly informed that Prince Rupert was, that afternoon, marched by to raise the siege, with about six thousand men. Immediately the governor sent two men, excellently well mounted upon his own horses, to carry the alarum to Sir John Meldrum, who, by two of the clock on Thursday morning, delivered him their letters, and he presently prepared to fight with the prince, who about nine or ten of the clock came. Sir John had drawn all his ordnance into the walls of a ruined house, called the spittle, and the horse were first to charge the enemy. Col. Thornhagh and Major Rossiter gave them a very brave charge, routed those whom they first encountered, and took prisoners Major-general Gerrard and others, and, had they been seconded by the rest of the horse, had utterly defeated the prince's army; but the Lincolnshire troops fled away before they ever charged, and left Col. Thornhagh engaged, with only his own horse, in the prince's whole body, where, they say, he charged the prince himself, and made his way and passed very gallantly through the whole army, with a great deal of honour, and two desperate wounds, one in the arm, the other in the belly. After the Lincolnshire horse were run away, Sir John Meldrum sent the Derby horse and the Nottingham foot, with two companies of Col. King's to keep Muscam bridge, and Molanus, the Derbyshire major, to be their commander. Col. Thornhagh was sent home in a waggon to Nottingham. Sir John himself, with the few horse and dragoons that were left, of Nottingham and Derby, being about five hundred, went into the spittle, to his foot. The prince lost more than Sir John in the skirmish, but as soon as ever Sir John had betaken himself to the spittle, the prince sent horse and foot between him and Muscam bridge *. The horse that were left there to guard the foot ran every man away, so that they had not a horse left to fetch them any provision. The major that commanded them told them that he would go to the next town to buy them some bread, and with that pretence came away and never saw them more. The enemy was endeavouring to make a passage over the river, to come on the other side of them and encompass them, which when they saw and considered that they had no order what to do, nor bread for one meal, nor bullets more than their muskets were loaded withal, and that it was impossible for them to come off, if they stayed till the enemy enclosed them; and further discovering that their friends in the spittle were in parley, they conceived it their best way to come home, which they plotted so to do that the enemy might not perceive it till they were out of their reach; so leaving lighted matches and squibs laid at certain distances to deceive the enemy, they came safe home; but within less than half an hour after they were gone the enemy came on the other side, and not missing them till morning, by reason of the squibs, they pursued them not, by which means they came safe to Nottingham; which was a very seasonable mercy, for had they stayed the choicest arms in the garrison had been lost, and the best and most confiding soldiers disarmed: for Sir John agreed upon articles with the prince, to deliver up the spittle wherein he lay, with all the muskets, ordnance, and ammunition in it; the foot soldiers to march away with colours flying, swords and pikes, the horsemen with their horses and swords, and all the commanders with their pistols: but the prince broke all these conditions, and pillaged them to their shirts, and sent many captains quite naked away.

---

* In Whitelock's Memoirs, p. 85, there is an account of this relief, or raising the siege of Newark, agreeing with Mrs. Hutchinson's, except that it is not quite so particular, and omits the account of what befel Col. Thornhagh. Whitelock attributes to the misconduct of Sir E. Hartup and Col. Bingley, Prince Rupert's coming with his forces entire to the place; and informs us that a court-martial was directed to decide upon their conduct, but does not state what their decision was.

The committee of Nottingham now began again to mutter at the governor, but he would not take notice of it, but applied himself to take care for the securing of his town, where the enemy now daily threatened to come. So he floated the meadows on the Line side, where there was no fortification, and raised a fort in the midst of the meadows, to preserve the float, and fortified the Trent bridges more strongly, and, expecting the enemy every hour, was forced to let the work go on all the Lord's day. When, calling the captains together to consult the best way of preparing for their defence, Mason, the new town captain, took this time to revive the old mutiny, and said the townsmen would not stand to their works except the ordnance were drawn down from the castle to the town works: the governor rebuking him for this unseasonable insolence, he and his men were, all the time of this great exigence, so backward that they were rather an obstruction than assistance, and there was much ado to get them either to the works or the guards. Indeed such a blow was given to the parliament interest, in all these parts, that it might well discourage the ill-affected, when even the most zealous were cast down, and gave all for lost: but the governor, who on no occasion ever let his courage fall, but, when things were at the lowest, re-collected all his force, that his own despondency might not contribute anything to his malicious fortune, at this time animated all the honest men, and expressed such vigour and cheerfulness, and such stedfast resolution, as disappointed all the malignants of their hopes. The wives, children, and servants of such as were in the enemy's garrisons and armies, he thought it not safe to suffer any longer in the town, in such a time of danger, and therefore commanded them all to depart, not sparing even some of his own relations; but though this was done by the concurrence of the whole committee, yet some of them, who were loath the town should lose any that wished ill to the governor and his undertakings, privately, without his consent or knowledge, brought back several persons that were very dangerous to the place.

And now, upon the twenty-fifth day of March, a letter was brought to the governor from all the commissioners at Newark, telling him that the parliament's forces had quitted Gainsborough, Lincoln, and Sleeforth, and that the prince intended to advance against Nottingham, and to fire the town if he did not immediately throw down the works, which if he should not do, the world would then take notice of him as the only ruin of his native country. To which the governor returned them answer, that as he never engaged himself in this service, with respect to the success or actions of other places, so, though the whole kingdom were quit besides this town, yet he would maintain it so long as he was able, and he trusted that God would preserve it in his hands; but if it perished, he was resolved to bury himself in the ruins of it, being confident that God would after vindicate him to have been a defender, and not a destroyer of his country. The copy of the letter which the Newark commissioners sent to the governor, was sent to one Francis Cooke, a malignant inhabitant of the town, subscribed with all the commissioners' hands, and desiring him to communicate it to the whole town. The governor having taken what care he could at home, sent immediately to the parliament and to the Earl of Essex, acquainting them with the desperate condition of the place, and desiring they would send him seasonable relief, if the prince should besiege him, promising to employ his utmost endeavour to hold it for them, or to lose himself with it. My lord general returned a very civil encouraging letter, and now the prince, two days after the

---

* Rapin gives a different account of this matter, but to those who know, or observe the situation of the places, Mrs. Hutchinson's will appear to be the true one. Besides Muscam bridge there was a bridge of boats, which enabled the prince's forces to surround the guard left at Muscam bridge: this guard, instead of *deserting*, as Rapin says of it, was deserted and sacrificed for want of support: the road still lay open to Lincoln, but probably Prince Rupert was too strong and too active to let the besiegers escape any way unless they had acted with better accord amongst themselves.

letter, was advanced within three miles of Nottingham, when it pleased God to divert him from coming against the town by letters which were brought him from Oxford, which occasioned his hasty return into the south, without any attempt upon the place, which, by God's mercy, was thus delivered from this threatening danger. However their enemies at Newark, by the late success, were very much exalted, and by the quitting of so many parliament garrisons about them, increased in power, and left at leisure to turn all their designs against Nottingham, which being so infirm within itself, the governor had a very difficult task to preserve it; while the disaffected, who were subtle, did not clearly declare themselves, but watched all opportunities to work the governor's disturbance, by fomenting the ill humours of the factious committee-men and priests; for they now took occasion to fall in with them, upon the governor's release of his chief cannoneers out of prison, into which he, by the instigation of the ministers and the godly people, whom they animated almost to mutiny, had put them, for separating from the public worship, and keeping little conventicles in their own chamber. It was with some reluctancy he had committed them, for the men, though of different judgments in matter of worship, were otherwise honest, peaceable, and very zealous and faithful to the cause; but the ministers were so unable to suffer their separation and spreading of their opinions, that the governor was forced to commit them; yet when this great danger was, he thought it not prudent to keep them discontented and then employ them, and therefore set them at liberty, for which there was a great outcry against him as a favourer of separatists *.

It will not be amiss, in this place, to carry on the parliament story, that we may the better judge things at home, when we know the condition of affairs abroad. The queen, being suffered to pass through Nottinghamshire by those forces which were sent down thither to have prevented her, joined with Prince Rupert and came to the king, and was by the parliament voted traitor for many actions, as pawning the crown jewels in Holland, encouraging the rebellion in Ireland, heading a papistical army in England, &c.

The Earl of Essex's army lay sick about London for recruits; Sir William Waller, after many victories in the west, was at length totally routed, and returned to London, Prince Maurice and Sir Ralph Hopton having recovered and possessed almost the whole west of England for the king. The north my lord Newcastle's army commanded so fully, that they were advanced into Nottingham and Lincolnshire, and the adjacent counties. The parliament being in this low condition, had agreed with Scotland, and entered into a solemn national league and covenant, which was taken throughout both kingdoms, and the king had made a cessation of arms with the Irish rebels, and brought over the English army, that had been honoured with so many successes against them, to serve him here; but God never blessed his affairs after they came to him, though indeed, before their arrival, God had begun to turn the scale; for the city of Gloucester stopping, by its faithful and valiant resistance, the career of the king's victories, after Bristol and Exeter and all the west was lost, the king disdaining to leave it behind him unvanquished, sat down before it, which employed him and his whole army, till the

---

* This being the first time that a disunion in religion among those of the parliament's party has been plainly named, it is proper here to state, that, in the outset, all those sects, which have since taken so many various names, joined their forces to repel the encroachments of the *Prelates*,—it would not be fair to say of the *Church of England*, whose characteristic is moderation itself,—but when they had almost crushed the Episcopalians, the Presbyterian ministers began to rise pre-eminent in power, and to show that, though they had changed the name, they by no means intended to diminish the dominion of the hierarchy. There are preserved in Whitelock two speeches, one of his own, and one of Selden's on this subject. To resist this usurpation there arose a very powerful party or faction under the name of Independents, under whose banner enlisted all who desired liberty of conscience, of whatever particular persuasion they might be; and, amongst others, most naturally all such as wished to see the church of England restored to her purity, and redeemed from her servility and subserviency to the usurpations of the crown, but whose hopes would have been totally destroyed if Presbytery obtained a full and firm establishment. It is extraordinary that almost all the historians put the cause for the effect, and suggest that many members of the parliament, and at the head of them Cromwell, raised this faction to obtain their own exaltation; whereas intolerancy raised it in the nation at large, and especially in the army, and Cromwell availed himself of it when raised. In a scarce book, called Anglia Rediviva, or the success of the Army under Fairfax, written by Joshua Sprigge, he says, "the army was, what by example and justice, kept in good order both respectively to itself and the country: there were many of them differing in opinion, yet not in action nor business; they all agreed to preserve the kingdom; they prospered in their unity, more than uniformity; and whatever their opinions were, they plundered none with them, they betrayed none with them, nor disobeyed the state with them, and they were more visibly pious and peaceable in their opinions than many we call orthodox." Let the blame of all the misfortunes that flowed from it rest with those who gave disturbance to such men, not to those who screened them from persecution.

Since the publication of the first edition, there has appeared a very candid critique of this work in the Annual Review for 1806, containing the following remark. "It may be mentioned as an additional proof of Mr. Hutchinson's rectitude, that when George Fox, the founder of the quakers, was imprisoned at Nottingham, he protected him; thus proving, that unlike the greater number of those who were engaged in the same cause, he allowed that liberty of conscience to others which he claimed for himself."

The editor thought it his duty, upon this suggestion, to make a further inquiry, and has, in pursuance of it, been furnished by a respectable Friend, Mr. Barker, surgeon, at Colchester, with the two following extracts, together with some others, which will appear in their proper places. —G. Fox's Journal, fol. ed. p. 27. "I went to the Steeple House, at Nottingham, during the time of divine worship, addressed the people, and was committed to prison. When the assizes came on, there was one moved to come and offer himself up for me, body for body, yea, life also: but when I should have been brought before the judge, the sheriff's man being somewhat long in fetching me to the Sessions-house, the judge was risen before I came, at which I understood he was somewhat offended. So I was returned to prison, and put into the common gaol; and the Lord's power was great among friends, but the people began to be very rude, *wherefore the governor of the castle sent down soldiers and dispersed them, and after that they were quiet*."—Sewell's Hist. of Quakers, fol. ed. p. 22. "Now though the people began to be very rude, *yet the governor of the castle was so very moderate, that he sent down soldiers to disperse them.*"

Earl of Essex and his recruited army, assisted with the London auxiliaries, came and relieved it, and pursued the king's army to an engagement at Newberry, where the parliament obtained a great and bloody victory, and the king for ever lost that opportunity he lately had of marching up to London, and in all probability of subduing the parliament. My Lord Newcastle, by a like error, about the same time, setting down before Hull, missed the opportunity of wholly gaining all those neighbouring counties, and much wasted his great and victorious army, being forced to rise with loss and dishonour from the unyielding town. After the fight at Newberry, Sir William Waller, having gotten a new army, had divers successes with it, and at length totally routed all Hopton's army, about that time that Prince Rupert raised the siege at Newark, and was the occasion that called the prince so hastily out of those counties.

The Earl of Essex pursuing the war, had a design to block up Oxford, where the king was, and accordingly attempted it, he on one side, and Waller on the other; but the king, with a few light horse, escaped out of the town, and went to join with his greater armies; which being done, Essex marched farther into the west, and in Cornwall was besieged, where he lost all his foot, ammunition, and ordnance, and came dishonourably home to London. Waller unsuccessfully followed the king, and the parliament's affairs all that summer were very unprosperous in the west, south, and midland counties, but contrary in the north, where the Scotch army, under General Leven, advanced, took some towns and forts, and wasted the Earl of Newcastle's army more by their patient sufferance of the ill weather, and martial toil, which the English could not so well abide, than by fighting. Sir Thomas Fairfax, having again taken the field with his father, after a miraculous victory they had gained over the Irish army [*] which the king had brought over, joined the Scots; and the Earl of Manchester, having raised a force in the associated counties, with which he made an expedition to Lincoln, having Col. Cromwell for his lieutenant-general, marched into Yorkshire, and uniting with the other two armies, they all besieged the Earl of Newcastle in York. To raise this siege, Prince Rupert came with a great army out of the south; the besiegers rose to fight with the prince, and Newcastle drew all his force out of York to join with him, when both armies, on a great plain called Marston Moor, had a bloody encounter, and the Scots and my Lord Fairfax were wholly routed, and the battle lost; but that Cromwell, with five thousand men which he commanded, routed Prince Rupert, restored the other routed parliamentarians, and gained the most complete victory that had been obtained in the whole war. The victors possessed all the prince's ordnance, carriages, and baggage; whereupon the prince fled, with as many as he could save, back into the south; the Earl of Newcastle, with some of his choice friends, went into Germany, and left Sir Thomas Glenham governor of York, which he soon after surrendered, and then the three generals parted; Leven went back into the north, and took the town of Newcastle, Fairfax remained in Yorkshire, and Manchester returned into the south, by the way taking in many small garrisons as he passed through the counties.

The queen that summer went into France, to solicit foreign aid for her husband, but ineffectually; meanwhile new treaties were carried on between the king and parliament, but to no purpose; for the king's false dealing and disingenuity therein was so apparent that they came to nothing but a further discovery of the king's falsehood, and favour of the Irish rebels, with whom he now employed Ormond to treat and conclude a peace. This treaty was that at Uxbridge, where commissioners met on both sides, but effected nothing; for the parliament itself began to grow into two apparent factions of Presbyterians and Independents, and the king had hope, by their divisions, to prevail for the accomplishment of his own ends[†].

It was too apparent how much the whole parliament cause had been often hazarded, how many opportunities of finishing the war had been overslipped by the Earl of Essex's army, and believed that he himself, with his commanders, rather endeavoured to become arbiters of war and peace, than conquerors for the parliament, for it was known that he had given out such expressions: wherefore those in the parliament, who were grieved at the prejudice of the public interest, and loath to bring those men to public shame, who had once well merited of them, devised to new-model the army, and an ordinance was made, called the self-denying ordinance, whereby all members of parliament, of both houses, were discharged of their commands in the army. Cromwell had a particular exception, when Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh, surrendered their commissions, and Sir Thomas Fairfax was made general of the new-modelled army, Cromwell lieutenant-general, and Skippon major-general. The army was reduced to twenty-one thousand, who prosecuted the war not with design of gain and making it their trade, but to obtain a righteous peace and settlement to the distracted kingdom, and accordingly it succeeded in their hands[‡].

---

[*] Commanded by Sir John Biron, or Lord Biron, near Namptwich in Cheshire.

[†] Whoever will take the pains to read the king's letters in Clarendon's State Papers will see that this is a true representation of his sentiments: but Heylin pretends the failure of the treaty arose from the extreme pertinacity of the rigid Presbyterians we may very well allow both their share.

[‡] It is suggested by Rapin and others, that this new model and self-denying ordinance arose not from the motives here set down, but merely from intrigue; yet Whitelock, who even spoke against it, p. 123, shows the indispensable necessity for such a new model. "Some members of the house were sent to their generals to complain of their remissness. The Earl of Manchester was under a kind of accusation, the lord general in discontent, Waller not much otherwise, the forces not carefully ordered, and the parliament business in an unsettled condition, so that it was high time for some other course to be taken by them." Mr. Sprigge demonstrates this more fully. He says, "Cromwell was absent in the west when the exemption was voted; that he had come to Windsor over night to kiss the general's hand, and take his leave on quitting the service, but the following morning, ere he came forth of his chamber, those commands, than which he thought of nothing less in all the world, came to him from the committee of both kingdoms, in obedience to which he immediately marched away." And further, "that the house did this for their own happiness, and that of their general Fairfax."—Mrs. Hutchinson was suffi-

To return to Nottingham: after the prince was marched away out of the country, the enemy without was still designing against the garrison, and the governor's enemies within were still perplexing all his affairs. Upon the eleventh of May, a letter was found by a wench in the night-time, dropped in the shoe-makers' booths; which letter was directed to Sir Richard Biron, informing him that "the business between them went on with good success, and that the time drawing on, it behoved him to be very diligent, and desiring him to burn the letter," which was subscribed, "Your careful servant, A. C.;" and a postscript written, "Fail nothing by any means, and there shall be no neglect in me." The governor took all courses that could be imagined to discover this person, but could never find him out. About this time some troopers going by a house, where one Henry Wandall, a debauched malignant apothecary had lived, (but the house was now empty, and he had the key of it,) they perceived a smoke to come out of it, and went in and found some kindled sticks laid in a potsherd, just by a rotten post, under the stair-case, with hurds and other combustible things about it, which it was evident were put there to fire the house, but for what reason, or by whom, was not discovered.

The governor hearing of some troops of the enemy in the Vale, had a design to go thither, and acquainted the committee with it; telling them he would take out all the horse, and himself march with the body, and leave a foot company and thirty horse behind him at the bridges, so as by that time he was marched by Wiverton, which would give Shelford the alarum, the thirty horse, which were more than Shelford had to send out, should face the house on that side next Nottingham, and the foot should march a private way through the closings*, so that if Shelford horse or foot should come forth against those thirty horse, the foot might get between them and home, or take any advantage that was offered. All this the committee very well approved, and so it was resolved to put it in execution the next night after, because it would take some time to provide horses for the musketeers. The governor coming out of the committee, met Capt. White upon the parade in the castle-yard, and acquainted him with the design, who, with a dejected countenance and a faint voice, pretended to approve it, but desired the thirty horse who were to stay some hours behind, might be of his troop; to which the governor assented to gratify his desire, though he told him, he was very loath to spare any of that troop, who were old soldiers and well acquainted with the country; but he desired him the rest might not fail to be ready: the captain promised they should, and so departed. When the governor had made ready all the horse and dragoons, and was himself just ready to march out with them, being at Col. Thornhagh's house, White came in; the governor, not doubting of his intention to go, asked him if his troop were ready? He replied, "they were out upon service; thirty," said he, "are gone by your consent, and the rest went to fetch in a malignant at Ekering; some few odd ones remain, which you may have if you will." The governor desired him to go himself and assist him, the captain desired to be excused, for "to what purpose should he go when his troop was not there?" The governor went from thence to his own lodgings, and meeting the committee, acquainted them how White had served him, who seemed to resent it very ill at that time; and while they were discoursing of it White's officer came up with warrants to be signed for hay for the quarters, which being offered the governor, he tore, and said he would sign no warrants for such a disorderly troop, as would do no service but what they list, whose officers knew neither how to give nor obey commands.

Notwithstanding this discouragement, to want eighty of his best men, the governor went out with the rest, and when he had drawn them into the Trent lanes, one of his spies came in with intelligence that at a town in the Vale, called Sierston, and another next it, called Elston, there was two hundred horse quartered, who being come in weary and secure, might easily be surprised that night. The governor, calling the captains together, imparted the intelligence, and they were all forward to go on in the design, except Captain Pendock, who persuaded much against it; but while they were discoursing another intelligencer came in, to second the former, whereupon the governor told the captains, that if they would go, he was resolved to do something that night, and because Captain Pendock was best acquainted with that side of the country, he appointed him to lead on the forlorn hope, which accordingly he did, but with such sloth and muttering, that in two or three miles' riding, the governor was forced to send up some officers to him, to hasten him on; neither was this from cowardice, but only humour and faction, for the man was stout enough when he had a mind to it, but now he rode along, muttering that it was to no purpose, and when he came to Saxondale Gorse, purposely lost himself and his forlorn hope; which the governor missing, was much troubled, fearing that by some misadventure they might have been enclosed and cut off between the enemy's garrisons; but when they came to Saxondale Lane, Pendock and his forlorn hope were found safe in the rear of the body. The governor, perceiving Pendock's backwardness, had sent out some parties, one troop under Capt.-lieut. Palmer, and another party with Cornet Peirson, to some near towns, to execute some of the committee's warrants in fetching in delinquents, when the cornet came back with an alarum that two or three hundred horse were quartered at Elston and Sierston, which he must either fight with, or retreat. Capt. Pendock was again wonderful unwilling to go on, and said it would be day before they should come there; but the governor bade those that would, follow him, for he would go, and accordingly he went; and when he came to the town, drew up his men at the town's end in a body, from which he sent in some parties to fall into the town, himself staying with the body between them and Newark, to defend them from any of the enemies that might have come upon them:† so they brought out two cap-

---

ciently observant of Cromwell's artifices to have accused him of it on this occasion, if he had deserved it.

* Closings, closes, fields, vulg. Notts. *closen*.

† Whoever looks upon the map, and observes the vicinity of these places to Newark, and their great distance from Nottingham, will see it to have been a service of great delicacy and danger. It is mentioned cursorily by

tain-lieutenants, some cornets, and other gentlemen of quality, thirty troopers, and many more horses and arms; Capt. Thimbleby, absolutely refusing quarter, was killed. The governor sent into the town to command all his men immediately away; but a lieutenant and cornet making not haste to obey, while they staid for some drink were surprised by a party that came from Newark, before the corporal the governor had sent to fetch them off was well out of the town; but with those he had taken, and all the booty, and many horses and beasts fetched from malignants in the enemy's quarters, the governor came safe home, to the great discontent of Capt. White, who was something out of countenance at it. This may serve, instead of many more, to show how hard a task he had to carry on the service, with such refractory malicious persons under him.

About this time it happened, that the engineer being by, Capt. Pendock took occasion to rail at the town-works, and Hooper making answers, which drew on replies, Pendock struck him, whereupon the man, angry, laid his hand upon his sword and half drew it out, but thrust it in again; the maid ran affrighted into the kitchen, where was one Henry Wandall, who presently called some musketeers, disarmed Mr. Hooper, and sent him prisoner to the governor; who asking him upon what account he came so, he told him he had no reason to accuse himself; if those that sent him had anything against him, he was ready to answer it. After the governor had expected till about midnight and nothing came, he sent for Wandall, and inquiring why and by whose authority he committed Mr. Hooper prisoner, he answered, "for drawing his sword, he, as an officer of the garrison, had sent him up." The governor asked who made him an officer? and taking it upon him, why he did not send up both parties, but only one, in a quarrel? and he being able to give no answer, but such as showed it was done out of malice, the governor committed him for his insolence, who being but a common soldier, presumed to make an officer prisoner, without rendering an account to the governor, and let the other engaged in the quarrel go free. The next day after this, Plumptre came to the Trent bridges, where being stopped, he sent up a pass which he had procured him from my lord general, to come and stay in the town during his own pleasure; which when the governor saw, he sent him word, that in regard of my lord general's pass he might stay at his own house, but bade him take heed, as he would answer it, that he meddied not to make any mutiny or commotion in the garrison: to which he sent an insolent reply, that he was glad the governor was taught manners; he was come to town for some business, and when he had occasion he would repair to the committee. The committee, hearing this, were very sensible of his insolent carriage, and drew up articles against him, which were signed with six of their hands, and sent up to Mr. Millington to be preferred against him, in the house of parliament, and to be showed to my lord general, as the lieutenant-colonel should see occasion, whom the governor sent immediately to the general, to acquaint him the reason why Dr. Plumptre had been forced to procure his pass for his protection. The governor took this occasion to send to the general about his cannoneers whom, some days before, he had been forced to confine as prisoners to their chamber till the general's pleasure could be known concerning them, for at the instigation of Capt. Palmer, all the ministers in town, and, to make the cry the louder, certain loose malignant priests which they had gotten to join with them, had most violently urged, in a petition to the committee, that these men might be turned out of the town for being separatists; so that the governor was forced, against his will, to confine them, to prevent mutiny, though they were otherwise honest, obedient, and peaceful. After the lieutenant-colonel was gone, with letters concerning these matters, to the general, Plumptre behaved himself most insolently and mutinously, and he and Mason entering into confederacy, had contrived some articles against the governor for committing Wandall; but when they tried and found they could do no good with them, Mason came to the governor and was most saucily importunate for his release, which, by reason of the insolent manner of seeking it, the governor would not grant.

The general, upon the governor's letters, sent down a letter to Plumptre, to discharge him the garrison, and another to the governor to release the cannoneers; which he accordingly did, to the satisfaction of his own conscience, which was not satisfied in keeping men prisoners for their consciences, so long as they lived honestly and inoffensively; but it caused a great mutiny in the priests against him, and they blew up as many of their people as they could, to join in faction against the governor, not caring now what men they entered into confederacy with, nor how disaffected to the cause, so they were but bitter enough against the separatists; which the cunning malignants perceiving, they now all became zealots, and laughed in secret to see how they wrought these men to ruin their own cause and champions.

Plumptre not taking notice of the general's letters, the governor sent him word he expected he should obey them and depart: Plumptre replied, his business was done, and he would go: but in spite of his teeth he would have a guard. The lieutenant-colonel would have put in the articles into the parliament, which the committee had sent up against Plumptre; but Mr. Millington pretending all kindness and service to the governor, would needs undertake it, and desired the lieutenant-colonel to trouble none of the governor's friends in any business he had to do, but to leave it in his hands, who would employ all his powers, and serve him with all vigilance and faithfulness, against all persons whatsoever; and whereas he heard the governor had some thoughts of coming to London, he wished him not to trouble himself, but to charge him with anything he had to do. Notwithstanding all this, the governor went to London, having some occasions thither. A little before his going, he and the rest of the committee had required Mr. Salisbury, their treasurer, to give in his accounts, which he either unwilling or unable to do, bent his utmost endeavours to raise a high mutiny and faction against the governor, and Capt. White was never backward in any mischief; these, with Plumptre and Mason, made a close confederacy, and called home Chadwick to their assistance, having engaged the persecuting

---

Whitelock, p. 89; had Sir John Gell been the commander, we should have had it better displayed.

priests and all their idolaters, upon an insinuation of the governor's favour to separatists. During Col. Thornhagh's sickness, the governor undertook the command of his horse regiment, while it quartered in the garrison, and made the men live orderly, and march out upon designs more frequently than they used to do when their colonel was well, upon whose easiness they prevailed to do what they list, and some of them, who were great plunderers, were connived at, which the governor would by no means suffer: wherefore these men were, by the insinuations of their officers and the wicked part of the committee, drawn into the faction, which was working in secret awhile, and at last broke into open prosecutions. They had determined that as soon as the governor was gone, White, the devil's exquisite solicitor, should also follow to London, but knew not how to do for a pretence to send him upon the public purse; when wickedness, which never wants long the opportunity it waits for, found one soon out, for the committee of both kingdoms had sent a command for all the horse in Nottingham to repair to Sir John Meldrum in Lancashire; the town was put upon a hasty petition that their horse might not go, and Capt. White must carry it, who pretends to have known nothing of it half an hour before, yet he was ready; and Dr. Plumptre, too, prepared to make good his brags, and go with his convoy. Presently after he was gone, the engine of mischief comes to town, Col. Chadwick, whom Mr. Salisbury receives with great joy and exultance, boasting, to use his own words, that they should now mump the governor. At the mayor of the town's house he was entertained with much wine, whereof Mr. Ayscough, a committee-man, having taken a pretty large proportion, coming that night to supper to the castle, told the lieutenant-colonel and the governor's wife, that he would advise them to acquaint the governor there was mischief hatching against him, and that Chadwick was come to town on purpose to effect it, which, though the fellow discovered in his drink, was true enough, and he himself was one of the conspiring wicked ones.

To fortify their party, in all haste, they endeavoured to raise a new troop of dragoons, under one Will Hall, a debauched malignant fellow, and thereupon one of the governor's mortal enemies; but some of the honester townsmen perceiving the design, and not yet being seduced, would not raise him any horse, so at that season the troop was not raised.

And now Capt. White came home, when it was observed that after his return, he would not allow the governor that name, but only called him Col. Hutchinson, and when any one else termed him governor, would decline the acknowledgment of that name: then cajoling his fellow horse-officers and the troopers, they, through his insinuations, everywhere began to detract from the governor, and to magnify Capt. White, and not only to derogate from the governor, but from all persons that were affected to him. Now was there a petition drawn up to be presented to the committee of both kingdoms, desiring that Mr. Millington might be sent down to compose the differences which were in the garrison. The lieutenant-colonel, and some others, refusing to sign it, Capt. White told them it was a pretence, which Mr. Millington desired the favour of them that they would make, to obtain leave for him to come down and visit his wife and children, whom he had a longing desire to see, and knew not any other way to bring it about. The gentlemen to gratify Mr. Millington signed it, and he himself at London, with the same pretext, obtained the governor's hand to it, while the governor, deceived by his high and fair professions of service and kindness to him, never entertained any suspicion of his integrity: and this was the greatest of the governor's defects; through the candidness and sincerity of his own nature, he was more unsuspicious of others, and more credulous of fair pretenders, than suited with so great a prudence, as he testified in all things else. Nothing awakened jealousy in him but gross flattery, which, when he saw any one so servile as to make, he believed the soul that could descend to that baseness might be capable of falsehood: but those who were cunning attempted him not that way, but put on a face of fair, honest, plain friendship, with which he was a few times, but not often in his life, betrayed. At Mr. Millington's entreaty the governor released Wandall, but would have prosecuted the committee's petition against Plumptre, which Mr. Millington most earnestly persuaded him not to do, but desired that he would permit him to come and live quietly in his own house, upon engagement that he should not raise nor foment any mutiny nor faction in the garrison, or intermeddle with any of the affairs thereof. The governor was easily wrought to assent to this also, but Plumptre refused to enter into such an engagement to quiet behaviour, and so, for that time, came not to town. There was again a new design against the garrison by the enemy discovered, and a spy taken, who owned a soldier in the major's company that had listed himself on purpose to effect this mischief; but through careless custody, the spy escaped that day that the garrison were celebrating their joy for the great victory at York. Meanwhile the governor supposing Mr. Millington, as he professed himself, highly his friend and his protector, complained to him of the mutinous carriage of the horse, and his disturbance and discouragement in the public service thereby, and desired him to get a resolution in the thing, whereby his power and their duty might be defined, that he might know wherein he was to command them in his garrison, and they to obey him. Mr. Millington advised him to write a letter to him concerning this, setting down his own apprehensions, what he was to exact from them, and they to render him; which accordingly the governor did, and left it with Millington, and returned to his garrison. Mr. Millington told him, that he had showed the letter to the committee of both kingdoms, who had given their opinion of it, that he required no more of them than he ought to have. Soon after the governor, Mr. Millington came down to Nottingham, with instructions from the committee of both kingdoms to hear and, if he could, compose the differences at Nottingham; if not, to report them to the committee of both kingdoms. Mr. Millington, coming down with these, brought Plumptre as far as Leicester with him, and begged of the governor to permit him to return to his house, engaging himself that he should not meddle with anything belonging to the garrison, nor come near the castle, nor any of the forts: which engagement the governor received, and suffered the man to come home; and Millington, lest the governor should suspect his great concern in Dr. Plumptre, made strong professions to him, that he desired his re-admission into the town for nothing but to be a snare to him: for he knew the turbulence and pride of his spirit such, that he would never be quiet; but if, after this indulgence, he should, as he believed he would, return to his former courses, he would be inexcusable in the eyes of all men. Then Mr. Millington desired the governor to draw up some heads, wherein he conceived his power to consist, which he did, reducing almost all the words of his commission into eight propositions, which when he showed first to Mr. Millington, before the committee saw them, Mr. Millington seemed very well to approve of them, and protested again to the governor the faithfulness of his heart to him, excusing his intimacy with his enemies upon a zeal he had to do him service by discovering their designs against him, and called himself therein, Sir Pollitick Wouldbe: but the governor disliking this double dealing, though it had been with his enemies, desired him rather to declare himself ingenuously as his conscience led him, though it should be against him, and told him freely he liked not this fair carriage to both. When the governor put in his propositions to the committee, they desired each of them might have a copy of them, and all a week's time to consider them; at the end of which, when the governor pressed their answer, whether they assented to them, or could object anything against them, they, with false flattering apologies to the governor, that if such command were due to any man, they should rather the governor should employ it than any person whatsoever, by reason of his unquestioned merits; but they conceived that such a power given to a governor, would not consist with that which belonged to a committee, whereupon they produced a tedious impertinent paper in answer to the governor's propositions; which, when the governor read over, he flung by, saying it was a ridiculous senseless piece of stuff: some of them taking exceptions, he should so contemn the commitee's paper; he replied, he knew not yet whose it was, not being signed by any one, if any of them would own it he desired them to subscribe it, and then he should know what to say. Thereupon, the next day it was again brought out, signed by Mr. Millington, Chadwick, Salisbury, White, and the mayor of the town. The sum of the paper not containing any exceptions against the governor himself, but against his power, and wholly denying that my Lord Fairfax had power to make a governor, or confer any such power on him, as his commission inported; the governor told them, it no farther concerned him, but only to acquaint my Lord Fairfax, with whom he should leave it, to justify his own commission, and his authority to give one; but forasmuch as my lord was concerned in it, the gentlemen who had more respect for him disowned it, and these were the governor, the lieutenant-colonel, Mr. Pigott, Col. Thornhagh, Major Ireton, Major Widmerpoole, Capt. Lomax, and Alderman James. Then the governor told them, how he had been informed that this paper was of Chadwick's contrivance, and that when Mr. Millington saw it, he hugged Chadwick in his arms, with such congratulation, as is not to be imagined they could give to a fellow of whom they had justly entertained so vile an opinion, and then before his face declared all their thoughts of indignation and contempt, which they had formerly expressed of Col. Chadwick, whom he asked with what face he could question my lord's authority to make him governor, when he had formerly used such surreptitious cheats to obtain it for himself by the same authority? and he asked the committee how it came to pass, they now believed my Lord Fairfax had not authority to make him governor, when they themselves at first writ to him for the commission? and to Mr. Millington he said, he had dealt very unfaithfully to those that entrusted him to compose differences, which he had rather made than found; and very treacherously with him, making himself a party and the chief of his adversaries, when he pretended only to be a reconciler. Having at full laid them open one to another, and declared all their treachery, malice, pride, and knavery, to their faces, he went away, smiling at the confusion he had left them in; who had not virtue enough in their shame to bring them back to repentance, but having begun to persecute him with their spite and malice, were resolved to carry on their wicked design, wherein they had now a double encouragement to animate them, Mr. Millington's sheltering them in the parliament house, and obstructing all redress the governor should there seek for, and the hopes of profit and advantage they might upon the change of things expect by the garrison, if they could wrest it out of the governor's hands, either by wearying him with unjust vexations, or by watching some advantage against him, to procure the discharge of his office by the parliament; for they, knowing him to be impatient of affronts, and of a high spirit, thought to provoke him to passion, wherein something might fall out to give them advantages; but he, perceiving their drift, shewed them that he governed his anger, and suffered it not to master him, and that he could make use of it to curb their insolence, and yet avoid all excursions that might prejudice himself.* When the governor undertook this employment, the parliament's interest in those parts was so low, and the hazard so desperate, that these pitiful wretches, as well as the other faithful-hearted to the public cause, courted him to accept and keep the place; and though their foul spirits hated the daylight of his more virtuous conversation, yet were they willing enough to let him bear the brunt of all the hazard and toil of their defence, and more willing to be secured by his indefatigable industry and courage, than to render him the just acknowledgment of his good deserts. This ingratitude did not at all abate his zeal for the public service, for as he sought not praise, so he was well enough satisfied in doing well; yet through their envious eyes, they took in a general good esteem of him, and sinned against their own consciences in persecuting him, whereof he had after acknowledgments and testimonies from many of them. All the while of this contest, he was borne up by a good and honourable party of the committee, and greater in number and value than the wicked ones, whom Mr. Millington's power in the house only countenanced and animated to pursue their mischiefs. What it was that drew Mr. Millington into their confederacy was afterwards apparent; they hired him with a subscription of losses, for which they gave him public faith double to what he really had lost;* and they offered him a share of the governor's spoils, if he would help them to make him a prey, which would have been good booty to his mean family; for although the governor had hitherto got nothing but desperate hazard and vast expense, yet now this garrison began to be in a more hopeful condition, by the late success in the north. After York was taken, the Earl of Manchester marched into our parts, upon whose coming Bolsover and Tickhill castles were delivered up to him, and Welbeck, the Earl of Newcastle's house, which was given into Col. Thornhagh's command, and much of the enemy's wealth by that means brought into Nottingham: Winkfield manor, a strong garrison in Derbyshire, was taken upon composition, and by this means a rich and large side of the country was laid open to help to maintain the garrison at Nottingham, and more hoped for by these gentlemen, who were now as greedy to catch at the rewards of another's labours, as unable to merit anything themselves; but when the hopes of the harvest of the whole country had tempted them to begin their wicked plots, God, seeming angry at their ill use of mercy, caused the Earl of Manchester to be called back into the south, when he was going to have besieged Newark, and so that town with the petty garrisons at Wiverton, Shelford, and Belvoir, were still left for further exercise to Nottingham. Yet the hopes these would in time be gained, made these gentlemen prosecute their design against the governor, whose party they endeavoured with all subtleties to weaken; and first attempted Col. Thornhagh, who having by his signalized valour arrived to a great reputation, they thought if they could gain him, he would be their best lever to heave out the governor, and that prop once removed they despaired not to make him contribute to his own ruin; for they had discovered in him a facility of nature, apt to be deluded by fair pretences, and more prone to suspect the kind plain-dealing of his friends, than the flattery of his enemies: but the governor, after they had displayed themselves, by his vigilancy prevented many of their malicious designs, and among the rest that they had upon this gentleman. During his sickness the governor took care of his regiment, and employed the troops that quartered in the garrison: but through the wicked instigations of Captain White, being very refractory, and the regiment often called out on field service, the governor sent for a commission, and raised a troop of horse, which the lieutenant-colonel commanded, and a troop of dragoons for the peculiar service of the garrison. These cunning sowers of sedition wrought, upon this occasion, Col. Thornhagh into a jealous belief that Col. Hutchinson was taking the advantage of his sickness to work himself into his command. Col. Thornhagh was grieved at it, but said nothing; but the governor discovering the thing, notwithstanding his silence, when the lieutenant-colonel went to London, procured a commission for Col. Thornhagh to be, next under Sir Thomas Fairfax, commander in chief of all the parliament's horse in Nottinghamshire at all times, which being brought to Col. Thornhagh, when he knew nothing of it, cleared him of that suspicion. And now, although they were more inclined to delude than openly to oppose Col. Thornhagh, yet they having no exceptions against the governor in his own person, but against his authority, they were forced to deny Col. Thornhagh's command as well as the governor's, they being both derived from the same power. The horse captains, who were allured by fair colours of preferment, and indulged in their plunder, which they hoped to do with more freedom if Capt. White prevailed, were more obedient to Capt. White and their own ambition, than to their colonel or the laws and customs of war. The committee hoped, by thus disputing the colonel's powers, under a face of parliament authority, to weary them out, and make them cast up their commissions, when they had, by Mr. Millington, blocked up the way of their complaint, so that they feared not being turned out of the committee for the abuse of that trust: and perhaps they had succeeded, but that the governor scorned to give up a good cause, either particular or public, for want of courage to defend it among many difficulties; and then, although he had many enemies, he had more friends, whom if he should desert, they would be left to be crushed by these malicious persons; and more than all this, the country would be abandoned into the hands of persons who would only make a prey of it, and not endeavour its protection, liberty, or real advantage, which had been his chief aim in all his undertakings.

---

* To some the recital of these municipal broils may appear rather tedious, but Whitelock's Memorials show that these, and such like, in various parts of the kingdom, required the serious and frequent attention of the parliament. Most readers will pity a man of Col. Hutchinson's exalted mind for being compelled to cope with such despicable adversaries, but they will derive some pleasure from observing the address with which he foiled their insidious attacks.

The conspirators, as I may more justly term them than the committee, had sent Capt. White to York, to my Lord Fairfax, and to get the governor's power defined, which he understanding, the next day went thither himself, and Mr. Pigott, who, from the beginning to the ending, showed himself a most real and generous friend to the governor, and as cordial to his country and the great cause, went along with him, arriving a day after Capt. White. When my lord gave them a hearing together, he asked whether the governor had done anything of consequence without consulting the committee, which White could not say he had; then he asked White if he had any other misgovernment to accuse him of, which, when White could not allege against him, the governor before his face told my lord all the business, whereupon White was dismissed with reproof and laughter, and letters were written to the committee, to justify the governor's power, and to entreat them to forbear disturbing him in his command, and to Mr. Millington, to desire him to come over to York to my lord; both which the governor delivered, but Mr. Millington would not go over, but on the contrary, continued to foment and raise up the factions in the town against the governor, and by his countenance the committee every day meditated and practised new provocations to stir up the governor to rage, or at least to weary him in his employment. The horse, without his knowledge, they frequently sent abroad; protections, tickets, and passes, they gave out; and, encroaching upon his office in all things whatsoever, wrought such a confusion in the garrison, that while all men were distracted and amazed, in doubt whose orders to obey, and who were their commanders, they obeyed none, but every man did what he listed; and by that means the public service was in all things obstructed and prejudiced. The governor, while the injury was only to himself, bore it, but when it extended almost to the destruction of the garrison, he was forced to endeavour a remedy. For about this time it happened that Salisbury being treasurer, had given base terms and wilful delays to the soldiers who were assigned their pay, when the money was ready for them in the treasury; and when this base carriage of his had provoked them to a mutiny, the governor was sent for to appease it, which he did; but coming to the committee, told them he would no longer endure this usage of theirs, to have all things of power, honour, and command, wrested out of his hands, and all things of difficulty and danger put upon him; while they purposely stirred up occasions of rigour and punishment, and then expected he should be the executioner of it, by which he perceived they did these things only with design to render him contemptible and odious to all persons. Not long after a command came for all the horse that could be spared in the garrison to go to Sir John Meldrum, to the relief of Montgomery castle. The governor went to the committee to consult what troops should march, and they voted *none*. The governor told them, he conceived when a command was given, they were to obey without dispute, and that he came to advise with them what troops should be sent forth, not whether any or no; therefore, although they voted disobedience of the command, that would not discharge him, especially the service being of great consequence, and the troops lying here without other employment: wherefore at night he summoned a council of war, and there almost all the captains, having no mind to march so far from home, declared they conceived themselves to be under the command of the committee, and would only obey their orders. Upon this the governor went to the committee and desired them that in regard unanswerable things were done, the public service neglected, and all the transactions of the garrison confused, they would unite with him in a petition to the parliament to define their several powers; and in the meantime either quietly to let him execute his duty, or else to take all upon them and discharge him. They presently made a motion, that he would call a muster, and put it to all the soldiers whether they would be governed by the committee or the governor. The governor told them his command was not elective, but of right belonged to him, and this way was only the next occasion to cause a mutiny, which he could not consent to. But they persisting in their course, he came again to them and desired they would at length surcease these affronts in his command, and their underminings, whereby they endeavoured to alienate men's hearts from him, and to raise faction against him by close unworthy practices: so after much debate it was on all hands agreed, that they should not at all intermeddle with anything belonging to the soldiery, nor interrupt the governor in his command till the house of parliament should decide it, and that the governor and Capt. White should both go to London to procure a speedy determination of the powers in a fair and open way. This they all faithfully promised the governor, and made many hypocritical professions to him, some of them with tears; whereupon he, who was of the most reconcileable nature in the world, accepted their fair pretences, and went to drink friendly with them in token of kindness. Yet was all this but hypocrisy and falsehood, for even at that very time they wearied many of the governor's officers out of the garrison by the continued malice wherewith they persecuted all that had any respect for him. Among these was Mr. Hooper the engineer, a man very faithful to the cause and very honest, but withal rough, who having to do with hateful businesses, was made odious to the common people; the priests, too, having a particular spite at him, as one they esteemed a leader of the separatists, yet he was very ingenious and industrious in his office, and most faithful as well to the governor himself as to the public service. The committee, to insinuate themselves with the common people, regarded him with an evil eye, and so discouraged him, that being offered much better preferment, and invited by Col. Cromwell into other parts, he acquainted the governor with it, offering withal that, if he might yet be protected from affronts in his employment, he would stay and serve the governor for half the salary offered elsewhere. But the governor, although he were very sorry to part with him, and the service would much miss him, yet being so much injured himself, could not undertake the protection of any of his officers, and therefore would not hinder his preferment, but suffered him to go to Cromwell. Such was the envy of the committee to him, that just as he was going, that very day, they not willing to let him depart in peace, although they knew he had justly expended all the money he had received of them, yet they called for an account from the beginning of his employment, which they had often seen in parcels, but believing he could not so readily give it them altogether, they then demanded it. He immediately brought it forth, and got by it twelve shillings due to him upon the foot thereof, which he intended not to have asked them, but receiving it upon the exhibition of his account, went away smiling at their malice; which yet would not let him go so, for then Henry Wandall came with a petition to the governor, that he would vindicate the honour of the Earl of Essex against Mr. Hooper, whom he accused to have spoken words against him, and done actions to his dishonour. The governor knowing this was but malice, accepted security for him, which was offered by Mr. Pigott and Major Watson, that he should answer what could be objected against him at any council of war he should be called to*.

---

* Of this custom of applying to the parliament for reparation or compensation, and of its being granted generally at the expense of delinquents or cavaliers, there appear many instances in Whitelock; no doubt many abuses crept in. In Walker's Hist. of Independ. p. 81, Mr. Millington is declared to have received in this manner 2000*l.*

---

* This Mr. Hooper was undoubtedly a person of singular abilities. Mr. Sprigge, in his Anglia Rediviva, mentions him as serving Sir Thomas Fairfax at the siege

Wednesday, Sept. the 25th, 1644, Capt. White went to London, to solicit the committee's business against the governor, for they were intended to put it upon a fair debate, as was promised. The next day the governor commanded Capt. Barrat's troop to convoy him towards London, but just as he was going to horse, the committee, contrary to their engagements not to meddle with any military affairs, commanded them another way, and so he was forced to go without a convoy, although the captain was afforded a whole troop to wait on him.

Two or three days before the governor went, Chadwick came privately to the governor's brother and told him, that his conscience would not suffer him to conceal the malicious designs, and that treachery, which he now discovered to be in these men's oppositions of the governor, and, with many insinuations told him they were framing articles against the governor, whereof he gave him a copy, which the governor carried to London with him, and showed the lieutenant-colonel the originals in Mason's and Plumptre's own hand-writings. Three days after the governor, Col. Thornhagh went to London. That day the governor went, one of the presbyterian ministers, whose name was Goodal, preached the lecture at the great church, with many invectives against governors and arbitrary power, so plainly hinting at the governor that all the church well understood it; but for the committee, he glozed with them, and told them he had nothing to say to them, but to go on in the good way they went. Some months after, this poor man preaching at a living the committee had put him into, was taken by the enemy, and much dejected at it, because he could not hope the governor would exchange him, after his unworthy pulpit railings at him; but the governor, who hated poor revenges, when his enemy and one of his friends were both in the same prison, and he had but one exchange ready, first procured the minister's release, and let his own officer stay for the next exchange. Whereupon the man coming home, was struck with remorse, and begged the governor's pardon, with real acknowledgements both to himself and others of his sin in supporting faction against the governor; who was told that on his death-bed, for he died before the garrison was dissolved, he expressed to some of the governor's friends his trouble for having been his enemy. But not only to him, but to many others of his enemies, the governor upon sundry occasions, when they fell into his power to have requited their mischiefs, instead of vengeance rendered them benefits, so that at last his own friends would tell him, if they could in justice and conscience forsake him, they would become his adversaries, for that was the next way to engage him to obligations; but although his friends, who had greater animosities against his unjust persecutors than he himself, would say these things in anger at his clemency, his nature was as full of kind gratitude to his friends as free from base revenges upon enemies, who either fell down to him by their own just remorse, or were cast under his power by God's just providence.

As soon as the governor was gone, the committee took all power upon them, and had the impudence to command the lieutenant-colonel, who was deputy-governor, and absolute in his brother's absence, to draw out his troop: he went to them and told them he was sorry they broke their agreement, but he could not break his trust of his brother's authority to obey them. Then they feigned a pretence and turned out the governor's quarter-master, who by the governor's appointment had quartered soldiers at an alehouse Mr. Millington had given a protection to, that they should quarter none, upon the account of some relation they had to him, who married one of the daughters of the place. This occasioning some dispute, Cooke the quarter-master had uttered some words, for which they sent for him and cast out great threats, how they would punish him, which frighted his wife, big with child, in that manner that her child died within her, and her own life was in great hazard. The committee then called a hall, and caused the townsmen to bring in horses for dragoons, whereof they voted a regiment to be raised, Chadwick to be the colonel, and Hall and Selby to be captains under him. They took upon them to command the soldiers, and made horrible confusion, by which they often put the garrison in great danger, if the enemy had known their advantage. Among the rest, one night after the guards were set, the captain of the guard, missing the deputy governor to receive the word from him, gave them the same word they had before, till he had found out the governor to receive a new one. Mr. Millington coming by, half flustered, would have had the captain take a word from him, which when the captain refused, he being angry, commanded Capt. Mason's drums to beat, and set a double guard. The lieutenant-colonel hearing the drums, and having no notice of this command, sent to Mason to command him to forbear drawing any men to the guard, but Mason would not obey him. Besides this, they did a thousand such like things, to provoke him to give them some colour of complaint, or some advantage against him and his brother, for the carrying on of a wicked design, which they were secretly managing to destroy them; but God, by a wonderful providence, brought it to light.

Their conspiracy was to accuse the colonel and his brother as persons that had betrayed the town and castle, and were ready to surrender them to the enemy, which they would pretend to have discovered, and to have prevented their treachery, by a surprise of the lieutenant-colonel, the castle and the bridges, and all the officers that were faithful to the governor and his friends. Because they had not force in town who would act this villany, they sent to Sir John Gell, in whom they had a great interest, and a man likely enough to promote their wickedness, had they even acquainted him with it, as black as it was in the cursed forge of their own hearts; but to carry their business closely, they sent to tell him they had cause of suspicion that the lieutenant-colonel was false to his trust, and would deliver the castle to the enemy, to prevent which they desired him to assist

---

of Oxford and other places as engineer extraordinary, and greatly expediting all his enterprises, the rapidity and number of which were surprising: he was at the siege of Ragland-castle, the last garrison that surrendered; he came again to Nottingham during Col. Hutchinson's government, and, by the list of the garrison in Deering's Nottingham, appears to have continued with Captain Poulton.

them with some men and ammunition; which ammunition was very secretly conveyed into the town, and the men were ready to march, and quarters taken up for them in Nottingham. The lieutenant-colonel dreamt nothing of the mischief that was hatching against him, when, just at the very time of the execution, there came into Nottingham two gentlemen, whom the parliament employed to carry intelligences between the north and the south, and who used to meet at this town.

Mr. Fleetwood, who came from the south, came immediately up to the castle, and there was familiarly and kindly treated, as he used to be, by the lieutenant-colonel. This was upon a Saturday night, in the month of October. Mr. Marsh, his correspondent, that came from the north, passing through Derby, was cautioned so by Sir John Gell, that he durst not come up to the castle, but on the Lord's day sent for Mr. Fleetwood to meet him in the town, who coming to him, he told him what information he had received from Sir John Gell, and for that reason durst not trust himself in the castle. Mr. Fleetwood undertaking for his safety, brought him up to the lieutenant-colonel, and he finding the untruth of their forgeries, told the lieutenant-colonel all the machinations against him; whereupon, on the Monday morning, he went away to London, and sent Mr. Millington word that having understood the suspicion they had of him, he was gone to London, where, if they had anything to accuse him of, they might send after him, and he should be ready to answer it, and in his absence had left Capt. Lomax governor of the garrison. The committee, very much confounded that their wickedness was come to light, resolved to outface the thing, and denied that they had sent to Derby for any men. They said, indeed, it was true that having formerly lent Sir John Gell some powder, they had sent for that back; but this was not all, for they had also persuaded the master of the magazine that was in the castle to convey, unknown to the lieutenant-colonel, two barrels of powder, with match and bullets suitable, to such place as Chadwick should direct. This he, not dreaming of their evil intention, had condescended to, and sent them to Salisbury's house, but as soon as the lieutenant-colonel was gone they took what care they could to shuffle up this business, and presently despatched Capt. Palmer to London and Lieut. Chadwick to Derby, where he so wrought with Sir John Gell, that he brought back a counterfeit letter, pretended to have been all that was sent from the committee of Nottingham to him, and another of Sir John Gell's writing, wherein he disowned all that Mr. Marsh had related of his information; but God, who would not let them be hid, had so ordered that while matters were thus huddling up at Derby, Sir John Gell's brother came by chance to Nottingham, and affirmed that the committee of Nottingham had sent to his brother for three hundred men to surprise Nottingham castle, which when the committee heard, they sent Capt. Pendock after him the next day to charm him, that he might no more discover the truth in that particular. Also that very day that these intentions of theirs were thus providentially brought to light, one of Sir John Gell's captains was known to be in town, whom Sir John had sent to discover the state of things, and the new quarter-master had been all that day taking billet for soldiers in several houses in the town.

When the governor came to London, the committee of both kingdoms had appointed a sub-committee to hear his business, whereof young Sir Henry Vane had the chair, Mr. William Pierrepont, Mr. Solicitor St. John, Mr. Recorder, and two of the Scotch commissioners, were nominated for the committee; before whom the governor's propositions and the committee's answers had been read, and when their solicitor, Capt. White, saw they were likely to be cast out as frivolous, he produced some articles which they had formed against the governor, lieutenant-colonel, and Mr. Pigott, but they proved as frivolous as the other, and the gentlemen answered them so clearly that they appeared to be forged out of malice and envy, only to cause delays, there being scarce anything of moment in them, if they had been true, whereas they were all false: and now after they had trod down the fence of shame, and impudently began with articles, there was not the least ridiculous impertinency that passed at Nottingham but they put it into a scrip of paper and presented it as an additional article to the committee; to each of whom particularly Mr. Millington had written letters, and given them such false impressions of the governor, and so prepossessed them against him, that was a stranger to them all, that they looked upon him very coldly and slightly, when he made particular addresses to them: but he that scorned to be discouraged with any man's disregard, from whom he had more reason to have expected all caresses and thankful acknowledgments of his unwearied fidelity and good services, resolved to pursue his own vindication through all their frowns and cold repulses: these he met with more from Mr. William Pierrepont than from any of the rest, till Mr. Pierrepont perceived the injustice of their prosecution, and then there was no person in the world that could demean himself with more justice, honour, and kindness than he did to the governor, whose injuries became first apparent to him when the lieutenant-colonel came and told his brother what combinations had been discovered against him at Nottingham, which the governor resenting with great indignation, complained of it to the committee. The solicitor, White, impudently denied the whole matter, or that ever the committee at Nottingham had had the least suspicion of the governor or his brother, or the least ground of any. When this had been with stiffness and impudence enough outfaced before the committee, Mr. Pierrepont, then fully convinced of their devilish malice, pulled a letter out of his pocket, wherein Mr. Millington made this suggestion to him against the governor and his brother, and desired that he might be armed with power to prevent and suppress them. This would have made others ashamed, but their solicitor was, notwithstanding, impudent and rudely pressing upon the committee, who, though they were persons of honour, and after they discovered the governor's innocence, not forward to oppress him, yet as they were statesmen, so were they not so ready to relieve him as they ought to have been, because they could not do it without a high reflection upon one of their own members, who encouraged all those little men in their wicked persecution of him. They were such exquisite rogues, that all the while some of them betrayed one another to the governor, and told him, under pretence of honesty and conscience, the bottom of their whole designs, showed the foul original draughts of their articles, in the men's own hands that contrived them; and told him how not so much dislike of him, as covetousness and ambition to advance themselves upon his ruins, engaged them thus against him, and made them contrive that villany to accuse him and his brother of treachery, and to have seized their garrisons under that pretence, and gotten them to be made prisoners; and then Mr. Millington undertook to have lodged their petitions so in the parliament, that they should never have been heard and relieved*. Col. Thornhagh, too, was to be wrought out of his command, and they had divided the spoil before they caught the lions. Millington's son was designed to be governor of the castle: the ten pounds a-week, allowed for the governor's table, so many of the committee-men were to share by forty shillings a-man; Chadwick was to be colonel of the town regiment, and Mason major; White, colonel of the horse regiment, and Palmer, the priest, his major; and all the governor's friends to be turned out, and their places disposed of to creatures of theirs, who, drawn on with these hopes, were very active to work the governor and his party out of the opinion of all men. They forgot the public interest in this private quarrel, taking in all the malignant and debauched people that would join with them, to destroy the governor, whom they hated for his unmoved fidelity in his trust, and his severe restriction of lewdness and vice: but because he protected and favoured godly men that were sober, although they separated from the public assemblies, this opened wide the mouths of all the priests and all their idolaters, and they were willing enough to let the children of hell cry out with them to make the louder noise; and as we have since seen the whole cause and party ruined by the same practice, so at that time the zealots for God and the parliament turned all the hate they had to the enemies of both, and called them to assist in executing their malice upon the faithful servant and generous champion of the Lord's and his country's just cause. And now the name of cavalier was no more remembered, Castilian being the term of reproach with which they branded all the governor's friends, and lamentable it was to behold how those wretched men fell away under this temptation, not only from public-spiritedness, but from sobriety and honest moral conversation; not only conniving at and permitting the wickedness of others, but themselves conversing in taverns and brothels, till at last Millington and White were so ensnared that they married a couple of alehouse wenches, to their open shame and the conviction of the whole country of the vain lives they led, and some reflection on the parliament itself, as much as the miscarriage of a member could cast on it, when Millington, a man of sixty, professing religion, and having but lately buried a religious matronly gentlewoman, should go to an alehouse to take a flirtish girl of sixteen; yet by these ignoble alliances, they much strengthened their faction with all the vain drunken rogues in the town against the governor. Now their first plot had, by God's providence, been detected, they fell upon others, and set on instruments everywhere, to insinuate all the lies they could, that might render the governor odious to the town and to the horse of the garrison, whom they desired to stir up to petition against him, but could not find any considerable number that would freely do it; therefore they used all the strong motives they could, and told them the governor sought to exercise an arbitrary power over them, and to have all their booties at his own disposal, and other such like things; by which at length they prevailed with many of Col. Thornhagh's regiment to subscribe a petition that they might be under the command of the committee, and not of any other person in the garrison. This petition was sent up by Capt. Palmer, and he meeting Mr. Pigott at Westminster-hall, Mr. Pigott, in private discourse with him, began to bewail the scandalous conversation of certain persons of the committee, hoping that he, being familiar with them, might be a means to persuade them to reformation.

After this, the governor, Col. Thornhagh, Mr. Pigott, and some other, being in a tavern at Westminster, where they dined, Capt. Palmer came to the door, and they bade him come in. Upon discourse, the governor pulled out of his pocket the articles which the committee had put in against him, showed them to Capt. Palmer, and asked him whether he thought it possible that he should, after all his toils and services, have been articled against for such things. Palmer, who had been from the beginning with the governor and knew the falsehood of these accusations, professed he was amazed at them, and that he had not till then heard anything of them. Continuing in further discourse, the governor mentioned an unchristian-like sermon, which Mr. Goodall had preached with invectives against him, in his absence: Palmer undertook the justification of it, with such saucy provocations, that the governor told him, if it had not been more in respect to his black coat than his grey, he would have beaten him out of the room, which for his own safety, he advised him to leave: so he went out very angry, and going to Capt. White, told him how Mr. Pigott called him a whore-master, Mr. Millington a drunkard, and Chadwick a knave. White, meeting Mr. Pigott, in the hall, challenged him of these scandals. Mr. Pigott, seeing Palmer not far off, led White to him, and told him he knew that person had been his informer, repeating all he had said to him, and added, that it was in a desire of their reformation, but he would maintain that all the things he spoke were true. Palmer further, in his rage, puts into the committee a paper of reasons why he desired to be exempted from being under the governor, whereof one was, that he had cowardly and unhandsomely behaved himself in an occasion when Palmer's troop marched out with him to Elston. The governor sent a copy of this paper down to Palmer's own troop, and the lieutenant, cornet, and all the troopers, sent up a certificate, under their hands, of the falsehood of their captain's accusation. After this, Palmer came into the garrison, and made a grievous exclamation all over the town against the governor and Mr. Pigott for traducing the ministers, Mr. Millington, and the committee; adding a false report, that the governor had thrown a trencher at his head; and abusing the pulpit to persuade the people to vindicate them: among other things, he misapplied a place in Nehemiah, where Nehemiah says, "I eat not the governor's bread, because the fear of the Lord was upon me," to the governor; that his accepting a public table, was a mark of the want of the fear of God: and many other such malicious wrestings of scripture did he and his fellow priests at that time practise. The committee of Nottingham, on their side, taking this occasion, called a public hall in the town, where two orations were made by Mr. Millington and Col. Chadwick. Millington began with a large enumeration of Chadwick's worthy actions (known to no man), whereby he merited honour of all men, especially of this town; and then mentioning his own good services for the town, told them how ungratefully they were repaid, by Mr. Pigott, with the scandalous aspersion of drunkards and knaves; and that their singular affections and endeavours for the good of the town had exposed them to this calumny, wherefore they desired the town to join in their justification. Chadwick made just such another speech, and both of them seemed to pass by their own particular, and only to desire the other's justification; Chadwick, in his speech, saying that Mr. Pigott's abuse of Mr. Millington did not only asperse the committee, but even the parliament itself. Capt. Lomax, then deputy governor of the garrison, after they had spoken, stood up, and advised the townsmen that they should forbear to entangle themselves in things they understood not; adding that Mr. Pigott and the gentlemen at London were persons of such honour and prudence, that they would maintain whatever they had spoken of any man. Hereupon Capt. Mason, and two malignant townsmen of his soldiers, began to mutiny, with high insolence, and to lay violent hands on him to thrust him out of the hall, giving him most reproachful terms; but the man being very stout, quieted them, and would not depart till the hall broke up. After this, without acquainting the deputy governor, they summoned another hall; but Lomax seeing their inclination to mutiny, forbad it. Then, at ten of the clock at night, they got a common council together, at Mr. Salisbury's house, and there Mr. Millington again desired they would join in the vindication of himself, the ministers, and the committee, and got about eight of them to subscribe a blank paper. Then the committee, with certain instruments of theirs, appointed rounds to walk the town, persuading some, and threatening others, to set their hands to a petition, which none of them that subscribed it knew what it was, but they told them it was for the good of the town.

---

* It is averred in the Hist. of Independ. "that the active speaking men pack committees, who carry all the businesses of the house as they please, and when the matter is too bad smother it with artificial delays."

All this while these petty committee fellows had carried themselves as absolute governors, and Plumptre was now their intimate favourite, and began to vapour that he would have the castle pulled down to re-erect the church, and the fort at the bridges thrown down, and all the arms and soldiers brought into the town.

But at London, the governor being grown into acquaintance with the gentlemen of the subcommittee that were to hear his business, and they perceiving with how much wicked malice he was prosecuted, Sir Henry Vane was so honourable as to give him advice to put his business in such a way as might take away all colour from his enemies; whereupon he put in some propositions to the committee of both kingdoms, for the composure of these differences, wherein he was willing to decline all things of his own right, which might be done without prejudice to the public service, and to pass by all the injuries that had been done him; which condescension gave such satisfaction, that forthwith the whole business was determined at the committee of both kingdoms, and the governor sent back to his charge, with instructions drawn up for all parties, and letters written to the officers and soldiers, both of horse and foot, to be obedient; and likewise letters to the mayor of the town and the committee. The governor returning, word was brought to Nottingham, that on Friday night he lay at Leicester; whereupon the committee, who had heard the determination of things above, got them ready to be gone; but the soldiers having notice thereof, went to the deputy-governor and entreated him to stop the treasurer; whereupon he and the major of the regiment went to them, and entreated them to stay till the governor came, but to see what instructions he brought with him from the powers above: but when they would not be persuaded fairly, then the deputy peremptorily forbad the treasurer, as he would answer it, not to go; but he refusing to obey, the deputy told him he should pass on his sword's point if he went, and accordingly went down to set guards at the Trent bridges; which being told them, they made haste and fled out at the other end of the town. Millington, Chadwick, Ayscough, Salisbury, and Mason, (whom they had gotten added to the committee to increase their faction), were the committee men, who took with them their new marshal and another of their created officers, Palmer, two more priests, and a town captain. The governor was met on the way homewards by some of his officers, and told with what joy his garrison and regiment were preparing to entertain him, in all expressions they could possibly make by volleys of cannon and muskets, and ringing of bells, and all such declarations as used to be made in a public and universal rejoicing; but the governor, fearing his enemies might not bear such testimonies of love to him, without grief, sent into the town to desire them to forbear their kind intentions of giving him so loud a welcome. When he was now near the town, another messenger came to acquaint him, that all those who would have been grieved at his joyful entertainment were fled, and that those who remained would be much grieved if he should not be pleased to give them leave to receive him with such demonstrations of their joy as they could make. He now permitted them to do what they pleased, which leave being obtained, every one strove to declare his gladness with all imaginable expressions of love and honour, and all the solemnities the time and place would afford. The governor on his side received them with a cheerful obliging courtesy to all, and a large bounty to his loving soldiers, who made that day as great a festival, as if themselves and their families had been redeemed from captivity. The mayor of the town, with his brethren in their scarlets, met him, and told him, if he had been guilty of anything prejudicial to him, he was exceeding sorry for it, for he infinitely honoured him, and all his errors had been through ignorance or misinformation, which he should be most ready to repair. That evening White came home pining with spite and envy at the governor and the gentlemen that joined with him, viz. Col. Thornhagh, Mr. Pigott, Lieut.-Col. Hutchinson, Major Widmerpoole, Capt. Lomax, and Alderman James: for as to the mayor of the town, notwithstanding his fair professions publicly to the governor, White had the same night again turned about that weathercock.

The next day the governor and the committee with him sent a command to all the horse in town to march to the assistance of Derby and Leicester, to fortify a house called Cole-orton, which not being taken notice of, the governor and Col. Thornhagh summoned all the horse officers, and declared to them the orders of the committee of both kingdoms, to which they cheerfully promised obedience; but White being sent for among them, insolently refused to come up to the castle, and bade the governor come down to him, to the committee's chamber; yet upon second thoughts he came up, and the governor took no notice for that time. Monday the governor sent to the mayor to call a hall, but the mayor entreated him to forbear till they saw whether the committee-men that ran away would come back, and that he might go with Capt. White to persuade them; both which the governor assented to; but the men would not return, but went from Derby to London. Then the governor called a general muster, and read to them the instructions he had brought from the committee of both kingdoms, with which all men were exceeding well pleased. But Capt. White all this while would not deliver the letters he had to the committee and the mayor of Nottingham.

Some few days after word was brought the governor that the new dragoons were come for ammunition, to march out upon some design he was not acquainted with, whereupon he sent to the guards at the bridges not to suffer them to pass without his ticket. Immediately after White came along with them, and being denied to pass, gave the guards such provocative language that they were forced to send for the governor. He came down and found White in high rage, who gave him all the vile terms and opprobrious language he could invent, to provoke him to some anger upon which he might have taken his advantage: but the governor only laughed at his fogue *, and would not let him go till he showed a warrant from the council of war at London, and then he permitted him, after White had told him that he would not be commanded by him, and a thousand such mutinous speeches. As he went towards London he met the horse coming home from Cole-orton, whom he told such lies of the governor's usage of him, that they were frighted from coming into the garrison, but that Col. Thornhagh prevailed with them to take his engagement, that the governor should give them no ill-usage. So they came back, and that week their colonel fell into the enemy's quarters with them, and took eighty horse, two horse colours, a major and some other officers. The bridge troop also met with Col. Stanhope, governor of Shelford †, who had two parties, each as many as they; his, where himself was, they routed, and he ran away, while the other party charged them in the rear, upon whom they turned, routed and chased them out of the field, took Lieut.-Col. Stanhope and his ensign, and many other prisoners, with many horse and arms. In the absence of the governor and his brother, the committee had done all they could to discourage and dissipate this troop, and would neither give them money nor provisions, yet, upon hopes of their captain's return, they kept themselves together, and when the governor came home he recruited them.

The committee of both kingdoms had sent down at this time an order for all the horse of Nottingham and Derbyshire to join with three regiments of Yorkshire, and quarter about Newark, to straiten the enemy there, and accordingly they rendezvoused at Mansfield, and from thence marched to Thurgarton, where Sir Roger Cooper had fortified his house, and lined the hedges with musketeers, who, as the troops passed by, shot and killed one Capt. Heywood. Hereupon Col. Thornhagh sent to the governor, and desired to borrow some foot to take the house. The governor accordingly lent him three companies, who took the house, and Sir Roger Cooper and his brother, and forty men, in it, who were sent prisoners to Nottingham, where, although Sir Roger Cooper was in great dread to be put into the governor's hands, whom he had provoked before upon a private occasion, yet he received such a civil treatment from him, that he seemed to be much moved and melted with it. The foot had done all the service, and run all the hazard, in taking the house, yet the booty was all given to the horse: this they had very just reason to resent, but notwithstanding they marched along with them to Southwell, and there were most sadly neglected, and put upon keeping out-guards for the horse, and had no provisions, but the governor was forced to send them some out of his garrison, or else they had been left to horrible distress. Hereupon they sent to the governor to desire they might come home, but upon Col. Thornhagh's entreaty, and engagement that they should be better used, the governor was content to let them stay a little longer, till more horse came up, which were sent for out of Yorkshire. In the mean time those who were there already did nothing but harass the poor country, and the horse officers were so negligent of their own duty, and so remiss in the government of their soldiers, that the service was infinitely prejudiced, and the poor country miserably distressed. The Nottingham horse, being in their own country, and having their families in and about Nottingham, were more guilty of straggling than any of the rest, and Capt. White's whole troop having

---

* French—*Fougue*, heat, impetuosity.

† Here, viz. in the end of the year 1644, Shelford clearly appears to be a garrison for the king; yet Whitelock, p. 96, says, that in July, 1644, Lord Grey of Groby and Sir John Gell had the thanks of the parliament for taking it: this is an evident inaccuracy of Whitelock's, or a very successful puff of Sir John's. To put it out of doubt, Sprigge, in his Anglia Rediviva, counts it among the king's garrisons, May, 1645: and Col. Hutchinson, supported by Rossiter, took it in person and by storm a year after that.

presumed to be away one night when they should have been upon the guard, the Newarkers beat up our quarters, and took almost two whole troops of that regiment. White's lieutenant, without any leave from the colonel, thereupon posted up to London, and contrived a complaint against the governor, to make him appear guilty of this disorder: but soon after Newark gave them another alarum, and the parliament horse made so slender an appearance, that the officers, thereupon consulting in a council of war, concluded that the design was not to be prosecuted without more force, and for the present broke up their quarters.

The committee-men that ran away when the governor returned had taken the treasurer away with them, and left neither any money, nor so much as the rent rolls whereby the governor could be instructed where to fetch in any,* but by the prudence and interest of himself and his friends, he procured a month's pay for the foot, and twenty shillings a man for the horse,† as soon as he came home, and recruited all the stores, which the committee had purposely wasted in his absence, and fetched in a small stock of powder they had laid in at Salisbury's house. While he was thus industriously setting things in order, which they had confounded, they at London were as maliciously active to make more confusion. They contrived many false and frivolous articles and petitions against him, and proceeded to that degree of impudence in desiring alterations, and casting reflections upon the sub-committee itself, that they grew weary of them. Mr. Pierrepont and Sir H. Vane, being now taken notice of as leaders of the Independent faction,‡ when those gentlemen, out of mere justice and honour, discountenanced their envy and malice, they applied themselves to the Presbyterian faction, and insinuating to them that the justice of those gentlemen was partiality to the governor, because he was a protector of the now hated separatists, they prevailed to have Sir Philip Stapleton and Sir Gilbert Garrett, two fierce presbyterians, added to the sub-committee, to balance the other faction, and found this wicked invention not a little advantageous to them: yet Mr. Hollis, who was a person of honour, did not comply with their factious spirits, but gave the governor all just assistance against their malice which lay in his power.§ But they, quitting all modesty, and pressing the committee with false affirmations and forgeries, that all men would lay down their arms if the governor were not removed, at length they prevailed, that he was the second time sent for to London to justify himself against them. In that blank, to which they had by fraud and threats procured so many hands, they wrote a petition, alleging that the governor was so generally detested, that if he were not removed all men would fling down their arms; and the subscriptions they thus abused were those they procured to vindicate Mr. Millington. Salisbury and one Silvester had, for their own profit, gotten a commission to set on foot the excise in the county, and joined with them one Sherwin. These two were such pragmatical knaves, that they justly became odious to all men; and although necessity might excuse the tax in other places, yet here it was such a burthen that no man of any honesty or conscience could have acted in it. For when plundering troops killed all the poor countrymen's sheep and swine, and other provisions, whereby many honest families were ruined and beggared, these unmerciful people would force excise out of them for those very goods which the other had robbed them of, insomuch that the religious soldiers said they would starve before they would be employed in forcing it, or take any of it for their pay. The governor, being inclined in conscience to assist the poor country, was very active in his endeavours to relieve them from this oppression, which his enemies highly urged in their articles against him. These excisemen came very pressingly to urge the governor to enforce the payment of it in the town; he told them before he would use compulsion he would try fair means, and call a hall to see whether the townsmen would be persuaded, which accordingly he did: but when the day came, the excisemen came to the governor and advised him to take a strong guard with him, telling him that the butchers had been whetting their knives, and intended mischief, and had cast out many words intimating a dangerous design. The governor told them he should not augment his usual guard, and could fear nothing, having no intent to do anything that might provoke them to mutiny. They went again to the men and told them the governor intended to come, with many armed men, to compel them to pay it: whereupon when he came to the hall he found but a very slender appearance, yet those who were there were all fully resolved not to pay it; but the governor wrought with them to represent their reasons, in an humble manner, to the committee of both kingdoms, and that there should be a fuller meeting to that purpose the next week, and that in the mean time both parties should forbear any private addresses in this matter. To this the excisemen agreed; yet notwithstanding the governor took a whole packet of their letters going to London, which when he discovered, he also wrote to his friends in London on behalf of the garrison. The next week, at a full meeting, a petition was signed, which the governor offered the town to have carried, being himself to go up, but they in a compliment refused to give him the trouble, pitching upon Capt. Coates and the town clerk to go up with it. They accordingly went about the time that, after seven weeks' stay in the garrison, the governor was called again up to

---

* Rent-rolls of sequestrated or forfeited estates.

† One out of many instances of Col. Hutchinson's generous devotion to the cause, which brought on him that load of debt so oppressive to him in the reverse of affairs. In pp. 623 and 624 of Rushworth, Thornhagh's Nottinghamshire horse state that they had served five years, and received barely six shillings a week in all; and that there was 40,000*l.* due to them. Judge from these two corps, Col. Hutchinson's being twelve hundred infantry, and two or three troops of dragoons, Thornhagh's about six hundred horse, what was the general state of the army as to pay! Mr. Sprigge might well say of the troops as he does, "it was not their pay that pacified them, for had they not had more civility than money, things had not been so fairly managed."

‡ Probably it was the experience these two excellent politicians had of Col. Hutchinson's abilities and integrity on this trial, which induced them afterwards to take him for their associate.

§ Mrs. Hutchinson, who in other places speaks with much disapprobation of Mr. Hollis, here most candidly gives him his due.

London, to justify himself against the malicious clamours of his adversaries. When Capt. Coates and the other came to London, they applied themselves to Mr. Millington, who, perceiving that the governor stood for the ease of the garrison, put them into a way to frustrate their own designs, and so they returned home; and at the sessions, rendering the town an account of their negociations, they told them they found it an impossible thing to get the excise taken off; yet the governor knew a way how to ease them, but they feared he would be discouraged in it, because at his coming up he had found their disaffections expressed against him in a petition to cast him out of his command, "which," said the clerk, "you cannot do, for he still is and must be governor; therefore if any of you have been cheated of your hands, contrary to your intentions and desires, you would do well to testify your honesty, by disclaiming what goes on under your name." Soon after, these malignants stirred up the soldiers to mutiny, and there being no governor in the garrison that could tell how to order them otherwise, they were appeased with money; upon which occasion a general muster being called, the major told the soldiers how they were injured at London by a petition, preferred in the name of the whole garrison, to cast the governor out of his command, which if it were not their desire, he wished them to certify the contrary. They all with one voice cried, they desired no other governor: whereupon a certificate to that purpose was drawn up: but when it came to be subscribed, certain of the committee faction went up and down persuading the companies not to subscribe, and when they found how little they prevailed, they foamed for anger, and such malicious railing, that one of the governor's soldiers, not able to bear them longer, cried out, "Why do we suffer these fellows to vapour thus? let's clout them out of the field:" but the major hearing it, committed him; and the next morning the certificate went up, subscribed with seven hundred townsmen's hands. After all was done, the major gave some small sum to the soldiers to drink; and the malicious faction, when they saw they could not hinder this certificate, made another false one of their own, that the major had with crowns apiece hired all these subscriptions, with other such like lies, which when they could not make good, 'tis said they retracted their certificate at London.

The committee at London could never finish the business by reason of the impertinent clamours of the governor's enemies, therefore at length, wearied with the continual endless papers they had daily brought in, they made an order, wherein they assigned a certain day for the determination of the power, and in the mean time commanded all matter of crimination on both sides should be forborne. At the day they both appeared, but Mr. Millington presented a petition of a most insolent nature, and fresh articles against the governor, which gave the committee much distaste. The petition was, that whereas the committee had kept them ten weeks at great charges, they desired a speedy despatch now, according to the propositions. The committee were much offended at this, and told them they did them much injury to lay their stay upon them, who five weeks before desired them to return, and only leave a solicitor for each, and then they refused it; that they had broken their first orders, and given no satisfaction for it, and now also their last, in bringing in articles against the governor. They took it very ill that they, who were plaintiffs, should prescribe to them, who were judges, how to determine the business; wherefore they ordered that the governor should return and pursue his first instructions, till he received new ones, and that the business should be reported to the house. The governor sent his brother down to take care of the garrison, and staid himself to receive the final determination of the house, where Mr. Millington, through his interest, kept off the report, by several tricks and unjust delays, about three or four months.

When the lieutenant-colonel came down, the captains were wonderful obedient, and all things pretty quiet, but the governor's officers were discouraged at the countenance which was given his enemies, and the impunity of all the crimes of that faction. He having a certain spirit of government, in an extraordinary manner, which was not given to others, carrying an awe in his presence that his enemies could not withstand, the garrison was much disordered by his absence, and in daily peril, although the lieutenant-colonel was as faithful and industrious in managing that charge as any person could be, and as excellent a person, but in a different way from his brother. Firmness and zeal to the cause, and personal valour he had equal, but that vigour of soul which made him invincible against all assaults, and overcame all difficulties he met in his way, was proper to himself alone. The lieutenant-colonel was a man of the kindest heart and the most humble familiar deportment in the world, and lived with all his soldiers as if they had been his brothers, dispensing with that reverence which was due to him, and living cheerful and merry, and familiar with them, in such a manner that they celebrated him, and professed the highest love in the world, and would magnify his humility and kindness, and him for it, in a high degree above his brother; but with all this they grew so presumptuous that, when any obedience was exacted beyond their humours or apprehensions, they would often dare to fail in their duty: whereas the governor, still keeping a greater distance, though with no more pride, preserved an awe that made him to be equally feared and loved, and though they secretly repined at their subjection, yet durst they not refuse it; and, when they came to render it on great occasions, they found such wisdom and such advantage in all his dictates that, their reason being convinced of the benefit of his government, they delighted in it, and accounted it a happiness to be under his command, when any public necessity superseded the mutiny of those private lusts, whereby all men naturally, but especially vulgar spirits, would cast off their bridle, and be their own only rulers.

As the governor's absence was the occasion of many neglects in the government, not by his brother's fault, but the soldiers', who, wanting of their pay (which while the committee should have been providing, they were spending it in vexatious prosecutions of the governor), and therefore discontented, and through that careless of their duty; so, on the other side, the cavaliers, who were not ignorant of the dissensions in the garrison, took the advantage, and surprised the lieutenant-colonel's fort at the Trent bridges, while he was employed in keeping the castle. His soldiers in his absence lying out of their quarters, had not left above thirty men upon the guard, who were most of them killed, the ensign fighting it out very stoutly, after their entrance, till he died. The lieutenant-colonel was exceedingly afflicted with this loss, but presently applied himself to secure what remained. The whole town was in a sad uproar, and this happening upon a Lord's day, in the morning, in May 1645, all the people were in such a consternation that they could keep no sabbath that day. Then the lieutenant-colonel had an experiment of vulgar spirits, for even his own soldiers, who were guilty of the loss of the place by being out of their quarters, began to exclaim against him for a thousand causeless things; and although he laboured amongst them with as much courage and vigour as any man could use, to settle their spirits and regain the place, yet they slighted him most unjustly, and all cried out now to have the governor sent for, as if he himself had been their castle.

Immediately after the unhappy surprise of the bridges, the lieutenant-colonel sent away to his brother a post, who, by some of the lower fords, got over the water, and carried his sad news to London. A trumpet was sent to the bridges, and obtained the dead bodies of the soldiers who were slain at the surprise, and they were brought up to the town in carts and buried. There was about twenty of them, very good and stout men, though it availed them not in their last need, when a multitude had seized them unawares. All that day a body of the enemy faced the town, which, through terrors without and discouragements and discontents within, was in a very sad posture. The malignant faction against the governor improved even this occasion, and suggested to the town that the castle would be the cause of their ruin; that the governor and his soldiers would secure themselves there, and leave the town undefended; and because the lieutenant-colonel was very strict that none of the castle soldiers should lie out of their quarters, lest that place might be surprised as well as the other, the townsmen renewed their railings against the castle, and their malice to all that were in it; but the lieutenant-colonel, regarding none of their unjust railings, by God's blessing upon his vigilance, kept the town and castle till his brother's return.

As soon as the news came to the governor at London, he thought it time to throw off that patience with which he had hitherto waited at great expense, and went to the parliament house before the house sat, and there acquainted the speaker what was befallen at Nottingham, desiring he might be called to make a relation of it in the open house, or else told the speaker, though he died for it, he would press in and let them know how much the cause suffered by the indirect practices, which were partially connived at in some of their members. The speaker seeing him so resolved, procured him, when the house was set, to be called in; and there he told them how their fort was lost, and, for aught he knew, the garrison, by that time, which was no more than what he had long expected, through the countenance that was, by one of their members, given to a malignant faction, that obstructed all the public service, disturbed all the honest soldiers and officers in their duty, and spent the public treasury to carry on their private malice. He further told them how dishonourable, as well as destructive to their cause, it was, that their members should be protected in such unjust prosecutions, and should make the privilege of the house their shelter to oppress the most active and faithful of their servants. This and many other things he told them with such boldness, that many of the guilty members had a mind to have committed him, but with such truth and convincing reason, that all those of more generous spirits were much moved by it, and angry that he had been so injuriously treated, and desired him to take post down and to use all means to regain the place, and gave him full orders to execute his charge without disturbance. From that time Mr. Millington so lost his credit, that he never recovered the esteem he formerly had among them; and, after that time, the governor's enemies, perceiving they were not able to mate him, made no more public attempts, though they continued that private malice, which was the natural product of that antipathy there was, between his virtues and their vices. Neither was it his case only; almost all the parliament garrisons were infested and disturbed with like factious little people, insomuch that many worthy gentlemen were wearied out of their commands, and oppressed by a certain mean sort of people in the house, whom, to distinguish from the more honourable gentlemen, they called *Worsted Stocking Men*. Some as violently curbed their committees, as the committees factiously molested them. Nor was the faction only in particular garrisons, but the parliament house itself began to fall into the two great oppositions of presbytery and independency: and, as if discord had infected the whole English air with an epidemical heartburning and dissension in all places, even the king's councils and garrisons were as factiously divided. The king's commissioners and the governor at Newark fell into such high discontents, that Sir Richard Biron, the governor, was changed, and Sir Richard Willis put into his place. This accident of the bridges put an end to that vexatious persecution wherewith the governor had had many sore exercises of his wisdom, patience, and courage, and many experiences of God's mercy and goodness, supporting him in all his trials, and bearing him up against all discouragements, not only to stand without the least dejection himself, but to be able to hold up many others, who were ready to sink under the burthen of unrighteousness and oppression, where they expected just thanks and rewards. It cost the governor above three hundred pounds to defend himself against their calumnies, renewed forgeries, and scandals, laid upon him; but God was with him in all in a wonderful manner, bringing truth to light through all the clouds of envy that sought to obscure it, and making his innocence and uprightness to shine forth as the noonday, justifying him even in the eyes of his enemies, and covering them with shame and confusion of face. They maintained their prosecution of him out of the public stock, and were not called to account for so mis-spending it. Mr. Millington, perceiving how much he had lost himself by it, applied himself to seek a reconciliation by flattering letters and professions of conviction and repentance of his unjust siding with those men. The governor, who was of a most reconcilable nature, forgave him, and ever after lived in good friendship with him*. Others of them also afterwards, when they saw the governor out of their power, some through fear, and others overcome with his goodness, submitted to him, who lived to see the end of them all, part of them dying before any disgrace or great sorrows overtook him, and those who survived renouncing and apostatising from their most glorious engagements, and becoming guilty of those crimes for which they falsely accused him, while he remained firm, and, dying, sealed up the profession of his life ; in all the future difficulties of which he was still borne up with the experience of God's goodness and manifold protections.

The governor being dismissed from the parliament, immediately took post, and, coming through Northampton, met his old engineer, Hooper, and brought him with him to Nottingham, where, by God's mercy, he arrived safe about three days after the loss of the bridges, and was welcomed as if safety and victory, and all desirable blessings, had come in his train. His presence reinforced the drooping garrison, and he immediately consulted how to go about regaining the fort. To this purpose, and to hinder the enemy from having an inlet into the town by the bridges, he made a little fort on the next bridge, and put a lieutenant and thirty men into it, thereby inclosing those in the fort the enemy had surprised, whom he resolved to assault on the town side, having thus provided that their friends should not come from the other side † to help them. But those of Newark understanding this, came as strong as they could one morning, and assaulted the little new fort, where the Lieut. Hall, failing of that courage which he had professed when he begged the honour of keeping it, gave it up, which the governor seeing on the other side, was exceedingly vexed, and marched up to the bridge to assault them in that fort, but found that they had only stormed the other little fort to make their own way to be gone, and that they had made shift to get to their friends upon the ribs of two broken arches, which, when they had served to help their passage, they pulled up, to hinder pursuit after them : and thus, in a month's space, God restored to the governor the fort which was lost in his absence, and he new fortified the place, and repaired the bridges, whereby the great market out of the vale was again brought into the town, to their exceeding joy and benefit.

This summer there was another kind of progress made in the war than had been before, and the new parliament army prosecuting it so much in earnest, that they made a show to block up the king in his main garrison at Oxford; he breaks out, and, joining with Prince Rupert's horse, came, after several attempts otherwhere, to Leicester, which he took by storm. The loss of this town was a great affliction and terror to all the neighbouring garrisons and countries; whereupon Fairfax closely attended the king's motions, came within a few days and fought with the king, and overcame him in that memorable battle at Naseby, where his coach and cabinet of letters were taken; which letters being carried to London were printed, and manifested his falsehood, when, contrary to his professions, he had endeavoured to bring in Danes and Lorrainers, and Irish rebels, to subdue the good people here, and given himself up to be governed by the queen in all affairs both of state and religion. After this fight Fairfax took again the town of Leicester, and went into the west, relieved Taunton, took Bristol, and many other garrisons. West Chester also and other places were taken that way. Meanwhile the king, having coasted about the countries, came at last to Newark, and there his commanders falling out among themselves, he changed the governor, and put the Lord Bellasis into the place, and went himself to Oxford, where he was at last blocked up.

When Sir Thomas Fairfax was made chief general, Poyntz was made major-general of the northern counties, and a committee of war was set up at York, whereof Col. Pierrepont, by his brother's procurement, was appointed one, and pretty well satisfied, as thinking himself again set above Col. Hutchinson, because all the northern garrisons were to receive orders from that committee: but the governor, heeding not other men's exaltations or depressions, only attended his own duty. About the latter end of this summer Poyntz came to Nottingham with all the horse that could be gathered in the neighbouring counties. He had before marched with them and the Nottingham regiment in Cheshire, and brought several gentlemen prisoners into the garrison of Nottingham, who had been taken in divers encounters. When he marched out, Palmer, the priest, not daring to venture himself in the field, laid down his commission when he saw that there was now no connivance to be found at disobeying commands.

By reason of the rout at Naseby, and the surrender of Carlisle to the Scots, and several other garrisons, the broken forces of the cavaliers had all repaired to Newark, and that was now become the strongest and best fortified garrison the king had, and Poyntz was ordered to quarter his horse about it, till the Scots should come on the other side, and besiege it. At that time also, the king himself was there ‡. The governor having informed Poyntz how prejudicial it would be to his design to suffer those little garrisons in the vale at Shelford and Wiverton to remain, it was agreed that all the forces should take them in their way. But the governor having obtained permission of Poyntz through a respect he had to the family, sent to Col. Philip Stanhope, governor of Shelford, a letter to persuade him to surrender the place he could not hold, and to offer to obtain honourable terms for him, if he would hearken to propositions. Stanhope returned a very scornful, huffing reply, in which one of his expressions was that he should lay Nottingham Castle as flat as a pancake ; and such other bravadoes, which had been less amiss if he had done anything to make them good. Hereupon, the whole force marched against the place, and the several posts were assigned to the several colonels. The governor, according to his own desire, had that which seemed most difficult assigned to him, and his quarters that night appointed in Shelford town. When he came thither, a few of Shelford soldiers were gotten into the steeple of the church, and from thence so played upon the governor's men that they could not quietly take up their quarters. There was a trap-door that went into the belfry, and they had made it fast, and drawn up the ladder and the bell-ropes, and regarded not the governor's threatening them to have no quarter if they came not down, so that he was forced to send for straw, and fire it, and smother them out. Hereupon, they came down, and among them there was a boy who had marched out with the governor's company, when he went first against Newark, and carried himself so stoutly, that Capt. Wray begged him for a footboy ; and when his troop was once taken by the enemy, this boy, being taken among them, became one of their soldiers. The governor making him believe he should be hanged immediately for changing his party, and for holding out to their disturbance, where he could not hope for relief, the boy begged he might be spared, and offered to lead them on to a place where only they could enter, where the palisado was unfinished. The governor, without trusting to him, considered the probability of his information, kept him under guard, and set him in the front of his men, and he accordingly proved to have told them truth in all that he had said, and did excellent good service, behaving himself most stoutly. The governor being armed, and ready to begin the assault, when the rest were also ready, Capt. White came to him, and, notwithstanding all his former malicious prosecutions, now pretends the most tender care and love that could be declared, with all imaginable flattery, and persuades the governor not to hazard himself in so dangerous an attempt, but to consider his wife and children, and stand by among the horse, but by no means to storm the place in his own person. Notwithstanding all his false insinuations, the governor perceived his envy at that honour which his valour was ready to reap in this encounter, was exceeding angry with him, and went on upon the place. This being seated on a flat, was encompassed with a very strong bulwark, and a great ditch without, in most places wet at the bottom, so that they within were very confident, there being no cannon brought against them, to hold it out ; because, also a broken regiment of the queen's, who were all papists, were come in to their assistance. A regiment of Londoners were appointed to storm on the other side, and the governor, at the same time, began the assault at his post. His men found many difficulties more than they expected : for, after they had filled up the ditches with faggots, and pitched the scaling-ladders, they were twenty staves too short, and the enemy, from the top of the works, threw down logs of wood, which would sweep off a whole ladder full of men at once ; the lieutenant-colonel himself was once or twice so beaten down. The governor had ordered other musketeers to beat off those men that stood upon the top of the works, which they failed of, by shooting without good aim ; but the governor directed them better, and the Nottingham horse dismounting, and assailing with their pistols and headpieces, helped the foot to beat them down from the top of the work, all, except one stout man, who stood alone, and did wonders in beating down the assailants, which the governor being angry at, fetched two of his own musketeers, and made them shoot, and he immediately fell, to the great discouragement of his fellows. Then the governor himself first entered, and the rest of his men came in as fast as they could. But while his regiment was entering on this side, the Londoners were beaten off on the other side, and the main force of the garrison turned upon him. The cavaliers had half moons within, which were as good a defence to them as their first works ; into these, the soldiers that were of the queen's regiment were gotten, and they in the house shot out of all the windows. The governor's men, as soon as they got in, had taken the stables and all their horses, but the governor himself was fighting with the captain of the papists and some others, who, by advantage of the half moon and the house, might have prevailed to cut off him, and those that were with him, which were not many. The enemy being strengthened by the addition of those who had beaten off the assailants on the other side, were now trying their utmost to vanquish those that were within. The lieutenant-colonel, seeing his brother in hazard, made haste to open the drawbridge, that Poyntz might come in with his horse, which he did, but not before the governor had killed that gentleman, who was fighting with him, at whose fall his men gave way. Poyntz seeing them shoot from the house, and apprehending the king might come to their relief, when he came in, ordered that no quarter should be given. And here the governor was in greater danger than before, for the strangers hearing him called governor, were advancing to have killed him, but that the lieutenant-colonel, who was very watchful to preserve him all that day, came in to his rescue, and scarcely could persuade them that it was the governor of Nottingham, because he, at the beginning of the storm, had put off a very good suit of armour that he had, which being musket-proof, was so heavy that it heated him, and so he would not be persuaded by his friends to wear anything but his buff coat. The governor's men, eager to complete their victory, were forcing their entrance into the house ; meanwhile, Rossiter's men came and took away all their horses, which they had taken when they first entered the works, and won the stables, and left in the guard of two or three, while they were pursuing their work. The governor of Shelford, after all his bravadoes, came but meanly off : 'tis said he sat in his chamber, wrapped up in his cloak, and came not forth that day ; but that availed him not, for how or by whom it is not known, but he was wounded and stripped, and flung upon a dunghill. The lieutenant-colonel, after the house was mastered, seeing the disorder by which our men were ready to murder one another, upon the command Poyntz had issued to give no quarter, desired Poyntz to cause the slaughter to cease, which was presently obeyed, and about seven score prisoners saved. While he was thus busied, inquiring what was become of the governor, he was shown him naked upon the dunghill; whereupon, the lieutenant-colonel called for his own cloak, and cast it over him, and sent him to a bed in his own quarters, and procured him a surgeon. Upon his desire, he had a little priest, who had been his father's chaplain, and was one of the committee faction; but the man was such a pitiful comforter, that the governor, who was come to visit him, was forced to undertake that office: but though he had all the supplies they could always give him, he died the next day. The house, which belonged to his father the Earl of Chesterfield, was that night burnt, none certainly knowing by what means, whether by accident or on purpose; but there was most ground to believe that the country people, who had been sorely infested by that garrison, to prevent the keeping it by those who had taken it, purposely set it on fire. If the queen's regiment had mounted their horses, and stood ready upon them, when our men entered, they had undoubtedly cut them all off, but they standing to the works, it pleased God to lead them into that path he had ordained for their destruction, who, being papists, would not receive quarter, nor were they much offered it, being killed in the heat of the contest, so that not a man of them escaped.

---

* As Mr. Millington will figure no more in this history, the reader is here informed that he finished his career, after becoming one of the judges who sentenced Charles the First, by coming in upon proclamation, making a pitiful recantation, and being sentenced to perpetual imprisonment.

† To understand this rightly it is necessary to be informed, that in approaching Nottingham from the south there is a very wide valley, through which the Trent and the Lene run in several branches, over which are bridges united by a causeway.

‡ Having come hither from Wales with a body of three thousand men ; he staid till, fearing to be besieged by the Scots, who were approaching, he went away by night to Oxford, Nov. 6, 1645.

The next day, our party went to Wiverton, a house of the Lord Chaworth's, and that, terrified with the example of the other, yielded upon terms, and was by order pulled down, and rendered incapable of being any more a garrison.

Poyntz now quartered all his horse in the towns about Newark, and in regard he had no peculiar regiment of his own, the governor's regiment served him for his guards. The Scots also came and quartered on the other side of the town, towards the north.

All that winter the governor lay at the Leaguer, and about Christmas time, writs were sent down for new elections to fill up the parliament. There being a burgess-ship void at Nottingham, the town would needs, in a compliment, make the governor free, in order to an election of him for the parliament. Mr. Francis Pierrepont hearing this, wrote to the governor to desire that he would rather come into his father's place in the county, and give him his assistance in this, as he should engage his own and all his friends' interest for him in the county. The governor, who was ever ready to requite injuries with benefits, employed his interest in the town, to satisfy the gentleman's desire, and having very many that had voices in his regiment, he sent for them all home the night before the day of election; which had like to have been a very sad one, but that by the mercy of God, and the courage of Poyntz, and the lieutenant-colonel, and Capt. Poulton, it had not so bad event. The Newarkers, hearing that so many of the regiment were away, fell into their quarters, and most of the men being surprised, were rather endeavouring flight than resistance, when the lieutenant-colonel and Capt. Poulton rallied all they could find, lined some pales with musketeers, and beat the enemy again out of the quarters, and Poyntz, mounting with as many horse as were about him, which was very few, followed them in the nigh up to the very works of Newark. Some loss there was in the quarters, but nothing considerable; some soldiers ran away home, and brought the governor word they were all cut off, but his brother sent a messenger to acquaint him the contrary. Hereupon, immediately after the election, he returned back again with his men. Not long after, the elections were made for the county, who all pitched upon the governor in his father's room. White, whose envy never died, used all the endeavours he could to have hindered it, but when he saw he could do no harm, with a sad heart, under a false face, he came and took his part of a noble dinner the new knights had provided for the gentlemen of the country. Without any competition Mr. Hutchinson had the first voice, in the room of his father, and Mr. Pigott the second, in the room of Mr. Sutton, now a commissioner at Newark. About the same time, Col. Thornhagh was chosen burgess for the town of Retford; but none of them went up to their places in parliament till the siege of Newark was finished.

Poyntz drew a line about the town, and made a very regular intrenchment and approaches in such a soldier-like manner, as none of them who attempted the place before had done. Most of that winter they lay in the field, and the governor, carried on by the vigour and greatness of his mind, felt no distemper then by that service, which all his captains and the soldiers themselves endured worse than he. Besides daily and hourly providences, by which they were preserved from the enemy's cannons and sallies, there were some remarkable ones, by which God kept the governor's life in this Leaguer. Once as Poyntz and he and another captain were riding to view some quarter of the town, a cannon bullet came whizzing by them, as they were riding all abreast, and the captain, without any touch of it, said he was killed; Poyntz bid him get off, but he was then sliding down from his horse, slain by the wind of the bullet; they held him up till they got off from the place, but the man immediately turned black all over. Another time the governor was in his tent, and by chance called out; when he was scarce out of it, a cannon bullet came and tore up the whole tent, and killed the sentinel at the door. But the great peril, wherein all of the English side were, was the treachery of the Scots, which they had very good reason to apprehend might have been the cutting off of all that force. Sir Thomas Fairfax had now besieged Oxford, and the king was stolen out of the town and gone in disguise, no man knew whither, but at the length he came into the Scots army. They had before behaved themselves very oddly to the English, and been taking sundry occasions to pick quarrels, when at the last certain news was brought to the English quarters that the king was come to the Scots, and by them received at Southwell. The English could then expect nothing but that the Scots, joining with those that were in Newark, would fall upon them, who were far inferior in number to the other, and therefore they all prepared themselves, as well as they could, to defend themselves in their trenches. The governor had then very fine horses at the Leaguer, which he sent home to the garrison; but while they were in expectation of being thus fallen upon, the king had more mind to be gone, and because the Scots knew not how to break up their quarters while the town was not taken, the king sent to my Lord Bellasis, the governor of Newark, to surrender up the place immediately, which he did upon pretty handsome terms, but much discontented that the king should have no more regard to them who had been so constant to his service *. The governor with his regiment was appointed to receive the town and the arms, and to quarter in it; where now he went upon the greatest danger of all, for the town was all over sadly infected with the plague; yet it so pleased God that neither he nor any of these fresh men caught the infection, which was so raging there that it almost desolated the place.

Whether the king's ill counsel or destiny led him, he was very failing in this action, for had he gone straight up to the parliament and cast himself upon them, as he did upon the Scots, he had in all probability ruined them, who were highly divided between the presbyterian and independent factions; but in putting himself into the hands of their mercenary Scotch army, rather than the parliament of England, he showed such an embittered hate to the English nation, that it turned many hearts against him. The Scots in this business were very false both to the parliament and the king. For them to receive and carry away the king's person with them, when they were but a hired army, without either the consent or knowledge of the parliament, was a very false carriage of them; but besides that, we had *certain evidences* that they were prepared, and had an intent, to have cut off the English army who beleaguered Newark, but that God changed their counsels and made them take another course, which was to carry the king to Newcastle, where they again sold him to the parliament for a sum of money.

The country now being cleared of all the enemy's garrisons, Col. Hutchinson went up to London to attend his duty there, and to serve his country as faithfully, in the capacity of a senator, as he had before in that of a soldier. When he came there, he found a very bitter spirit of discord and envy raging, and the presbyterian faction, of which were most of those lords and others that had been laid aside by the self-denying ordinance, endeavouring a violent persecution, upon the account of conscience, against those who had in so short a time accomplished, by God's blessing, that victory which he was not pleased to bestow on them. Their directory of worship was at length sent forth for a three years' trial; and such as could not conform to it marked out with an evil eye, hated and persecuted, under the name of separatist. Col. Hutchinson, who abhorred that malicious zeal and imposing spirit which appeared in them, was soon taken notice of for one of the independent faction †, [whose heads were accounted Pierrepont, Vane, St. Johns, and some few other grandees, being men that excelled in wisdom and utterance, and the rest believed to adhere to them only out of faction: as if those who did not vain-gloriously lay out themselves without necessity, but chose rather to hear and vote, had had no understanding of right and wrong, but from the dictates of these great oracles!] Though, to speak the truth, they very little knew Col. Hutchinson, that could say he was of any faction, for he had a strength of judgment able to consider things himself and propound them to his conscience; which was so upright that the veneration of no man's person alive, nor the love of the dearest friend in the world, could make him do the least thing, without a full persuasion that it was his duty so to act. He very well understood men's gifts and abilities, and honoured those most whom he believed to manage them with most uprightness of soul for God's glory and the good of his country, and was so far from envying the just renown any man acquired, that he rejoiced in it. He never was any man's sectary, either in religious or civil matters, farther than he apprehended them to follow the rules of religion, honour, and virtue; nor any man's antagonist, but as he opposed that which appeared to him just and equal. If the greatest enemy he had in the world had propounded anything profitable to the public, he would promote it; whereas some others were to blame in that particular, and chiefly those of the presbyterian faction, who would obstruct any good rather than those they envied and hated should have the glory of procuring it; the sad effects of which pride grew at length to be the ruin of the most glorious cause that ever was contended for. At the first many gentlemen, eminent in gifts and acquirements, were as eminent in zealous improvement of them, for the advantage of God's and their country's interest, whereby they obtained just glory and admiration among all good men; but while the creature was so magnified, God, that was the principal author, was not looked upon, and gave them therefore up to become their own and others' idols, and so to fall.

And now it grew to a sad wonder, that the most zealous promoters of the cause were more spitefully carried against their own faithful armies, by whom God had perfected their victory over their enemies, than against the vanquished foe; whose restitution they henceforth secretly endeavoured, by all the arts of treacherous, dissembling policy, only that they might throw down those whom God had exalted in glory and power to resist their tyrannical impositions. At that time, and long after, they prevailed not, till that pious people too began to admire themselves for what God had done by them, and to set up themselves above their brethren, and then the Lord humbled them again beneath their conquered vassals.

So long as the army only resisted unjust impositions, and remained firm to their first pious engagement, Mr. Hutchinson adhered to that party which protected them in the parliament-house. His attendance there, changing his custom of life into a sedentary employment, less suitable to his active spirit, and more prejudicial to his health, he fell into a long and painful sickness which many times brought him near the grave, and was not perfectly cured in four years. The doctors could not find a name for it; but at the length resolved upon the running gout, and a cure proper for that disease being practised on him, took effect.

---

* Among the names of those who signed the capitulation on the part of the parliament (as it appears in Rushworth) are those of Col. Hutchinson and Col. Twissleton.

† All that is contained between these two brackets had lines struck through it in the manuscript, and one of the names defaced.

The truth is, his great mind so far surmounted the frailty of his flesh, that it would never yield to the tenderness of his constitution, nor suffer him to feel those inconveniences of martial toils, which often cast down his captains, men of more able bodies and healthful complexions, while the business was in hand; but when that was finished he found, what he had not leisure to consider before, that his body's strength was far unequal to the vigour of his soul.

After the surrender of Newark, Nottingham town and castle was continued a garrison for some time; between this and his greater employment at London, the governor divided himself. Meanwhile, upon the 15th day of July, 1646, propositions were sent to the king, then with the Scots at Newcastle, little higher than those which had been made him at Uxbridge, but he wove out delays and would not assent to them, hoping a greater advantage by the difference between the two nations, and the factions in the city and parliament, which both he and all his party employed their utmost industry to cherish and augment. Both parliaments perceiving this, and not yet senseless of approaching destruction from the common enemy, began to be cemented by the king's averseness to peace, and to consider how to settle the kingdoms without him, and when they had agreed that the Scots should deliver up the English garrisons for a certain sum of money, it fell into debate how to dispose of the king's person; where the debate was, not who should, but who should not have him. At the length, about January of the same year, two hundred thousand pounds was carried down by part of the army to Newcastle, and upon the payment of it, the Scots delivered their garrisons to the soldiers, and the king to certain commissioners of both houses of parliament, who conducted him honourably to his own manor of Holmby, in Northamptonshire.

During this time Sir Thomas Fairfax himself lay at Nottingham, and the governor was sick in the castle. The general's lady was come along with him, having followed his camp to the siege of Oxford, and lain at his quarters all the while he abode there. She was exceedingly kind to her husband's chaplains, independent ministers, till the army returned to be nearer London, and then the presbyterian ministers quite changed the lady into such a bitter aversion against them, that they could not endure to come into the general's presence while she was there, and the general had an unquiet, unpleasant life with her, who drove away from him many of those friends, in whose conversation he had found such sweetness. At Nottingham they had gotten a very able minister into the great church, but a bitter presbyterian; him and his brethren my lady Fairfax caressed with so much kindness, that they grew impudent to preach up their faction openly in the pulpit, and to revile the others, and at length would not suffer any of the army chaplains to preach in the town. They then coming to the governor and complaining of their unkind usage, he invited them to come and preach in his house, which when it was known they did, there was a great concourse of people came thither to them; and the presbyterians, when they heard it, were mad with rage, not only against them, but against the governor, who accidentally gave them another occasion about the same time, a little before the general came. When formerly the presbyterian ministers had forced him for quietness sake to go and break up a private meeting in the cannoneers' chamber, there were found some notes concerning pedobaptism, which being brought into the governor's lodgings, his wife having then more leisure to read than he, having perused them and compared them with the scriptures, found not what to say against the truths they asserted, concerning the misapplication of that ordinance to infants: but being then young and modest, she thought it a kind of virtue to submit to the judgment and practice of most churches, rather than to defend a singular opinion of her own, she not being then enlightened in that great mistake of the national churches: but in this year, she happening to be with child, communicated her doubts to her husband, and desired him to endeavour her satisfaction; which while he did, he himself became as unsatisfied, or rather satisfied against it. First, therefore, he diligently searched the scriptures alone, and could find in them no ground at all for that practice; then he bought and read all the eminent treatises on both sides, which at that time came thick from the presses, and still was cleared in the error of the pedobaptists. After this, his wife being brought to bed, that he might, if possible, give the religious party no offence, he invited all the ministers to dinner, and propounded his doubt, and the ground thereof to them. None of them could defend their practice with any satisfactory reason, but the tradition of the church, from the primitive times, and their main buckler of federal holiness, which Tombs and Denne had excellently overthrown. He and his wife then, professing themselves unsatisfied in the practice, desired their opinions, what they ought to do. Most answered, to conform to the general practice of other Christians, how dark soever it were to themselves; but Mr. Foxcraft, one of the assembly, said that except they were convinced of the warrant of that practice from the Word, they sinned in doing it: whereupon that infant was not baptised. And now the governor and his wife, notwithstanding that they forsook not their assemblies, nor retracted their benevolences and civilities from them, yet were they reviled by them, called fanatics and anabaptists, and often glanced at in their public sermons. And not only the ministers, but all their zealous sectaries, conceived implacable malice against them, upon this account; which was carried on with a spirit of envy and persecution to the last, though he, on his side, might well have said to them, as his Master to the old pharisees: "Many good works have I done among you, for which of these do you hate me?" Yet the generality, even of that people, had a secret conviction upon them, that he had been faithful to them, and deserved their love; and in spite of their own bitter zeal, could not but have a reverent esteem for him, whom they often railed at, for not thinking and speaking according to their opinions.

This year Sir Allen Apsley, governor of Barnstable for the king, after the surrender of that garrison came and retired to the governor's house till his composition with the parliament was completed, the governor's wife being his sister, and the governor's brother having married the other sister: and this was another occasion of opening the mouths of the malignants, who were ready to seize any one to his prejudice. Sir Allen Apsley had not his articles punctually performed, by which he suffered great expense and intolerable vexation; and the governor, no less concerned in the injustice done to him than if he had suffered it himself, endeavoured to protect him only in that which was just, and for this was called a cavalier, and said to have changed his party, and a thousand more injuries; in which none were so forward as those who had all the while been disaffected to the whole parliament party, but after they were conquered, burying their spite against the cause in their own bosoms, suffered that secret fire to rise up in a black smoke against the most faithful assertors of it.

When the commissioners went down to fetch up the king from the Scots, one of the lords coming to visit the governor, and finding him at that time very sick, persuaded him to make use of one of the king's physicians that was with them, who was called Dr. Wilson, and was a very able physician, but mistook the method of his cure, and made issues in both his arms, which rather wasted his strength than his disease, and when he was cured were stopped up. That spring, growing a little better for the present, he went to London, and having ineffectually tried several physicians, Sir Allen Apsley persuaded him to make use of Dr. Frazier, with whom he began a course of physic, in the midst of which the doctor came and acquainted him that he was likely to be imprisoned upon suspicion of carrying on designs against the parliament underhand, for now the Scots were threatening invasion and open war: he professed his innocence with many protestations, and desired Mr. Hutchinson to oblige him so far as to engage for him that he managed no design but his calling; which the colonel believing, undertook for him to the committee of Derby-house; when the false Scot, having thus abused him, left a letter of lame excuse to him, and stole away out of England to the princes, then beyond the seas, leaving a blot upon Mr. Hutchinson for having undertaken for him: but he, acknowledging his error to have been so abused, was thereby warned from credulity of any of that false nation any more. That summer he attended the service of the house, being freed for a while from his distemper during the summer till the fall of the leaf, that it returned again. In the mean time jealousies were sown between the parliament, the city of London, and the army. The presbyterian faction were earnest to have the army disbanded; the army resented the injury, and being taught to value their own merit, petitioned the general that they might be satisfied, not only in things relating to themselves particularly as an army, but the general concernments and liberties of the good people of the nation, which they had fought for. The presbyterians were highly offended at this, and declared it with such violence as gave the army cause to increase their jealousies. The soldiers, led on to it by one Cornet Joyce, took the king from Holmby out of the parliament commissioners' hands, and carried him about with them. The parliament voted that the king should come to Richmond, attended by the same persons that attended him at Holmby; but the army, instead of obeying, impeached eleven members of the house of commons of high treason, and petitioned that those impeached members might be secluded the house, till they had brought in their answer to the charge; which being violently debated, they made a voluntary secession for six months. The general also entreated that the king might not be brought nearer to London than they would suffer the army to quarter. So he was carried with them to Royston, Hatfield, Reading, and at last to Owborne, till about July 1647, when London grew into a tumult, and made a very rude violation upon the parliament houses which caused them to adjourn; when understanding the fury of the citizens, the greatest part of the members with the speaker withdrew and went to the army, among whom was Col. Hutchinson. The presbyterian members who staid behind chose new speakers, and made many new votes, and vigorously began to levy forces to resist the army, which were conducted by Massy and Poyntz. The parliament that was with the army made an order against the proceedings of the members at London, and advanced with the general, which when the city heard of, their stomachs would not serve them to stand it out, but they sent commissioners, and, by the consent of the members with the general, obtained a pacification, upon condition the city should disband all their new forces, deliver up their Tower and their forts to the general, and desert the members now sitting. They daring to deny nothing, the general came triumphantly to Westminster, and brought back both the speakers and the members, and put them again in their seats. The general had solemn thanks from both houses, and then, with all his chief officers marched through the city, from the western parts of it to the Tower, where many commands were changed, the presbyterian party depressed, and their generals, Poyntz and Massy, with all the remaining officers of that faction, forced to retire, who most of them then changed their party, and never more appeared on the parliament side. Yet was there still a presbyterian faction left in the house of such as were moderate, and not, by the bitterness of their zeal, carried out to break their covenant with God and men, and renew a league with the popish interest, to destroy that godly interest which they had at first so gloriously asserted. After this tumult at London was quieted, about August of that year the king was brought to one of his stately palaces at Hampton Court, near London, and the army removed to quarters about the city, their head-quarters being at Putney. The king, by reason of his daily converse with the officers, began to be tampering with them, not only then but before, and had drawn in some of them to engage to corrupt others to fall in with him: but to speak the truth of all, Cromwell was at that time so uncorruptibly faithful to his trust and to the people's interest, that he could not be drawn in to practise even his own usual and natural dissimulations on this occasion. His son-in-law, Ireton, that was as faithful as he, was not so fully of the opinion (till he had tried it and found to the contrary) but that the king might have been managed to comply with the public good of his people, after he could no longer uphold his own violent will; but, upon some discourses with him, the king uttering these words to him, "I shall play my game as well as I can," Ireton replied, "If your majesty have a *game* to play, you must give us also the liberty to play ours." Col. Hutchinson privately discoursing with his cousin about the communications he had had with the king, Ireton's expressions were these: "He gave us words, and we paid him in his own coin, when we found he had no real intention to the people's good, but to prevail, by our factions, to regain by art what he had lost in fight."

The king lived at Hampton-court rather in the condition of a guarded and attended prince, than as a conquered and purchased captive: all his old servants had free recourse to him; all sorts of people were admitted to come to kiss his hands and do him obeisance as a sovereign. Ashburnham and Berkley, by the parliament voted delinquents, came to him from beyond the seas, and others by permission of the army, who had hoped they might be useful to incline him to wholesome counsels.; but he, on the other side, interpreting this freedom wherein he was permitted to live, not to the gentleness and reconcilableness of his parliament, who, after all his injuries, yet desired his restitution, so far as it might be without the ruin of the good people of the land, but rather believing it to proceed from their apprehension of their own declining and his re-advancing in the hearts of the people, made use of this advantage to corrupt many of their officers to revolt from them and betray them; which some time after they did, and paid the forfeiture with their lives *. When the king was at Hampton-court, the lords formerly of his privy council at Oxford also repaired to him, to be as a council attending him, but this was so much disgusted at London, that they retreated again; but the Scotch lords and commissioners having free access to him, he drew that nation into the design of the second war; which furiously brake out the next summer, and was one of the highest provocations which, after the second victory, brought him to the scaffold. But I shall respite that, to return to his affairs whom I principally trace.

After the parliament were by the general restored to their seats, Col. Hutchinson came down to the garrison at Nottingham, which, the war being ended, was reduced only to the castle, the works at the town and the bridges slighted, the companies of the governor's regiment, all but two, disbanded, and he thinking, now in a time when there was no opposition, the command not worthy of himself or his brother, gave it over to his kinsman, Capt. Poulton. With the assistance of his fellow-parliament men he procured an order from the parliament for five thousand pounds, that had been levied for the Scotch army, but which they, departing with too much haste, had not received, to be distributed among the officers and soldiers of his regiment that were at this time disbanded, in part of their arrears, and, that it might go the farther amongst them, himself had none of it. The garrison at Nottingham being reduced, Col. Hutchinson removed his family back to his own house at Owthorpe, but found that, having stood uninhabited, and been robbed of everything which the neighbouring garrisons of Shelford and Wiverton could carry from it, it was so ruinated that it could not be repaired, to make a convenient habitation, without as much charge as would almost build another. By reason of the debt his public employment had run him into, not being able to do this at present while all his arrears were unpaid, he made a bad shift with it for that year. At this time his distemper of rheum was very sore upon him, and he so afflicted with pains in his head, which fell down also with violent torture upon all his joints, that he was not able to go for divers weeks out of his chamber; and here we had a notable example of the victorious power of his soul over his body. One day, as he was in the saddest torture of his disease, certain horse came somewhat insolently and injuriously, exacting quarters or moneys in the town, whom he sent for, and telling them he would not suffer such wrong to be done to his tenants, they seeing him in so weak a condition, would not be persuaded to forbear violent and unjust actions, but told him his government was expired, and they no more under his command; with which, and some other saucy language, being provoked to be heartily angry, he felt not that he was sick, but started out of his chair and beat them out of the house and town, and returned again laughing at the wretched fellows and at himself, wondering what was become of his pain, and thinking how strangely his feebleness was cured in a moment: but while he and those about him were in this amazement, it was not half an hour before, as his spirits cooled, that heat and vigour they had lent his members retired again to their noble palace, his heart; those efforts, wherein they had violently employed his limbs, made them more weak than before, and his pain returned with such redoubled violence that we thought he would have died in this fit.

While he was thus distempered at home, Major-General Ireton sent him a letter, with a new commission in it, for the resuming his government of Nottingham castle, which the principal officers of the army, foreseeing an approaching storm, desired to have in the same hand wherein it had before been so prosperously and faithfully preserved; but the colonel sent them word, that as he should not have put his kinsman into the place, but that he was assured of his fidelity, so he would never join with those who were so forgetful of the merits of men, that had behaved themselves well, as to discourage them without a cause. Hereupon they suffered Capt. Poulton to remain in his command; but while the house was highly busy in faction, they took no care of any of the garrisons, especially of such as were likely to continue firm to the cause, the presbyterian faction having a design to weaken or corrupt them all, that they might be prepared for the great revolt from the parliament, which was now working in all countries. In Nottinghamshire, a brother of the Lord Biron's, Col. Gilbert Biron, meeting Capt. Poulton, began to insinuate into him, and tempt him to betray Nottingham castle; which proposition, when he heard, he thought not fit utterly to reject, lest the castle, being then in a weak condition, and the soldiers discontented, some of his under officers might more readily embrace it and betray both the place and him. He therefore took a little time to consider of it, and came to Col. Hutchinson and acquainted him with it. He advised to hold his cousin Biron on in the treaty, till he himself could go to London and provide for the better securing of the place, which, his distemper of health a little abating, he did; and when the place was well provided, Capt. Poulton, who was too gentle-hearted to cut off Mr. Biron under a pretence of assenting to him, sent to him to shift for himself, which Mr. Biron accordingly did; and now the insurrection began everywhere to break out.

---

* This is one of the places where we find reason to regret Mrs. Hutchinson's being so summary in her account of public affairs. This matter of endeavouring to bring the king to reason, and his perverting the good intentions of friends as well as foes, is treated much at length by Ludlow, in his first volume, from p. 194 to 204, and he agrees with Mrs. Hutchinson in most particulars; but it seems extraordinary that he should attribute a very considerable and active part in this business to Sir Allen Apsley, and his sister should make no mention of him in it. The candour and benevolence of Ireton, who is so generally represented as a cynic, are equally apparent in both places, as likewise are the obstinacy and duplicity of the king. If Ireton is by any supposed to have been too favourably represented by Mrs. Hutchinson, it will not be thought that he is likewise favoured by Walker in his Hist. of the Independ., yet p. 164, he reports thus:—Ireton said the king had committed crimes enough to *depose and imprison him*, and crown the Duke of York, then a child, in his stead (*not to kill the king*), and that if any thought their treatment of the king severe, they would applaud their clemency to the Duke of York.

In the mean time, some months before, when the king had laid the design of the second war with the Scots, and employed all his art to bring the English presbyters to a revolt, and was now full of hopes to bring about *his game*, and conquer those who had conquered him, while he was amusing the parliament with expectations of a treaty, he privily stole away from Hampton Court by the assistance of Ashburnham and Berkley, no man knew whither: but these wise men had so ordered their business, that instead of going beyond seas, which was his first intent, he was forced to give himself up to Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who immediately gave notice to the parliament, and they sent him thanks for his fidelity, and ordered that the king should be honourably attended and guarded there in Carisbrook Castle. The parliament were again sending him propositions there, when they received a letter from him, urging that he might come to a personal treaty at London. Hereupon the two houses agreed on four propositions to be sent him, to pass as bills; upon the passing of which, they were content he should come to a personal treaty for the rest. The four propositions were, 1st. That a bill should pass for the settling the militia of the kingdom. 2dly. That all oaths, declarations, &c. against the parliament and their adherents should be called in. 3dly, That the lords made by the great seal at Oxford, should not be capable of sitting in the house of peers thereby. 4thly, That the parliament may have power to adjourn, as the two houses think fit. The Scotch commissioners opposed the sending these bills to the king, and urged his coming to a personal treaty at London. The king understanding their mind and the factions in London, absolutely refused to sign them. Wherefore the houses debating upon the king's denial, at length these votes were passed by both houses on the 17th day of January.—That they would make no more addresses, nor applications to the king; that no person whatsoever should make address or application to him; that whoever should break this order, should incur the penalty of high treason: that they would receive no more messages from the king, and that no person should presume to bring any to either house, or any other person. Upon these votes the army put forth a declaration, promising to stand by the houses in them, which was signed by the general and all his officers, at Windsor, Jan. 19, 1647. But in May following, first tumults began in London, then the Surrey men came with a very insolent petition, and behaved themselves so arrogantly to the parliament, killing and wounding some of the guards, that a troop of horse were fetched from the Mews, and were forced to kill some of them, before they could quiet them. After this, the parliament were informed of another insurrection in Kent, coming under the face of a petition, and sent out General Fairfax with seven regiments to suppress them, who pursued them to Rochester. A great company of these Kentish men were gotten together about Gravesend, with fifteen knights, and many commanders of the king's army to head them, who, although they were more in number then Fairfax's men, yet durst not bide his coming. Some of them went to Dover Castle and besieged it, but the general sent out Sir Michael Livesey, who happily relieved that place, and raised the siege; others went to Maidstone, and a few kept together about Rochester. The general himself went to Maidstone, where two thousand of them were gotten into the town, and resolved to keep it; whom the general assaulted, and with difficulty entered the town and fought for every street, which were barricadoed against him and defended with cannon. Yet at length he killed two hundred, and took fourteen hundred prisoners. Four hundred horse broke away to an army of their friends, bigger than Fairfax's, who saw the town taken, yet had not the courage to engage against the general in the relief of it, but after they saw his victory dispersed. The Lord Goring then, having rallied about two thousand of these Kentish men, led them to Greenwich, from whence he sent to try the affections of the Londoners; but while he stayed there expecting their answer, some troops of the army came, upon the sight of whom, he and his men fled,—the Kentish men, most of them, to their own houses; himself, with about five hundred horse, getting boat, crossed the Thames into Essex, where the Lord Capel with forces out of Hertfordshire, and Sir Charles Lucas with a body of horse at Chelmsford, joined him; to whom in a short time, divers that had been the king's soldiers, many Londoners, and other malignants, flocked in. General Fairfax with part of his forces crossed the Thames at Gravesend, and sending for all the rest out of Kent and London, pursued the enemies and drove them into Colchester, where he besieged them, and lay before them three months. At last, hearing of the defeat of Duke Hamilton and the Scots, and other of the king's partisans, and being reduced to eating horse-flesh, without hopes of relief, they yielded to mercy. The general shot Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle to death upon the place, and reserved Goring, Capel, and others, to abide the doom of the parliament. While Fairfax was thus employed in Kent and Essex, Langhorne, Powell, and Poyer, celebrated commanders of the parliament side, revolted with the places in their command, and got a body of eight thousand Welchmen, whom Col. Horton, with three thousand, encountered, vanquished, routed, and took as many prisoners as he had soldiers ; but Langhorne and Powell escaped to Poyer, and shut up themselves with him in Pembroke Castle, a place so strong that they refused all treaty ; and thereupon were besieged by Lieutenant-General Cromwell, to whom at length, after some months' siege, it surrendered at the conqueror's mercy. In divers other countries at the same time, were several insurrections and revolts, but those of the parliament party, as if they had lost courage and conscience at once, could no more behave themselves with that valour which had before renowned them, and were slain or taken, losing the places they had betrayed, to their old companions, whose fidelity was crowned with success everywhere. Among the rest Colonel Gilbert Biron was risen, with other gentlemen of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, and had gotten together about five hundred horse ; wherewith, after he failed of his hopes of corrupting the governor of Nottingham, they intended to go and join themselves with others that were up in other countries : and this was so suddenly and secretly done, that they were upon their march before the rising was suspected. The governor of Nottingham had not time enough to send a messenger to be before them with Col. Hutchinson at his house, therefore shot off a piece of cannon, which Col. Hutchinson hearing as he sat at dinner, and believing some extraordinary thing to be in it, commanded horses to be made ready, and went to Nottingham ; but met the messenger who came to give him notice of the enemy's approach. The news being sent home in haste, his arms and writings, and other things of value, were put in a cart and sent away ; which was not long gone but the enemy marched by the house, and keeping their body on a hill at the town's end, only sent a party to the house to fetch them what provisions of meat and drink they found there, besides which, they took nothing but a groom with two horses, who being ridden out to air them, fell into their mouths, because he could not be readily found when the rest of the horses were sent away. The reason why no more mischief was done by the cavaliers to his family, at that time, was partly because Col. Gilbert Biron had commanded not to disturb them, if he were not there, and partly because they were so closely pursued by the Lincolnshire troops, that they could not stay to take nor would burden themselves with plunder, now they saw it unlikely to get off without fighting. This they did the next day at Willoughby within three miles of Owthorpe, and were there totally routed, killed, and taken, by a party under Col. Rossiter's command, by whom Col. Biron was carried prisoner to Belvoir Castle. There being in distress, although he was an enemy, and had dealt unhandsomely with Col. Hutchinson, in endeavouring to corrupt one for whom he was engaged, yet the colonel sent him a sum of money for his present relief, and after procured him a release and composition with the parliament. The greatest of all these dangers seemed now to be in the north, where Duke Hamilton's faction being prevalent in Scotland, he had raised an army, and was marched into England. Sir Marmaduke Langdale and Glenham, having already raised some men in those parts, whom Lambert, with the assistance of some Lincolnshire forces, joined to his Yorkshire brigade, kept in play : but they reserved themselves to join with Hamilton. Argyle, and others of the kirk party, protested against him, and many of the ministers cursed his attempt, but were silenced for it, although God heard them. The presbyterians in London secretly prayed for his success, and hardly could the house of lords be brought to join with the house of commons, in voting all the English traitors that should join with the Scots, which yet at the last they did.

Col. Hutchinson having been about this time at London, and wanting a minister for the place where he lived, and for which he had procured an augmentation, repaired to some eminent ministers in London to recommend a worthy person to him for the place. They, with a great testimonial, preferred a Scotchman to him, whom the colonel brought down: but having occasion to be with the committee at Nottingham, to take order for the security of the county in these dangerous times; while he was out, the man made strange prayers in the family, which were couched in dark expressions; but Mrs. Hutchinson understanding them to be intended for the prosperous success of those who were risen against the parliament, and of his nation, that were coming to invade ours, told her husband at his return, that she could not bear with nor join in his prayers. The next day, being the Lord's Day, the colonel heard his sermon, which was so spiritless and so lamentable, that he was very much vexed the ministers should have put such a man to him: withal he publicly made the same prayers he uttered in the family, for the success of the Scots; whereupon, after dinner, the colonel took him aside, and told him that he had done very sinfully to undertake an office to which he was so ill gifted, and desired him to depart in peace again the next day, and to forbear any further employment in his house. The man at first was very high, and told the colonel he was there by authority of parliament, and would not depart; the colonel then dealt high with him, and told him he would declare to them the expressions of his prayers, and so confounded the man, that he besought him to have pity, and confessed that he was fled from his own country for having been of Montrose's party, and that covetousness, against his conscience, had drawn him to dissemble himself to be of the parliament's principle, but that God had judged him for his hypocrisy, and withdrawn his spirit from him since he practised it; and submitted himself to go quietly and silently away, begging it as a favour of the colonel that he would permit him so to do. He did it with such a counterfeit sorrow and conviction, that the colonel, being of a most placable nature, freely forgave him, and sent him not away empty, for he had fifteen pounds for only a fortnight's service ; yet this rogue, before he went out of the country, went to the presbyters of Nottingham, and told them his conscience would not permit him to stay in the colonel's house, because he and his wife were such violent sectaries, that no orthodox man could live comfortably with them ; and this scandal those charitable priests were ready to receive and more largely spread it. They themselves, with divers of their zealous disciples, whom they had perverted, among whom were Col. Francis Pierrepont, Captains Rosse, White, Chadwick, and many others, were watching opportunity to break their covenant and rise against that parliament, under which they had served and sworn to assist them, till all delinquents, as well greater as less, were brought to condign punishment.

At London, things were in a very sad posture, the two factions of presbytery and independency being so engaged to suppress each other, that they both left off to regard the public interest, insomuch that at that time a certain sort of public-spirited men stood up in the parliament and the army, declaring against these factions and the ambition of the grandees of both, and the partiality that was in these days practised, by which great men were privileged to do those things which meaner men were punished for, and the injustice and other crimes of particular members of parliament rather covered than punished, to the scandal of the whole house. Many got shelter in the house and army against their debts, by which others were defrauded and undone. The lords, as if it were the chief interest of nobility to be licensed in vice, claimed many prerogatives, which set them out of the reach of common justice, which these good-hearted people would have equally to belong to the poorest as well as the mighty; and for this and such other honest declarations, they were nicknamed Levellers. Indeed as all virtues are mediums, and have their extremes, there arose up after in that name a people, who endeavoured the levelling of all estates and qualities, which these sober levellers were never guilty of desiring, but were men of just and sober principles, of honest and religious ends, and therefore hated by all the designing self-interested men of both factions. Col. Hutchinson had a great intimacy with many of these; and so far as they acted according to the just, pious, and public spirit which they professed, owned them and protected them as far as he had power. These were they who first began to discover the ambition of Lieutenant-general Cromwell and his idolaters, and to suspect and dislike it. About this time, he was sent down, after his victory in Wales, to encounter Hamilton in the north. When he went down, the chief of these levellers, following him out of the town, to take their leaves of him, received such professions from him, of a spirit bent to pursue the same just and honest things that they desired, as they went away with great satisfaction, till they heard that a coachful of presbyterian priests, coming after them, went away no less pleased; by which it was apparent he dissembled with one or the other, and by so doing lost his credit with both.

When he came to Nottingham, Col. Hutchinson went to see him, whom he embraced with all the expressions of kindness that one friend could make to another, and then retiring with him pressed him to tell him what thought his friends, the Levellers, had of him. The colonel, who was the freest man in the world from concealing truth from his friend, especially when it was required of him in love and plainness, not only told him what others thought of him, but what he himself conceived, and how much it would darken all his glories, if he should become a slave to his own ambition, and be guilty of what he gave the world just cause to suspect, and therefore begged of him to wear his heart in his face, and to scorn to delude his enemies, but to make use of his noble courage, to maintain what he believed just, against all great opposers. Cromwell made mighty professions of a sincere heart to him, but it is certain that for this and such like plain-dealing with him, he dreaded the colonel, and made it his particular business to keep him out of the army; but the colonel never desiring command to serve himself, but his country, would not use that art he detested in others, to procure himself any advantage.

At this time Col. Thornhagh marched with Cromwell, and at his parting with Col. Hutchinson took such a kind leave of him, with such dear expressions of love, such brotherly embraces, and such regret for any rash jealousies he had been wrought into, that it took great impression in the colonel's kind heart, and might have been a presage to him that they should meet no more, when they parted with such extraordinary melting love; but that Col. Hutchinson's cheerful and constant spirit never anticipated any evil with fear. His prudence wanted not foresight that it might come, yet his faith and courage entertained his hope, that God would either prevent, or help him to bear it.

This summer the revolt was no greater at land than at sea. Many of the great ships set the vice-admiral on shore, and sailed towards Holland to Prince Charles: to whom the Duke of York was come, having, by his father's advice, privately stolen away from London, where the parliament had received and treated him like a prince, ever since the surrender of Oxford. To reduce these revolted ships, and preserve the rest of the navy from the like, the Earl of Warwick was made lord high admiral of England. But at the same time his brother the Earl of Holland, who had floated up and down with the tide of the times, rose also against the parliament, and appeared in arms, with the young Duke of Buckingham and Lord Francis Villars his brother, and others, making about five hundred horse, at Kingston-upon-Thames. Here some of the parliament troops, assailing them before they had time to grow, they were totally routed and dispersed. The Lord Francis Villars was slain; the Earl of Holland, flying with those he could rally, was fought with at St. Neots, Dalbier and others of his associates slain, and himself taken prisoner and carried to Warwick Castle. Buckingham fled, and at last got beyond seas, with a blot of base ingratitude and treachery, which began then to appear, and hath since marked out all his life. For these two lords being pupils, and under the king's tuition, were carried with him to Oxford, where they remained till the rendition of the place, and then coming to London, in regard they were under age, had all their father and mother's great estates, freely, without any sequestration or composition, and while they enjoyed them, their secret intentions of rising being discovered to the parliament, the parliament would not secure them, as some advised, but only sent a civil warning to the duke, minding him how unhandsome it would be, if the information should prove true; whereupon the duke protested he had no such intention, but utterly detested it, making all the expressions of just gratitude to them that could be, and yet, within very few days after, openly showed himself in arms, to tell the world how perfidious an hypocrite he was; for which the parliament exempted him from pardon, and ever after detested his name, as one that rose only to fall into contempt and obloquy.

And now was Cromwell advanced into Lancashire, where Lambert retreating from the invading Scots, joined with him and made up an army of about ten thousand; which were but few to encounter five-and-twenty thousand, led by Hamilton, Langdale, and other English joined with them. Yet near Preston, in Lancashire, they fought, and Cromwell gained an entire victory, about the end of August, and had the chase of them for twenty miles, wherein many fell, and many were taken prisoners. Hamilton himself, with a good party of horse, fled to Uttoxeter, and was there taken by the Lord Grey. But, in the beginning of this battle, the valiant Col. Thornhagh was wounded to death. Being at the beginning of the charge on a horse as courageous as became such a master, he made such furious speed to set upon a company of Scotch lancers, that he was singly engaged and mortally wounded, before it was possible for his regiment, though as brave men as ever drew sword, and too affectionate to their colonel to be slack in following him, to come time enough to break the fury of that body, which shamed not to unite all their force against one man: who yet fell not among them, but being faint and all covered with blood, of his enemies as well as his own, was carried off by some of his own men, while the rest, enraged for the loss of their dear colonel, fought not that day like men of human race: deaf to the cries of every coward that asked mercy, they killed all, and would not a captive should live to see their colonel die; but said the whole kingdom of Scotland was too mean a sacrifice for that brave man. His soul was hovering to take her flight out of his body, but that an eager desire to know the success of that battle kept it within, till the end of the day, when the news being brought him, he cleared his dying countenance, and said, "I now rejoice to die, since God hath let me see the overthrow of this perfidious enemy; I could not lose my life in a better cause, and I have the favour from God to see my blood avenged." So he died, with a large testimony of love to his soldiers, but more to the cause, and was by mercy removed, that the temptations of future times might not prevail to corrupt his pure soul. A man of greater courage and integrity fell not nor fought not in this glorious cause; he had also an excellent good nature, but easy to be wrought upon by flatterers, yet as flexible to the admonitions of his friends; and this virtue he had, that if sometimes a cunning insinuation prevailed upon his easy faith, when his error was made known to him, notwithstanding all his great courage, he was readier to acknowledge and repair, than to pursue his mistake.* Col. Thornhagh's regiment, in the reducing of the garrison forces, had one Major Saunders (a Derbyshire man, who was a very godly, honest, country gentleman, but had not many things requisite to a great soldier) assigned them for their major, and with him he brought in about a troop of Derbyshire horse; but the Nottinghamshire horse, who certainly were as brave men as any that drew swords in the army, had been animated in all their service by the dear love they had to their colonel, and the glory they took in him, and their generous spirits could not take satisfaction in serving under a less man, which they all esteemed their major to be; but remembering their successes under Col. Hutchinson, and several other things that moved them to pitch their thoughts upon him, the captains addressed themselves to Cromwell, and acquainted him with the discouragement and sorrow they had by the death of their colonel, for whom nothing could comfort them but a successor equal to himself, which they could not hope to find so as they might in the person of Col. Hutchinson, with whose worth and courage they were well acquainted, and he was now out of employment: the only difficulty was, whether he would accept the command or no, which they hoped to prevail in, if he would oblige them by sending to Lord Fairfax, to stop all other ways that might be thought of for disposing it, till they could know whether Col. Hutchinson would accept it, for which they had prepared a messenger to send to his house. Cromwell, with all the assentation imaginable, seemed to rejoice they had made so worthy a choice, and promised them to take care the regiment should not be disposed of, till they received Col. Hutchinson's answer; whereupon the captains severally writ to Col. Hutchinson, with most earnest entreaties, that he would give them leave to procure a commission for him to conduct them, which the lieutenant-general had already promised to send for, if he pleased to accept it.

The colonel, though he had more inclination at that time, by reason of the indisposition of his health, to rest, yet not knowing whether the earnest desires of his countrymen were not from a higher call, wrote them word that he preferred the satisfaction of their desires before his own, and if the commission came to him to be their leader, he would not refuse it, though he should not do anything himself to seek any command. Meanwhile Cromwell, as soon as the Nottinghamshire men had imparted their desires to him, sent for Saunders, and cajoling him, told him, none was so fit as himself to command the regiment, but that the regiment thought not all of them so, but were designing to procure themselves another colonel, which he advised him to prevent, by sending speedily to the general, to whom Cromwell also writ to further the request, and before the messenger came back from Owthorpe procured the commission for Saunders. When it came, he used all his art to persuade the captains to submit to it, and to excuse himself from having any hand in it; but they perceived his dissimulation, and the troops were so displeased with it, that they thought to have flung down their arms; but their captains persuaded them to rest contented till the present expedition were over. But they had not only this cheat and disappointment by Cromwell, but all the Nottingham captains were passed over, and a less deserving man made major of the regiment. The new colonel and major made it their business to discountenance and affront all that had showed any desire of Col. Hutchinson, and to weary them out, that they might fill up their rooms with Derbyshire men; but as soon as they got to London, all that could otherwise dispose of themselves, went voluntarily off; and the rest that were forced to abide, hated their commanders, and lived discontentedly under them. The reasons that induced Cromwell to this, were two: first, he found that Col. Hutchinson understood him, and was too generous either to fear or flatter him; and he carried, though under a false face of friendship, a deep resentment of the colonel's plain-dealing with him at Nottingham. He had besides a design, by insinuating himself into Col. Saunders, to flatter him into the sale of a town of his called Ireton, which Cromwell earnestly desired to buy for Major General Ireton, who had married his daughter, and when at last he could not obtain it, in process of time, he took the regiment away from him again *. Col. Hutchinson was not at all displeased that the regiment was not given to him, but highly resented it that the men were ill used for their affections to him; and was sorry that this particular carriage of Cromwell's gave him such a proof of other things suspected of him, so destructive to the whole cause and party, as it afterwards fell out.

---

* The valour of this gentleman seems to have been a favourite topic of admiration and praise among his brother warriors. In Cromwell's letter (preserved by Whitelock) wherein he gives an account of his victory, he laments "the death of this *too brave gentleman.*" Ludlow is full in his praises of him, and adds a very picturesque circumstance: "that as he lay wounded among his soldiers, he made them open to the right and left, that he might see the enemy run."

Sir Marmaduke Langdale, after the rout of Hamilton, came, with two or three other officers, to a little ale-house which was upon Col. Hutchinson's land, and there were so circumspect, that some country fellows, who saw them by chance, suspecting they were no ordinary travellers, acquainted Mr. Widmerpoole, who lived within two or three miles, and had been major to the colonel in the first war: whereupon he came forth, with some few others, and sent down to the colonel to acquaint him that some suspicious persons were at the lodge. The colonel, hearing of it, took his servants out, and was approached near the house, when Major Widmerpoole, being beforehand in the house, had given Langdale some jealousy that he might be surprised; therefore one of his company went out to fetch out his horses, which were stopped for the present, and they seeing the colonel coming up towards them, rendered themselves prisoners to Major Widmerpoole, and were sent to Nottingham Castle, where they continued some months, till at last Langdale, finding an opportunity, corrupted one of the guard, who furnished him with a soldier's disguise, and ran away with him. The major, who had been baffled by these persons if the colonel had not come in, had all the booty, which the colonel never took share of anywhere: but the major, thinking the best of his spoils justly due to him, presented him with a case or two of very fine pistols, which he accepted.

About this time, the gentlemen that were commissioners for the king at Newark, fell into disputes one with another; nor only so, but suits were commenced in the chancery upon this occasion. One Atkins, and several other rich men at Newark, when that garrison began to be fortified for the king, lent certain sums of money, for the carrying on of that work, to the commissioners of array, for which those gentlemen became bound to the Newarkers. After the taking in of that town by the parliament, they, as other persons, coming in within the set time, were admitted to composition. Having been so cunning as to put out their money in other names, they ventured to leave out these sums, believing they were put into such sure hands, that it would never be discovered. Mr. Sutton, Sir Thomas Williamson, Sir John Digby, Sir Gervas Eyre, the Lord Chaworth, Sir Thomas Blackwell, Sir Roger Cowper, Sir Richard Biron, and others, had given bond for this money, which Mr. Sutton presenting to the king, as a sum that *he* had raised to signalize his loyalty, the king, to reward him, made him a baron. The whole sum thus taken up for the king's service, was eight or ten thousand pounds; fifteen hundred of it, that was lent by Atkinson, being demanded, would have been paid, but they would not take the principal without the interest. Sir Thomas Williamson was openly arrested for it in Westminster Hall; upon which Mr. Sutton and he, being madded, put in a bill in chancery against Atkinson and others, praying that they might set forth to what ends and uses this money was lent to the said gentlemen, &c. &c.

The parliament had made a law, that all estates of delinquents, concealed and uncompounded for, should be forfeited, one half to the state, and the other half to the discoverer, if he had any arrears due to him from the parliament, in payment of them. There were clerks and solicitors, who in those days made a trade of hunting out such discoveries, and making them known to such as had any arrears due to them. Col. Hutchinson at that time had received no pay at all. One of the clerks of that committee which was appointed for such discoveries, sent him word that two officers of the army were, upon this chancery bill, endeavouring to make a discovery of certain concealed moneys in Nottinghamshire, which being his own country, he thought might be more proper for him. Col. Hutchinson, who had never any mind to disadvantage any of the gentlemen of the country, demurred upon this information, and did nothing in it, till some came to him, intimating a desire of my Lord Lexington's, that the colonel would pitch upon that for the payment of his arrears, that so they might fall into the hands of a neighbour, who would use them civilly, rather than of a stranger. After that the colonel was thus invited, by the gentlemen themselves, to pitch upon this money, he waived all the rest, and only entered as his discovery, that money which these townsmen of Newark had lent; and upon full search and hearing at the committee, the money was found to be forfeited money, and the debtors were ordered to pay it into the committee, and Col. Hutchinson had also an order to receive his arrear from that committee of Haberdasher's Hall. Hereupon Sir Thomas Williamson and Lord Lexington, who being the men of the best estates, were principally looked upon for the debt, applied themselves to Col. Hutchinson, begging as a favour that he would undertake the management of the order of sequestration, given out upon their estates, and would also oblige them, by bringing in several other gentlemen, that were bound to bear proportionable shares. The colonel, to gratify them, got the order of sequestration, and brought them to an accommodation, wherein every man, according to his ability, agreed upon an equal proportion; and the gentlemen, especially Mr. Sutton, acknowledged a very great obligation to the colonel, who had brought it to so equal a composition among them; and then, upon their own desires, the order of sequestration was laid upon their estates, but managed by one of their own bailiffs, only to free them from inconveniences, that otherwise would have come upon them. Some of them made use of it to get in arrears of rent, which they knew not how else any way to have gotten, and for which at that time they pretended the greatest sense of gratitude and obligation imaginable. The colonel also procured them days of payment, so that whereas it should have been paid this Michaelmas 1648, it was not paid till a year after; and for these and many other favours on this occasion, was then courted as their patron, though afterwards this civility had like to have been his ruin. And now, about Michaelmas 1648, he went to attend his duty at the parliament, carrying his whole family with him, because his house had been so ruined by the war that he could no longer live in it, till it were either repaired or new built. On coming to London, he himself fell into his old distemper of rheum, with more violence than ever, and being weary of those physicians he had so long, with so little success, employed, he was recommended to a young doctor, son to old Dr. Rudgely, whose excellence in his art was everywhere known, and his son being a very ingenious person, and considering himself, and consulting with his father, believed that all the other physicians who had dealt with him had mistaken his disease, which he finding more truly out, in a short space perfectly cured him of the gout, and restored him, by God's blessing on his endeavours, to such a condition of health as he had not enjoyed for two years before. When he was well again to attend the house, he found the presbyterian party so prevalent there, that the victories obtained by the army displeased them, and so hot they grew in the zeal of their faction, that they from thenceforth resolved and endeavoured to close with the common enemy, that they might thereby compass the destruction of their independent brethren. To this end, and to strengthen their faction, they got in again the late suspended members; whereof it was said, and by the consequence appeared true, that Mr. Hollis, during his secession, had been in France, and there meeting with the queen, had pieced up an ungodly accommodation with her: although he were the man that, when at the beginning, some of the soberer men, who foresaw the sad issues of war and victory on either side, were labouring an accommodation, openly in the house said, "He abhorred that word Accommodation." After these were gotten in again, and encouraged by the presbyterian ministers and the people in the city, they procured a revocation of the votes formerly made, with such convincing reasons publicly declared for the same, why they had resolved of no more addresses to be made to the king. And now nothing was agitated with more violence than a new personal treaty, with honour and freedom; and even his coming to the city, before any security given, was laboured for, but that prevailed not. Such were the heats of the two parties, that Mr. Hollis challenged Ireton, even in the house; out of which they both went to have fought, but that one who sat near them overheard the wicked whisper, and prevented the execution of it.

---

* This gentleman is mentioned in Granger's Biography: and there is a print of him in the hands of some curious collectors, peculiarly of John Townely, Esq. He is said to be of Ireton, in Derbyshire; but Ireton is believed to be in the Vale of Belvoir.

Amidst these things, at last a treaty was sent to the king by commissioners, who went from both houses to the Isle of Wight; and although there were some honourable persons in this commission, yet it cannot be denied but that they were carried away by the other, and concluded, upon most dangerous terms, an agreement with the king. He would not give up bishops, but only lease out their revenues; and upon the whole, such were the terms upon which the king was to be restored, that the whole cause was evidently given up to him. Only one thing he assented to, to acknowledge himself guilty of the blood spilt in the late war, with this proviso, that if the agreement were not ratified by the house, then this concession should be of no force against him.* The commissioners that treated with him had been cajoled and biassed with the promises of great honours and offices to every one of them, and so they brought back their treaty to be confirmed by the houses; where there was a very high dispute about them, and they sat up most part of the night, when at length it was voted to accept his concessions, the dissenting party being fewer than the other that were carried on in the faction. Col. Hutchinson was that night among them, and being convinced in his conscience that both the cause, and all those who with an upright honest heart asserted and maintained it, were betrayed and sold for nothing, he addressed himself to those commissioners he had most honourable thoughts of, and urged his reasons and apprehensions to them, and told them that the king, after having been exasperated, vanquished, and captived, would be restored to that power, which was inconsistent with the liberty of the people, who for all their blood, treasure, and misery, would reap no fruit, but a confirmation of bondage, and that it had been a thousand times better never to have struck one stroke in the quarrel, than, after victory, to yield up a righteous cause; whereby they should not only betray the interest of their country and the trust reposed in them, and those zealous friends who had engaged to the death for them, but be false to the covenant of their God, which was to *extirpate prelacy*, not to *lease* it.† They acknowledged to him that the conditions were not so secure as they ought to be; but in regard of the growing power and insolence of the army, it was best to accept them. They further said, that they enjoying those trusts and places which they had secured for themselves and other honest men, should be able to curb the king's exorbitances; and such other things they said, wherewith the colonel dissatisfied, opposed their proceedings as much as he could. When the vote was passed, he, telling some men of understanding, that he was not satisfied in conscience to be included with the major part, in this vote, which was contrary to their former engagements to God, but thought it fit to testify their public dissent, he and four more entered into the house-book a protestation against that night's votes and proceedings.* Whether it yet remains there, or whether some other of them got it out, he knew not, but he much wondered, after the change and scrutiny into all these things, that he never heard the least mention of it.

---

* Certainly there are many strange things to be found in the history of diplomacy, but perhaps none so strange as that an assertion should be admitted to be *provisionally true*.

† There is, among Clarendon's State Papers, a letter from the queen to the king, assuring him that those with whom he had to deal were too penetrating to be duped by this artifice; if they were, or pretended to be, the queen was not.

By this violent proceeding of the presbyterians they finished the destruction of him in whose restitution they were now so fiercely engaged, for this gave heart to the vanquished cavaliers, and such courage to the captive king that it hardened him and them to their ruin. On the other side it so frighted all the honest people, that it made them as violent in their zeal to pull down, as the others were in their madness to restore, this kingly idol; and the army, who were principally levelled and marked out for the sacrifice and peace-offering of this ungodly reconciliation, had some colour to pursue their late arrogant usurpations upon that authority which it was their duty rather to have obeyed than interrupted; but the debates of that night, which produced such destructive votes to them and all their friends, being reported to them, they the next morning came and seized about† forty of the members as they were going to the house, and carried them to a house hard by, where they were for the present kept prisoners. Most of the presbyterian faction, distasted at this insolence, would no more come to their seats in the house; but the gentlemen who were of the other faction, or of none at all, but looked upon themselves as called out to manage a public trust for their country, forsook not their seats while they were permitted to sit in the house.‡ Col. Hutchinson was one of these who infinitely disliked the action of the army, and had once before been instrumental in preventing such another rash attempt, which some of the discerning and honest members having a jealousy of, sent him down to discover. When he came, going first to commissary Ireton's quarters, he found him and some of the soberer officers of the army in great discontent, for that the *lieutenant-general* had given order for a sudden advance of the army to London, upon the intelligence they had had of the violent proceedings of the other party, whereupon Cromwell was then in the mind to have come and broken them up; but Col. Hutchinson, with others, at that time persuaded him that, notwithstanding the prevalency of the presbyterian faction, yet there were many who had upright and honest hearts to the public interest, who had not deserved to be so used by them, and who could not join with them in any such irregular ways, although in all just and equitable things they would be their protectors. Whereupon at that time he was staid;§ but having now drawn the army nearer London, they put this insolent force upon the house. Those who were suffered to remain, not at all approving thereof, sent out their mace to demand their members, but the soldiers would not obey. Yet the parliament thought it better to sit still and go on in their duty than give up all, in so distempered a time, into the hands of the soldiery, especially there having been so specious a pretext of the necessity of securing the whole interest and party from the treachery of those men who contended so earnestly to give up the victors into the hands of their vanquished enemies. Many petitions had been brought to the parliament from thousands of the well-affected of the city of London and Westminster and borough of Southwark, and from several counties in England, and from the several regiments of the army, whereof Col. Ingoldsby's was one of the first, all urging them to perform their covenant, and bring delinquents, without partiality, to justice and condign punishment, and to make inquiry for the guilt of the blood that had been shed in the land in both wars, and to execute justice; lest the not improving the mercies of God should bring judgments in their room.

Then also a declaration to the same purpose was presented to the house from the lord general Fairfax and his council of officers, and strange it is how men that could afterwards pretend such reluctancy and abhorrence of those things that were done, should forget they were the effcetive answer of their petitions.

After the purgation of the house, upon new debate of the treaty at the Isle of Wight, it was concluded dangerous to the realm and destructive to the better interest, and the trial of the king was determined. He was sent for to Westminster, and a commission given forth to a court of high justice, whereof Bradshaw, serjeant-at-law, was president, and divers honourable persons of the parliament, city, and army, nominated commissioners. Among them Col. Hutchinson was one, who, very much against his own will, was put in, but looking upon himself as called hereunto, durst not refuse it, as holding himself obliged by the covenant of God and the public trust of his country reposed in him, although he was not ignorant of the danger he ran as the condition of things then was.

---

* Ludlow says, he wished to do this very thing, but could not.

† Dugdale gives a list of the secluded members, forty-one in number, and hence we are furnished with some names which will serve to establish a peculiar fact stated at the latter end of the history of the republic.

‡ Whitelock, who was exactly in the same predicament, acted in the same manner, and gives the same reasons for it.

§ Mrs. Hutchinson does Ireton that justice which Whitelock refuses him, who seems to consider him in the light of an *instigator:* but this is clearly decided by Ludlow, who declares that "he himself, being sensible that the presbyterian party were determined to sacrifice the common cause to the pleasure of triumphing over the independents and the army, by agreeing with the king, or by any means, went down to apprise Fairfax and Ireton, then at the siege of Colchester, of this design, and to court the interposition of the army. Fairfax readily agreed, but Ireton demurred to interfering till the king and presbyterians should have actually agreed, and the body of the nation been convinced of the iniquity of their coalition." Additional provocations and imperious circumstances afterwards constrained him, but he acted no conspicuous part in the business. In this difference of opinion respecting the interference of the army we may see the source of the dissension which more openly took place afterwards between Col. Hutchinson and Ludlow, and caused the latter to calumniate Col. Hutchinson as he did.

In January 1648 the court sat; the king was brought to his trial, and a charge drawn up against him for levying war against the parliament and people of England, for betraying their public trust reposed in him, and for being an implacable enemy to the commonwealth. But the king refused to plead, disowning the authority of the court, and after three several days persisting in contempt thereof, he was sentenced to suffer death. One thing was remarked in him by many of the court, that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles, and looks and gestures, which rather expressed sorrow that all the opposite party to him was not cut off, than that any were: and he stuck not to declare in words that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the Earl of Strafford. The gentlemen that were appointed his judges, and divers others, saw in him a disposition so bent on the ruin of all that opposed him, and of all the righteous and just things they had contended for, that it was upon the consciences of many of them that if they did not execute justice upon him, God would require at their hands all the blood and desolation which should ensue by their suffering him to escape, when God had brought him into their hands. Although the malice of the malignant party and their apostate brethren seemed to threaten them, yet they thought they ought to cast themselves upon God, while they acted with a good conscience for him and their country. Some of them after, to excuse, belied themselves, and said they were under the awe of the army, and over-persuaded by Cromwell, and the like; but it is certain that all men herein were left to their free liberty of acting, neither persuaded nor compelled; and as there were some nominated in the commission who never sat, and others who sat at first, but durst not hold on, so all the rest might have declined it if they would, when it is apparent they should have suffered nothing by so doing. For those who then declined were afterwards, when they offered themselves, received in again, and had places of more trust and benefit than those who ran the utmost hazard; which they deserved not, for I know upon certain knowledge that many, yea the most of them, retreated not for conscience, but for fear and worldly prudence, foreseeing that the insolence of the army might grow to that height as to ruin the cause, and reduce the kingdom into the hands of the enemy; and then those who had been most courageous in their country's cause should be given up as victims. These poor men did privately animate those who appeared most publicly, and I knew several of them in whom I lived to see that saying of Christ fulfilled, "He that will save his life shall lose it, and he that for my sake will lose his life shall save it;" when after it fell out that all their prudent declensions saved not the lives of some nor the estates of others. As for Mr. Hutchinson, although he was very much confirmed in his judgment concerning the cause, yet here being called to an extraordinary action, whereof many were of several minds, he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that, if through any human frailty he were led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions, he would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right-enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a confirmation in his conscience that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the king. Although he did not then believe but it might one day come to be again disputed among men, yet both he and others thought they could not refuse it without giving up the people of God, whom they had led forth and engaged themselves unto by the oath of God, into the hands of God's and their enemies, and therefore he cast himself upon God's protection, acting according to the dictates of a conscience which he had sought the Lord to guide, and accordingly the Lord did signalise his favour afterwards to him.

After the death of the king, it was debated and resolved to change the form of government from monarchical into a commonwealth, and the house of lords was voted dangerous and useless thereunto, and dissolved. A council of state was to be annually chosen for the management of affairs, accountable to the parliament, out of which, consisting of forty counsellors and a president, twenty were every year to go off by lot, and twenty new ones to be supplied. It is true that at that time every man almost was fancying a form of government, and angry, when this came forth, that his invention took not place; and among these John Lilbourne, a turbulent-spirited man, that never was quiet in anything, published libels, and the levellers made a disturbance with a kind of insurrection, which Cromwell soon appeased, they indeed being betrayed by their own leaders.

But how the public business went on, how Cromwell finished the conquest of Ireland, how the angry presbyterians spit fire out of their pulpits, and endeavoured to blow up the people against the parliament, how they entered into a treasonable conspiracy with Scotland, who had now received and crowned the son of the late king, who led them in hither in a great army, which the Lord of hosts discomfited; how our public ministers were assassinated and murdered in Spain and Holland; and how the Dutch, in this unsettlement of affairs, hoped to gain by making war, wherein they were beaten and brought to sue for peace,—I shall leave to the stories that were then written, and only in general say that the hand of God was mightily seen in prospering and preserving the parliament, till Cromwell's ambition unhappily interrupted them. Mr. Hutchinson was chosen into the first council of state, much against his own will; for, understanding that his cousin Ireton was one of the commissioners to nominate that council, he sent his wife to him, before he went to the house, that morning they were to be named, to desire him, upon all the scores of kindred and kindness that had been between them, that he might be left out, in regard that he had already wasted his time and his estate in the parliament service, and having neither had recompense for his losses, nor any office of benefit, it would finish his ruin to be tied by this employment to a close and chargeable attendance, besides the inconvenience of his health, not yet thoroughly confirmed, his constitution more suitable to an active than to a sedentary life: these and other things he privately urged to him; but he, that was a man regardless of his own or any man's private interest, wherever he thought the public service might be advantaged, instead of keeping him out, got him in, when the colonel had prevailed with others to have indulged him that ease he desired. Mr. Hutchinson, after he had endeavoured to decline this employment and could not, thought that herein, as in other occasions, it being put upon him without his own desire, God had called him to his service in councils as formerly in arms, and applied himself to this also, wherein he did his duty faithfully, and employed his power to relieve the oppressed and dejected, freely becoming the advocate of those who had been his late enemies, in all things that were just and charitable. Though he had now an opportunity to have enriched himself, as it is to be feared some in all times have done, by accepting rewards for even just assistances, and wanted not many who offered them and solicited him therein, yet such was his generous nature that he abhorred the mention of any thing like reward, though never so justly merited; and although he did a thousand highly obliging kindnesses for many, both friends and enemies, he never had anything in money or presents of any man*. The truth is, on the contrary, he met with many that had not the good manners to make so much as a civil verbal acknowledgment. Among the rest, one Sir John Owen may stand for a pillar of ingratitude. This man was wholly unknown to him, and with Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, the Lord Capel, and the Lord Goring, condemned to death by a second high court of justice. Of this, though the colonel was nominated a commissioner, he would not sit, his unbloody nature desiring to spare the rest of the delinquents, after the highest had suffered, and not delighting in the death of men, when they could live without cruelty to better men. The parliament also was willing to show mercy to some of these, and to execute others for example; whereupon the whole house was diversely engaged, some for one, and some for another of these lords, and striving to cast away those they were not concerned in, that they might save their friends. While there was such mighty labour and endeavour for these lords, Col. Hutchinson observed that no man spoke for this poor knight, and, sitting next to Col. Ireton, he expressed himself to him, and told him, that it pitied him much to see that, while all were labouring to save the lords, a gentleman, that stood in the same condemnation, should not find one friend to ask his life; "and so," said he, "am I moved with compassion that, if you will second me, I am resolved to speak for him, who, I perceive, is a stranger and friendless." Ireton promised to second him, and accordingly inquiring further of the man's condition, whether he had not a petition in any member's hand, he found that his keepers had brought one to the clerk of the house, but the man had not found any one that would interest themselves for him, thinking the lords' lives of so much more concernment than this gentleman's. This the more stirred up the colonel's generous pity, and he took the petition, delivered it, spoke for him so nobly, and was so effectually seconded by Ireton, that they carried his pardon clear. Yet, although one who knew the whole circumstance of the business, how Mr. Hutchinson, moved by mere compassion and generosity, had procured his life, told him, who admired his own escape, how it came about, he never was the man that so much as once came to give him thanks; nor was his fellow-prisoner, Goring, for whom the colonel had also effectually solicited, more grateful.

Some of the army, being very desirous to get among them a person of whose fidelity and integrity to the cause they had so good experience, had moved it to the general, my lord Fairfax, who had commanded to have it inquired what way he would choose to be employed; and when he had told them that, in regard of his family, which he would not willingly be much absent from, he should rather accept the government of some town than a field employment, four governments were brought to him, to elect which he would have; whereof Plymouth and Portsmouth, and one more in the west, being at a vast distance from his own country, Hull in the north, though a less beneficial charge than the other, he made choice of, thinking they had not offered him anything but what was fairly fallen into their dispose. Soon after this the lieutenant-general, Cromwell, desired him to meet him one afternoon at a committee, where, when he came, a malicious accusation against the governor of Hull was violently prosecuted by a fierce faction in that town. To this the governor had sent up a very fair and honest defence, yet most of the committee more favouring the adverse faction, were labouring to cast out the governor. Col. Hutchinson, though he knew him not, was very earnest in his defence, whereupon Cromwell drew him aside, and asked him what he meant to contend so, to keep in that governor? (it was Overton). The colonel told him, because he saw nothing proved against him worthy of being ejected. "But," said Cromwell, "we like him not." Then said the colonel, "Do it upon that account, and blemish not a man that is innocent upon false accusations, because you like him not." "But," said Cromwell, "we would have him out, because the government is designed for you, and except you put him out you cannot have the place." At this the colonel was very angry, and with great indignation told him, if there was no way to bring him into their army but by casting out others unjustly, he would rather fall naked before his enemies, than so seek to put himself into a posture of defence. Then returning to the table, he so eagerly undertook the injured governor's protection that he foiled his enemies, and the governor was confirmed in his place. This so displeased Cromwell that, as before, so much more now, he saw that even his own interest would not bias him into any unjust faction, he secretly laboured to frustrate the attempts of all others who, for the same reason that Cromwell laboured to keep him out, laboured as much to bring him in.

---

* The lists of the first two councils, which embraced almost the whole duration of the republic, are preserved by Whitelock, and Col. Hutchinson is in each of them: he went out at the formation of the third. It is extremely to be regretted that Mrs. Hutchinson should have been so concise in this part of her history, it being a period which naturally excites much curiosity, but of which we have only indistinct, and, generally speaking, invidious and partial accounts.

But now had the poison of ambition so ulcerated Cromwell's heart, that the effects of it became more apparent than before, and while as yet Fairfax stood an empty name, he was moulding the army to his mind, weeding out the godly and upright-hearted men, both officers and soldiers, and filling up their rooms with rascally turn-coat cavaliers, and pitiful sottish beasts of his own alliance, and others such as would swallow all things, and make no question for conscience sake. Yet this he did not directly nor in tumult, but by such degrees that it was unperceived by all that were not of very penetrating eyes; and those that made the loudest outcries against him lifted up their voices with such apparent envy and malice that, in that mist, they rather hid than discovered his ambitious minings. Among these Col. Rich, and Commissary Staines, and Watson, had made a design even against his life, and the business was brought to the examination of the council of state. Before the hearing of it, Col. Rich came to Col. Hutchinson and implored his assistance with tears, affirming all the crimes of Cromwell, but not daring to justify his accusations, although the colonel advised him if they were true to stand boldly to it, if false to acknowledge his own iniquity. The latter course he took, and the council had resolved upon the just punishment of the men, when Cromwell, having only thus in a private council vindicated himself from their malice, and laid open what pitiful, sneaking, poor knaves they were, how ungrateful to him, and how treacherous and cowardly to themselves, he became their advocate, and made it his suit they might be no farther published or punished. This being permitted him, and they thus rendered contemptible to others, they became beasts and slaves to him, who knew how to serve himself of them without trusting them. This generosity, for indeed he carried himself with the greatest bravery that is imaginable herein, much advanced his glory, and cleared him in the eyes of superficial beholders; but others saw he crept on, and could not stop him, while fortune itself seemed to prepare his way on sundry occasions. All this while he carried to Mr. Hutchinson the most open face, and made the most obliging professions of friendship imaginable; but the colonel saw through him, and forbore not often to tell him what was suspected of his ambition, what dissimulations of his were remarked, and how dishonourable to the name of God and the profession of religion, and destructive to the most glorious cause, and dangerous to overthrow all our triumphs, these things which were suspected of him would be, if true. He would seem to receive these cautions and admonitions as the greatest demonstrations of integrity and friendship that could be made, and embrace the colonel in his arms, and make serious lying professions to him, and often inquire men's opinions concerning him, which the colonel never forbore to tell him plainly, although he knew he resented it not as he made show, yet it pleased him so to discharge his own thoughts *.

The islanders of Jersey wanting a governor, and being acquainted, through the familiarity many of their countrymen had with the abilities and honour of Col. Hutchinson, they addressed themselves to my Lord General Fairfax, and petitioned to have him for their governor, which my lord assented to; and accordingly commanded a commission to be drawn up, which was done; but the colonel made not haste to take it out. But my lord, having ordered the commission, regarded him as governor, and when the model of the castle was brought to my lord to procure orders and money for the repair of the fortifications, he sent it to the colonel, and all other business concerning the island.

In the meantime, the Scots having declared open war against the parliament of England, it was concluded to send an army into Scotland, to prevent their intended advance hither. But when they were just marching out, my Lord Fairfax, persuaded by his wife and her chaplains, threw up his commission at such a time, when it could not have been done more spitefully and ruinously to the whole parliament interest. Col. Hutchinson and other parliament men, hearing of his intentions the night before, and knowing that he would thus level the way to Cromwell's ambitious designs, went to him and laboured to dissuade him; which they had effected, but that the presbyterian ministers wrought with him to do it. He expressed that he believed God laid him aside, as not being worthy of more, nor of that glory which was already given him.

To speak the truth of Cromwell, whereas many said he undermined Fairfax, it was false; for in Col. Hutchinson's presence, he most effectually importuned him to keep his commission, lest it should discourage the army and the people in that juncture of time, but could by no means prevail, although he laboured it almost all the night with most earnest endeavours†. But this great man was then as immoveable by his friends, as pertinacious in obeying his wife; whereby he then died to all his former glory, and became the monument of his own name, which every day wore out. When his commission was given up, Cromwell was made general, and new commissions taken out by all the officers from him. He finding that Col. Hutchinson's commission for the island was not taken out, and that he addressed not to him, made haste to prevent the islanders, and gave a commission for the government to one of his own creatures. At this time the Lady Dormer being

---

* Men who think superficially will instantly proclaim the simplicity of Col. Hutchinson and the shrewdness of Cromwell; those who think deeper, will in that simplicity see wisdom, in that shrewdness a more exquisite folly. In life, in death, and in reputation, which of these two was the happier?

† Whitelock tells the same story nearly in the same manner, but thinks Cromwell was not sincere: yet certainly he took all the same steps with those who were unquestionably so. How little soever Cromwell might wish to succeed, there was good policy in attending this conference, as it might in some degree serve to diminish the suspicions entertained of his own ambitious views, and prevent their being urged in argument to Fairfax, which if he had been absent they most likely would have been.

dead, had left to her grandchild, a papist, the Lady Anne Somerset, daughter to the Marquis of Worcester, a manor in Leicestershire, which the lady, being more desirous of a portion in money, had a great mind to sell, and came and offered it to Col. Hutchinson, with whom she had some alliance; but he told her he was not in a purchasing condition, whereupon she earnestly begged him, that if he would not buy it himself, he would procure of the parliament that she might have leave to sell it. This he moved and was repulsed, whereupon both the lady, and one that was her priest, who negotiated for her, and other friends, most earnestly solicited Col. Hutchinson to buy it; who urging that he had not money for such a purchase, they offered him time of payment, till he could sell his own land, and assured him it should be such a pennyworth, as he should not repent the selling his own land to buy it. He urged to them the trouble and difficulty it would be to obtain it, and that it might so fall that he must lay a weight upon it, more than the thing would be worth to him, he never having yet made any request to the house, and having reason to expect recompenses for the loss of his estate, as well as others. But my lady still importuned him, promising a pennyworth in it, that should countervail the difficulty and the trouble; whereupon, at the last, he contracted with her, upon both her and her brother's desire, the Lord Herbert, who was her next heir, and was then at full age, and gave a release of all claim to it, under his hand and seal; and my lady, being between nineteen and twenty years old, then passed a fine, and covenanted at her coming to full age to pass another, and absolutely bargained and sold the land to Col. Hutchinson, who secured the price of it to the Marquis of Dorchester, whom the lady and her friends had a great hope and desire to compass for a husband, and had thoughts, that when the portion was secured in his hands, it would be easily effected. This they afterwards entrusted to Col. Hutchinson, and desired his assistance to propound the business to my lord, as from himself, out of mutual well-wishes to both parties; but my lord would not hearken to it, though the colonel, willing to do her a kindness, endeavoured to persuade him, as much as was fitting. In the mean time the colonel could not, by all the friends and interest he had in the house, procure a composition and leave for my lady to sell her land, because they said it would be a precedent to other papists, and some moved, that what service he had done, and what he had lost, might be some other way considered, rather than this any way suffered. But he vigorously pursuing it, and laying all the weight of all his merits and sufferings upon it, all that he could obtain at last was, to be himself admitted, in his own name, for taking off the sequestration, after he had bought it, which he did; and they took two thousand pounds of him for his composition. By the interest of Sir Henry Vane and several others of his friends, powerful in the house, this too was with much difficulty wrought out, though violently opposed by several others. Of these Major-general Harrison was one, and he, when he saw that he could not prevail, but that in favour particularly to Col. Hutchinson, it was carried out by his friends; after the rising of the house, meeting the colonel, he embraced him, and desired him not to think he did it in any personal opposition to him, but in his judgment, who thought it fit the spoil should be taken out of the enemy's hands, and no composition admitted from idolaters. Whatever might be particular advantage to him, he envied not, but rejoiced in, only he so dearly loved him, that he desired he would not set his heart upon the augmenting of outward estate, but upon the things of the approaching kingdom of God, concerning which he made a most pious and seeming friendly harangue, of at least an hour long, with all the demonstrations of zeal to God and love to the colonel that can be imagined. But the colonel, having reason to fear that he knew not his own spirit herein, made him only a short reply, that he thanked him for his counsel, and should endeavour to follow it, as became the duty of a Christian, and should be glad to be as effectually instructed by his example as his admonition. For at that time the major-general, who was but a mean man's son, and of a mean education, and no estate before the war, had gathered an estate of two thousand a year, besides engrossing great offices, and encroaching upon his under officers, and maintained his coach and family, at a height as if they had been born to principality.

About the same time a great ambassador was to have public audience in the house; he came from the king of Spain, and was the first who had addressed to them owning them as a republic. The day before his audience, Col. Hutchinson was set in the house, near some young men handsomely clad, among whom was Mr. Charles Rich, since Earl of Warwick; and the colonel himself had on that day a habit which was pretty rich but grave, and no other than he usually wore. Harrison addressing particularly to him, admonished them all, that now the nations sent to them, they should labour to shine before them in wisdom, piety, righteousness, and justice, and not in gold and silver and worldly bravery, which did not become saints; and that the next day when the ambassadors came they should not set themselves out in gorgeous habits, which were unsuitable to holy professions. The colonel, although he was not convinced of any misbecoming bravery in the suit he wore that day, which was but of sad coloured cloth trimmed with gold, and silver points and buttons; yet because he would not appear offensive in the eyes of religious persons, the next day he went in a plain black suit, and so did all the other gentlemen, but Harrison came that day in a scarlet coat and cloak, both laden with gold and silver lace, and the coat so covered with clinquant*, that scarcely could one discern the ground, and in this glittering habit, set himself just under the speaker's chair; which made the other gentlemen think that his godly speeches, the day before, were but made, that he alone might appear in the eyes of strangers. But this was part of his weakness; the Lord at last lifted him above these poor earthly elevations, which then and sometime after prevailed too much with him†.

After the colonel had bought my lady's land, some that were extremely vexed at her having that sum of money, dealt with the colonel to permit them to sequester it in his hands, and offered him he should have it all himself, which, he told them, he would be torn to pieces before he would do, and that it was a treachery and villany that he abhorred. Though, notwithstanding this, he was much pressed he would not yield, and to prevent force, which they threatened, after moving in the house how dangerous it was to suffer such a sum of money to be in the hands of the daughter of an excepted person, especially at such a time (for now the king was crowned in Scotland, and the Scots ready to invade, and the presbyters to join with them), the colonel put the money out of his own hands, to preserve it for my lady. All that time both she and her brother, and other friends, made all the acknowledgments of obligation that was possible. Not to confound stories, I finish the memorial of this here.

---

* Clinquant; *French*, foil.

† Ludlow gives very extraordinary accounts of his devotion to that which he thought the cause of God, as well as of his readiness to suffer martyrdom for it when it was in his power to avoid that severe trial.

After the parliament was broken up by Cromwell, and after that my lady, seeing her project of marrying with my Lord Dorchester would not take, had embraced an offer of Mr. Henry Howard, second son to the Earl of Arundel; and when, in the protector's time, the papists wanted not patrons, she began to repent the selling of her land, which before she thought such a blessing, and told her husband false stories, as he alleged, though his future carriage made it justly suspicious he was as unworthy as she.

The colonel, presently after he had that land, had very much improved it, to a fourth part more than it was at when he bought it, and they, envying his good bargain, desired to have it again out of his hands, nor dealt fairly and directly in the thing, but employed a cunning person, Major Wildman, who was then a great manager of papists' interests, to get the land again, which he was to have four hundred pounds for, if he could do it. Whereupon he presently got money and came to the gentleman who had a mortgage upon it, for three thousand pounds taken up to pay my lady, and tendered it. But Mr. Ash, a great friend of the colonel's, was so faithful that he would not accept it, and then Wildman began a chancery suit, thinking that the colonel, being out of favour with the present powers, would be necessitated to take any composition. When he had put the colonel to a great deal of vain charge, and found he could do no good, at last they desired to make up the business, and the lady and Mr. Howard passed a new fine to confirm the title, and the colonel was delivered from further trouble with them, till after the change and the return of the king. Then, when the parliament-men began to come into question for their lives, my Lord of Portland and Mr. Howard came to Mrs. Hutchinson's lodgings three or four times, while she was out soliciting for her husband, and my lord left her a message, that he must needs speak with her, upon a business of much concernment; whereupon she sought out my lord, knowing that he had professed much kindness and obligation to her husband, and thinking he might have some design now to acknowledge it by some real assistance. But when she came to him, he told her, her husband was in danger of his life, and that if he would resign back Loseby to Mr. Howard, he would help him to a good sum of money to fly, and Mr. Howard would stand to the hazard of buying it; but she being vexed that my lord should interrupt her with this frivolous proposition, told my lord she would hazard it with the rest of her estate, rather than make up such desperate bargains. When Mr. Howard saw this would not do, he prepared a petition to get it excepted out of the act of oblivion, pretending that his wife being under age, the colonel had by power and fraud wrested her out of her estate. But when he showed this petition to his friends, they being informed of the falseness of the allegations, would none of them undertake either to deliver or back it. Only one Sir Richard Onslow was a violent man, railing against the colonel concerning this, but he not long after died by a blast of lightning. Others of his friends, when they understood that he himself had joined in the confirmation of the fine, after the colonel was retired, in the protector's reign, bade him for shame no more make mention of his lady's being fooled or frightened to an act which he had voluntarily done. Many told the colonel how unsafe it was to displease a person who had so many powerful allies that might mischief him, but the colonel would neither be frighted nor flattered to give away his estate, which when Mr. Howard found, he let fall his purpose, and made no more vain endeavours.

And now to return to his story where I left it, I shall not mention every particular action of his in the employment of a senator and counsellor of the realms, but only some which were more remarkable, to show the honour and excellency of his nature, among which this was one. When his old opposites and enemies of the Nottingham committee had entered into the presbyterian conspiracy, so deep, that their lives were forfeit to the law, had they been brought to public trial, and this was discovered to him; and also that Col. Pierrepont was the chief of them, he took care to have the business so managed that Col. Pierrepont was passed by in the information, and others so favourably accused, that they were only restrained from the mischief they intended, and kept prisoners till the danger was over, and after, through his mediation released, without any further punishment on their persons and estates, though Chadwick's eldest son was one of these. For Col. Pierrepont, he only privately admonished him, and endeavoured to reclaim him, which the man, being good-natured, was infinitely overcome with, insomuch that ever after, to his dying day, all his envy ceased, and he professed all imaginable friendship and kindness to the colonel. Indeed his excellent gentleness was such, that he not only protected and saved these enemies, wherein there was some glory of passing by revenge, but was compassionately affected with the miseries of any poor women or children, who had been unfortunately, though deservedly, ruined in the civil war; and without any interest of his own in the persons, whenever any ruined family came to seek relief, where he was in power, he was as zealous in assisting all such, as far as it might be done with the safety of the commonwealth, as if they had been his brothers. As it was a misery to be bewailed in those days, that many of the parliament party exercised cruelty, injustice, and oppression to their conquered enemies, wherever he discovered it he violently opposed it, and defended even those enemies that were by might oppressed and defrauded of the mercies of the parliament. Upon this account he had contests with some good men, who were weak in these things, some through too factious a zeal, and others blinded with their own or their friends' interests. Among these Col. Hacker's father, having married my Lady Biron's mother, was made a trustee for the estate of her son, which she had by Strelley her first husband. He had about £1800 of the estate of young Strelley in his hands, which, he dying, his eldest son and heir, Col. Francis Hacker, was liable, and justly ought to pay. Young Strelley died in France, and left his estate to his half brother, the son of Sir Richard Biron, who, all the time of the first war, was at school in Col. Hutchinson's garrison at Nottingham, and after was sent into France. Being there, an infant, when this estate fell to him, he returned and chose Col. Hutchinson for his guardian, who, overcame Col. Hacker in the right of his pupil, and recovered that money out of his hands, which he would not have paid, if the infant had not found a friend that was heartily zealous to obtain his just right. Sir Arthur Haslerig was a great patron of Col. Hacker's, and laboured to bear him out against justice and the infant's right in this thing; and, when the colonel had overcome him, they were both displeased; for Hacker, on the other side, was such a creature of Sir Arthur's, that, without questioning justice or honesty, he was more diligent in obeying Sir Arthur's than God's commands. Sir Allen Apsley had articles at the rendition of Barnstable, whereof he was governor, and contrary to these, he was put to vast expense and horrible vexation by several persons, but especially by one wicked woman, who had the worst and the smoothest tongue that ever her sex made use of to mischief. She was handsome in her youth, and had very pretty girls to her daughters, whom, when they grew up, she prostituted to her revenge and malice against Sir Allen Apsley, which was so venomous and devilish, that she stuck not at inventing false accusations, and hiring witnesses to swear them, and a thousand other as enormous practices. In those days there was a committee set up, for relief of such as had any violation of their articles, and of this Bradshaw was president; into whose easy faith this woman, pretending herself religious, and of the parliament's party, had so insinuated herself, that Sir Allen's way of relief was obstructed. Col. Hutchinson labouring mightily in his protection, and often foiling this vile woman, and bringing to light her devilish practices, turned the woman's spite into as violent a tumult against himself, and Bradshaw was so hot in abetting her, that he grew cool in his kindness to the colonel, yet broke it not quite: but the colonel was very much grieved that a friend should engage in so unjust an opposition. At last it was manifest how much they were mistaken that would have assisted this woman upon a score of being on the parliament's side, for she was all this while a spy for the king, and after his return, Sir Allen Apsley met her in the king's chamber waiting for recompense for that service. The thing she sued Sir Allen Apsley for, was for a house of hers in the garrison of Barnstaple, which was pulled down to fortify the town for the king, before he was governor of the place. Yet would she have had his articles violated to make her a recompense out of his estate, treble and more than the value of the house, pretending she was of the parliament's party, and that Sir Allen, in malice thereunto, had without necessity pulled down her house. All which were horrible lies, but so maliciously and so wickedly affirmed and sworn by her mercenary witnesses, that they at first found faith, and it was hard for truth afterwards to overcome that prepossession.

The colonel prosecuting the defence of truth and justice in these and many more things, and abhorring all councils of securing the young commonwealth by cruelty and oppression of the vanquished, who had not laid down their hate in delivering up their arms, and were therefore, by some cowards, judged unworthy of the mercy extended to them,—the colonel, I say, disdaining such thoughts, displeased many of his own party, who, in the main, we hope, might have been honest, although, through divers temptations, guilty of horrible slips, which did more offend the colonel's pure zeal, who detested these sins more in brethren than in enemies.

Now was Cromwell sole general, and marched into Scotland, and the Scots ready to invade, and the presbyters to assist them here. The army being small, there was a necessity of recruits, and the council of state soliciting all the parliament-men that had interest, to improve it in this exigence of time, they gave Col. Hutchinson a commission for a regiment of horse. He immediately got up three troops, well armed and mounted, of his own old soldiers, that thirsted to be again employed under him, and was preparing the rest of the regiment to carry after them himself, when he was informed, that as soon as his troops came into Scotland, Cromwell very readily received them, but would not let them march together, but dispersed them to fill up the regiments of those who were more his creatures. The colonel hearing this, would not carry him any more, but rather employed himself in securing, as much as was necessary, his own country, for which he was sent down by the council of state, who at that time were very much surprised at hearing that the king of Scots had passed by Cromwell, and entered with a great army into England. Bradshaw himself, stout-hearted as he was, privately could not conceal his fear: some raged and uttered sad discontents against Cromwell, and suspicions of his fidelity, they all considering that Cromwell was behind, of whom I think they scarce had any account, or of his intention, or how this error came about to suffer the enemy to enter here, where there was no army to encounter him. Both the city and country (by the angry presbyters, wavering in their constancy to them and the liberties they had purchased,) were all amazed and doubtful of their own and the commonwealth's safety. Some could not hide very pale and unmanly fears, and were in such distraction of spirit, as much disturbed their councils. Col. Hutchinson, who ever had most vigour and cheerfulness when there was most danger, encouraged them as they were one day in a private council, raging and crying out on Cromwell's miscarriages, to apply themselves to councils of safety, and not to lose time in accusing others, while they might yet provide to save the endangered realm, at least to fall nobly in defence of it, and not to yield to fear and despair. These and such like things being urged, at length they recollected themselves, and every man that had courage and interest in their countries, went down to look to them *. Col. Hutchinson came down into Nottinghamshire, and secured those who were suspicious to make any commotion, and put the country into such a posture of defence as the time would permit. But it was not long before the king chose another way, and went to Worcester. Cromwell following swiftly after with his army, and other forces meeting him from several other parts, they fought with the king and his Scots, totally routed and subdued him, and he, with difficulty, after concealment in an oak and many other shifts, stole away into France.

When the colonel heard how Cromwell used his troops, he was confirmed that he and his associates in the army were carrying on designs of private ambition, and resolved that none should share with them in the commands of the army or forts of the nation, but such as would be beasts, and ridden upon by the proud chiefs. Disdaining, therefore, that what he had preserved for the liberty of his country, should be a curb upon them, and foreseeing that some of Cromwell's creatures would at length be put in, to exercise him with continual affronts, and to hinder any man from standing up for the deliverance of the country, if the insolence of the army (which he too sadly foresaw) should put them upon it; for this reason, in Cromwell's absence, he procured an order for the removal of the garrison at Nottingham, which was commanded by his kinsman Major Poulton, into the marching army, and the demolishing of the place; which accordingly was speedily executed.

When Major Poulton, who had all along been very faithful and active in the cause, brought his men to the army, he was entertained with such affronts and neglects by the general, that he voluntarily quitted his command, and retired to the ruined place, where the castle was which he had bought with his arrears †. When Cromwell came back through the country and saw the castle pulled down, he was heartily vexed at it, and told Col. Hutchinson, that if he had been there when it was voted, he should not have suffered it. The colonel replied, that he had procured it to be done, and believed it to be his duty to ease the people of charge, when there was no more need of it.

When Cromwell came to London, there wanted not some little creatures of his in the house, who had taken notice of all that had been said of him when he let the king slip by; how some stuck not in their fear and rage to call him traitor, and to threaten his head. These reports added spurs to his ambition, but that his son-in-law, Ireton, deputy of Ireland, would not be wrought to serve him, but hearing of his machinations, determined to come over to England to endeavour to divert him from such destructive courses. But God cut him short by death, and whether his body, or an empty coffin was brought into England, something in his name came to London, and was to be, by Cromwell's procurement, magnificently buried among the kings at Westminster. Col. Hutchinson was, after his brother, one of the nearest kinsmen he had, but Cromwell who of late studied him neglects, passed him by, and neither sent him mourning, nor particular invitation to the funeral, only the speaker gave public notice in the house, that all the members were desired to attend him; and such was the flattery of many pitiful lords and other gentlemen, parasites, that they put themselves into deep mourning; but Col. Hutchinson that day put on a scarlet cloak, very richly laced, such as he usually wore, and coming into the room where the members were, seeing some of the lords in mourning, he went to them to inquire the cause, who told him they had put it on to honour the general; and asked again why he, that was a kinsman, was in such a different colour? He told them, because the general had neglected sending to him, when he had sent to many that had no alliance, only to make up the train; he was resolved he would not flatter so much as to buy for himself, although he was a true mourner in his heart for his cousin, whom he had ever loved, and would, therefore, go and take his place among his mourners. This he did, and went into the room where the close mourners were: who seeing him come in as different from mourning as he could make himself, the alderman came to him, making a great apology that they mistook and thought he was out of town, and had much injured themselves thereby, to whom it would have been one of their greatest honours to have had his assistance in the befitting habit, as now it was their shame to have neglected him. But Cromwell who had ordered all things, was piqued horribly at it, though he dissembled his resentment at that time, and joined in excusing the neglect; but he very well understood that the colonel neither out of ignorance nor niggardliness came in that habit, but publicly to reproach their neglects.

After the death of Ireton, Lambert was voted

---

* The trepidation of the council of state, and the zeal with which they were supported, are well described by Whitelock. Whether Cromwell suffered the king to pass by him designedly or otherwise, is uncertain; but it is very likely that he did it by design, as knowing that those who did not like, for the same reason as Col. Hutchinson, to send forces to him, would, for their own sakes, bring them forward to oppose the king. Either his fortune or his judgment was great.

† The machinations of Cromwell are spoken of in general terms by Rapin, Whitelock, and others; but nowhere so well detailed as here. Of all things the most necessary to Cromwell was to obtain soldiers and subaltern officers perfectly subservient to his own purposes, but this he could hope to effect *then* and *then only*, when he had deprived them of such superior officers as would have preserved them from deception, and have kept them faithful to their country. The present and similar occurrences furnished him with the means so to do, which he employed most assiduously. Ludlow, vol. iii. p. 21. "And thus the troops of the parliament, who were not raised out of the meanest of the people and without distinction, as other armies had been; but consisted of such as had engaged themselves from a spirit of liberty in the defence of their rights and religion, were corrupted by him, kept as a standing force against the people, taught to forget their first engagements, and rendered as mercenary as other troops are accustomed to be." From about this period, then, we may date the change of sentiment of the army in general, and of course the change of opinion respecting them in the minds of Col. Hutchinson and others who before had sided with them.

deputy of Ireland, and commander-in-chief there, who being at that time in the north, was exceedingly elevated with the honour, and courted all Fairfax's old commanders, and other gentlemen, who, upon his promises of preferment, quitted their places, and many of them came to London and made him up there a very proud train, which still exalted him, so that too soon he put on the prince, immediately laying out five thousand pounds for his own particular equipage, and looking upon all the parliament-men, who had conferred this honour upon him, as underlings, and scarce worth the great man's nod. This untimely declaration of his pride gave great offence to the parliament, who having only given him a commission for six months for his deputyship, made a vote that, after the expiration of that time, the presidency of the civil and military power of that nation should no more be in his nor any one man's hands again. This vote was upon Cromwell's procurement, who hereby designed to make way for his new son-in-law, Col. Fleetwood, who had married the widow of the late deputy Ireton. There went a story that as my Lady Ireton was walking in St. James's park, the Lady Lambert, as proud as her husband, came by where she was, and as the present princess always has precedency of the relict of the dead prince, so she put my Lady Ireton below; who, notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront. Col. Fleetwood being then present, in mourning for his wife, who died at the same time her lord did, took occasion to introduce himself, and was immediately accepted by the lady and her father, who designed thus to restore his daughter to the honour she was fallen from. His plot took as himself could wish, for Lambert, who saw himself thus cut off from half his exaltation, sent the house an insolent message, "that if they found him so unworthy of the honour they had given him, as so soon to repent it, he would not retard their remedy for six months, but was ready to surrender their commission before he entered into his office." They took him at his word, and made Fleetwood deputy, and Ludlow commander of the horse; whereupon Lambert, with a heart full of spite, malice, and revenge, retreated to his palace at Wimbledon, and sat there watching an opportunity to destroy the parliament.

Cromwell, although he chiefly wrought this business in the house, yet flattered with Lambert, and, having another reach of ambition in his breast, helped to inflame Lambert against those of the parliament who were not his creatures, and to cast the odium of his disgrace upon them, and profess his own clearness in it, and pity of him, that should be drawn into such an inconvenience as the charge of putting himself into equipage, and the loss of all that provision; which Cromwell, pretending generosity, took all upon his own account, and delivered him of the debt. Lambert dissembled again on his part, and insinuated himself into Cromwell, fomenting his ambition to take the administration of all the conquered nations into his own hands; but finding themselves not strong enough alone, they took to them Major-general Harrison, who had a great interest both in the army and the churches; and these, pretending a pious trouble that there were such delays in the administration of justice, and such perverting of right, endeavoured to bring all good men into dislike of the parliament, pretending that they would perpetuate themselves in their honours and offices, and had no care to bring in those glorious things for which they had so many years contended in blood and toil. The parliament, on the other side, had now, by the blessing of God, restored the commonwealth to such a happy, rich, and plentiful condition, as it was not so flourishing before the war, and although the taxes that were paid were great, yet the people were rich and able to pay them: they (*the parliament*) were in a way of paying all the soldiers' arrears, had some hundred thousand pounds in their purses, and were free from enemies in arms within and without, except the Dutch, whom they had beaten and brought to seek peace upon honourable terms to the English; and now they thought it was time to sweeten the people, and deliver them from their burthens. This could not be but by disbanding the unnecessary officers and soldiers, and when things were thus settled, they had prepared a bill to put a period to their own sitting, and provide for new successors. But when the great officers understood that they were to resign their honours, and no more triumph in the burthens of the people, they easily induced the inferior officers and soldiers to set up for themselves with them; and while these things were passing, Cromwell with an armed force, assisted by Lambert and Harrison, came into the house and dissolved the parliament, pulling out the members, foaming and raging, and calling them undeserved and base names; and when the speaker refused to come out of his chair, Harrison plucked him out. These gentlemen having done this, took to themselves the administration of all things, and a few slaves of the house consulted with them, and would have truckled under them, but not many. Meanwhile they and their soldiers could no way palliate their rebellion, but by making false criminations of the parliament-men, as that they meant to perpetuate themselves in honour and office, that they had gotten vast estates, and perverted justice for gain, and were imposing upon men for conscience, and a thousand such like things, which time manifested to be false, and truth retorted all upon themselves that they had injuriously cast at the others.

At the time that the parliament was broken up Col. Hutchinson was in the country, where, since his going in his course out of the council of state, he had for about a year's time applied himself, when the parliament could dispense with his absence, to the administration of justice in the country, and to the putting in execution of those wholesome laws and statutes of the land provided for the orderly regulation of the people. And it was wonderful how, in a short space, he reformed several abuses and customary neglects in that part of the country where he lived, which being a rich fruitful vale, drew abundance of vagrant people to come and exercise the idle trade of wandering and begging; but he took such courses that there was very suddenly not a beggar left in the country, and all the poor in every town so maintained and provided for, as they never were so liberally maintained and relieved before nor since. He procured unnecessary alehouses to be put down in all the towns, and if any one, that he heard of suffered any disorder or debauchery in his house, he would not suffer him to brew any more. He was a little severe against drunkenness, for which the drunkards would sometimes rail at him; but so were all the children of darkness convinced by his light, that they were in awe more of his virtue than his authority. In this time he had made himself a convenient house*, whereof he was the best ornament, and an example of virtue so prevailing, as metamorphosed many evil people, while they were under his roof, into another appearance of sobriety and holiness.

He was going up to attend the business of his country above, when news met him upon the road, near London, that Cromwell had broken the parliament. Notwithstanding he went on and found divers of the members there, resolved to submit to this providence of God, and to wait till he should clear their integrity, and to disprove those people who had taxed them of ambition, by sitting still, when they had friends enough in the army, city, and country, to have disputed the matter, and probably vanquished these usurpers. They thought that if they should vex the land by war among themselves, the late subdued enemies, royalists and presbyterians, would have an opportunity to prevail on their dissensions, to the ruin of both: if these should govern well, and righteously, and moderately, they should enjoy the benefit of their good government, and would not envy them the honourable toil; if they did otherwise, they should be ready to assist and vindicate their oppressed country, when the ungrateful people were made sensible of their true champions and protectors. Col. Hutchinson, in his own particular, was very glad of this release from that employment, which he managed with fidelity and uprightness, but not only without delight, but with a great deal of trouble and expense, in the contest for truth and righteousness upon all occasions.

The only recreation he had during his residence at London was in seeking out all the rare artists he could hear of, and in considering their works in paintings, sculptures, gravings, and all other such curiosities, insomuch that he became a great virtuoso and patron of ingenuity. Being loath that the land should be disfurnished of all the rarities that were in it, whereof many were set to sale in the king's and divers noblemen's collections, he laid out about two thousand pounds in the choicest pieces of painting, most of which were bought out of the king's goods, which were given to his servants to pay their wages: to them the colonel gave ready money, and bought so good pennyworths, that they were valued much more worth than they cost.* These he brought down into the country, intending a very neat cabinet for them; and these, with the surveying of his buildings, and improving by enclosure the place he lived in, employed him at home, and, for a little time, hawks abroad; but when a very sober fellow, that never was guilty of the usual vices of that generation of men, rage and swearing, died, he gave over his hawks, and pleased himself with music, and again fell to the practice of his viol, on which he played excellently well, and entertaining tutors for the diversion and education of his children in all sorts of music, he pleased himself in these innocent recreations during Oliver's mutable reign. As he had great delight, so he had great judgment, in music, and advanced his children's practice more than their tutors: he also was a great supervisor of their learning, and indeed himself a tutor to them all, besides all those tutors which he liberally entertained in his house for them. He spared not any cost for the education of both his sons and daughters in languages, sciences, music, dancing, and all other qualities befitting their father's house. He was himself their instructor in humility, sobriety, and all godliness and virtue, which he rather strove to make them exercise with love and delight than by constraint. As other things were his delight, this only he made his business, to attend the education of his children, and the government of his own house and town. This he performed so well that never was any man more feared and loved than he by all his domestics, tenants, and hired workmen. He was loved with such a fear and reverence as restrained all rude familiarity and insolent presumptions in those who were under him, and he was feared with so much love that they all delighted to do his pleasure.

---

* Pained and disgusted as the mind of the reader must be with the tumults, anarchy, and crimes, it has witnessed, how welcome is the contemplation of this ease and leisure, devoted to elegant studies, virtuous pursuits, useful occupations, gentleman-like amusements, rational converse, and conciliating hospitality! How difficult will it be to him to believe that this *otium cum dignitate* is the honourable retreat of one of those *gloomy fanatics* whose tyranny, Rapin says, had become intolerable to the nation?

About thirty years ago it was the fate of the editor to visit this mansion of his ancestors, in order to bring away a few pictures and some books, all that remained to him of those possessions, where they had lived with so much merited love and honour. Although he had not then read these Memoirs, yet having heard Col. Hutchinson spoken of as an extraordinary person, and that he had built, planted, and formed all that was to be seen there; the country adjoining being a dreary waste, many thousand acres together being entirely overrun with gorse or furze; he viewed the whole with the utmost attention. He found there a house, of which he has the drawing, large, handsome, lofty, and convenient, and though but little ornamented, possessing all the grace that size and symmetry could give it. The entrance was by a flight of handsome steps into a large hall, occupying entirely the centre of the house, lighted at the entrance by two large windows, but at the farther end by one much larger, in the expanse of which was carried up a stair-case that seemed to be perfectly in the air. On one side of the hall was a long table, on the other, a large fire-place; both suited to ancient hospitality. On the right hand side of this hall were three handsome rooms for the entertainment of guests. The sides of the stair-case and gallery were hung with pictures, and both served as an orchestra either to the hall or to a large room over part of it, which was a ball room. To the left of the hall were the rooms commonly occupied by the family. All parts were built so substantially, and so well secured, that neither fire nor thieves could penetrate from room to room, nor from one flight of stairs to another, if ever so little resisted.

The house stood on a little eminence in the vale of Belvoir, at a small distance from the foot of those hills along which the Roman foss-way from Leicester runs. The western side of the house was covered by the offices, small village, and church, interspersed with many trees. The south, which was the front of entrance, looked over a large extent of grass grounds which were the demesne, and were bounded by hills covered with wood which Col. Hutchinson had planted. On the eastern side the entertaining-rooms opened on to a terrace, which encircled a very large bowling-green or level lawn; next to this had been a flower-garden, and next to that a shrubbery, now become a wood, through which vistas were cut to let in a view of Langar, the seat of Lord Howe, at two miles, and of Belvoir-castle, at seven miles' distance, which, as the afternoon sun set full upon it, made a glorious object: at the further end of this small wood was a spot (of about ten acres) which appeared to have been a morass, and through which ran a rivulet: this spot Col. Hutchinson had dug into a great number of canals, and planted the ground between them, leaving room for walks, so that the whole formed at once a wilderness or bower, reservoirs for fish, and a decoy for wild-fowl. To the north, at some hundred yards' distance, was a lake of water, which filling the space between two quarters of wood-land, appeared, as viewed from the large window of the hall, like a moderate river, and beyond this the eye rested on the wolds or high wilds which accompany the foss-way towards Newark.—The whole had been deserted near forty years, but resisted the ravages of time so well as to discover the masterly hand by which it had been planned and executed. But the most extraordinary and gratifying circumstance was the veneration for the family which still subsisted, and which, at the period when the last possessor had by his will ordered this and all his estates in Notts to be sold, and the produce given to *strangers*, induced the tenants to offer a large advance of their rents, and a good share of the money necessary for purchasing the estates, in order to enable the remains of the family to come and reside again among them.—It was too late! the steward had contracted with the executors, and resold the most desirable part, where the timber of Col. Hutchinson's planting was valued at many thousand pounds! The Editor could only retire, repeating Virgil's first Eclogue

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;

. . . .

Impius hæc tam culta novalia miles habebit?
Barbarus has segetes? En quo discordia cives
Perduxit miseros! en queis consevimus agros.

Round the wide world in banishment we roam,
Forced from our pleasing fields and native home:
Did we for these barbarians plant and sow?
On these, on these our happy fields bestow?
Good heav'ns! what dire effects from civil discord flow!

DRYDEN.

As he maintained his authority in all relations, so he endeavoured to make their subjection pleasant to them, and rather to convince them by reason than compel them to obedience, and would decline even to the lowest of his family to make them enjoy their lives in sober cheerfulness, and not find their duties burthensome.

As for the public business of the country, he could not act in any office under the protector's power, and therefore confined himself to his own, which the whole country about him were grieved at, and would rather come to him for counsel as a private neighbour than to any of the men in power for greater help.

He now being reduced into an absolute private condition, was very much courted and visited by all of all parties, and, while the grand quarrel slept, and both the victors and vanquished were equal slaves under the new usurpers, there was a very kind correspondence between him and all his countrymen. As he was very hospitable, and his conversation no less desirable and pleasant, than instructive and advantageous, his house was much resorted to, and as kindly open to those who had in public contests been his enemies, as to his continued friends; for there never lived a man that had less malice and revenge, nor more reconcileableness and kindness and generosity in his nature, than he.

In the interim Cromwell and his army grew wanton with their power, and invented a thousand tricks of government, which, when nobody opposed, they themselves fell to dislike and vary every day. First he calls a parliament out of his own pocket, himself naming a sort of godly men for every county, who meeting and not agreeing, a part of them, in the name of the people, give up the sovereignty to him. Shortly after he makes up several sorts of mock parliaments, but not finding one of them absolutely for his turn, turned them off again. He soon quitted himself of his triumvirs, and first thrust out Harrison, then took away Lambert's commission, and would have been king but for fear of quitting his generalship. He weeded, in a few months time, above a hundred and fifty godly officers out of the army, with whom many of the religious soldiers went off, and in their room abundance of the king's dissolute soldiers were entertained, and the army was almost changed from that godly religious army, whose valour God had crowned with triumph, into the dissolute army they had beaten, bearing yet a better name. His wife and children were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape; only, to speak the truth of himself, he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things, but the rest were insolent fools. Claypole, who married his daughter, and his son Henry, were two debauched ungodly cavaliers. Richard was a peasant in his nature, yet gentle and virtuous, but became not greatness. His court was full of sin and vanity, and the more abominable, because they had not yet quite cast away the name of God, but profaned it by taking it in vain upon them. True religion was now almost lost, even among the religious party, and hypocrisy became an epidemical disease, to the sad grief of Col. Hutchinson, and all true-hearted Christians and Englishmen. Almost all the ministers everywhere fell in and worshipped this beast, and courted and made addresses to him. So did the city of London, and many of the degenerate lords of the land, with the poor-spirited gentry. The cavaliers, in policy, who saw that while Cromwell reduced all the exercise of tyrannical power under another name, there was a door opened for the restoring of their party, fell much in with Cromwell, and heightened all his disorders. He at last exercised such an arbitrary power that the whole land grew weary of him, while he set up a company of silly mean fellows, called major-generals, as governors in every country. These ruled according to their wills, by no law but what seemed good in their own eyes, imprisoning men, obstructing the course of justice between man and man, perverting right through partiality, acquitting some that were guilty, and punishing some that were innocent as guilty. Then he exercised another project to raise money, by decimation of the estates of all the king's party, of which actions 'tis said Lambert was the instigator. At last he took upon him to make lords and knights, and wanted not many fools, both of the army and gentry, to accept of and strut in his mock titles. Then the Earl of Warwick's grandchild and the Lord Falconbridge married his two daughters; such pitiful slaves were the nobles of those days. At last Lambert, perceiving himself to have been all this while deluded with hopes and promises of succession, and seeing that Cromwell now intended to confirm the government in his own family, fell off from him, but behaved himself very pitifully and meanly, was turned out of all his places, and returned again to plot new vengeance at his house at Wimbleton, where he fell to dress his flowers in his garden, and work at the needle with his wife and his maids, while he was watching an opportunity to serve again his ambition, which had this difference from the protector's; the one was gallant and great, the other had nothing but an unworthy pride, most insolent in prosperity, and as abject and base in adversity*.

---

* That the conduct of Col. Hutchinson differed from that of most other men in power at that time, and brought a seasonable relief to the king's servants and creditors, appears from two passages in the History of Independency, p. 146 and 184. "The king's servants and creditors starve for want of their own, while the members appropriate his furniture to their own use, instead of selling it to pay debts." "The king's servants and creditors may gape long enough before they sell the king's goods to pay debts."

The cavaliers, seeing their victors thus beyond their hopes falling into their hands, had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves, but were every day forming designs, and plotting for the murder of Cromwell, and other insurrections, which being contrived in drink, and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had most excellent intelligence of all things that passed, even in the king's closet; and by these unsuccessful plots they were the only obstructors of what they sought to advance, while, to speak truth, Cromwell's personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents. His own army disliked him, and once when sevenscore officers had combined to cross him in something he was pursuing, and engaged one to another, Lambert being the chief, with solemn promises and invocations to God, the protector hearing of it, overawed them all, and told them, "it was not they who upheld him, but he them," and rated them, and made them understand what pitiful fellows they were; whereupon they all, like rated dogs, clapped their tails between their legs, and begged his pardon, and left Lambert to fall alone, none daring to own him publicly, though many in their hearts wished him the sovereignty. Some of the Lambertonians had at that time a plot to come with a petition to Cromwell, and, while he was reading it, certain of them had undertaken to cast him out of a window at Whitehall that looked upon the Thames, where others should be ready to catch him up in a blanket, if he escaped breaking his neck, and carry him away in a boat prepared for the purpose, to kill or keep him alive, as they saw occasion, and then set up Lambert. This was so carried on that it was near the execution, before the protector knew anything of it. Col. Hutchinson being at that time at London, by chance came to know all the plot; certain of the conspirators coming into a place where he was, and not being so cautious of their whispers to each other before him, but that he apprehended something, which making use of to others of the confederates, he at last found out the whole matter, without being committed to him as a matter of trust, but carelessly thrown down in pieces before him, which he gathered together, and became perfectly acquainted with the whole design; and weighing it, and judging that Lambert would be the worse tyrant of the two, he determined to prevent it, without being the author of any man's punishment. Hereupon having occasion to see Fleetwood (for he had never seen the protector since his usurpation, but publicly declared his testimony against it to all the tyrant's minions), he bade Fleetwood wish him to have a care of petitioners, by whom he apprehended danger to his life. Fleetwood desired a more particular information, but the colonel was resolved he would give him no more than to prevent that enterprise which he disliked. For indeed those who were deeply engaged, rather waited to see the cavaliers in arms against him, and then thought it the best time to arm for their own defence, and either make a new conquest, or fall with swords in their hands. Therefore they all connived at the cavaliers' attempts, and although they joined not with them, would not have been sorry to have seen them upon equal terms with the protector, that then a third party, which was ready both with arms and men, when there was opportunity, might have fallen in and capitulated with swords in their hands, for the settlement of the rights and liberties of the good people: but God had otherwise determined of things; and now men began so to flatter with this tyrant, so to apostatise from all faith, honesty, religion, and English liberty, and there was such a devilish practice of trepanning grown in fashion, that it was not safe to speak to any man in those treacherous days.

After Col. Hutchinson had given Fleetwood that caution, he was going into the country, when the protector sent to search him out with all the earnestness and haste that could possibly be, and the colonel went to him; who met him in one of the galleries, and received him with open arms and the kindest embraces that could be given, and complained that the colonel should be so unkind as never to give him a visit, professing how welcome he should have been, the most welcome person in the land, and with these smooth insinuations led him along to a private place, giving him thanks for the advertisement he had received from Fleetwood, and using all his art to get out of the colonel the knowledge of the persons engaged in the conspiracy against him. But none of his cunning, nor promises, nor flatteries, could prevail with the colonel to inform him more than he thought necessary to prevent the execution of the design, which when the protector perceived, he gave him most infinite thanks for what he had told him, and acknowledged it opened to him some mysteries that had perplexed him, and agreed so with other intelligence he had, that he must owe his preservation to him: "But," says he, "dear colonel, why will not you come in and act among us?" The colonel told him plainly, because he liked not any of his ways since he broke the parliament, as being those which led to certain and unavoidable destruction, not only of themselves, but of the whole parliament party and cause, and thereupon took occasion, with his usual freedom, to tell him into what a sad hazard all things were put, and how apparent a way was made for the restitution of all former tyranny and bondage. Cromwell seemed to receive this honest plainness with the greatest affection that could be, and acknowledged his precipitateness in some things, and with tears complained how Lambert had put him upon all those violent actions, for which he now accused him and sought his ruin. He expressed an earnest desire to restore the people's liberties, and to take and pursue more safe and sober counsels, and wound up all with a very fair courtship of the colonel to engage with him, offering him any thing he would account worthy of him. The colonel told him, he could not be forward to make his own advantage, by serving to the enslaving of his country. The other told him, he intended nothing more than the restoring and confirming the liberties of the good people, in order to which he would employ such men of honour and interest as the people should rejoice, and he should not refuse to be one of them. And after, with all his arts, he had endeavoured to excuse his public actions, and to draw in the colonel; who again had taken the opportunity to tell him freely his own and all good men's discontents and dissatisfactions; he dismissed the colonel with such expressions as were publicly taken notice of by all his little courtiers then about him, when he went to the end of the gallery with the colonel, and there, embracing him, said aloud to him, "Well, colonel, satisfied or dissatisfied, you shall be one of us, for we can no longer exempt a person so able and faithful from the public service, and you shall be satisfied in all honest things." The colonel left him with that respect that became the place he was in; when immediately the same courtiers who had some of them passed him by without knowing him when he came in, although they had been once of his familiar acquaintance, and the rest who had looked upon him with such disdainful neglect as those little people use to those who are not of their faction, now flocked about him, striving who should express most respect, and, by an extraordinary officiousness, redeem their late slightings. Some of them desired he would command their service in any business he had with their lord, and a thousand such frivolous compliments, which the colonel smiled at, and quitting himself of them as soon as he could, made haste to return into the country. There he had not long been but that he was informed, notwithstanding all these fair shows, the protector, finding him too constant to be wrought upon to serve his tyranny, had resolved to secure his person, lest he should head the people, who now grew very weary of his bondage. But though it was certainly confirmed to the colonel how much he was afraid of his honesty and freedom, and that he was resolved not to let him longer be at liberty, yet, before his guards apprehended the colonel, death imprisoned himself, and confined all his vast ambition and all his cruel designs into the narrow compass of a grave. His army and court substituted his eldest son, Richard, in his room, who was a meek, temperate, and quiet man, but had not a spirit fit to succeed his father, or to manage such a perplexed government.

---

* A life of Lambert has been very obligingly put into the hands of the editor, together with some other scarce tracts relating to those times, by Mr. White, jun. of Lincoln's Inn, who had collected them in the north of England, where Lambert resided. He seems to have enjoyed a better reputation among his countrymen: his horticulture is therein much spoken of, and he is said to have *painted* flowers, not to have *embroidered* them.

The people, being vexed with the pocket-parliaments, and the major-generals of the counties, like bashaws, were now all muttering to have a free parliament, after the old manner of elections, without engaging those that were chosen to any terms. Those at Richard's court, that knew his father's counsels to prevent Col. Hutchinson from being chosen in his own country, counselled Richard to prick him for sheriff of the county of Nottingham, which, as soon as he understood, he wrote him a letter, declaring his resentment in such a civil manner as became the person. Richard returned a very obliging answer, denying any intention in himself to show the least disfavour to him for former dissents, but rather a desire to engage his kindness. And soon after, when the colonel went himself to London, and went to the young protector, he told him, that since God had called him to the government, it was his desire to make men of uprightness and interest his associates, to rule by their counsels and assistance, and not to enslave the nation to an army; and that if by them, he had been put upon anything prejudicial or disobliging to the colonel, in pricking him for sheriff, he should endeavour to take it off, or to serve him any other way, as soon as he had disentangled himself from the officers of the army, who at present constrained him in many things, and, therefore, if the colonel would please, without unkindness, to exercise this office, he should receive it as an obligation, and seek one more acceptable to him after. The colonel, seeing him herein good-natured enough, was persuaded by a very wise friend of his to take it upon him, and returned well enough satisfied with the courteous usage of the protector. This gentleman, who had thus counselled the colonel, was as considerable and as wise a person as any was in England, who did not openly appear among Richard's adherents or counsellors, but privately advised him, and had a very honourable design of bringing the nation into freedom under this young man, who was so flexible to good counsels, that there was nothing desirable in a prince which might not have been hoped in him, but a great spirit and a just title: the first of which sometimes doth more hurt than good in a sovereign; the latter would have been supplied by the people's deserved approbation. This person was very free to impart to the colonel all the design of settling the state under this single person, and the hopes of felicity in such an establishment. The colonel debating this with him, told him, that if ever it were once fixed in a single person, and the army taken off, which could not consist with the liberty of the people, it could not be prevented from returning to the late ejected family; and that on whatever terms they returned, it was folly to hope the people's cause, which, with such blood and expense, had been asserted, should not utterly be overthrown. To this the gentleman gave many strong reasons, why that family could not be restored, without the ruin of the people's liberty, and of all their champions, and thought that these carried so much force with them, that it would never be attempted, even by any royalist that retained any love to his country, and that the establishing this single person would satisfy that faction, and compose all the differences, bringing in all, of all parties, that were men of interest and love to their country. Although the business was very speciously laid, and the man such a one whose authority was sufficient to sway in any state, the colonel was not much opinionated of the things he propounded, but willing to wait the event; being in himself more persuaded that the people's freedom would be best maintained in a free republic, delivered from the shackles of their encroaching slaves the army.* This was now not muttered, but openly asserted by all but the army: although of those who contended for it, there were two sorts; some that really thought it the most conducible to the people's good and freedom; others that, by this pretence, hoped to pull down the army and the protectorian faction, and then restore the old family. It is believed that Richard himself was compounded with, to have resigned the place that was too great for him; certain it is, that his poor spirit was likely enough to do any such thing. The army perceiving they had set up a wretch who durst not reign, that there was a convention met, by their own assent, who were ready, with a seeming face of authority of parliament, to restore the Stewarts, were greatly distressed; finding also, that the whole nation was bent against them, and would not bear their yoke; having, therefore, no refuge to save them from being torn in pieces by the people, and to deliver them from their own puppets, who had sold and betrayed them, they found out some of the members of that glorious parliament, which they had violently driven from their seats with a thousand slanderous criminations and untruths. To these they counterfeited repentance, and that God had opened their eyes to see into what a manifest hazard of ruin they had put the interest and people of God in these nations, so that it was almost irrecoverable, but if any hope were left, it was that God would sign it with his wonted favour, in those hands, out of which they had injuriously taken it. Hereupon they opened the house doors for them; and the speaker, with some few members, as many as made a house, were too hasty to return into their seats, upon capitulation with those traitors, who had brought the commonwealth into such a sad confusion. But after they were met, they immediately sent summonses to all the members throughout all England, among whom the colonel was called up, and much perplexed, for now he thought his conscience, life, and fortunes again engaged with men of mixed and different interests and principles; yet in regard of the trust formerly reposed in him, he returned into his place, infinitely dissatisfied that any condescension had been made to the army's proposals, whose necessity, rather than honesty, had moved them to counterfeit repentance and ingenuity. This they did by a public declaration, how they had been seduced, and done wickedly in interrupting the parliament, and that God had never since that time owned them and their counsels as before, and that they desired to humble themselves before God and man for the same, and to return to their duty in defending the parliament in the discharge of their remaining trust. According to this declaration, the army kept a day of solemn humiliation before the Lord; yet all this, as the event after manifested, in hypocrisy.

Now the parliament were sat, and no sooner assembled but invaded by several enemies. The presbyterians had long since espoused the royal interest, and forsaken God and the people's cause, when they could not obtain the reins of government in their own hands, and exercise dominion over all their brethren. It was treason, by the law of those men in power, to talk of restoring the king; therefore, the presbyterians must face the design, and accordingly all the members ejected in 1648, now came to claim their seats in the house, whom Col. Pride, that then guarded the parliament, turned back, and thereupon there was some heat in the lobby between them and the other members. Particularly Sir George Booth uttered some threats, and immediately they went into their several counties, and had laid a design all over England, wherein all the royalists were engaged, and many of the old parliament officers; and this was so dexterously, secretly, and unanimously carried on, that before the parliament had the least intimation of it, the flame was everywhere kindled, and small parties attempting insurrections in all places; but their main strength was with Sir George Booth in Cheshire, who there appeared the chief head of the rebellion. The city, at that time, were very wavering and false to the parliament, yet the usual presence of God, that was with them in former times, never appeared so eminent as now, miraculously bringing to light all the plots against them, and scattering their enemies before the wind, making them fly when there was none to pursue them: although even in the parliament house there wanted not many close traitors and abettors of this conspiracy. It was presently voted to send an army down into Cheshire: but then it fell into debate who should lead. Fleetwood, upon the deposing his brother Richard, (wherein he was most unworthily assistant,) was made general, but not thought a person of courage enough for this enterprise, whereupon many of Lambert's friends propounded him to the house, and undertook for his integrity and hearty repentance for having been formerly assistant to the protector. Col. Hutchinson was utterly against receiving him again into employment; but it was the general vote of the house, and accordingly he was brought in to receive his commission from the speaker; who intending to accept an humble submission he then falsely made, with high professions of fidelity, and to return him an encouragement, in declaring the confidence the house had in him, through mistake, made such a speech to him as after proved a true prophecy of his perfidiousness. Many of the house took notice of it then only to laugh, but afterwards thought some hidden impulse the man was not sensible of led his tongue into those mistakes. However Lambert went forth, and through the cowardice of the enemy obtained a very cheap victory and returned. In Nottinghamshire, Col. White rose only to show his apostacy and run away. The Lord Biron also lost himself and his companions in the forest, being chased by a piece of the county troop. And Mr. Robert Pierrepont, the son of the late colonel, went out to make up the rout and ran away, and cast away some good arms into the bushes. to make his flight more easy.

During the late protector's times, Col. Hutchinson, who thought them greater usurpers on the people's liberties than the former king, believed himself wholly disengaged from all ties, but those which God and nature, or rather God by nature, obliges every man of honour and honesty in to his country, which is to defend or relieve it from invading tyrants, as far as he may by a lawful call and means, and to suffer patiently that yoke which God submits him to, till the Lord shall take it off; and upon these principles, he seeing that authority, to which he was in duty bound, so seemingly taken quite away, thought he was free to fall in or oppose all things, as prudence should guide him, upon general rules of conscience. These would not permit him any way to assist any tyrant or invader of the people's rights, nor to rise up against them without a manifest call from God; therefore he staid at home, and busied himself in his own domestic employments, and having a very liberal heart, had a house open to all worthy persons of all parties. Among these the Lord Biron, who thought that no gentleman ought to be unprovided of arms in such an uncertain time, had provided himself a trunk of pistols, which were brought down from London: but some suspicion of it being entered in the protector's officers, he durst not fetch the trunk from the carrier's himself, but entreated the colonel to send for them to his house, and secure them there. This the colonel did, but afterward when my Lord Biron had entered into conspiracy with the enemies of the parliament, he knew that Col. Hutchinson was not to be attempted against them, and was in great care how to get his arms out of the colonel's house. The colonel being of a very compassionate and charitable nature, had entertained into his service some poor people, who on the enemy's side had been ruined, and were reduced from good estates to seek that refuge; and who counterfeited, so long as their party was down, such sobriety, love, and gratitude, and sense of their sins and miscarriages on the other side, that he hoped they had been converts, but could not believe they would have proved such detestable, unthankful traitors, as afterwards they did. Among these, Lord Biron corrupted a gentleman who waited then on the colonel, as the man after alleged; my lord said he offered himself: however it were, the plot was laid that fifty men, near the colonel's house, should be raised for him, and he with them should first come to the colonel's house, and take away my lord's arms, with all the rest of the colonel's that they could find. To raise him these men, certain neighbours, who used to come to the house, were very busy, and especially two parsons, he of Plumtre, and he of Bingham; this had an active, proud, pragmatical curate, who used to come to this traitor in the colonel's house, and help to manage the treason, and the chaplain, the waiting woman, and two servants more, were drawn into the confederacy. The colonel was then at the parliament house, and only his wife and chidren at home, when, the night before the insurrection, Ivie (that was the gentleman's name) came to a singing boy who kept the colonel's clothes, and commanded him to deliver him the colonel's own arms and buff coat.

---

* The mention of this political discussion without the name of the principal speaker in it, naturally awakens curiosity and excites to conjecture. It is probable that the secret referred to at p. 121, and which endeavours were in vain used to draw from Mrs. Hutchinson, was the same thing as is here hinted at. See note, p. 121.

The boy was fearful and did not readily obey him, whereupon he threatened immediately to pistol him, if he made the least resistance, or discovery of the business; so the boy fetched him the arms, and he put them on, and took one of the best horses and went out at midnight, telling the boy he was a fool to fear, for the next night, before that time, there would come fifty men to fetch away all the arms in the house.

As soon as the boy saw him quite gone, his mistress being then in bed, he went to the chaplain and acquainted him; but the chaplain cursed him for breaking his sleep: then he went to the waiting gentlewoman, but she said she thought it would be unfit to disturb her mistress: so the boy rested till next day, when Ivie, having failed of his men, was come back again. Then the boy, finding an opportunity after dinner, told his mistress, that though he had been bred a cavalier, he abhorred to betray or be unfaithful to those he served; and that he had reason to suspect there was some vile conspiracy in hand, wherein Ivie was engaged against them, and told his grounds. When Mrs. Hutchinson had heard that, she bade him keep it private, and called immediately a servant that had been a cornet of the parliament's party, and bade him go to the county troop's captain, and desire him to send her a guard for her husband's house, for she had intelligence that the cavaliers intended some attempt against it. Mrs. Hutchinson, ashamed to complain of her own family, thought of this way of security, till she could discharge herself of the traitor, not knowing at that time how many more were about her. Then calling her gentlewoman, whom she thought she might trust, upon her solemn protestations of fidelity, she took her to assist her in hiding her plate and jewels, and what she had of value, and scrupled not to let her see the *secret places in her house*, while the false and base dissembler went smiling up and down at her mistress' simplicity. Mean time the man that was sent for soldiers, came back, bringing news that the cavaliers had risen and were beaten, and the county troop was in pursuit of them. Then also the coachman, who, finding himself not well, had borrowed a horse to go to Nottingham to be let blood, came home, bringing with him a cravat and other spoils of the enemy, which he had gotten. For when he came to the town, hearing the cavaliers were up, he got a case of pistols, and thought more of shedding than losing blood, and, meeting the cavaliers in the rout, 'tis said he killed one of them: although this rogue had engaged to Ivie to have gone on the other side with him. Mrs. Hutchinson not being willing, for all this, to take such notice of Ivie's treason as to cast him into prison, took him immediately to London with her, and said nothing till he came there. Then she told him how base and treacherous he had been; but to save her own shame for having entertained so false a person, and for her mother's sake whom he had formerly served, she was willing to dismiss him privately, without acquainting the colonel, who could not know but he must punish him. So she gave him something and turned him away, and told her husband she came only to acquaint him with the insurrection, and her own fears of staying in the country without him. He, being very indulgent, went immediately back with her, having informed the parliament, and received their order for going down to look after the securing of the country. His wife, as soon as she came down having learned that the chaplain had been Ivie's confederate, told him privately of it, and desired him to find a pretence to take his leave of the colonel, that she might not be necessitated to complain, and procure him the punishment his treason deserved. He went away thus, but so far from being wrought upon, that he hated her to the death for her kindness.

The colonel having set things in order in the country, had an intent to have carried his family that winter with him to London; when just that week he was going, news was brought that Lambert had once more turned out the parliament, and the colonel rejoiced in his good fortune that he was not present.

Lambert was exceedingly puffed up with his cheap victory, and cajoled his soldiers, and, before he returned to London, set on foot among them their old insolent way of prescribing to the parliament by way of petition.

The parliament, after the submission of the army, had voted that there should no more be a general over them, but to keep that power in their own hands, that all the officers should take their commissions immediately from the speaker. The conspiracy of the army, to get a leader in their rebellion, was laid, that they should petition for generals and such like things as might facilitate their intents. Among others that were taken in arms against the parliament, Lord Castleton was one of the chief heads of the insurrection. Him Lambert brought along with him in his coach, not now as a prisoner, but unguarded, as one that was to be honoured. The parliament hearing of this, sent and fetched him out of his company and committed him to prison, and then the army's saucy petition was delivered, and, upon the insolent carriage of nine colonels, they were by vote disbanded. Lambert being one of them, came in a hostile manner and plucked the members out of the house; Fleetwood, whom they trusted to guard them, having confederated with Lambert and betrayed them. After that, setting up their army court at Wallingford-house, they began their arbitrary reign, to the joy of all the vanquished enemies of the parliament, and to the amazement and terror of all men that had any honest interest: and now were they all devising governments; and some honourable members, I know not through what fatality of the times, fell in with them.* When Col. Hutchinson came into the country some time before Lambert's revolt, Mr. Robert Pierrepont, the son of the late Col. Francis Pierrepont, sent friends to entreat the colonel to receive him into his protection. Upon the entreaty of his uncles he took him into his own house, and entertained him civilly there, whilst he wrote to the speaker, urging his youth, his surrender of himself, and all he could in favour of him, desiring to know how they would please to dispose of him. Before the letters were answered Lambert had broken the parliament, and the colonel told him he was free again to do what he pleased: but the young gentleman begged of the colonel, that he might continue under his sanctuary till these things came to some issue. This the colonel very freely admitted, and entertained him till the second return of the parliament, not without much trouble to his house, of him and his servants, so contrary to the sobriety and holiness the colonel delighted in, yet for his father's and his uncle's sakes he endured it about six months.

Some of Lambert's officers, while he marched near Nottinghamshire, having formerly served under the colonel's command, came to his house at Owthorpe, and told him of the petition that was set on foot in Lambert's brigade, and consulted whether they should sign it or no. The colonel advised them by no means to do it; yet, notwithstanding, they did, which made the colonel exceeding angry with them, thinking they rather came to see how he stood affected, than really to ask his counsel. When Lambert had broken the house, the colonel made a short voyage to London to inform himself how things were, and found some of the members exceedingly sensible of the sad estate the kingdom was reduced unto by the rash ambition of these men, and resolving that there was no way but for every man that abhorred it to improve their interest in their countries, and to suppress these usurpers and rebels. Hereupon the colonel took order to have some arms bought and sent him, and had prepared a thousand honest men, whenever he should call for their assistance; intending to improve his posse comitatus when occasion should be offered. To provoke him more particularly to this, several accidents fell out. Among the rest, six of Lambert's troopers came to gather money, laid upon the country by an assessment of parliament, whom the colonel telling that in regard it was levied by that authority he had paid it, but otherwise would not; two of them, who only were in the room with the colonel, the rest being on horseback in the court, gave him such insolent terms, with such insufferable reproaches of the parliament, that the colonel drew a sword which was in the room to have chastised them. While a minister that was by held the colonel's arm, his wife, not willing to have them killed in her presence, opened the door and let them out, who presently ran and fetched in their companions in the yard with cocked pistols. Upon the bustle, while the colonel, having disengaged himself from those that held him, was run after them with the sword drawn, his brother came out of another room, upon whom, the soldiers pressing against a door that went into the great hall, the door flew open, and about fifty or sixty men appeared in the hall †, who were there upon another business. For Owthorpe, Kinolton, and Hicklin had a contest about a cripple that was sent from one to the other, but at last, out of some respect they had for the colonel, the chief men of the several towns were come to him to make some accommodation till the law should be again in force. When the colonel heard the soldiers were come, he left them shut up in his great hall, who by accident thus appearing, put the soldiers into a dreadful fright. When the colonel saw how pale they looked, he encouraged them to take heart, and calmly admonished them of their insolence, and they being changed, and very humble through their fear, he called for wine for them, and sent them away. To the most insolent of them he said, "These carriages would bring back the Stuarts." The man, laying his hand upon his sword, said, "Never while he wore that.'' Among other things they said to the colonel, when he demanded by what authority they came, they showed their swords, and said, "That was their authority." After they were dismissed, the colonel, not willing to appear because he was sheriff of the county, and had many of their papers sent him to publish, concealed himself in his house, and caused his wife to write a letter to Fleetwood and complain of the affronts had been offered him, and to tell him that he was thereupon retired, till he could dwell safely at home*. To this Fleetwood returned a civil answer, and withal sent a protection, to forbid all soldiers from coming to his house, and a command to Swallow, who was the colonel of these men, to examine and punish them. Mrs. Hutchinson had sent before to Swallow, then quartered at Leicester, the next day after it was done, to inform him, who sent a letter utterly disowning their actions, and promising to punish them. This Mrs. Hutchinson sent, to show the soldiers that lay then abusing the country at Colson; but when they saw their officer's letter they laughed at him, and tore it in pieces. Some days after, he, in a civil manner, sent a captain with them and other soldiers to Owthorpe, to inquire of their misdemeanors before their faces; which being confirmed to him, and he beginning to rebuke them, they set him at light, even before Mrs. Hutchinson's face, and made the poor man retire sneaped to his colonel, while these six rogues, in one week's space, besides the assessments assigned them to gather up within the compass of five miles, took away violently from the country, for their own expense, above five-and-twenty pounds. Notwithstanding all this pretended civility, Fleetwood and his counsellors were afraid of the colonel, and the protection was but sent to draw him thither, that they might by that means get him into their custody. But he having intimation of it, withdrew, while men and arms were preparing, that he might appear publicly in the defence of the country, when he was strong enough to drive out the soldiers that were left in these parts. Three hundred of them were one night drawn out of Nottingham to come to Owthorpe for him, but some of the party gave him notice, who was then at home, and immediately went out of the house. Neither wanted they their spies, who gave them notice that he was gone again, so that they turned off upon the wolds and went to Hickling, and the next day Major Grove, their commander, sent to Mrs. Hutchinson to desire permission for himself only to come down, which she gave, and so with only five or six of his party he came. With him Mrs. Hutchinson so easily dealt that, after she had represented the state of things to him, he began to apologise that he had only taken this command upon him to preserve the country, and should be ready to submit to any lawful authority; and he and his men were not come for any other intent but to prevent disturbance of the peace, and gatherings together of men, who, they were informed, intended to rise in these parts. Mrs. Hutchinson smiling, told him it was necessary for him to keep a good guard, for all the whole country would shortly be weary of their yoke, and, no question, find some authority to shelter them. At last he came to that, as to desire her to let the colonel know he intended him no mischief, but he and all his men should be at her command to defend her from the insolencies of any others. She heard him without faith, for she knew the good will they pretended to her husband proceeded only from their fear. It is true that at that time the colonel had met with Col. Hacker, and several other gentlemen of Northampton and Warwickshire, and at the same time Major Beque was to have reduced Coventry, and another colonel Warwick-castle. Two regiments of horse should have marched to a place within seven miles of Col. Hutchinson's house, where his men should have rendezvoused, and the town of Nottingham at the same time have seized all the soldiers there, and they of Leicester the like. These people had, through the spies that were about the colonel, gotten some little inkling of his rendezvous, but not right, neither could they have prevented it, had there been need. But just before it should have been put in execution the parliament were restored to their seats, Lambert was deserted by his men and fled, and Monk was marching on southwards, pretending to restore and confirm the parliament; insomuch that Col. Hutchinson, instead of raising his country, was called up to his seat in parliament. Here there were so many favourers of Lambert, Fleetwood, and their partakers, that the colonel, who used to be very silent, could not now forbear high opposition of them; in whose favour things were carried with such a stream, that the colonel then began to lose all hopes of settling this poor land on any righteous foundation.

---

* This was that committee of safety, or council of *Stratocracy*, among the principal members of which were Sir Henry Vane, Ludlow, and Whitelock, as mentioned by Whitelock, p. 685. He there says that he took his share in it reluctantly, and that all three were censured for it by the parliament at their return. Ludlow was accused of treason; Vane made an ingenious excuse, but was banished to one of his country-seats. Col. Hutchinson evidently divided from Sir H. Vane on this occasion, and, as Ludlow says, urged on the censure against him, which he considers as inconsistent with Col. Hutchinson's judgment passed on the king, and as a proof of his treachery and underhand agreement with Monk. But no conclusion can be more unwarranted than this; it was Col. Hutchinson's anxiety to keep the king out, or at least to prevent his coming in with a high hand and without limitation, that caused him so strenuously to oppose these rash steps; which made all wish for the king's return, to deliver them from greater evils.

† The description of the house contained in a former note will give a just idea of the position of all the parties, and of the striking scene here described.

It was the 26th of December, 1659, that the parliament met again. The manner of it, and the contest and treaty in the north between Monk and Lambert, are too well known to be repeated; the dissimulations and false protestations that Monk made are too public: yet did the colonel and others suspect him, but knew not how to hinder him; for this insolent usurpation of Lambert's had so turned the hearts of all men, that the whole nation began to set their eyes upon the king beyond the sea, and think a bad settlement under him better than none at all, but still to be under the arbitrary power of such proud rebels as Lambert. The whole house was divided into miserable factions, among whom some would then violently have set up an oath of renunciation of the king and his family. The colonel, thinking it a ridiculous thing to *swear out* a man, when they had no power to defend themselves against him, vehemently opposed that oath, and carried it against Sir Arthur Haslerig and others, who as violently pressed it; urging very truly, that those oaths that had been formerly imposed had but multiplied the sins of the nation by perjuries; instancing how Sir Arthur and others, in Oliver's time, coming into the house, swore at their entrance they would attempt nothing in the change of that government, which, as soon as ever they were entered, they laboured to throw down. Many other arguments he used; whereupon many honest men, who thought till then he had followed a faction in all things, and not his own judgment, began to meet often with him, and to consult what to do in these difficulties, out of which their prudence and honesty had found a way to extricate themselves; but that the period of our prosperity was come, hastened on partly by the mad rash violence of some that, without strength, opposed the tide of the discontented tumultuous people, partly by the detestable treachery of those who had sold themselves to do mischief; but chiefly by the general stream of the people, who were as eager for their own destruction as the Israelites of old for their quails.

---

* Probably this circumstance of Col. Hutchinson concealing himself in his own home, came at that time to be known at Nottingham, and gave rise to a tradition which is to be found in Throsby's edition of Thoroton, that he concealed himself in this manner after the Restoration, but was taken in his return from church; both of which were untrue, as probably were some other tales, resembling the legends of romance, which the editor heard of him at Owthorpe. But that there was an apartment so adapted for concealment, security, and convenience, as that he might have made a long residence in it without being discovered, the Editor had ocular demonstration.

One observation of the colonel I cannot omit, that the secluded members whom Monk brought in were, many of them, so brought over to a commonwealth that, if Sir Arthur Haslerig and his party had not forsaken their places because they would not sit with them, they had made the stronger party in the house, which by reason of their going off were after in all things out-voted.

Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper at that time insinuated himself into a particular friendship with the colonel, and made him all the honourable pretences that can be imagined; called him his *dear friend*, and caressed him with such embraces as none but a traitor as vile as himself could have suspected; yet was he the most intimate of Monk's confidants: whereupon some few days before the rising of that house, when it began to be too apparent which way Monk inclined, the colonel, upon the confidence of his friendship, entreated him to tell him what were Monk's intentions, that he and others might consider their safety, who were likely to be given up as a public sacrifice. Cooper denied to the death any intention besides a commonwealth; "but," said he, with the greatest semblance of reality that can be put on, "if the violence of the people should bring the king upon us, let me be damned, body and soul, if ever I see a hair of any man's head touched, or a penny of any man's estate, upon this quarrel." This he backed with so many and so deep protestations of that kind, as made the colonel, after his treachery was apparent, detest him of all mankind, and think himself obliged, if ever he had opportunity, to procure exemplary justice on him, who was so vile a wretch as himself to sit and sentence some of those that died. And although this man joined with those who laboured the colonel's particular deliverance, yet the colonel, to his dying day, abhorred the mention of his name, and held him for a more execrable traitor than Monk himself. At this time the colonel, as before, was by many of his friends attempted every way to fall in with the king's interest, and often offered both pardon and preferment, if he could be wrought off from his party, whose danger was now laid before him: but they could no way move him*. A gentleman that had been employed to tamper with him told me, that he found him so unmoveable, that one time he and a certain lord being in the colonel's company, and having begun their vain insinuations, he, to decline them, seeing Cooper, went away with him; upon which this lord, that had some tenderness for the colonel, "Well," said he, to this gentleman, "the colonel is a ruined man, he believes that traitor, which will ruin him." When they could not work into him one way, some, that were most kindly concerned in him, persuaded him to absent himself and not act for the parliament, and undertook with their lives to secure him, but he would not. He foresaw the mischief, and resolved to stay in his duty, waiting upon God, who accordingly was good to him. Some, when they saw Monk had betrayed them, would have fallen in with Lambert, but the colonel thought any destruction was to be chosen before the sin of joining with such a wretch.

Now was that glorious parliament come to a period, not more fatal to itself than to the three nations, whose sun of liberty then set, and all their glory gave place to the foulest mists that ever overspread a miserable people. A new parliament was to be chosen, and the county of Nottingham yet had such respect for Col. Hutchinson, that they fixed their eyes on him to be their knight, but Mr. William Pierrepont having a great desire to bring in his son-in-law, the Lord Haughton, to be his fellow knight, the colonel would not come into the town till the election was past; which if he had, he had been chosen without desiring it, for many people came, and when they saw he would not stand, returned and voted for none, among whom were fifty freeholders of the town of Newark.

Sometime before the writs for the new elections came, the town of Nottingham, as almost all the rest of the island, began to grow mad, and declare themselves so, in their desires of the king. The boys, set on by their fathers and masters, got drums and colours, and marched up and down the town, and trained themselves in a military posture, and offered many affronts to the soldiers of the army, that were quartered there, which were two troops of Col. Hacker's regiment. Insomuch that one night there were about forty of the soldiers hurt and wounded with stones, upon the occasion of taking away the drums, when the youths were gathering together to make bonfires to burn the Rump, as the custom of those mad days was. The soldiers provoked to rage, shot again, and killed in the scuffle two presbyterians, whereof one was an elder, and an old professor; and one that had been a great zealot for the cause, and master of the magazine of Nottingham castle. He was only standing at his own door, and whether by chance or on purpose, shot, or by whom, it is not certain; but true it is, that at that time, the presbyterians were more inveterately bitter against the fanatics then even the cavaliers themselves, and they set on these boys. But upon the killing of this man they were hugely enraged, and prayed very seditiously in their pulpits and began openly to desire the king; not for good-will neither to him, but for destruction to all the fanatics. One of the ministers who were great leaders of the people, had been engaged firmly in Booth's rebellion, and very many of the godly led in, who by the timely suppression of those who began the insurrection in Nottingham, were prevented from declaring themselves openly. Col. Hutchinson was as merciful as he could safely be, in not setting on too strict inquisition; but privately admonishing such as were not past hopes of becoming good commonwealth's men, if it were possible that the labouring state might outlive the present storm. Upon this bustle in the town of Nottingham, the soldiers were horribly incensed, and the townsmen ready to take part with the boys; whereupon the soldiers drew into the meadows near the town, and sent for the regiment, resolving to execute their vengeance on the town, and the townsmen again were mustering to encounter them. Mrs. Hutchinson by chance coming to the town, and being acquainted with the captains, persuaded them to do nothing in a tumultuary way, however provoked, but to complain at the general, and let him decide the business.

---

* It was hard upon him, after this, to be accused by Ludlow of treachery and connivance with the king's friends; but Ludlow was at this time engaged in a different party, perhaps envious of him for escaping with impunity, when himself despaired of doing so, and went into voluntary exile: and besides Sir A. Ashley Cooper may have stipulated for Col. Hutchinson's indemnity *gratuitously*: while most people suppose that some conditions were imposed. His moderation in a time of frenzy was surely a sufficient argument, and was probably that which Cooper used in support of the man whom he was forced to esteem, though he did not choose to imitate him.

The men, at her entreaty, were content so to do, the townsmen also consenting to restrain their children and servants, and keep the public peace; while it was agreed, that both of them should send up together a true information to the general, concerning the late quarrel. But one of the officers, more enraged than the rest, went immediately away to Monk, and complained to him of the malice of the presbyterian and cavalier against the soldiers. He, without asking more on the other side, signed a warrant to Col. Hacker, to let loose the fury of his regiment upon the town, and plunder all they judged guilty; with which the officer immediately went away. Col. Hutchinson being at that time at the general's lodging, my Lord Howard told him what order against the town of Nottingham had just been sent down. The colonel, who had been by his wife informed of the disorders there, went to the general, and prevailed with him for a countermand of all hostility against the town, till he should hear and determine the business: which countermand the colonel sent immediately by one of the townsmen, who, though he rode post, came not till Col. Hacker, with all his regiment, were come into the town before him, and the soldiers were in some of the houses beginning to rifle them. Wherefore the countermand coming so seasonably from Col. Hutchinson, they could not but look upon him as their deliverer; and this being done very few days before the election for the next parliament, when the colonel came to town and had waved the county, they generally pitched upon him for the town. But then Dr. Plumptre laboured all he could to get the burgess-ship for himself, and to put by the colonel, with the basest scandals he and two or three of his associates could raise. Mr. Arthur Stanhope, in whose house the soldiers were entered to plunder, being pitched upon for the other burgess, and having a great party in the town, was dealt with to desert the colonel, and offered all Plumptre's party; but on the other side, he laboured more for the colonel than for himself, and at length, when the election day came, Mr. Stanhope and the colonel were clearly chosen.

The colonel and Mr. Stanhope went up to the parliament, which began on the 25th day of April, 1660; to whom the king sending a declaration from Breda, which promised, or at least intimated, liberty of conscience, remission of all offences, enjoyment of liberties and estates; they voted to send commissioners to invite him. And almost all the gentry of all parties went, some to fetch him over, some to meet him at the sea-side, some to fetch him into London, into which he entered on the 29th day of May, with a universal joy and triumph, even to his own amazement; who, when he saw all the nobility and gentry of the land flowing in to him, asked where were his enemies? For he saw nothing but prostrates, expressing all the love that could make a prince happy. Indeed it was a wonder in that day to see the mutability of some, and the hypocrisy of others, and the servile flattery of all. Monk, like his better genius, conducted him, and was adored like one that had brought all the glory and felicity of mankind home with this prince.

The officers of the army had made themselves as fine as the courtiers, and every one hoped in this change to change their condition, and disowned all things they before had advised. Every ballad-singer sang up and down the streets ribald rhymes, made in reproach of the late commonwealth, and all those worthies that therein endeavoured the people's freedom and happiness.

The presbyterians were now the white-boys, and according to their nature fell a thirsting, then hunting after blood, urging that God's blessing could not be upon the land till justice had cleansed it from the late king's blood. First that fact was disowned, then all the acts made after it rendered void, then an inquisition made after those that were guilty thereof, but only seven nominated of them that sat in judgment on that prince, for exemplary justice, and a proclamation sent for the rest to come in, upon penalty of losing their estates.

While these things were debating in the house, at the first, divers persons, concerned in that business, sat there, and when the business came into question, every one of them spoke to it, according to their present sense. But Mr. Lenthal, son to the late speaker of that parliament, when the presbyterians first called that business into question, though not at all concerned in it himself, stood up and made so handsome and honourable a speech in defence of them all, as deserves eternal honour. But the presbyterians called him to the bar for it, where, though he mitigated some expressions, which might be ill taken of the house, yet he spoke so generously, as it is never to be forgotten of him. Herein he behaved himself with so much courage and honour as was not matched at that time in England, for which he was looked on with an evil eye, and, upon a pretence of Treason, put in prison ; from whence his father's money, and the lieutenant of the tower's jealousy, delivered him. When it came to Ingoldsby's turn, he, with many tears, professed his repentance for that murder, and told a false tale, how Cromwell held his hand, and forced him to subscribe the sentence, and made a most whining recantation, after which he retired ; and another had almost ended, when Col. Hutchinson, who was not there at the beginning, came in, and was told what they were about, and that it would be expected he should say something. He was surprised with a thing he expected not, yet neither then, nor in any the like occasion, did he ever fail himself, but told them, "That for his actings in those days, if he had erred, it was the inexperience of his age, and the defect of his judgment, and not the malice of his heart, which had ever prompted him to pursue the general advantage of his country more than his own ; and if the sacrifice of him might conduce to the public peace and settlement, he should freely submit his life and fortunes to their disposal : that the vain expense of his age, and the great debts his public employments had run him into, as they were testimonies that neither avarice nor any other interest had carried him on, so they yielded him just cause to repent that he ever forsook his own blessed quiet to embark in such a troubled sea, where he had made shipwreck of all things but a good conscience ; and as to that particular action of the king, he desired them to believe he had that sense of it that befitted an Englishman, a christian, and a gentleman." What he expressed was to this effect, but so very handsomely delivered, that it generally took the whole house : only one gentleman stood up and said, he had expressed himself as one that was much more sorry for the events and consequences, than the actions : but another replied, that when a man's words might admit of two interpretations, it befitted gentlemen always to receive that which might be most favourable. As soon as the colonel had spoken, he retired into a room, where Ingoldsby was, with his eyes yet red, who had called up a little spite to succeed his whinings, and embracing Col. Hutchinson, "O colonel," said he, "did I ever imagine we could be brought to this ? could I have suspected it, when I brought them Lambert in the other day ? This sword should have redeemed us from being dealt with as criminals by that people, for whom we had so gloriously exposed ourselves." The colonel told him, he had foreseen, ever since those usurpers thrust out the lawful authority of the land to enthrone themselves, it could end in nothing else ; but the integrity of his heart, in all he had done, made him as cheerfully ready to suffer as to triumph in a good cause. The result of the house that day was to suspend Col. Hutchinson and the rest from sitting in the house. Monk, after all his great professions, now sat still, and had not one word to interpose for any person, but was as forward to set vengeance on foot as any man.

Mrs. Hutchinson, whom to keep quiet, her husband had hitherto persuaded that no man would lose or suffer by this change, at this beginning was awakened, and saw that he was ambitious of being a public sacrifice, and therefore, herein only in her whole life, resolved to disobey him, and to improve all the affection he had to her for his safety, and prevailed with him to retire ; for, she said, she would not live to see him a prisoner. With her unquietness, she drove him out of her own lodgings into the custody of a friend, in order to his further retreat, if occasion should be, and then made it her business to solicit all her friends for his safety. Meanwhile in the house, it was first resolved, that mercy should be shown to some, and exemplary justice to others ; then the number was defined, and voted it should not exceed seven ; then, upon the king's own solicitation, that his subjects should be put out of their fears, those seven named ; and after that a proclamation sent for the rest to come in. Col. Hutchinson not being of the number of those seven, was advised by all his friends to surrender himself, in order to securing his estate, and he was very earnest to do it, when Mrs. Hutchinson would by no means hear of it : but being exceedingly urged by his friends, that she would hereby obstinately lose all their estate, she would not yet consent the colonel should give himself into custody, and she had wrought him to a strong engagement, that he would not dispose of himself without her. At length being accused of obstinacy, in not giving him up, she devised a way to try the house, and wrote a letter in his name to the speaker, to urge what might be in his favour, and to let him know, that by reason of some inconveniency it might be to him, he desired not to come under custody, and yet should be ready to appear at their call, and if they intended any mercy to him, he begged they would begin it in permitting him his liberty upon his parole, till they should finally determine of him. This letter she conceived would try the temper of the house ; if they granted this, she had her end, for he was still free ; if they denied it, she might be satisfied in keeping him from surrendering himself.

Having contrived and written this letter, before she carried it to the colonel, a friend came to her out of the house, near which her lodgings then were, and told her that if they had but any ground to begin, the house was that day in a most excellent temper towards her husband ; whereupon she wrote her husband's name to the letter, and ventured to send it in, being used sometimes to write the letters he dictated, and her character not much differing from his. These gentlemen who were moved to try this opportunity, were not of the friends she relied on ; but God, to show that it was He, not they, sent two common friends, who had so good success that the letter was very well received ; and upon that occasion all of all parties spoke so kindly and effectually for him, that he had not only what he desired, but was voted to be free without any engagement, and his punishment only to be discharged from the present parliament, and from all office, military or civil, in the state for ever ; and upon his petition of thanks for this, his estate also was voted to be free from all mulcts and confiscations. Many providential circumstances concurred in this thing. That which put the house into so good a humour towards the colonel that day, was, that having taken the business of the king's trial into consideration, certain committees were found to be appointed, to order the preparation of the court, the chairs and cushions, and other formalities, wherein Col. Hutchinson had nothing to do ;* but when they had passed their votes for his absolute discharge and came to the sitting of the court, he was found not to have been one day away. A rogue that had been one of their clerks had brought in all these informations ; and above all, poor Mrs. Hacker, thinking to save her husband, had brought up the warrant for execution, with all their hands and seals.†

Sir Allen Apsley too, who, with all the kindest zeal of friendship that can be imagined, endeavoured to bring off the colonel, used some artifice in engaging friends for him. There was a young gentleman, a kinsman of his, who thirstily aspired after preferment, and Sir Allen had given him hopes, upon his effectual endeavours for the colonel, to introduce him, who being a person that had understanding enough, made no conscience of truth, when an officious lie might serve his turn. This man, although he owed his life to the colonel, and had a thousand obligations to Mrs. Hutchinson's parents, yet not for their sakes, nor for virtue, nor for gratitude, but for his own hopes, which he had of Sir Allen Apsley, told some of the leading men among the court party, that it was the king's desire to have favour shown to the colonel; whereupon Mr. Palmer, since Castlemaine, was the first man that spoke for the colonel, whom Finch most eloquently seconded. Then Sir George Booth and his party all appeared for the colonel, in gratitude for his civility to them. For when the parliament had passed by the rebellion of Lambert and Fleetwood, and those who joined with them, and would not make their offences capital, he had told the house, they could not without great partiality punish these, and had moved much in their favour. Mr. Pierrepont, and all the old sage parliament-men, out of very hearty kindness, spoke and laboured very effectually to bring him clear off; and there was not at that day any man that received a more general testimony of love and good esteem of all parties than he did, not one of the most violent hunters of blood opposing favour, and divers most worthy persons giving a true and honourable testimony of him. Although they knew his principles contrary to theirs, yet they so justified his clear and upright carriage, according to his own persuasion, as was a record much advancing his honour, and such as no man else in that day received.‡

Yet though he very well deserved it, I cannot so much attribute that universal concurrence that was in the whole house to express esteem of him and desire to save him, to their justice and gratitude, as to an over-ruling power of Him that orders all men's hearts, who was then pleased to reserve his servant, even by the good and true testimony of some that afterwards hated him and sought his ruin, for the perseverance in that goodness which then forced them to be his advocates ; for even the worst and basest men have a secret conviction of worth and virtue, which they never dare to persecute in its own name. The colonel being thus discharged the house, retired to a remoter lodging from Westminster, and lay very private in the town, not coming into any company of one sort or other, waiting till the act of oblivion were perfected, to go down again into the country ; but when the act came to be passed in the house, then the Lord Lexington set divers friends on work in the commons' house to get a proviso inserted, that the Newarkers' money, which he paid into the committee of Haberdasher's Hall, and was by that committee paid to the colonel for his pay, might, with all the use of it, be paid out of the colonel's estate. He forged many false pretences to obtain this ; but it was rejected in the commons' house, and the bill going up to the lords, was passed without any provisoes. Only the gentlemen that were the late king's judges, and decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the house's proclamation, after that they had voted only seven to suffer, were now given up to a trial, both for their lives and estates, and put into close prison, where they were miserably kept, brought shortly after to trial, condemned, all their estates confiscated and taken away, themselves kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman bloody jailer the lieutenant of the Tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air; and when they had not one penny, but what was given them to feed themselves and their families, exacted abominable rates for bare unfurnished prisons ; of some forty pounds for one miserable chamber, of others double, besides undue and unjust fees, which their poor wives were forced to beg and engage their jointures and make miserable shifts for: and yet this rogue had all this while three pounds a week paid out of the exchequer for every one of them. At last when this would not kill them fast enough, and when some alms were thus privately stolen in to them, they were sent away to remote and dismal islands, where relief could not reach them, nor any of their relations take care of them ; in this a thousand times more miserable than those that died, who were thereby prevented from the eternal infamy and remorse which hope of life and estate made these poor men bring upon themselves, by base and false recantations of their own judgment, against their consciences; which they wounded for no advantage, but lived ever after in misery themselves, augmented by seeing the misery of their wretched families, and in the daily apprehension of death, which, without any more formality, they are to expect whenever the tyrant gives the word. And these are the "*tender* MERCIES *of the wicked!*" Among which I cannot forget one passage that I saw. Monk and his wife, before they were moved to the Tower, while they were yet prisoners at Lambeth House, came one evening to the garden and caused them to be brought down, only to stare at them. Which was such a barbarism for that man, who had betrayed so many poor men to death and misery that never hurt him, but had honoured him, and trusted their lives and interest with him, to glut his bloody eyes with beholding them in their bondage, as no story can parallel the inhumanity of.

---

* In Nelson's trial of Charles I. it appears, that on Friday, Jan. 12, when a committee was appointed for ordering the trial, and many minute particulars agreed to for the management of it, Col. Hutchinson was absent, but attended most other days. On Jan. 25, however, when the sentence was suggested, he was absent, but was present at the signing, and himself signed the warrant for execution.

† To those who have not read or not remembered the trials of the regicides, it may be useful to remark, that Col. Hacker was tried for superintending the execution of the king in his military capacity, for which it seems this warrant was expected to prove a sufficient justification, and perhaps it ought to have been so considered; but it is extraordinary that his wife, before she gave up an instrument which seemed so precious to those who were seeking revenge, had not stipulated for her husband's pardon.

‡ Mr. Lassels (probably Lascelles) enjoyed exactly a similar exemption ; the peculiar reasons for it are not accurately known, but it is natural to suppose they were similar.

Col. Scroop, who had been cleared by vote as the colonel was, was afterwards rased out for nothing, and had the honour to die a noble martyr.

Although the colonel was cleared both for life and estate in the house of commons, yet he not answering the court expectations in public recantations and dissembled repentance, and applause of their cruelty to his fellows, the chancellor was cruelly exasperated against him, and there were very high endeavours to have rased him out of the act of oblivion. But then Sir Allen Apsley solicited all his friends, as it had been for his own life, and divers honourable persons drew up a certificate, with all the advantage they could, to procure him favour; who in all things that were not against the interest of the state had ever pitied and protected them in their distresses. The Countess of Rochester wrote a very effectual letter to the Earl of Manchester, making her request that the favour to him might be confirmed as an obligation to her, to quit some that she, and as she supposed, her lord had received from him. This letter was read in the house, and Sir Allen Apsley's candidate for preferment again made no conscience of deceiving several lords, that the preserving of the colonel would be acceptable to the king and the chancellor, who he now knew hated his life. Many lords also of the colonel's relations and acquaintance, out of kindness and gratitude (for there was not one of them whom he had not in his day more or less obliged), used very hearty endeavours for him. Yet Sir Allen Apsley's interest and most fervent endeavours for him, was that which only turned the scales, and the colonel was not excepted in the act of oblivion to anything but offices.

The provisoes to the act of oblivion were all cut off, and it was determined that those things should pass in particular acts; when the Lord Lexington got one for that Newark money to be repaid out of the colonel's estate, with all the interest for fourteen years. This act was committed, and the colonel had counsel to plead against it, and the Marquis Dorchester[*] having the chair, was wonderfully civil to the colonel. The adverse counsel having been men that practised under the parliament, thought they could no way ingratiate themselves so well as by making invectives against those they formerly clawed with, and when, quite beside their matter, they fell into railings against the injustice of the former times, and scandals of the colonel, the marquis checked them severely, and bade them mind their cause: but Mr. Finch, one of the colonel's counsel, after a lawyer had made a long railing speech, which held them a tedious while, he replying; "My lord," said he, "this gentleman hath taken up a great deal of time to tell your lordship how unjust that parliament was, how their committees perverted judgment and right, which he sets forth with all his power of language to make them odious, and in conclusion would persuade your lordship therefore to do the same things." After the hearing at the committee, a report was made so favourable for the colonel that the bill was cast aside, and the house being then ready to adjourn, most of the colonel's friends went out of town, which opportunity Lexington taking notice of, the very last day in a huddle got the bill passed the lords' house.[†]

Then the colonel went down into the country, and found it necessary to reduce and change his family, which were many of them people he took in for charity, when they could no-where else be received, and they had been more humble and dutiful while they were under hatches, but now might find better preferments, and were not to be confided in; yet he dismissed not any of them without bountiful rewards, and such kind dismissions as none but that false generation would not have been obliged by. But some of them soon after betrayed him as much as was in their power, whose prudence had so lived with them, that they knew nothing that could hurt his person.

When the colonel saw how the other poor gentlemen were trepanned that were brought in by proclamation, and how the whole cause itself, from the beginning to the ending, was betrayed and condemned, notwithstanding that he himself, by a wonderful over-ruling providence of God, in that day was preserved; yet he looked upon himself as judged in their judgment, and executed in their execution; and although he was most thankful to God, yet he was not very well satisfied in himself for accepting the deliverance. His wife, who thought she had never deserved so well of him, as in the endeavours and labours she exercised to bring him off, never displeased him more in her life, and had much ado to persuade him to be contented with his deliverance; which, as it was eminently wrought by God, he acknowledged it with thankfulness; but while he saw others suffer, he suffered with them in his mind, and, had not his wife persuaded him, had offered himself a voluntary sacrifice, but being by her convinced that God's eminent appearance seemed to have singled him out for preservation, he with thanks acquiesced in that thing; and further remembering that he was but young at that time when he entered into this engagement, and that many who had preached and led the people into it, and of that parliament, who had declared it to be treason not to advance and promote that cause, were all now apostatised, and as much preached against it, and called it rebellion and murder, and sat on the tribunal to judge it; he again reflected seriously upon all that was past, and begged humbly of God to enlighten him and show him his sin, if ignorance or misunderstanding had led him into error; but the more he examined the cause from the first, the more he became confirmed in it, and from that time set himself to a more diligent study of the scriptures, whereby he attained confirmation in many principles he had before, and daily greater enlightenings concerning the free grace and love of God in Jesus Christ, and the spiritual worship under the gospel, and the gospel liberty, which ought not to be subjected to the wills and ordinances of men in the service of God. This made him rejoice in all he had done in the Lord's cause, and he would often say, the Lord had not thus eminently preserved him for nothing, but that he was yet kept for some eminent service or suffering in this cause; although having been freely pardoned by the present powers, he resolved not to do anything against the king, but thought himself obliged to sit still and wish his prosperity in all things that were not destructive to the interest of Christ and his members on earth; yet as he could not wish well to any ill way, so he believed that God had set him aside, and that therefore he ought to mourn in silence and retiredness, while he lay under this obligation.

---

[*] The same whom, when Viscount Newark, Col. Hutchinson rescued from the violence of the countrymen at Nottingham; to whom afterwards the colonel made, at the request of her friends, the offer of the hand and fortune of Lady Anne Somerset, and who so handsomely now evinces his candour and gratitude. His character is well contrasted with that of Lord Lexington, who in the first place obtained a peerage for the sacrifice of this very money; next refused payment of it to the Newarkers, of whom he had borrowed it; then, upon being compelled to pay it, procured easy terms by the colonel's interference; and now attempts to plunder his benefactor of the whole.

[†] The practice of parliament at that time must have differed from what it now is, for such a bill to originate in the house of lords: we shall presently see it miscarry in the commons.

He had not been long at home but a pursuivant from the council was sent to fetch him from his house at Owthorpe, who carried him to the attorney-general. He, with all preparatory insinuations, how much he would express his gratitude to the king and his repentance for his error, if he would now deal ingenuously in bearing testimony to what he should be examined, sifted him very thoroughly; but the colonel, who was piqued at heart that they should thus use him, to reserve him with an imagination that he would serve their turns in witnessing to the destruction of the rest, composed himself as well as he could, and resolved upon another testimony than they expected, if they had called him to any. But the attorney-general was so ill satisfied with his private examination that he would not venture a public one. He dealt with him with all the art and flatteries that could be, to make him but appear, in the least thing, to have deserted his own and embraced the king's party; and he brought the warrant of execution to the colonel, and would fain have persuaded him to own some of the hands, and to have imparted some circumstances of the sealing, because himself was present. But the colonel answered him, that in a business transacted so many years ago, wherein life was concerned, he durst not bear a testimony, having at that time been so little an observer, that he could not remember the least tittle of that most eminent circumstance, of Cromwell's forcing Col. Ingoldsby to set to his unwilling hand, which, if his life had depended on that circumstance, he could not have affirmed. "And then, Sir," said he, "if I have lost so great a thing as that, it cannot be expected less eminent passages remain with me." Then being shown the gentlemen's hands, he told him he was not well acquainted with them, as having never had commerce with the most of them by letters; and those he could own, he could only say they resembled the writings which he was acquainted with; among these he only picked out Cromwell's, Ireton's, and my Lord Grey's. The attorney-general, very ill satisfied with his private examination, dismissed him; yet was he served with a writ to appear in the court the next day. The colonel had been told that, when they were in distress for witnesses to make up their formality, Col. Ingoldsby had put them upons ending for him, which made him give that instance to the attorney. The next day the court sat, and the colonel was fetched in and made to pass before the prisoner's faces, but examined to nothing; which he much waited for, for the sight of the prisoners, with whom he believed himself to stand at the bar, and the sight of the judges, among whom was that *vile traitor* who had sold the men that trusted him; and he that openly said he abhorred the word *accommodation*, when moderate men would have prevented the war; and the colonel's own *dear friend*, who had wished damnation to his soul if he ever suffered penny of any man's estate, or hair of any man's head, to be touched; the sight of these [*] had so provoked his spirit that, if he had been called to speak, he was resolved to have borne testimony to the cause and against the court; but they asking him nothing, he went to his lodging, and so out of town, and would not come any more into their court, but sent the attorney-general word he could witness nothing, and was sick with being kept in the crowd and the press, and therefore desired to be excused from coming any more thither. The attorney made a very malicious report of him to the chancellor and the king, insomuch as his ruin was then determined, and only opportunity watched to effect it.

When Sir A. Apsley came to the chancellor, he was in a great rage and passion, and fell upon him with much vehemence. "O Nall," said he, "what have you done? you have saved a man that would be ready, if he had opportunity, to mischief us as much as ever he did." Sir Allen was forced to stop his mouth, and tell him, that he believed his brother a less dangerous person than those he had brought into the king's council, meaning Maynard and Glynne[†]; but the truth is, from that time all kindness that any one expressed to the colonel was ill resented, and the Countess of Rochester was also severely rebuked for having appeared so kind to the colonel.

When the parliament sat again, the colonel sent up his wife to solicit his business in the house, that the Lord Lexington's bill might not pass the lower house. At her first coming to town a parliament-man, a creature of Worcester-house, being in his coach, she out of hers called to him, who was her kinsman, and desired his vigilancy to prevent her injury. "I could wish," said he, "it had been finished last time, for your husband hath lately so ill-behaved himself, that it will pass against him." She answered, "I pray let my friends but do their endeavours for me, and then let it be as God will." He smiling at her, replied, "*It is not now as God will, but as we will.*" However she, notwithstanding many other discouragements, waited upon the business every day, when her adversaries as diligently solicited against her. One day a friend came out of the house, and told her that they were that day so engaged that she might go home and rest secure nothing would be done, and that day most of her friends were away, and her opposites took this opportunity to bring it into the house, which was now much alienated, especially all the court party, from the colonel; but God, to show that not friends, nor diligence, preserved our estates, stirred up the hearts of strangers to do us justice, and the bill was thrown out when we had scarce one of these friends we relied on in the house.

---

[*] Monk, Ashley Cooper, and Hollis. Does not every one feel his indignation roused at this wanton outrage upon decency? Perhaps Col. Hutchinson's appearance in court may have been misconstrued by many, as they might be ignorant that it was involuntary, and no one but himself could know that he meant to give evidence contrary to what was desired of him.

[†] Maynard and Glynne had chimed in not only with the parliament but with Cromwell, under whom both held offices. The chancellor will hereafter find them dangerous inmates—in pushing the affair of his accusation and exile.

Presently after Mrs. Hutchinson came to town, a kinsman of hers, fallen into the wicked counsels of the court, came to visit her one evening, and had been so freely drinking as to unlock his bosom, when he told her that the king had been lately among them where he was, and told them that they had saved a man, meaning Col. Hutchinson, who would do the same thing for him he did for his father, for he was still unchanged in his principles, and readier to protect than accuse any of his associates, and would not discover any counsels or designs, or any party, though he were known to have hated them. Then this gentleman told her how contemptuous a carriage it was, that he would not own one but dead hands, and how they were resolved his pardon should never pass the seal, and what a desperate condition he was reduced to. Having thus affrighted her, then, to draw her in by examples, he told her how the late statesmen's wives came and offered them all the informations they had gathered from their husbands, and how she could not but know more than any of them; and if yet she would impart anything that might show her gratitude, she might redeem her family from ruin; and then particularly told her how her husband had been intimate with Vane, Pierrepont, and St. John, whose counsels they knew how far they had gone in this matter, and that if she would prevent others in the declaring of them, she might much advantage herself. But she told him, she perceived any safety one could buy of them was not worth the price of honour and conscience; that she knew nothing of state managements, or if she did, she would not establish herself upon any man's blood and ruin. Then he employed all his wit to circumvent her in discourse, to have gotten something out of her concerning some persons they aimed at, which if he could, I believe would have been beneficial to him; but she discerned his drift, and scorned to become an informer, and made him believe she was ignorant, though she could have enlightened him in the thing he sought for; which they are now never likely to know much of, it being locked up in the grave, and they that survive not knowing that their secrets are removed into another cabinet.* After all, natural affection working at that time with the gentleman, he in great kindness advised her that her husband should leave England. She told him he could not conveniently, and the act of oblivion being passed, she knew not why he should fear, who was resolved to do nothing that might forfeit the grace he had found. But he told her it was determined that, if there were the least pretence in the world, the colonel should be imprisoned, and never be left loose again; which warning, though others of his friends said it was but an effect of his wine, the consequence proved it but too true.

She advertised the colonel and persuaded him, being also advised to the same by other friends, to go out of England, but he would not: he said this was the place where God had set him, and protected him hitherto, and it would be in him an ungrateful distrust of God to forsake it. At this time he would have sold part of his estate to pay his debts, but the purchasers scrupled, desiring to see his pardon, which he not having, was fain to break off the treaty; and though all the friends he had laboured it, the chancellor utterly refused it. There was a thousand pounds offered to one to procure it, but it was tried several times and would not pass, by reason of which he was prevented of the opportunity then to settle his estate; yet a year after, a little solicitor shuffled it in among many others, and managed it so dexterously that it passed all the seals. The colonel's estate being in mortgage with a peevish alderman, who had a design upon it, to have bought it for little or nothing, he had a great trouble with him; for having procured him his money, he would not assign the mortgage, and the others would not lend the money without assignment from him, so that it put the colonel to many inconveniences and great expense.

---

* Any who are delighted with the discovery of a secret will be disappointed that Mrs. Hutchinson did not even here reveal hers, but resisted the bewitching vanity of showing the confidence that had been reposed in her, by betraying it. She might, perhaps, with great propriety, think it not prudent to commit it to writing, though it was to be read only by her own family.—Of the persons here named, Sir H. Vane, it is well known, was sacrificed to the manes of Lord Strafford, whose attainder he was supposed in a great measure to have procured: but there seems not to have been any pretence for excepting him out of the amnesty. He viewed his fate, and the king who sentenced him to it, with equal contempt; and the passage before us is a proof of the fidelity he maintained towards his associates.—St. John was excluded from all offices; but Pierrepont escaped untouched in all respects, and represented the county of Nottingham in the short parliament which restored the king, but appears not to have been re-chosen in that which succeeded it. That he who was so *deeply engaged* should have come off so well, is matter of wonder, and the more so when we take into consideration the following particulars.

The ingenious writer of the critique of this work in the Annual Review, conjectures that the secret which this friend of Mrs. Hutchinson endeavoured to extort from her was, *the name of that considerable person who had formed the design of settling the state under Richard Cromwell*, as mentioned in p. 111: this is highly probable, and still more so that this person was Mr. William Pierrepont, and that the royalists aimed peculiarly at his destruction, as will appear from many passages that are to be found in the third volume of Clarendon's State Papers. In one part the good-will of Pierrepont to Richard Cromwell and Richard's respect for him are spoken of: in another Hyde instructs his spies to "gain Thurloe, whom he thinks considerable, and he would gain St. John and Pierrepont," adding significantly, "they have manifested that they have no inveterate objection to a *single person*, and the right heir is the person." In another place it is said by one of the spies that "St. John, Pierrepont, and Thurloe, continue to cabal and press the general (Monk); *three such evil beasts do not exist.*" But when Pierrepont is reported to be ill, the most eager wishes are expressed for his death. No doubt but the *virtuous ministers* of Charles II. dreaded his abilities and integrity as they coveted his property: but supported by such connexions as he was, they could not venture to attack him without some clear and strong information against him. That these harpies were disappointed in their project of extinguishing this eminent patriot and his family, and pouncing on their possessions, may then most likely be attributed to the constancy and discretion of Mrs. Hutchinson.

This parliament being risen, another was called by the king's writ, wherein the act of oblivion was again confirmed, not without some canvassing and opposition; and here again another act about that money of the Lord Lexington's was prepared and twice read in the house, through divers abominable untruths which they had forged and possessed the members withal. The colonel himself solicited his own defence, and had all the injustice and foul play imaginable at the committee appointed to examine it, and it was so desperate that all his friends persuaded him to compound it; but he would not, though his enemies offered it, but said, he would either be cleared by a just, or ruined by an unjust sentence, and, pursuing it with his usual alacrity and vigour in all things, he at last removed that prepossession that some of the gentlemen had against him, and clearing himself to some that were most violent, it pleased God to turn the hearts of the house at last to do him justice, and to throw out the bill for evermore, which was a great mercy to him and his family, for it was to have thrown him out of possession of all the estates he had, and to have put them into his enemies' hands till they had satisfied themselves; but the defending himself was very chargeable to him, and not only so, but this rumour of trouble upon his estate, and the brags of his enemies, and the cloud he lay under, hindered him both from letting and selling, and improving his estate, so that it very much augmented his debt.

Before this time, in December 1660, Capt. Cooper sent one Broughton, a lieutenant, and Andrews, a cornet, with a company of soldiers, who plundered his house at Owthorpe, while he was absent, of all the weapons they found in it, to his very wearing-swords, and his own armour for himself, although at that time there was no prohibition of any person whatsoever to have or wear arms. The colonel was not then at home, and the arms were laid up in a closet within his chamber, where they searched, and all the house over, to see if they could have found plate or anything else, but when they could not, they carried these away, which one of his servants, whom he had dismissed with a good reward, betrayed to them. His eldest son went to the Marquis of Newcastle, lord lieutenant of the county, and complained of the violence of the soldiers, and my lord gave him an order to have the swords and other things back, and some pistols which were the Lord Biron's, but Mr. Cooper contemned my lord's order, and would not obey it. The arms were worth near £100.

Also an order came down from the secretary, commanding certain pictures and other things the colonel had bought out of the late king's collection, which had cost him in ready money between £1000 and £1500 and were of more value, and these, notwithstanding the act of oblivion, were all taken from him.

After these troubles were over from without, the colonel lived with all imaginable retiredness at home, and, because his active spirit could not be idle nor very sordidly employed, took up his time in opening springs, and planting trees, and dressing his plantations; and these were his recreations, wherein he relieved many poor labourers when they wanted work, which was a very comfortable charity to them and their families: with these he would entertain himself, giving them much encouragement in their honest labours, so that they delighted to be employed by him. His business was serious revolving the law of God, wherein he laboured to instruct his children and servants, and enjoyed himself with much patience and comfort, not envying the glories and honours of the court, nor the prosperity of the wicked; but only grieved that the straitness of his own revenues would not supply his large heart to the poor people in affliction. Some little troubles he had in his own house. His son, unknown to him, married a very worthy person,* with the manner of which he was so discontented that he once resolved to have banished them for ever, but his good-nature was soon overcome, and he received them into his bosom, and for the short time he enjoyed her had no less love for her than for any of his own children. And indeed she was worthy of it, applying herself with such humble dutifulness and kindness to repair her fault, and to please him in all the things he delighted in, that he was ravished with the joy of her, who loved the place not as his own wife did, only because she was placed in it, but with a natural affection, which encouraged him in all the pains he took to adorn it, when he had one to leave it to that would esteem it. She was besides naturalised into his house and interests, as if she had had no other regard in the world; she was pious and cheerful, liberal and thrifty, complaisant and kind to all the family; and the freest from humour of any woman, loving home, without melancholy or sullenness, observant of her father and mother, not with regret, but with delight, and the most submissive affectionate wife that ever was: but she, and all the joy of her sweet, saint-like conversation, ended in a lamented grave, about a year after her marriage, when she died in childbirth, and left the sweetest babe behind her that ever was beheld, whose face promised all its mother's graces, but death, within eight weeks after her birth, ravished this sweet blossom, whose fall opened the fresh wounds of sorrow for her mother, thus doubly lost. While the mother lived, which was ten days after her delivery, the colonel and his wife employed all imaginable pains and cares for her recovery, whereof they had often hopes, but in the end all in vain; she died, and left the whole house in very sensible affliction, which continued upon the colonel and his wife till new strokes awakened them out of the silent sorrow of this funeral. Her husband having no joy in the world after she was gone, some months shut himself up with his grief in his chamber, out of which he was hardly persuaded to go, and when he did, every place about home so much renewed the remembrance of her he could not think of but with deep affliction, that being invited by his friends abroad to divert his melancholy,* he grew a little out of love with home, which was a great damping to the pleasures his father took in the place: but he, how eager soever he were in the love of any worldly thing, had that moderation of spirit that he submitted his will always to God, and endeavoured to give him thanks in all things.

---

* The daughter of Sir Alexander Ratcliffe, of the royalist party.

This winter, about October and the following months, the papists began to be very high, and a sort of strangers were come into Nottingham, who were observed to distinguish themselves by scarlet ribands in their hats; and one night, in a drunken humour, a papist fired a hay barn in a wood-yard in Nottingham, which, if not discovered and prevented by many providences, might have endangered much of the town: but it did £200 worth of mischief; but the matter was shuffled up and compounded, although the same night several other towns were attempted to be fired. A great papist at Eastwold was known to assemble two hundred men in arms in the night, and some of the Lord Carrington's tenants, that went to Arundel-house to speak with their landlord, observed very strange suspicious signs of some great business on foot among the papists, who, both in Nottinghamshire and Leicestershire, were so exalted, that the very country people everywhere apprehended some insurrection. Among the rest there was a light-headed debauched young knight, that lived next town to Owthorpe, who vapoured beyond all bounds, and had twelve pair of holsters for pistols, at one time, of the colonel's saddler, and rode at that time with half-a-dozen men, armed, up and down the country, and sent them, and went himself to several men who had been soldiers in the army, to offer them brave terms to list under him, telling them they, meaning the papists, should have a day for it. Besides, he, with the parson of the parish, and some other men, at an alehouse, began a health to the confusion of all the protestants in England; and one of the colonel's maids going to Colson, to have a sore eye cured by a woman in the town, heard there that he had vapoured, the papists should shortly have their day, and that he would not leave one alive in the colonel's house. He sent to the preacher of Cotgrove, to forbid him to preach on Gunpowder-treason day, threatening to kill him if he did, insomuch that the town were forced to keep a guard all that day upon the steeple.

The men whom the papists had endeavoured to list, acquainted the colonel with it, whereof some being in Leicestershire, the colonel sent his son to Sir George Villiers, one of the deputy-lieutenants of that county, to acquaint him with it; but he slighted the matter, although at that time it would have been proved that Golding brought a whole coach loaden with pistols, as many as they could stuff under the seats and in the boots, to the house of one Smith, a papist, dwelling at Queniborough in Leicestershire. The colonel also sent to the deputy lieutenants of our county, to acquaint them of the public danger, and how himself was threatened; and, by reason that his house had been disarmed, desired that he might have leave to procure some necessary arms to defend it; but they sent him word that the insurrection of the papists was but a fanatic jealousy, and if he were afraid, they would send him a guard, but durst not allow him to arm his house. He disdaining their security that would not trust him with his own, would have taken a house at Nottingham for his wife to lie in, who being then big with child, was near her account; but although she were fearful, yet when she found him resolved to stay in his own house, she would not go; whereupon he made strong shuts to all his low windows with iron bars, and that very night that they were set up, the house was attempted to be broken into in the night, and the glass of one of the great casements broken, and the little iron bars of it crashed in sunder. Mrs. Hutchinson being late up, heard the noise, and thought somebody had been forcing the doors, but as we since heard, it was Golding who made the attempt. The common people everywhere falling into suspicion of the papists, began to be highly offended at their insolence, and to mutter strange words; whither it were this, or what else, we know not, but their design proceeded no further; yet there is nothing more certain than that at that time they had a design of rising generally all over England in arms. But the colonel lived so retired, that he never understood how it was taken up, and how it fell off, yet although they would not take the alarm from him, even the gentlemen of the county afterwards believed they were hatching some mischief, and feared it.

The colonel continued his usual retiredness all that winter and the next summer, about the end of which he dreamed one night that he saw certain men in a boat upon the Thames, labouring against wind and tide, to bring their boat, which stuck in the sands, to shore; at which he, being in the boat, was angry with them, and told them they toiled in vain, and would never effect their purpose; but, said he, let it alone and let me try; whereupon he laid him down in the boat, and applying his breast to the head of it, gently shoved it along, till he came to land on Southwark side, and there, going out of the boat, walked in the most pleasant lovely fields, so green and flourishing, and so embellished with the cheerful sun that shone upon them, as he never saw anything so delightful, and there he met his father, who gave him certain leaves of laurel, which had many words written in them which he could not read. The colonel was never superstitious of dreams, but this stuck a little in his mind, and we were therefore seeking applications of it, which proved nothing in the event, but that having afforded one, I know not whether the dream might not be inspired. The boat representing the commonwealth, which several unquiet people sought to enfranchise, by vain endeavours, against wind and tide, paralleling the plots and designs some impatient people then carried on without strength, or counsel, or unity among themselves; his lying down and shoving it with his breast, might signify the advancement of the cause, by the patient suffering of the martyrs, among which his own was to be eminent, and on the other side of the river to land him into walks of everlasting pleasure, he dying on that shore, and his father's giving him these laurel leaves with unintelligible characters, foretold him those triumphs which he could not read in his mortal estate; but to let dreams pass—

---

* Mr. Thomas Hutchinson did not marry again, but died without issue.

I cannot here omit one story, though not altogether so much of the colonel's concern, yet happening this summer, not unworthy mention. Mr. Palmer, a certain non-conformist preacher, was taken at his own house in Nottingham by the mayor of the town, for preaching upon the Lord's day, and some others with him, (whereof one was formerly a servant of the colonel's, and had married one of his maids), and put into the town's jail, where they continued about two or three months. There being a grated window in the prison, that was almost even with the ground, and looked into the street, all people coming by, might see these poor people, kept in a damp ill-favoured room, where they patiently exhorted and cheered one another. One Lord's day, after sermon-time, the prisoners were singing a psalm, and the people as they passed up and down, still when they came to the prison, stood still, till there were a great many gathered about the window at which Mr. Palmer was preaching; whereupon the mayor, one Toplady, who had formerly been a parliament officer, but was now a renegado, came violently with his officers, and beat the people, and thrust some into prison that were but passing the streets, kicked and pinched the men's wives in his rage, and was the more exasperated, when some of them told him, how ill his fury became him, who had once been one of them. The next day, or few days after, having given order the prisoners should every Lord's day after be locked in the coal-house, he went to London and made information, I heard on oath, to the council, that a thousand of the country came in armed to the town, and marched to the prison window, to hear the prisoner preach; whereupon he procured an order for a troop of horse to be sent down to quarter at Nottingham, to keep the fanatics in awe. But one who had relation to the town, being then at court, and knowing this to be false, certified to the contrary, and prevented the troop. After the mayor came down, he was one night taken with a vomiting of blood, and being ill, called his man and his maid, who also, at the same time, fell a bleeding, and were all ready to be choked in their own blood, which at last stopping, they came to assist him; but after that he never lifted up his head, but languished a few months and died.

While these poor people were in prison, the colonel sent them some money, and, as soon as their time was expired, Mr. Palmer came to Owthorpe to give him thanks, and preached there one Lord's day. Whether this were taken notice of is not evident, but within a short time after, upon the Lord's day, the 11th of October, 1663, the colonel having that day finished the expounding of the Epistle to the Romans to his household, and the servants being gone out of the parlour from him, one of them came in and told him soldiers were come to the town. He was not at all surprised, but stayed in the room till they came in, who were conducted by Atkinson, one of those Newark men who had so violently before prosecuted him at the parliament, and he told the colonel he must go along with them, after they had searched the house; for which the colonel required their commission, which at the first they said they need not show, but after they showed him an order from Mr. Francis Leke, one of the deputy lieutenants, forthwith to repair to his house, to search for and bring away what arms they could find, and to seize his person. All which they did, and found no arms in the house, but four birding guns, that hung open in the kitchen, which being the young gentleman's, at that time they left. It was after sunset when they came, and they were at least two hours searching every corner and all about the house, and the colonel was not at that time very well in health, and not having been for six months before on horseback, had neither horses nor saddles at that time in the house; the coachman was also gone away, and the coach-horses turned out, and it was as bitter a stormy, pitchy, dark, black, rainy night, as any that came that year; all which considered, the colonel desired that they would but stay for the morning light, that he might accommodate himself; but they would not, but forced him to go then along with them, his eldest son lending him a horse, and also voluntarily accompanying him to Newark, where, about four of the clock in the morning, he was brought into the Talbot, and put into a most vile room, and two soldiers kept guard upon him in that room.

And now what they ailed we knew not, but they were all seized with a panic fear, and the whole country fiercely alarmed, and kept at Newark many days at intolerable charges, and I think they never yet knew what they were sent for in to do, but to guard Col. Hutchinson; who being at first put into a room that looked into the street, was removed after into a back room, worse, if worse could be, and so bad that they would not let the Duke of Buckingham's footmen lodge in it: and here he continued, no man coming at him nor letting him know why he was brought in. The next day Mrs. Hutchinson sent him some linen, and as soon as the man came, Tomson, the host of the inn, would not suffer him to see his master, but seized him and kept him prisoner two days. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson had a mare which the inn-keeper had a desire to buy, and his father persuaded him to let him have her worth money, who thereupon agreed on the price, only Tomson desired him to let him try the mare six miles, which he condescended to do, upon condition that if Tomson rode the mare above six miles, he should pay the money for her, and furnish Mr. Hutchinson with a horse home, or to my Lord of Newcastle's, or any other occasion he had while he was at Newark. Upon this bargain Tomson had the mare, but instead of going but six miles, led a greater party of horse than those who first seized the colonel, to Owthorpe, and coming in after sunset, to the affright of Mrs. Hutchinson and her children, again searched their house more narrowly if possible than at first, with much more insolent behaviour, although they found no more than at first; but they took away the birding guns they had left before, and from Owthorpe went to Nottingham, where they took one Capt. Wright and Lieut. Franck, who had been Lambert's adjutant-general, and brought the poor men to Newark, where they are yet prisoners, and to this day know not why*. Several others were taken prisoners, amongst the rest, one Whittington, a lieutenant, who being carried to prison, "Col. Hutchinson," said he, "hath betrayed us all:" such were the base jealousies of our own party over him, who because he was not hanged at first, imagined and spoke among themselves all the scandals that could be devised of him, as one that had deserted the cause, and lay private here in the country to trepan all the party, and to gather and transmit all intelligence to the court, and a thousand such things, giving each other warning to take heed of coming near him. Those who began to render him thus odious among his own party, were the Lambertonians, in malice because he had openly opposed their rebellious insolencies against the parliament. Franck and Whittington, &c. were of these, but the colonel would not put himself in hazard to rectify their unjust thoughts, and had no resort of his own friends, the soberer and honester men of the party; only, as much as the straits that were upon him would allow, when any of them were in distress, would send them relief. Hereupon, some convinced of the injuries they did him, about this time sought to do him right, in some meeting where one of the Buckingham's trepans was, and said he was unchanged in his principles, which was all that ever I could hear was informed against him, but anything would serve for those who sought a pretence.

While the colonel was at Newark, Golding the papist was a very busy fellow in spying and watching his house at Owthorpe, and sending in frivolous stories, which amounted to nothing, but declaring his pitiful malice, as they that received it after told the colonel.

When Tomson came back, Mr. Hutchinson, out of the window, spied his own gun, which some of the men brought in, and soon understood that this rogue had made use of his own horse to plunder him. At night Tomson the host came up into the colonel's chamber, and behaved himself most insolently, whereupon the colonel snatched up a candlestick and laid him over the chaps with it; whereupon Mr. Leke being in the house, and hearing the bustle, with others came in with drawn swords, and the colonel took that opportunity to tell him, that he stood upon his justification, and desired to know his crime and his accusers, and that till then he was content to be kept as safe as they would have him, but desired to be delivered out of the hands of that insolent fellow, and to have accommodation fit for a gentleman; which, when they saw he would not be without, for he would eat no more meat in that house, they after two days removed him to the next inn, where he was civilly treated, with guards still remaining upon him.

It was not passion which made the colonel do this, for he was not at all angry, but despised all the malice of his enemies, but he having been now four days in Newark, Mr. Leke came every day to the house where he was kept by Leke's warrant, and never vouchsafed so much as to look on him, but put him into the hands of a drunken insolent host, who daily affronted him, which if he would have suffered, he saw would be continued upon him, therefore knowing that Leke was then in the house, he took that occasion to make him come to him, and thereupon obtained a remove to an accommodation more befitting a gentleman.

While he was at the other inn, several gentlemen of the king's party came to him, some whom he had known, and some whom he had never seen, complimenting him, as if he had not been a prisoner, which he very much admired at, and could yet never understand, for by his former usage he saw it was not their good-nature; but whether this carriage of his had made them believe innocency was the ground of his confidence, or whether the appearance of his great spirit had made them willing to oblige him, or whether even his virtue had struck them with a guilty dread of him, though a prisoner, certain it is, that some who had been his greatest enemies, began to flatter with him; whereupon in a bible he carried in his pocket, and marked upon all occasions, he marked that place, Prov. xvi. 7. "when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him."

The 19th of October, Mr. Leke, with a party of horse, carried the colonel to the Marquis of Newcastle's, who treated him very honourably; and then falling into discourse with him, "Colonel," saith he, "they say you desire to know your accusers, which is more than I know." And thereupon very freely showed him the Duke of Buckingham's letter, commanding him to imprison the colonel and others, upon suspicion of a plot, which my lord was so fully satisfied the colonel was innocent of, that he dismissed him without a guard to his own house, only engaging him to stay there one week, till he gave account to the council, upon which he was confident of his liberty. The colonel thus dismissed came home, and upon the 22d day of October, a party of horse, sent only with a wretched corporal, came about 11 o'clock with a warrant from Mr. Leke, and fetched him back to Newark, to the inn where he was before. Mr. Twentimans, who being still civil to him, whispered him, as soon as he alighted, that it was determined he should be close prisoner; whereupon the colonel said he would no more pay any sentinels that they set upon him, yet they set two hired soldiers, having now dismissed the county, but the colonel forbade the inn to give them any drink, or anything else upon his account. The next day, being the 23d, Mr. Leke came to him and showed him a letter from my Lord Newcastle, wherein my lord wrote that he was sorry he could not pursue that kindness he intended the colonel, believing him innocent, for that he had received a command from Buckingham to keep him close prisoner, without pen, ink, or paper; and to show the reality of this, with the order he sent a copy of the duke's letter, which was also showed the colonel; and in it was this expression, "*that though he could not make it out as yet, he hoped he should bring Mr. Hutchinson into the plot.*" Mr. Leke having communicated these orders to Mr. Hutchinson, told him he was to go to London, and should leave him in the charge of the mayor of Newark.

Because here is so much noise of a plot, it is necessary to tell what it hath since appeared The Duke of Buckingham set to work one Gore, sheriff of Yorkshire, and others, who sent out trepanners among the discontented people, to stir them to insurrection to restore the old parliament, gospel ministry, and English liberty, which specious things found very many ready to entertain them, and abundance of simple people were caught in the net; whereof some lost their lives, and others fled. But the colonel had no hand in it, holding himself obliged at that time to be quiet. It is true he still suspected insurrections of the papists, and had secured his house and his yards, better than it was the winter before, against any sudden night assaults.

---

* This shows that the confinement of these persons lasted still longer than Col. Hutchinson's, and likewise that this history was written while the events were still recent and fresh in the memory.

After Mr. Leke was gone, the mayor, one Herring, of Newark, a rich, but simple fellow, sent the jailer to Mr. Hutchinson, to tell him he must go to his house; which the colonel refusing to do voluntarily, without a mittimus from some magistrate, the mayor sent five constables and two soldiers, who, by violence, both forced the colonel out of his quarters, and into the jail without any legal commitment, although the colonel warned both the jailor and the men of the danger of the law, by this illegal imprisonment. The colonel would not advance at all into the prison, into which the men would fain have intreated him; but when they saw they could not persuade, they violently thrust him in, where the jailor afterwards used him pretty civilly: but the room being unfit for him, he got cold and fell very sick, when, upon the 27th of October, Mr. Leke, with the marquis's secretary, came to him, and found him so, and acquainted him, that the marquis had received express orders from the king, to send him up in safe custody to London; Mr. Leke finding him so ill, was so civil as to permit him to go by his own house, which was as near a road, that he might there take accommodations for his journey, and be carried up at more ease in his own coach, Mr. Leke himself, being necessitated to make more haste than he could have done if he had stayed for the party that was to guard the colonel, went away before, and left his orders for sending him away with Mr. Atkinson, who first seized him. The same 27th day, at night, his house at Owthorpe was again searched, and he and his wife being abroad, all their boxes and cabinets broken open, and all their papers rifled, but yet for all this they could find nothing to colour their injustice to him.

Having been falsely and illegally imprisoned, from six of the clock on Friday night, the 23rd of October, till ten of the clock in the morning, October the 28th, he was then, in order to his going to London, brought by Beek the jailer to Twentimans', the inn, from whence he was haled, to stay there till a commanded party of the county horse came to guard him to London. But one division of the county who had warrants sent them, not coming in, Atkinson sent into that part where the colonel lived, and his own neighbours coming slowly and unwillingly to that service, he was forced to stay there all that day till night, in the custody of the jailor. At night, when he was in bed, the mayor, being drunk, commanded him to be carried back to the jail, but the jailer, weary of his drunken commands, sat up with two soldiers, and guarded him in the inn.

The next day the party not being come in, a mean fellow, that was appointed to command the colonel's guard, one Corporal Wilson, came and told him that he must not go by his own house, nor have the privilege of his coach, but be carried up another way; whereupon the colonel sent to Atkinson to desire him he might not be denied that civility Mr. Leke had allowed him; but, he was so peevish and obstinate, that the colonel was sending his son post to the Marquis of Newcastle's to complain of his malicious inhumanity, who would have forced him on horseback without any accommodation, when he was so ill that he could not have ridden one stage without manifest hazard of his life: and yet Mr. Cecil Cooper and Mr. Whally, though justices and deputy-lieutenants, could not prevail with him, till he saw the colonel as resolute as himself: and then at last, by their mediation (wherein Mr. Cecil Cooper did something redeem his former causeless hatred, which made him plunder the house, and detain the plunder when it was ordered back), the colonel, about sunset, was sent out of Newark, with those horse that were come in, to stay for the rest at his own house. Being driven in the night by an unskilful coachman, the coach was overturned and broken; but about twelve of the clock at night they came safe home. Thus the colonel took his last leave of Newark, which being a place he had formerly subdued, and replete with so many malicious enemies to the whole party, and more particularly to him, upon no other account but that he had been the most formidable protector of the other party in this country, he expected far worse treatment from the generality of the town; who were so far from joining in joy of his captivity, that when he was forced through their streets they gave him very civil respect, and when he came away civil farewells, and all muttered exceedingly at their mayor, and said he would undo their town by such simple illegal proceedings. The colonel regarded all these civilities from the town, who were generally much concerned in his injuries, and from Cooper and others, not as of themselves, but as from God, who at that time overawed the hearts of his enemies, as once he did Laban's and Esau's, and was much confirmed in the favour of God thereby, and nothing at all daunted at the malice of his prosecutors, but went as cheerfully into captivity as another would have come out of it.

They were forced to stay a day at Owthorpe, for the mending of the coach and coming in of the soldiers, where the colonel had the opportunity to take leave of his poor labourers, who wept all bitterly when he paid them off; but he comforted them and smiled, and without any regret went away from his bitterly weeping children, and servants, and tenants, his wife and his eldest son and daughter going with him, upon Saturday, the 31st of October.

Golding, the night before he went, had sent him a pot of marmalade to eat in the coach, and a letter to desire all grudges might be forgotten, and high flattering stuff, by his man that was to be one of the guard, which he said he had chosen out of the best he had, and his best horse, and if he did not pay him all respect he would turn him away; and as the colonel came by his door, came out with wine, and would fain have brought him into the house to eat oysters, but the colonel only drank with him, and bade him friendly farewell, and went on, not guarded as a prisoner, but waited on by his neighbours. Mrs. Hutchinson was exceedingly sad, but he encouraged and kindly chid her out of it, and told her it would blemish his innocence for her to appear afflicted, and told her if she had but patience to wait the event, she would see it all for the best, and bade her be thankful for the mercy that she was permitted this comfort to accompany him in the journey, and with divers excellent exhortations cheered her, who was not wholly abandoned to sorrow while he was with her, who, to divert her, made himself sport with his guards, and deceived the way, till, upon the 3rd of November, he was brought to the Crown, in Holborn. From thence, the next day, he was carried by Mr. Leke to the Tower, and committed there close prisoner, by warrant, signed by Secretary Bennet*, the 20th of October, whereby he stood committed for treasonable practices, though he had never yet been examined by any magistrate, one or other. His wife, by his command, restrained herself as much as she could from showing her sadness, whom he bade to remember how often he had told her that God never preserved him so extraordinarily at first, but for some great work he had further for him to do or to suffer in this cause, and bade her be thankful for the mercy by which they had so long in peace enjoyed one another since this eminent change, and bade her trust God with him; whose faith and cheerfulness were so encouraging, that it a little upheld her; but, alas! her divining heart was not to be comforted: she remembered what had been told her of the cruel resolutions taken against him, and saw now the execution of them.

On Friday, Nov. the 6th, he was sent for by Secretary Bennet, to his lodgings at Whitehall, which was the first time he was examined, and the questions he asked him were:—1st. "Where he had lived this four or five months?" To which he answered, "Constantly at home, at his own house in Nottinghamshire." 2nd. "What company used to resort to his house?" He told him, "None, not so much as his nearest relations, who scarce ever saw him." 3rd. "What company he frequented?" He told him, "None, and that he never stirred out of his own house to visit any." Bennett said, "That was very much." 4th. "Whether he knew Mr. Henry Nevill?" He answered, "Very well." 5th. "When he saw him?" He said, "To his best remembrance, never since the king came in." 6th. "When he writ to him?" He said, "Never in his life?" 7th. "When Mr. Nevill writ to him?" He said, "Never." 8th. "Whether any messages had passed between them?" He said, "None at all." 9th. "Whether none had moved anything to him concerning a republic?" He said, "He knew none so indiscreet." 10th. "What children he had?" He said, "Four sons and four daughters." 11th. "How old his sons were?" He said, "Two were at men's estate, and two little children." 12th. "Whether his sons had not done anything to injure him?" He replied, "Never that he knew of, and he was confident they had not." 13th. "Where he went to church to hear divine service, common prayer?" He said, "No where, for he never stirred out of his own house." 14th. "Whether he heard it not read there?" He answered, "To speak ingenuously, No." 15th. "How he then did for his soul's comfort?" He replied, "Sir, I hope you leave me that to account between God and my own soul." Then Bennet told him his answers to these had cut him off of many questions he should have asked, and he might return. So he was carried back to the Tower with only two of the warders which brought him thither.

Not long after one Waters was brought prisoner out of Yorkshire, a fellow of a timorous spirit, who being taken, was in so great a fear, that he accused many guilty and not guilty, to save himself; caused his own wife to be put in prison and hanged the dearest friend he had in the world, and brought his wife's brother into the same danger; some say through fear, others that he was a trepanner from the beginning, for he drew in all the people whom he accused. Whatever he were, he was so utter a stranger to Col. Hutchinson, that he never saw his face; yet that day he was examined at Whitehall, Col. Hutchinson was in great haste fetched away from his dinner at the Tower, and told he should be examined in the king's own hearing, which he was very glad of, and, with great haste and formality and strictness he was carried by the deputy-lieutenant and a strong guard by water from the Tower to Whitehall; and when he came to land at Whitehall stairs, one Andrews an officer, with two files of musketeers, was ready to receive him, and led him to Bennet's lodgings, where he observed a great deal of care to place the guard at the outward door in the court, and to keep the chamber door continually shut, that none might peep in, but a few gentlemen who were admitted to come now and then and stare him in the face at the door, but none were in the room for a long space but Andrews and himself, till at the last his keeper thrust in. The colonel, having staid two hours, concluded that he should now be confronted by some accuser, or at least have an examination more tending to treasonable practices than his first seemed to do, especially understanding that Mr. Waters had been many hours before in the house, and was yet there. But at last, *parturiunt montes!* and out comes Secretary Bennet! who taking him to a window apart from Mr. Andrews and the keeper, most formally begins thus: "Mr. Hutchinson, you have now been some days in prison, have you recollected yourself any more to say than when I last spoke to you?" Mr. Hutchinson answered, "He had nothing to recollect, nor more to say." "Are you sure of that?" said the secretary. "Very sure," said Mr. Hutchinson. "Then," said Bennet, "you must return to prison." And accordingly he was carried by the same guard back again to the Tower, where he was kept with a great deal of strictness, and some weeks before his wife was admitted to see him; for whom, at the last, Sir Allen Apsley procured an order that she might visit him, but they limited it that it must not be but in the presence of his keeper. The lieutenant, in hope of a fee, gave leave that her son and daughter might go into the room with her, who else must have stood without doors; but he would not permit her to take lodgings in the Tower, which, being in a sharp winter season, put her to great toil and inconvenience, besides excessive charge of providing his meat at the Tower, and her company in another place: meanwhile he was kept close prisoner, and had no air allowed him, but a pair of leads over his chamber, which were so high and cold he had no benefit by them; and every night he had three doors shut upon him, and a sentinel at the outmost. His chamber was a room where 'tis said the two young princes, King Edward the Fifth and his brother, were murdered in former days, and the room that led to it was a dark great room, that had no window in it, where the portcullis to one of the inward Tower gates was drawn up and let down, under which there sat every night a court of guard. There is a tradition, that in this room the Duke of Clarence was drowned in a butt of malmsey; from which murder, this room and that joining it where Mr. Hutchinson lay, was called the Bloody Tower. Between Mr. Hutchinson's chamber and the dark room there was a door, which Mr. Hutchinson desired the lieutenant might be left open in the night, because it left a little necessary house open to the chamber, which he and his man had occasion of in the night, having gotten fluxes with their bad accommodations and diet: but the lieutenant would not allow it him, although, when that was open, there were two doors more shut upon him, and he could not have any way attempted any escape, but he must, if it had been possible to work through the walls, have fallen upon a court of guard.

---

* Sir Harry Bennet, afterwards created Earl of Arlington.

Notwithstanding all this strictness, which was exercised also to most of the other prisoners, yet their own sentinels hated the lieutenant, and his Cerberus, Cresset, because they cheated them, and had nothing of generosity or bounty to engage the hearts of their soldiers, who, seeing so much of their wickedness, abhorred them, and pitied the poor gentlemen that were so barbarously used by them; and whether out of humanity, or necessity, or villany, I know not, but they would offer the prisoners many courtesies, and convey letters between them. Mr. Hutchinson was never so imprudent to trust any of them with his, having within an hour of his imprisonment been instructed by another prisoner a safer and more convenient way; yet was it their interest to use courteously all those that offered themselves to do them service. Among the rest, as he was one day sitting by the fire, the sentinel at the door peeped in his head and called to him: "Sir," said he, "God bless you! I have sometimes guarded you in another manner at the parliament-house, and am grieved to see the change of your condition, and only take this employment now, to be more able to serve you, still hoping to see you restored to what I have seen you." The colonel not turning his head, told the man that language suited not the coat he wore, bade him mind his present duty, and told him he had no employment of his service. "Well," said the soldier, "I perceive, Sir, you dare not trust me, but my Lady Vane and my Lady Lambert know me, and if you have any service to command me to them, I will bring you a testimony from them." The colonel took no more notice of him, but the fellow, officious, or hoping to get money, went to my Lady Lambert's house, and told her that he had formerly been her husband's soldier and that he wished his restitution, and that he used sometimes to guard the prisoners, and would carry her letters to any of them, and that he had been sentinel lately at Colonel Hutchinson's chamber, and would carry any thing she would send to him. She only bade him remember her service to him, and tell him she wished him liberty; and the fellow flattering her with professing his love to her lord, she expressed some pleasure with his speeches, and gave him some money; which her daughter considering, as soon as he was gone out told her that she had done unwarily to open herself so much to one of the soldiers in present employment, whom she did not know but he might be set on purpose to trepan her. My lady, to prevent any inconvenience of her error, thought it the best way to go immediately and complain that one of the soldiers had come to her to trepan her, under colour of a message from Col. Hutchinson, which she had not entertained; and desired they might not be allowed in any such thing, protesting her own loyalty and readiness to discover any that were false to them. This was extremely well represented of her at the court, and as ill of Col. Hutchinson, that he had not done the like; and Col. Leg, whose company it was that then hád the guard of the Tower, was commanded to find out and punish this soldier, who, it proved after, was a good honest fellow, and was the only protestant in that company, the rest being most of them Irish and papists, and some rebels. This poor fellow, having been a parliament soldier, listed among them to get a living, but was very tender-hearted to the prisoners, and had a desire to do them kindness. Hereupon he came to the colonel's man and desired his master would not own him, and that he would send to my Lady Lambert to do the same, which the colonel did: but when she was sent to by him, she sent a maid to see all the soldiers, who owned the man, and he was put in prison, and cashiered and undone, for nothing but offering his service to have done the prisoners slight services; and Col. Hutchinson was ill thought of at the court, because when Col. Leg brought his men under the window of his prison, and came up to Mr. Hutchinson and desired him to view them all, he would not accuse any of them, which if he had he would not only have cut off his own, but all the other prisoners' ways, of sending to their friends abroad; yet he never made use of this fellow, nor any of them, in any business of trust, although he thought it not good to discourage any that appeared to wish them well, among so many bloody murderers as they were given up to.

The colonel endured his prison patiently till the trial of those they called conspirators in Yorkshire was over; but when he had lain from November till Candlemas term in prison, he sent his wife to Secretary Bennet to desire that such persons as had business with him might have the liberty to come to him. She had before been with some of the private council who were her husband's friends and allies, to complain of his unjust imprisonment, and his harsh usage there, contrary to all law, from the beginning to the ending, even their own laws, and they had told her that they were sensible of it, but that they only stood for ciphers, while the chancellor and Bennet managed all things without their privity, in most oppressive and illegal ways. She, as she was advised, went therefore to Bennet and told him that, by reason of some engagements for money her husband had upon his estate, this very close imprisonment had been infinitely prejudicial to him, both his tenants and his creditors taking advantages of his incapacity, by reason of his close restraint, to defend himself, or to speak with lawyers or others about affairs that nearly concerned his estate; besides the neglect of all his business, and the intolerable charge and inconvenience of his disordered family, dispersed into three several places, which would suddenly bring ruin upon his whole family, besides the destruction of his health. Bennet told her, her husband was a very unfortunate person in regard of his former crimes. She told him, she had rather hoped he had been happy in being comprised in the act of oblivion, which allowed him not to be remembered as a criminal, and that she had chosen to make her addresses to him in this occasion, because some of the counsel had told her the king left all the management of these things to him. He was very urgent with her to know who it was that informed her that he was the sole actor in these businesses; but she desired to be excused for naming any author in that thing, which she had not mentioned but that she thought it his honour to own: but he told her, he would not move for any more liberty for her husband than he had, unless he could be secured it might be done with more safety to his majesty than he could apprehend it. "But," said he, "Mrs. Hutchinson, I have some papers of yours which I would show, not to examine you, but to see whether you will inform me anything of them." She told him she had curiosity enough to see anything that passed under her name; whereupon he called forth his man, who brought out a great bundle of papers, called examinations, taken at Grantham, of passages between Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Vane. First he showed her a character which contained ciphers for the names of many gentlemen and women who were not very distant neighbours, with others whom she knew not at all. She told him she understood nothing at all of that paper; then he turned down the rest, and showed her a letter, beginning, "My dear Amaranta;" which she told him she knew not at all. "But," said he, "you will yet own your own hand;" and showed her among these papers the copy of the letter that was sent to the house of parliament in her husband's name, written in her hand, which when she saw she was a little confounded, wondering how it should come into his hands; but she told him that she could not absolutely say that was her writing, though it had some resemblance; and so when she had again urged the business she came for, and could obtain nothing from him, she went away, and left in the room with the secretary Sir Robert Biron, a cousin-german of her husband's, who was by chance come in thither upon some business of his own, and had stood by while she urged to the secretary the mischief and ruin her husband's imprisonment brought upon his family and estate. As soon as she was gone, the secretary told Sir Robert that he had heard Mrs. Hutchinson relate the sad condition of her husband and his house; "and," said he, "you may here take notice how the justice of God pursues those murderers, that, though the king pardoned both his life and estate, by the hand of the divine justice, they were now like to come to ruin for that crime;" which words being told Mr. Hutchinson, he laughed much at the simple folly of the man, that could call his own illegal persecutions and oppressions of innocence the judgments of God. The papers which he showed Mrs. Hutchinson she after learnt to have been some letters between Mrs. Vane, one of Sir Henry Vane's daughters, and one Mrs. Hutchinson, a gentlewoman that used to come thither, filled with such frivolous intelligence of private amours and intrigues as young people use to communicate to their confidants, and such as any wise statesman would have believed himself affronted to have had brought to him, and not made such politic inquiries, and imprisoned those with whom they were found, about so unconcerning a matter.

Mr. Henry Nevill and Mr. Salloway had been put into the Tower about the same suspicion they had of Mr. Hutchinson, a northern plot, for which there was a peculiar assizes, and some men were executed; and the judges, at their return, said that their confessions almost amounted to treason; but that almost served their turns. As soon as those assizes were past, Mr. Hutchinson sent to Mr. Nevill and Mr. Salloway that he thought it now time for them to endeavour their liberty, and therefore desired to know what course they intended to proceed in, that they might all take one way. They both sent Mr. Hutchinson word that they looked upon him as the best befriended, and they were resolved to see first what success he had, and to make him their leading card. Hereupon he, fearful to do anything that they could not, sat still deliberating, while they, without giving him the least notice, wrought their own liberties secretly, Mr. Nevill desiring to travel, and Mr. Salloway making such a false, flattering petition, that no honest man could make such another, and a less after his would have but more exasperated. It took so, that immediately he had his liberty, both of them taking some oaths to confirm their loyalty, which were given them by the clerk of the Tower. They had a mind at court Mr. Hutchinson should have made such another petition, and therefore Salloway's was showed to a friend of his; the words of which were, "That since God by his miraculous providence had set his majesty over us, he had acquiesced thankfully under it, and never, not so much as in thought, made a wish against it;" and promises of the like nature: which perhaps were no truer than the professions, for they were utterly false; for at his first coming into the Tower no man had muttered more than he, who scarce refrained even blasphemies against God himself for bringing him into bondage. After his release he went to their common prayer, and pleased them so well that 'twas said they would give him an office. But when they found that, notwithstanding their hint, Mr. Hutchinson would not follow his example, their malice grew very bitter against him at the court, insomuch that a gentleman having treated with Mrs. Hutchinson for a niece of his, to whom he was guardian, that would have been a convenient fortune for her son, the chancellor sent for the gentleman and peremptorily forbade him to proceed in the affair, and openly said, "*he must keep their family down.*"

Mr. Hutchinson was not at all dismayed, but wonderfully pleased with all these things, and told his wife this captivity was the happiest release in the world to him; for before, although he had made no express engagement, yet, in regard his life and estate had been freely left him, when they took away others, he thought himself obliged to sit still all the while this king reigned, whatever opportunity he might have; but now he thought this usage had utterly disobliged him from all ties either of honour or conscience, and that he was free to act as prudence should hereafter lead him, and that he thought not his liberty out of prison worth the purchase by any future engagement, which would again fetter him in obligations to such persons as every day more and more manifested themselves enemies to all just and godly interests. He therefore charged his wife that she should not make applications to any person whatsoever, and made it his earnest request to Sir Allen Apsley to let him stand and fall by his own innocency, and to undertake nothing for him, which, if he did, he told him he would disown. Mrs. Hutchinson, remembering how much she had displeased him in saving him before, submitted now to suffer with him, according to his own will, who, as he would do nothing that might entangle him for his freedom, so he patiently suffered their unjust bondage, and had no guilt found in him, yet was cruelly and maliciously persecuted and hated; and criminals, with threats and promises, were tried all ways to see if they could have brought out any accusation against him, but all they could arrive to was only that he was an unchanged person: yet they kept him still as close prisoner as at the first. After Salloway was released, Sir Allen Apsley asking the chancellor why his brother was not as well let out as Salloway; "What," said the chancellor, "make you no difference between your brother and Salloway?" Sir Allen replied, he thought his brother as innocent. "Surely," said the chancellor, "there is a great difference: Salloway conforms to the government, and goes to church, but your brother is the most unchanged person of the party."

The colonel at last with some other prisoners were deliberating to sue out a habeas corpus, and in order thereunto sent to the lieutenant of the Tower to desire a copy of the warrant whereby he stood committed, which indeed was so imperfect, that he could not legally be kept upon that, for there was neither his Christian name nor any place of residence mentioned in it, so that any other Hutchinson might have as well been kept upon it as he; but the lieutenant refused to give him a copy, and his jailer told the prisoner it was altered, after they had kept him four or five months in prison: then the colonel wrote to Bennet, but neither could he obtain any copy of his commitment from him.

After this a friend gave him notice that they had a design to transport him to some island or plantation; whereupon he wrote a narrative of his imprisonment, and procured it to be secretly printed, to have left behind him, if he had been sent away, to acquaint the parliament, which was then shortly to assemble, and to leave with his friends; but he kept them in the mean time privately.

At length, through the lies that the lieutenant of the Tower made of his prisoners, and the malice of their wicked persecutors, who envied even the bread which charity sent in to feed some of the men whose estates were wholly taken away, warrants were signed for carrying away most of the prisoners, some to Tangier, and to other barbarous and distant places: among the rest Col. Hutchinson was designed to the Isle of Man, which Sir Allen Apsley hearing of, told the king he had some private business of trusts with the colonel concerning his own estate, for which he obtained that he might be respited three months, and have liberty for lawyers to come to him. But when the colonel heard of it, he was more displeased with this petty favour than with all their rigour, and resolved to have done something to reverse it, but that his wife persuaded him to rest till she made a short voyage into the country to fetch him supplies, which he did.

As soon as she was gone, the lieutenant of the Tower sent his jailor, Mr. Edward Cresset, early in the morning, upon the 16th day of April, 1664, to fetch Mr. Hutchinson to his lodgings, whither being come, Cresset withdrew, and the lieutenant told Mr. Hutchinson that he had been civil to him in permitting his children to come to him with their mother, and yet he had not paid him his fees and dues, although that warrant which allowed the access of his wife did not mention his children, and therefore he now demanded his dues. Mr. Hutchinson told him, "At his departure out of the Tower he should not be behindhand with him for the civility of suffering his children to come to him." Robinson replied, "That signified nothing, he expected his dues, and would have them." Mr. Hutchinson answered, "His was not every prisoner's condition, for he had been now twenty-four weeks kept close prisoner, and yet never knew accuser nor accusation against him, and therefore he should desire to consider before he parted from his money; but for any civilities he should repay them." Robinson said, "He meddled with no man's crimes, but, whether guilty or not guilty, he expected his dues, which he could recover by law if they were refused." Mr. Hutchinson asking, "What they were?" He said, "Fifty pounds." Further demanding, "By what law they were due, so as he could recover them?" Robinson answered, "By custom." Mr. Hutchinson told him, "He was confident that pretence would not recover them; and if he thought it would, he would go to a civil and fair trial with him the next term; yet due or not due, what civilities he either had or should afford him, he would recompense at parting." Robinson answered, "He stood upon his right, and he would make Mr. Hutchinson or somebody else pay it." Mr. Hutchinson told him, "He knew not who he meant by somebody else, but if his liberty were taken from him without any reason that he knew, he would not so part with his money, if he could help it." He then, in anger, said, "He would lock him up close, and let nobody come at him." Mr. Hutchinson told him, "He could be locked no closer than he had been all this time, and he hoped he would not forbid those coming to him who had warrant from the secretary; for the rest, he might use his pleasure." He, in fury, commanded to take away Mr. Hutchinson, and lock him up that no person might come at him; and gave order at the Tower gates to keep out his children and all his relations that should come to inquire for him; and he sent word to Sergeant Fountaine, who had an order to come in, that he should not be admitted, although his business was of great concernment to others, and not to Col. Hutchinson, who being a trustee for some of his relations, was to have made some settlements in their affairs; which could not be done, but they, to their prejudice, were forced to go without it. Although his commands were executed to the full, yet Mr. Hutchinson's eldest son found means to steal into the Tower, and to inform his father of a malicious lie that the lieutenant had made of him at court, that day that he fell out with him; which was this.—Robinson told the king, that when Mr. Henningham and others were carried out of the Tower to be shipped away, Mr. Hutchinson looking out of his window bade them take courage, they should yet have a day for it. This lie coming to Mr. Hutchinson's knowledge the 19th of April, moved him more than all his other base usage; whereupon he wrote a letter to Robinson to tell him he should have had a care of provoking his prisoners to speak, who had so much exposed himself to every one of them; and to let him know what he himself had observed and could prove, he drew it up into certain heads, which he told him, if he continued his vile usage of him, he would publish. The articles were:

1st. That Robinson had affirmed that the king gave no allowance to his prisoners, not so much as to those who had all their estates taken from them: and accordingly he gave them none, but converted what the king allowed to his own use, and threatened some of the prisoners with death if they offered to demand it; and suffered others, at twelve of the clock in the night, to make such a miserable outcry for bread, that it was heard into some parts of the city, and one was absolutely starved to death for want of relief; although the king at that time told a prisoner, that he took more care for the prisoners than for his own table.

2nd. That he set down to the king seven pounds a week for one prisoner, for whom he never laid out above twenty-seven or thirty shillings a week at the most.

3rd. That he not only kept back the prisoners' allowances, but exacted of them excessive rents for bare prison lodgings, and empty warders' houses unfurnished; and if they have not punctually paid him, hath stifled them up by close imprisonment, without any order, although he knew they had not a penny to buy bread, but what came from the charity of good people.

4th. That he received salary of the king for forty warders, and had not near so many, but filled up the list with false names, and took the pay to himself.

5th. That when he had received money for those warders he kept, he had detained it many months to his own use, while the poor men were thereby in miserable wants.

6th. That he sold the warders' places, and let them houses at a dear rate, and yet took the most considerable prisoners, which ought to have been committed to them, into his own house, and made them pay him excessive rates for bed-rooms, and set his man Cressett, over them, making them pay him for attendance, what the warders should have had.

7th. That he made many false musters in his own company belonging to the Tower, and though he had received the soldiers' money, was run in arrears to them five or six pounds a man; at which they cruelly murmured, because by this means their maintenance was straitened, and their duty brought more frequent upon them.

8th. That notwithstanding all his defrauding, oppressive, and exacting ways of raising money, he had ungratefully complained of the king's scanty recompense of his service.

9th. That after the starving of the poor prisoners and the miserable outcry, when shame forced him to allow about a dozen poor tradesmen ten shillings a-piece, though at that time he received forty of the king for each of them, he and his man Cressett denied the king's allowance, and said it was his own charity.

10th. That he was frequently drunk, out of the Tower till twelve, one, and two of the clock, and threatened one of the warders, who came one night to fetch him home, with Newgate, and spited him ever after.

All these things being notoriously true, this letter put him into a great rage, and no less dread that the colonel, as he had threatened him, would publish it; whereupon, as soon as these things were laid to his charge, within ten days he paid his soldiers 15 months pay of 22 due to them when the letter was written, he having all that while kept back eighteen pence a week out of every soldier's pay: and the soldiers understanding that Col. Hutchinson's observations of his fraud had procured them this satisfaction, used to give him thanks when they came to stand sentinels at his door.

Presently after he received the letter, he went to Sir Allen Apsley and complained to him that the colonel had sent him a vile letter, but did not show it Sir Allen, as he sent word to the colonel he would; whereupon Sir Allen Apsley sent Mr. George Hutchinson with a letter to Sir John Robinson, to tell him that if he would let him go to his brother, he doubted not but he would be a good means to persuade the colonel to pay him fees, and to reconcile differences between them. Sir John, upon the 21st of April, went along with Mr. George Hutchinson to his brother, and at his entrance, in a passion began to quarrel at the colonel's sour looks; who told him, if he had known they would not have pleased him, and had had notice of his coming, he would have set them in a glass for him. Then Robinson told him, in a rage, he had written him a libel. Mr. Hutchinson answered it was no libel, for he had set his name to it, and it was truths, which if he put him to, he could prove by sufficient testimonies. Whereupon he fell into horrible railing and cruel language, but by Mr. George Hutchinson's interposition at length all was pacified, and he was fairly going out of the room with Mr. George Hutchinson, when his man Cressett minding him that the colonel had a foul copy of his letter, and had said he would send it to Sir Allen, who had desired to see it; Robinson resolved to take that draught away from him; but the colonel foreseeing that, had sent copies of it long before out of the Tower, which Robinson's dull head not dreaming of came back and insolently commanded the colonel to give him the first draught of the letter. The colonel desired to be excused, whereupon Robinson said he would have his pockets searched, and accordingly bade Cressett feel in them. He, a little moved, took a bottle in his hand, and bade Cressett forbear if he loved his head, and told Sir John if he had any warrant to search him from the king or council he would submit to it, but otherwise he would not suffer it, especially for a paper which was only of private concernment between them ; for all this, when Sir John saw that Cressett durst not approach the colonel, he commanded one Wale, a warder, to search his pockets, who coming with entreaties to the colonel to permit it, he suffered him ; and then the lieutenant caused a little dressing-box which the colonel had to be opened, and took away all the papers he found in it, among which there was one wherein the colonel had written a verse out of the 43d psalm (it was the first verse) to be joined with a narrative of his imprisonment, that he had provided to leave behind him for the satisfaction of his friends. This paper Robinson carried to court, and said, that by the deceitful and unjust man the colonel intended the king, although the application was of his own making. In the mean time, while they were ransacking his box and pockets Robinson fell a railing at the colonel, giving him the base terms of Rebel and Murderer, and such language as none could have learnt, but such as had been conversant among the civil society of Pickt-hatch, Turnbull-street, and Billings-gate, near which last place the hero had his education. When the colonel patiently told him he transgressed the act of oblivion, he said he knew that well enough, and bade him sue out his remedy ; then in fury and rage turned out the colonel's servant out of his chamber, who had been locked up with him all the time of his imprisonment, and left him altogether unattended, which having never been before in his whole life, put him into a cold and a flux, with a feverish distemper : but the greatness of his mind was not broken by the feebleness of his constitution, nor the barbarous inhumanity of his jailers, which he received with disdain and laughed at them, but lost not anger on them.

After these things, Mrs. Hutchinson coming out of the country, was, by the lieutenant's order, denied to see her husband, but at her lodgings found letters from him conveyed to her every day, spite of all his guards ; and thereupon she wrote to Robinson to desire to know whether the secretary had countermanded her first order to see her husband, or whether he denied obedience to it: whereupon Robinson sent to her to come to him the next day, but when she came he was gone forth, and she was not admitted within the gates, and thereupon she went back to her lodgings and wrote him a smart letter, and sent him with it a copy of her husband's letter, which she told him she would publish, and not suffer him to be murdered to extort undue money from him. The next day, being the Lord's day, he sent one of the warders to entreat her to come to her husband, and the blood-hound Cressett met her at the gate, and led her to her husband, and left her all the day alone with him, which they had never before done all the time of his prison ; and in the evening Sir John Robinson sent for her, and partly expostulated with her and partly flattered, and told her her husband had been sent to the Isle of Man, but that he in kindness had procured a better place for him, and that he was not covetous, but since her husband would not pay him fees, he might use his pleasure, and she and his children and relations might freely go to him. She received this as befitted her, being in his hands, and knowing, that not good-nature, but fear she would have printed him, moved him to this gentler course, as she understood, both by the inquiries his servants made of the colonel's warder concerning her intentions, and by Robinson's continuing, notwithstanding all this dissimulation, to make a thousand false insinuations of the colonel everywhere, and to do him all ill offices at court. If there were not a more abominable wickedness than all this, a lingering poison given him, which though we had not wickedness enough to suspect then, the events that have since ensued make a little doubtful. It is certain that Cressett did make that attempt upon Sir Henry Vane and others, and two or three days before the colonel was sent away, brought into his chamber, when he came to lock him up at night, a bottle of excellent wine, under pretence of kindness, which he, the colonel, and the warder drunk together, and the warder and the colonel both died within four months : the colonel presently after falling sick, but very unsuspicious, and we must leave it to the great day, when all crimes, how secret soever, will be made manifest, whether they added poison to all the other iniquity whereby they certainly murdered this guiltless servant of God.

A few days after, at nine of the clock at night, after his wife was gone from him, Cressett brought the colonel a warrant, to tell him that he must, the next morning tide, go down to Sandown Castle, in Kent; which he was not surprised at, it being the barbarous custom of that place to send away the prisoners, when they had no knowledge, nor time to accommodate themselves for their journey; but instead of putting him into a boat at the morning tide, about eight of the clock, Sir Henry Wroth came with a party of horse to receive him of the lieutenant, and finding him sick, and not well able to endure riding in the heat of the day, was so civil as to let him go by water in the evening tide to Gravesend, with a guard of soldiers in boats hired at his own charge, where the horse guard met him. By these means he got opportunity to take leave of his children that were in town, and about four of the clock was sent out of the Tower, with one Gregory, designed to be his fellow-prisoner; who going over the drawbridge, turned back to the lieutenant, and told him he would have accepted it as a greater mercy if the king had commanded him to be shot to death there, rather than to send him to a distant place to be starved, he having nothing but his trade to maintain him, and his friends, from whom he should now be so far removed that he could expect nothing. The lieutenant in scorn told him, he went with a charitable man that would not suffer him to starve, whereby he exposed the malice of their intentions to the colonel; who thought it not enough to send him to a far prison not much differing from exile, but to charge him with a companion, which however his kindness might have rendered him charitable to, yet they ought not to have put upon him, neither would the colonel take notice of their imposition, though he designed kindness to the man, had he been worthy of it.

The colonel's wife and children got a boat and followed him to Gravesend, whither also Gregory's wife, and one that called him brother, went; and that night all the company and all the guards supped at the colonel's charge, and many of the guards lay in the chamber with him, who, with refreshment of the evening air, and the content he took to be out of Robinson's claws, found himself, or through the liveliness of his spirit fancied himself, something better then he was in the Tower. The next morning very early, his guards hurried him away on horseback; but, to speak truth, they were civil to him. His son went along with him to see the place he was sent to, and Sir Allen Apsley had procured an order for his servant to continue with him in the prison; his wife went back to London, to stay there to provide him such accommodation as she should hear he had need of.

When he came to the castle, he found it a lamentable old ruined place, almost a mile distant from the town, the rooms all out of repair, not weather-free, no kind of accommodation either for lodging or diet, or any conveniency of life. Before he came, there were not above half-a-dozen soldiers in it, and a poor lieutenant with his wife and children, and two or three cannoneers, and a few guns almost dismounted, upon rotten carriages; but at the colonel's coming thither, a company of foot more were sent from Dover to help guard the place, pitiful weak fellows, half starved and eaten up with vermin, whom the governor of Dover cheated of half their pay and the other half they spent in drink. These had no beds, but a nasty court of guard, where a sutler lived, within a partition made of boards, with his wife and family; and this was all the accommodation the colonel had for his victuals, which was bought at a dear rate at the town, and most horribly dressed at the sutler's. For beds he was forced to send to an inn in the town, and at a most unconscionable rate hire three, for himself, and his man, and Capt. Gregory, and to get his chamber glazed, which was a thoroughfare room, that had five doors in it, and one of them opened upon a platform, that had nothing but the bleak air of the sea, which, every tide, washed the foot of the castle walls; which air made the chamber so unwholesome and damp, that even in the summer time the colonel's hat-case and trunks, and everything of leather, would be every day all covered over with mould,—wipe them as clean as you could one morning, by the next they would be mouldy again; and though the walls were four yards thick, yet it rained in through cracks in them, and then one might sweep a peck of saltpetre off of them every day, which stood in a perpetual sweat upon them. Notwithstanding all this, the colonel was very cheerful, and made the best shifts he could with things as he found them, when the lieutenant's wife seeing his stomach could not well bear his food, offered to board him, and so he and his man dieted with her for twenty shillings a-week, he finding wine besides, and linen, &c. Whilst the sutler provided his meat, Gregory ate with him; but when he tabled with the captain, Gregory's son coming to him, he had his meat from the town, and soon after a woman came down who left not the man destitute and comfortless. The worst part of the colonel's sufferings in this prison, was the company of this fellow, who being a fellow-prisoner, and poor, and the colonel having no particular retreat, he could not wholly decline his company; and he being a carnal person, without any fear of God, or any good, but rather scandalous conversation, he could take no pleasure in him; meanwhile many of his friends gave caution to his wife concerning him, as suspecting him a trepanner, which we had after some cause to fear.

The captain of the castle, one Freeman, had all this while a chamber which was a little warmer, and had a bed in it, but this he reserved, intending to set a rate upon it, and this too was so dark, one could not have read by the fire or the bedside without a candle at noon-day.

When the colonel's wife understood her husband's bad accommodation, she made all the means she could by her friends to procure liberty that she might be in the castle with him, but that was absolutely denied; whereupon she and her son and daughter went to Deal, and there took lodgings, from whence they walked every day on foot to dinner and back again at night, with horrible toil and inconvenience, and procured the captain's wife to diet them with the colonel, where they had meat good enough, but through the poverty of the people, and their wants of all necessaries, and the faculty to order things as they should be, it was very inconvenient to them; yet the colonel endured it so cheerfully that he was never more pleasant and contented in his whole life. When no other recreations were left him, he diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle shells which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass with the most artificial engravings, which were things, when he recreated himself from more serious studies, he as much delighted in as any piece of art. But his fancy showed itself so excellent in sorting and dressing these shells, that none of us could imitate it, and the cockles began to be admired by several persons that saw them. These were but his trifling diversions, his business and continual study was the Scripture, which the more he conversed in, the more it delighted him; insomuch that his wife having brought down some books to entertain him in his solitude, he thanked her, and told her that if he should continue as long as he lived in prison, he would read nothing there but his Bible.

His wife bore all her own toils joyfully enough for the love of him, but could not but be very sad at the sight of his undeserved sufferings; and he would very sweetly and kindly chide her for it, and tell her that if she were but cheerful, he should think this suffering the happiest thing that ever befel him; he would also bid her consider what reason she had to rejoice that the Lord supported him, and how much more intolerable it would have been if the Lord had suffered his spirit to have sunk, or his patience to have been lost under this. One day when she was weeping, after he had said many things to comfort her, he gave her reasons why she should hope and be assured that this cause would revive, because the interest of God was so much involved in it that he was entitled to it. She told him she did not doubt but the cause would revive, but, said she, notwithstanding all your resolution, I know this will conquer the weakness of your constitution, and you will die in prison. He replied, I think I shall not, but if I do, my blood will be so innocent, I shall advance the cause more by my death, hasting the vengeance of God upon my unjust enemies, than I could do by all the actions of my life. Another time, when she was telling him, she feared they had placed him on the sea-shore but in order to transport him to Tangier, he told her, if they should, God was the same God at Tangier as at Owthorpe; prithee, said he, trust God with me, if he carry me away, he will bring me back again.

Sometimes when he would not be persuaded to do things wherein he had a liberty, for fear of putting a snare and stumbling-block before others that had not so, and she would expostulate with him, why he should make himself a martyr for people that had been so censorious of him, and so unthankful and insensible of all his merits; he would say, he did it not for them, but for the cause they owned. When many ill usages of himself by godly people have been urged to him, he would say, that if they were truly the people of God, all their failings were to be borne; that if God had a people in the land, as he was confident he had, it was among them, and not among the cavaliers, and therefore although he should ever be severe against their miscarriages in any person in whomsoever he found them, yet he would adhere to them that owned God, how unkindly soever they dealt with him. Sometimes he would say, that if ever he should live to see the parliament power up again, he would never meddle any more either in councils or armies: and then sometimes again, when he saw or heard of any of the debaucheries of the times, he would say, he would act only as a justice of the peace in the country, and be severe against drunkards, and suffer none in his neighbourhood. Oftentimes he would say, if ever he were at liberty in the world, he would flee the conversation of the cavaliers, and would write upon his doors,

Procul hinc, procul este, profani!

and that, though he had, in his former conversation with them, never had any communication with their manners nor vices, yet henceforth he would never, in one kind or other, have any commerce at all with them; and indeed it was a resolution he would oftener repeat than any other he had, telling us, that he was convinced there was a serpentine seed in them. Yet he had many apprehensions of the rash hot-headed spirits of many of our party, and fears that their pride and self-conceit of their own abilities, would again bring us to confusion, if ever they should have the reins again in their hands; and therefore he would bid us advise his son, if ever we lived to see a change, and would himself advise him not to fall in with the first, how fair soever their pretences were; but to wait to see how their practices suited them: for he would say, that a hot-spirited people would first get up and put all into confusion, and then a sober party must settle things; and he would say, let my son stay to fall in with these. He foresaw that the courses that the king and his party took to establish themselves would be their ruin, and would say, that whenever the king had an army it would be his destruction. Once when his wife was lamenting his condition, having said many things to comfort her, he told her he could not have been without this affliction, for if he had flourished while all the people of God were corrected, he should have feared he had not been accounted among his children, as he had not shared their lot. Then would he with thankfulness repeat the kind and gentle dealings of the Lord at all times toward him, and erect a firm and mighty hope upon it, and wonderfully encourage her to bear it patiently, not only by words, but by his own admirable example.

After Mr. Hutchinson had been some time prisoner at Sandown, the governor of the castle came over, and would fain have let him his chamber for 20*s*. a week, which Mr. Hutchinson told him he would give him if his wife might come there to him; but the governor refused that without an express order, which was endeavoured, but could not be obtained. Then Freeman demanded a mark a-week of the colonel for fees, but the colonel told him, except he could show how it was due by any known law, he would not pay it. Some time after the governor of Dover came over with the governor of Sandown and one Mr. Masters, and Freeman consulting his master of Dover how he should get money of the colonel, the governor of Dover advised to put him into a dungeon, but the fellow durst not attempt it. Yet some time after he came to the castle, and passing into his own chamber through Mr. Hutchinson's, who was there, as he went by with his lieutenant Moyle at his heels, he called out to Mr. Hutchinson's man, and bade him bid Hutchinson come to him, without any addition of so much as the title of a gentleman. Mrs. Hutchinson being then in the room with her husband, desired him she might go in with him and answer the captain's insolency, and that he would take no notice of it which he told her he would not, neither should she, and so they went into the captain's chamber, who had also called Gregory. When they were both there, the captain turning to Moyle said, "Captain Moyle, I ordain you to quarter Hutchinson and Gregory together in the next room, and if Hutchinson will make a partition at his own charge, he may have that part of the chamber that has the chimney, and for this expect a mark a-week of Hutchinson, and a noble of Gregory; and if they will have any enlargement besides, they must pay for it *." Mr. Hutchinson laughed at him, and bade his wife report his usage of him to the secretary at London, to whom she presently wrote an account of it, and sent it to Sir Allen Apsley, desiring him either to procure a remove, or an order for better accommodation, and showed this letter to Gregory before it went, representing equally his condition with her husband's: and seeing she could not get admission into the castle, she took a house in the town, to which she intended to bring her children for the winter, had not God prevented.

Not long after, the colonel's brother, Mr. George Hutchinson, came down, and brought with him an order signed by Secretary Bennet, to allow the colonel leave to walk by the sea-side with a keeper, which order Sir Allen Apsley and his lady had at length procured with some difficulty and sent him: wherein he was so well satisfied, that he thought not his prison now insupportable; neither indeed was it so to him before, for his patience and faith wonderfully carried him on under all his sufferings. As it now drew nigh to the latter end of the year, Mrs. Hutchinson, having prepared the house, was necessitated to go to Owthorpe to fetch her children, and other supplies to her husband; whom when the time of her departure came, she left with a very sad and ill-presaging heart, rather dreading that while he lay so ready on the sea-coast, he might some time or other be shipped away to some barbarous place in her absence, than that which after ensued. The colonel comforted all he could, and that morning she went away, "Now," said he, "I myself begin to be loath to part with thee." But yet, according to his usual cheerfulness, he encouraged himself and her, and sent his son along with her. His daughter and his brother staid at Deal; who coming to him every day, he walked out with them by the sea-side, and would discourse of the public concernments, and say that the ill management of the state would cause discontented wild parties to mutiny and rise against the present powers, but they would only put things in confusion; it must be a sober party that must then arise and settle them. He would often say to his son and his wife, as he did now to his brother, "Let not my son, how fairly soever they pretend, too rashly engage with the first, but stay to see what they make good, and engage with those who are for settlement, who will have need of men of interest to assist them; let him keep clear and take heed of too rash attempts and he will be courted if he behave himself piously and prudently, and keep free of all faction, making the public interest only his." He would sometimes in discourse say, that when these people once had an army up, which they seemed to aim at, that army would be their destruction, for he was very confident God would bring them down: he would often say they could not stand, and that whoever had anything to do with them could not prosper. He once made this expression: "Although," said he, "I am free from any trucking with them, yet even that consenting submission that I had, hath brought this suffering upon me." And he would often say he would never have so much as a civil correspondence with any of them again: yet when he mentioned Sir Allen Apsley, he would say, he would never serve any that would not, for his sake, serve the person that had preserved him. When his wife went away he was exceeding well and cheerful, and so confident of seeing Owthorpe, that he gave her directions in a paper for planting trees, and many other things belonging to the house and gardens. "You give me," said she, "these orders, as if you were to see that place again." "If I do not," said he, "I thank God I can cheerfully forego it, but I will not distrust that God will bring me back again, and therefore I will take care to keep it while I have it."

---

* In speaking of the persons who had the command of the castle, and custody of the prisoners, there seems in some parts of the narrative to be a little perplexity; but this passage shows clearly that Freeman was captain, but did not reside at it; and that Moyle was his lieutenant and did reside at it. The former was the person who, on this, and some other occasions, attempted to extort money from Col. Hutchinson and his family; the latter was the person whose wife boarded and accommodated them.

The third of September, being Saturday, he had been walking by the sea-side, and coming home found himself agueish, with a kind of shivering and pain in his bones, and went to bed and sweat exceedingly; the next day was a little better, and went down, and on the Monday expecting another fit, which came upon him, lay in bed all day, and rose again, the next day, but went not down, and after that he slept no more until his last sleep came upon him, but continued in a feverish distemper, with violent sweatings, after which he used to rise out of his bed to refresh him, and when he was up used to read much in his Bible. He had appointed his wife, when she went away, to send him the Dutch Annotations on the Bible, and she had sent it down with some other things; which he presently caused to be brought him, though he was in his bed, and some places in the Epistle to the Romans read, which having heard, "these annotators," said he, "are short;" and then looking over some notes upon that Epistle, which his wife had left in a book she had gathered from him; "I have," said he, "discovered much more of the mystery of truth in that Epistle, and when my wife returns I will make her set it down; for," said he, "I will no more observe their cross humours, but when her children are near, I will have her in my chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms; and then, in the winter nights, she shall collect several observations I have made of this Epistle since I came into prison." The continual study of the Scriptures did infinitely ravish and refine his soul, and take it off from all lower exercise, and he continued it in his sickness even to the last, desiring his brother, when he was in bed and could not read himself, to read it to him. He found himself every day grow weaker, yet was not exceeding sick, only he could not sleep at all, day or night. There was a country physician at Deal, who had formerly belonged to the army, and had some gifts, and used to exercise them among godly people in their meetings; but having been taken there once by the persecutors, and being married to a wicked unquiet woman, she and the love of the world had perverted him to forsake all religious meetings, yet the man continued civil and fair-conditioned, and was much employed thereabouts. He being sent for to Mr. Hutchinson, found that on Friday his mouth grew very sore, whereupon he told Mr. George Hutchinson that he distrusted his own skill in looking to it, and apprehended some danger, and advised him to send for a very famous physician that was at Canterbury, which they did, and he came on Saturday. As he came along he enquired of the messenger that fetched him, what kind of person the colonel was, and how he had lived and been accustomed, and which chamber of the castle he was now lodged in? Which, when the man had told him, he said his journey would be to no purpose, for that chamber had killed him. Accordingly, when he came, he told the colonel's brother, on Saturday night, that he apprehended danger, and appointed some remedies, and some applications to his temples, and a cordial to procure rest, but it had no effect. There was a nurse watched in his chamber, and she told them after his death, that she heard him pray in the night, with the deepest sighs that ever she heard. The next morning, before the doctor and his daughter, and brother and servants came to him, the gentlewoman of the castle came up and asked him how he did? He told her, incomparably well, and full of faith.

Some time after, when the doctor came, he told his brother that the fever had seized his head, and that he believed he would soon fall into ravings and die, and therefore wished him, if he had any thing to say to him, to speak while he was in perfect sense. So Mr. George Hutchinson came to him, and told him he believed he could not live, and therefore desired him, if he had anything to do, to despatch it, for he believed his end was approaching. The colonel, without the least dejection or amazement, replied, very composedly and cheerfully, "The will of the Lord be done, I am ready for it." And then he told them that he did now confirm the will he wrote in the Tower for his last will and testament, and all others to be void. The doctor, who had, when religion was in fashion, been a pretender to it, came, to him, and asked him if his peace was made with God; to which he replied, "I hope you do not think me so ill a Christian, to have been thus long in prison, and have that to do now!" The doctor asked him concerning the ground of his hope; to which he answered, "There is none but Christ, none but Christ, in whom I have unspeakable joy, more than I can express; yet I should utter more, but that the soreness of my mouth makes it difficult for me to speak." Then they asked him where he would be buried? He told them, in his vault at Owthorpe; his brother told him it would be a long way to carry him: he answered, "Let my wife order the manner of it as she will, only I would lie there." He left a kind message to his wife, "Let her," said he, "as she is above other women, show herself, in this occasion, a good christian, and above the pitch of ordinary women."* He commanded his daughter that was present to tell the rest, that he would have them all guided by her counsels; and left with his brother the same message to his eldest son. "I would," said he, "have spoken to my wife and son, but it is not the will of God;" then, as he was going to utter something, "here is none but friends;" his brother minded him the doctor was present; "O, I thank you," said he; and such was their amazement in their sorrow, that they did not think of speaking to the doctor to retire, but lost what he would have said, which I am confident was some advice to his son how to demean himself in public concernments. He lay all the day very sensible and very cheerful, to the admiration of both the doctors and of all that saw him; and as his daughter sat weeping by him, "Fie, Bab," said he, "do you mourn for me as for one without hope? There is hope." He desired his brother to remember him to Sir Allen Apsley, and tell him that he hoped God would reward his labour of love to him. While he was thus speaking to them, his spirits decayed exceedingly fast, and his pulse grew very low, and his head already was earth in the upper part; yet he raised himself in his bed, "And now," said he to the doctor, "I would fain know your reason why you fancy me dying; I feel nothing in myself, my head is well, my heart is well, and I have no pain nor sickness anywhere." The doctor seeing this, was amazed; "Sir," said he, "I would be glad to be deceived;" and being at a stand, he told Mr. George Hutchinson he was surprised, and knew not what to think, to see him so cheerful and undisturbed, when his pulse was gone; which, if it were not death, might be some strange working of the spleen, and therefore advised him to send away for Dr. Ridgely, which he would before have done, but that the doctor told him he feared it would be vain, and that he would be dead before the doctor could come. While they were preparing to write, the colonel spoke only these two words; "It is as I would have it: 'tis where I would have it:" and spoke no more, for convulsions wrought his mouth, yet did his sense remain perfect to his last breath; for when some named Mrs. Hutchinson, and said, "Alas, how will she be surprised!" he fetched a sigh, and within a little while departed; his countenance settling so amiably and cheerful in death, that he looked after he was dead as he used to do when best pleased in life. It was observable that the same hour, and the same day of the month, and the same day of the week, that the wicked soldiers fetched him out of his own rest and quiet condition at home, eleven months before, the Lord of hosts sent his holy angels to fetch him out of their cruel hands up to his everlasting and blessed rest above; this being the Lord's-day, about seven o'clock at night, the eleventh day of September, 1664; that, the same day and hour, the eleventh of October, 1663.

The two doctors, though mere strangers to him, were so moved, that they both wept as if it had been their brother; and he of Canterbury said, he had been with many eminent persons, but he never in his whole life saw any one receive death with more Christian courage and constancy of mind, and steadfastness of faith, than the colonel had expressed from the first to the last; so that, considering the height of his fever, and his want of rest, there was an evidence of a Divine assistance that overruled all the powers and operations of nature. This doctor, who was called Dr. Jachin, had most curiously and strictly observed all his motions, I know not by what impulse, but he after said, in regard of the colonel's former engagements, he knew he should be examined of all circumstances, and therefore was resolved diligently to observe them; and as he guessed it after fell out, for the gentlemen of the country, being of the royal party, were busy in their inquiries, which the doctor answered with such truth and clearness as made them ready to burst with envy at the peace and joy the Lord was pleased to give his servant, in taking him out of this wicked world. I am apt to think that it was not alone tenderness of nature, but conviction of their own disturbed peace, which drew those tears from the doctors, when they saw in him that blessed peace and joy which crowns the Lord's constant martyrs; whatever it were, the men were faithful in divulging the glory of the Lord's wonderful presence with his servant.

As soon as the colonel was dead his brother sent away a messenger to carry the sad news to his house, and caused his body to be embalmed in order to his funeral, as he had thrice ordered. When he was embowelled, all his inwards were found exceeding sound, and no taint in any part, only two or three purple spots on his lungs: his gall, the doctor said, was the largest that ever he saw in any man, and observed it to be a miracle of grace that he had been so patient as he had seen him.

---

* This is that command of her husband which Mrs. Hutchinson speaks of at the beginning of her narrative, where she says, she has determined to employ her thoughts upon the preservation of his memory, not the fruitless bewailing of it.

Some two or three days before the colonel fell sick, Freeman, the captain of the castle, had sent down a very strict order that the colonel should carry nothing out of the castle: in pursuance of which the soldiers would not suffer them to take out his beds and furniture, and clothes, which Mr. Hutchinson forbore till an order came for them.

As soon as the news came to Owthorpe, the colonel's two eldest sons and all his household servants went up to London with his horses, and made ready a hearse, tricked with escutcheons and six horses in mourning, with a mourning coach and six horses to wait on it, and came down to Deal with an order from the secretary for the body; but when they came thither the Captain Freeman, in spite, would not deliver it, because Mrs. Hutchinson herself was not come to fetch it; so they were forced, at an intolerable expense, to keep all this equipage at Deal while they sent to the secretary for another order, which they got directed to the lieutenant in the absence of the captain, and as soon as it came delivered it to him, who immediately suffered them to take away the body, which they did at that hour, though it was night, fearing a further dispute with Freeman. For he, after the body had been ten days embalmed, said he would have a jury impannelled, and a coroner to sit upon it, to see whether he died a natural death. Mr. Hutchinson asked him why he urged that, when it lay on their side to have sought satisfaction. He said he must do it to clear the king's garrison. Mr. Hutchinson told him he had slipped his time; it should have been done at the first, before the embalming. He said he would have it unlapped, and accordingly he sent for a coroner and a jury, who when they came would not unlap the body, but called those persons that were about him, and examined them as to the occasion of his death. They made affidavit, which remains yet upon record, that the doctor said *the place had killed him*, and satisfied with this, they did not unlap the body. As it came into Deal, Freeman met it, and said, if he had been in the castle they should not have had it till they had paid the money he demanded; which when he could not justify any right to by any law, he fell to beg most basely and unworthily, but neither had anything given him for that. However, though the secretary had also ordered the colonel should have his things out, yet he detained all he found in the castle, his trunks, and beds, and furniture, which could never be gotten out of his hands. Although this spite of his put the colonel's family to an excessive charge in staying so long in that cut-throat town of Deal, yet there was a providence of the Lord in it; for the colonel's daughter that was there through grief had contracted a violent sickness, which took her with great extremity, and wrought off of her stomach in black vomits, that made her for the present desperately ill, and the doctor that was with her said that if she had been then in her journey, as she would have been, had they not been delayed by his cruel spite, she could not have lived.

The next day after they had gotten out the body they brought it with a handsome private equipage to Canterbury, and so forward towards London, meeting no affronts in their way but at one town, where there was a fair, and the priest of the place came out with his clerk in his fool's coat, to offer them burial, and to stop their hearse, laid hold on the horses, whom when the attendants put by, the wicked rout at the fair took part with them, and set upon the horsemen; but they broke several of their heads, and made their way clear, having beaten off all the town and the fair, and came on to London. They passed through Southwark, over the bridge, and through the whole heart of the city, to their lodging in Holborn, in the day time, and had not one reviling word or indignity offered them all the way, but several people were very much moved at that sad witness of the murderous cruelty of the men then in power.

From London he was brought down to Owthorpe, very seriously bewailed all the way he came along by all those who had been better acquainted with his worth than the strangers among whom he died, and was brought home with honour to his grave through the dominions of his murderers, who were ashamed of his glories, which all their tyrannies could not extinguish with his life.

Inscriptions

ON

THE MONUMENT OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON,

AT OWTHORPE, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

(SUPPOSED BY MRS. HUTCHINSON.)

Quousque Domine!

IN A VAULT UNDER THIS WALL LIETH THE BODY OF

JOHN HUTCHINSON,

OF OWTHORPE, IN THE COUNTY OF NOTTINGHAM, ESQ.

ELDEST SON AND HEIR OF SIR THOMAS HUTCHINSON BY HIS
FIRST WIFE, THE LADY MARGARET, DAUGHTER OF
SIR JOHN BIRON, OF NEWSTEAD,
IN THE SAID COUNTY.

This monument doth not commemorate
Vain airy glorious titles, birth, and state;
But sacred is to free, illustrious grace,
Conducting happily a mortal's race;
To end in triumph over death and hell,
When, like the prophet's cloak, the frail flesh fell,
Forsaken as a dull impediment,
Whilst love's swift fiery chariot climbed th' ascent.
Nor are the reliques lost, but only torn,
To be new made, and in more lustre worn.
Full of this joy he mounted, he lay down,
Threw off his ashes, and took up his crown.
Those who lost all their splendour in his grave,
Ev'n there yet no inglorious period have.

He married Lucy, the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, lieutenant of the Tower of London, by his third wife, the Lady Lucy, daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregos, in the county of Wilts, who dying at Owthorpe, October 11, 1659, lieth buried in the same vault.

He left surviving by the said Lucy four sons: Thomas, who married Jane, the daughter of Sir Alexander Radcliffe, buried in the same vault: and Edward, Lucius, and John: and four daughters; Barbara, Lucy, Margaret, and Adeliza; which last lies buried in the same vault.

He died at Sandowne Castle, in Kent, after eleven months harsh and strict imprisonment,—without crime or accusation,—upon the 11th day of Sept. 1664, in the 49th year of his age, full of joy, in assured hope of a glorious resurrection.

VERSES WRITTEN BY MRS. HUTCHINSON,

IN THE SMALL BOOK CONTAINING HER OWN LIFE,

AND MOST PROBABLY COMPOSED BY HER DURING HER HUSBAND'S RETIREMENT FROM PUBLIC BUSINESS TO HIS SEAT AT OWTHORPE.

ALL sorts of men through various labours press
To the same end, contented quietness;
Great princes vex their labouring thoughts to be
Possessed of an unbounded sovereignty;
The hardy soldier doth all toils sustain
That he may conquer first, and after reign;
The industrious merchant ploughs the angry seas,
That he may bring home wealth, and live at ease,
Which none of them attain; for sweet repose
But seldom to the splendid palace goes;
A troop of restless passions wander there,
And private lives are only free from care.
Sleep to the cottage bringeth happy nights,
But to the court, hung round with flaring lights,
Which the office of the vanish'd day supply,
His image only comes to close the eye,
But gives the troubled mind no ease of care;
While country slumbers undisturbed are;
Where if the active fancy dreams present,
They bring no horrors to the innocent.
Ambition doth incessantly aspire,
And each advance leads on to new desire;
Nor yet can riches av'rice satisfy,
For want and wealth together multiply:
Nor can voluptuous men more fulness find,
For enjoy'd pleasures leave their stings behind.
He's only rich who knows no want; he reigns
Whose will no severe tyranny constrains;
And he alone possesseth true delight
Whose spotless soul no guilty fears affright.
This freedom in the country life is found,
Where innocence and safe delights abound:
Here man's a prince; his subjects ne'er repine
When on his back their wealthy fleeces shine.
If for his appetite the fattest die,
Those who survive will raise no mutiny:
His table is with home-got dainties crown'd,
With friends, not flatterers, encompassed round!
No spies nor traitors on his trencher wait,
Nor is his mirth confined to rules of state;
An armed guard he neither hath nor needs,
Nor fears a poisoned morsel when he feeds;
Bright constellations hang above his head,
Beneath his feet are flow'ry carpets spread;
The merry birds delight him with their songs,
And healthful air his happy life prolongs.
At harvest merrily his flocks he shears,
And in cold weather their warm fleeces wears;
Unto his case he fashions all his clothes;
His cup with uninfected liquor flows:
The vulgar breath doth not his thoughts elate,
Nor can he be o'erwhelmed by their hate;
Yet, if ambitiously he seeks for fame,
One village feast shall gain a greater name
Than his who wears the imperial diadem,
Whom the rude multitude do still condemn.
Sweet peace and joy his bless'd companions are;
Fear, sorrow, envy, lust, revenge, and care,
And all that troop which breeds the world's offence,
With pomp and majesty, are banished thence.
What court then can such liberty afford?
Or where is man so uncontrolled a lord?

THE END.

THE LIVES

OF

DONNE, WOTTON, HOOKER, HERBERT,

AND

SANDERSON.

WRITTEN

BY IZAAK WALTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

"These were honourable men in their generations."
Eccles. xliv. 7.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

GEORGE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

AND

PRELATE OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER*.

My Lord,

I did, some years past, present you with a plain relation of the life of Mr. Richard Hooker, that humble man, to whose memory, princes and the most learned of this nation, have paid a reverence at the mention of his name. And now, with Mr. Hooker's, I present you, also, the life of that pattern of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert; and with his the life of Dr. Donne, and your friend Sir Henry Wotton, all reprinted. The two first were written under your roof: for which reason, if they were worth it, you might justly challenge a Dedication. And indeed, so you might of Dr. Donne's, and Sir Henry Wotton's: because, if I had been fit for this undertaking, it would not have been by acquired learning or study, but by the advantage of forty years' friendship, and thereby, with hearing and discoursing with your Lordship, that hath enabled me to make the relation of these Lives passable—if they prove so—in an eloquent and captious age.

And indeed, my Lord, though these relations be well-meant sacrifices to the memory of these worthy men; yet I have so little confidence in my performance, that I beg pardon for superscribing your name to them: and desire all that know your Lordship, to apprehend this not as a dedication,—at least by which you receive any addition of honour;—but rather as an humble, and a more public acknowledgement, of your long-continued, and your now daily favours to

My Lord,
Your most affectionate, and most humble servant,
Izaak Walton.

TO THE READER.

Though the several introductions to these several lives have partly declared the reasons how and why I undertook them, yet since they are come to be reviewed, and augmented, and reprinted, and the four† are now become one book, I desire leave to inform you that shall become my reader, that when I sometime look back upon my education and mean abilities, it is not without some little wonder at myself, that I am come to be publicly in print. And though I have in those introductions declared some of the accidental reasons that occasioned me to be so, yet let me add this to what is there said: that by my undertaking to collect some notes for Sir Henry Wotton's writing the Life of Dr. Donne, and by Sir Henry's dying before he performed it, I became like those men that enter easily into a law-suit or a quarrel, and having begun, cannot make a fair retreat and be quiet, when they desire it: and really, after such a manner, I became engaged into a necessity of writing the Life of Dr. Donne, contrary to my first intentions; and that begot a like necessity of writing the life of his and my ever-honoured friend, Sir Henry Wotton.

And having writ these two lives, I lay quiet twenty years, without a thought of either troubling myself or others by any new engagement in this kind; for I thought I knew my unfitness: but, about that time, Dr. Gauden‡, then Lord Bishop of Exeter, published the Life of Mr. Richard Hooker, so he called it, with so many dangerous mistakes, both of him and his books, that discoursing of them with his Grace, Gilbert, that now is Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, he enjoined me to examine some circumstances, and then rectify the bishop's mistakes, by giving the world a fuller and a truer account of Mr. Hooker and his books, than that bishop had done: and I know I have done so. And let me tell the reader, that till his Grace had laid this injunction upon me, I could not admit a thought of any fitness in me to undertake it: but when he had twice enjoined me to it, I then declined my own, and trusted his judgment, and submitted to his commands; concluding that, if I did not, I could not forbear accusing myself of disobedience, and indeed of ingratitude for his many favours. Thus I became engaged into the third life.

---

* Dr. George Morley, who was distinguished for his unshaken loyalty and attachment to Charles I., and by his exemplary conduct as a divine. Though nominated one of the Assembly of Divines at Westminster, he refused to take part in their councils, and sought a refuge abroad, where he continued constantly and scrupulously to exercise his pastoral functions among his fellow-exiles at Antwerp, and subsequently at Breda. Until the Scottish expedition he was a constant attendant on Charles II., who, however, prohibited him from following on that occasion; but when he returned at the Restoration, Dr. Morley was first made Dean of Christchurch, and then Bishop of Worcester, and in 1662 was translated to the see of Winchester. For further particulars, see Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis.

† The Life of Dr. Sanderson was not written when this address was first published.

‡ Dr. Gauden is now, upon sufficient evidence, believed to have been the author of the greater part, if not the whole of that remarkable book, the Eikon Basilike, which was long attributed to Charles I. Dr. Gauden certainly had a great share in it; but Mr. D'Israeli is still of opinion that some passages in it could not have been written by any other than Charles himself. Dr. Gauden was a conscientious man, and was celebrated as a preacher.

For the life of that great example of holiness, Mr. George Herbert, I profess it to be so far a free-will offering, that it was writ chiefly to please myself; but yet not without some respect to posterity: for though he was not a man that the next age can forget, yet many of his particular acts and virtues might have been neglected or lost, if I had not collected and presented them to the imitation of those that shall succeed us: for I humbly conceive writing to be both a safer and truer preserver of men's virtuous actions than tradition, especially as it is managed in this age. And I am also to tell the reader, that though this Life of Mr. Herbert was not writ by me in haste, yet I intended it a review, before it should be made public: but that was not allowed me, by reason of my absence from London when it was printing; so that the reader may find in it some mistakes, some double expressions, and some not very proper, and some that might have been contracted, and some faults that are not justly chargeable upon me, but the printer; and yet I hope none so great, as may not by this confession purchase pardon from a good-natured reader.

And now I wish that as that learned Jew, Josephus, and others, so these men had also writ their own lives: but since it is not the fashion of these times, I wish their relations or friends would do it for them, before delays make it too difficult. And I desire this the more, because it is an honour due to the dead, and a generous debt due to those that shall live, and succeed us, and would to them prove both a content and satisfaction. For when the next age shall (as this does) admire the learning and clear reason which that excellent casuist, Doctor Sanderson (the late Bishop of Lincoln), hath demonstrated in his sermons and other writings; who, if they love virtue, would not rejoice to know that this good man was as remarkable for the meekness and innocence of his life as for his great and useful learning, and indeed as remarkable for his fortitude in his long and patient suffering (under them that then called themselves the godly party) for that doctrine which he had preached and printed in the happy days of the nation's and the church's peace? and who would not be content to have the like account of Dr. Field*, that great schoolman, and others of noted learning? And though I cannot hope that my example or reason can persuade to this undertaking, yet I please myself, that I shall conclude my Preface with wishing that it were so.

I. W.

---

* Dr. Richard Field, chaplain to James I., and Dean of Gloucester, died Nov. 21st, 1616. He was the friend of Mr. Richard Hooker, and one of the most learned men of the age. But although well skilled to shine in the scholastic disputes of his time, he discouraged such vain exhibitions of worldly learning; for, as has been well said of him, "it was his ambition to conciliate, not to irritate."

THE

COPY OF A LETTER WRIT TO MR. IZAAK WALTON,

BY

DR. KING, LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER †.

Honest Izaak,

Though a familiarity of more than forty years' continuance and the constant experience of your love, even in the worst of the late sad times, be sufficient to endear our friendship; yet I must confess my affection much improved, not only by evidences of private respect to many that know and love you, but by your new demonstration of a public spirit, testified in a diligent, true, and useful collection of so many material passages as you have now afforded me in the life of venerable Mr. Hooker: of which, since desired by such a friend as yourself, I shall not deny to give the testimony of what I know concerning him and his learned books: but shall first here take a fair occasion to tell you, that you have been happy in choosing to write the lives of three such persons, as posterity hath just cause to honour; which they will do the more for the true relation of them by your happy pen: of all which I shall give you my unfeigned censure ‡.

I shall begin with my most dear and incomparable friend, Dr. Donne, late dean of St. Paul's church, who not only trusted me as his executor, but three days before his death delivered into my hands those excellent sermons of his, now made public; professing before Dr. Winniff[*], Dr. Monford[†], and, I think, yourself then present at his bed-side, that it was by my restless importunity, that he had prepared them for the press: together with which (as his best legacy) he gave me all his sermon notes, and his other papers, containing an extract of near fifteen hundred authors. How these were got out of my hands, you, who were the messenger for them, and how lost both to me and yourself, is not now seasonable to complain: but since they did miscarry, I am glad that the general demonstration of his worth was so fairly preserved and represented to the world by your pen in the history of his life; indeed, so well, that, beside others, the best critic of our later time (Mr. John Hales[‡], of Eton College) affirmed to me, "he had not seen a life written with more advantage to the subject, or more reputation to the writer, than that of Dr. Donne."

---

† Dr. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, son of Dr. John King, Bishop of London, and great-nephew of Robert King, the first Bishop of Oxford and the last Abbot of Osney. He was the author of a metrical translation of the Psalms,—of several poems in English, Latin, and Greek; and he also published several sermons and religious tracts. Being disinclined to go all lengths with the high-church party, he was suspected of puritanism; and at a time when the king judged it advisable to conciliate that party—"when," says Jacob, "it was conceived that the most effectual method for the restitution of episcopacy was to prefer persons not only of unblameable lives and eminent for their learning, but such as were generally beloved by all disinterested people," Dr. King, then Dean of Rochester, was advanced to the see of Chichester. But his merits could not save him, and during the ascendancy of Cromwell, Dr. King was obliged to leave the kingdom. He returned at the Restoration, and survived that event nine years, dying on the 1st of October, 1669.

‡ Censure is here and in other places used in the sense of judgment.

After the performance of this task for Dr. Donne, you undertook the like office for our friend Sir Henry Wotton: betwixt which two there was a friendship begun in Oxford, continued in their various travels, and more confirmed in the religious friendship of age; and doubtless this excellent person had writ the life of Dr. Donne, if death had not prevented him; by which means, his and your pre-collections for that work fell to the happy manage of your pen: a work which you would have declined, if imperious persuasions had not been stronger than your modest resolutions against it. And I am thus far glad that the first life was so imposed upon you, because it gave an unavoidable cause of writing the second: if not, it is too probable we had wanted both; which had been a prejudice to all lovers of honour and ingenious learning. And let me not leave my friend Sir Henry without this testimony added to yours; that he was a man of as florid a wit, and as elegant a pen, as any former (of ours, which in that kind is most excellent) age hath ever produced.

And now, having made this voluntary observation of our two deceased friends, I proceed to satisfy your desire concerning what I know and believe of the ever-memorable Mr. Hooker, who was "schismaticorum malleus," so great a champion for the church of England's rights, against the factious torrent of separatists that then ran high against church discipline; and in his unanswerable books continues to be so against the unquiet disciples of their schism, which now, under other names, still carry on their design; and who (as the proper heirs of their irrational zeal) would again rake into the scarce closed wounds of a newly bleeding state and church.

And first, though I dare not say that I knew Mr. Hooker; yet as our ecclesiastical history reports to the honour of St. Ignatius, "that he lived in the time of St. John, and had seen him in his childhood;" so I also joy that in my minority I have often seen Mr. Hooker with my father, who was after Bishop of London; from whom, and others, at that time, I have heard most of the material passages which you relate in the history of his life; and from my father received such a character of his learning, humility, and other virtues, that, like jewels of unvaluable price, they still cast such a lustre, as envy or the rust of time shall never darken.

From my father I have also heard all the circumstances of the plot to defame him; and how Sir Edwin Sandys outwitted his accusers, and gained their confession: and I could give an account of each particular of that plot, but that I judge it fitter to be forgotten, and rot in the same grave with the malicious authors.

I may not omit to declare, that my father's knowledge of Mr. Hooker was occasioned by the learned Dr. John Spencer, who, after the death of Mr. Hooker, was so careful to preserve his unvaluable sixth, seventh, and eighth books of Ecclesiastical Polity, and his other writings, that he procured Henry Jackson, then of Corpus Christi College, to transcribe for him all Mr. Hooker's remaining written papers; many of which were imperfect: for his study had been rifled, or worse used, by Mr. Chark, and another, of principles too like his. But these papers were endeavoured to be completed by his dear friend Dr. Spencer[§], who bequeathed them as a precious legacy to my father; after whose death they rested in my hand, till Dr. Abbot[‖], then Archbishop of Canterbury, commanded them out of my custody, by authorizing Dr. John Barkeham [*], to require, and bring them to him to his palace in Lambeth: at which time, I have heard, they were put into the bishop's library, and that they remained there till the martyrdom of Archbishop Laud; and were then by the brethren of that faction given, with all the library, to Hugh Peters [†], as a reward for his remarkable service in those sad times of the church's confusion. And, though they could hardly fall into a fouler hand, yet there wanted not other endeavours to corrupt and make them speak that language for which the faction then fought, which indeed was, to subject the sovereign power to the people.

---

[*] Dr. Thomas Winniff, successively Dean of Gloucester and of St. Paul's, was promoted to the bishopric of Lincoln in 1641, on the translation of Dr. Williams to York. His promotion, in consequence of his principles, which were suspected to lean too much towards puritanism, became a source of care and discomfort, and he was at last under the necessity of retiring to a country parish, Lambourn in Essex, where he died in 1654. Lord Clarendon, in such a case an impartial witness, naming this prelate and four other divines who were appointed bishops at the same time as he, characterises them all as "of the greatest eminency in the church, frequent preachers, and not a man to whom the faults of the then governing clergy were imputed, or against whom the least objection could be made."

[†] Dr. Thomas Mountfort, canon residentiary of St. Paul's, died February 27th, 1632.

[‡] John Hales, an eminent divine and critic, usually distinguished by the appellation of "The ever-memorable;" Greek Professor in the University of Oxford, and afterwards Fellow of Eton College. From his vast erudition, he was called "The Walking Library," and was esteemed one of the greatest scholars in Europe. Sir David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, who edited a beautiful edition of his works, says, that "they who are acquainted with the literary and political history of England, will perceive that the leading men of all parties, however different and discordant, have, with a wonderful unanimity, concurred in praise of the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales of Eton." Hales was a staunch royalist, and suffered severely during the usurpation of Cromwell, and was reduced to sell a part of his valuable library to Cornelius Bee, a bookseller in London, for 700*l.*; but there appears no reason to give credit to the story generally current that he died in extreme poverty, since in his will, which is dated on the day of his death, he bequeathes several legacies, as well in money as in books and rings. He died on the 19th of May, 1656, aged 72 years.

[§] President of Corpus Christi College in Oxford. After the death of Mr. Hooker he published the five books of Ecclesiastical Polity, with an excellent preface.

[‖] Dr. George Abbot, a man of great learning and piety, but whose character has, in consequence of the part he took in the political and religious controversies of the times, been very roughly handled by many historians of opposite opinions. He was much favoured by James I., but his opposition to the projects of Laud brought him into disgrace with Charles. His life has been well written, and his character set in a true light, by Mr. Arthur Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons. He says, that "if he had some narrow notions in divinity, they were rather the faults of the age he had his education in, than his; and the same imputation may be laid on the best and most learned of the reformers. His parts seem to have been strong and masterly, his preaching grave and eloquent, and his style equal to any of that time. He was eminent for piety, and a care for the poor; and his hospitality fully answered the injunction King James laid on him, which was to carry his house nobly and live like an archbishop."

But I need not strive to vindicate Mr. Hooker in this particular: his known loyalty to his prince whilst he lived, the sorrow expressed by King James at his death, the value our late sovereign (of ever-blessed memory) put upon his works, and now the singular character of his worth by you given in the passages of his life, especially in your appendix to it, do sufficiently clear him from that imputation: and I am glad you mention how much value Thomas Stapleton, pope Clement the Eighth, and other eminent men of the Romish persuasion, have put upon his books; having been told the same in my youth by persons of worth that have travelled Italy.

Lastly, I must again congratulate this undertaking of yours, as now more proper to you than any other person, by reason of your long knowledge and alliance to the worthy family of the Cranmers, (my old friends also,) who have been men of noted wisdom; especially Mr. George Cranmer, whose prudence, added to that of Sir Edwin Sandys, proved very useful in the completing of Mr. Hooker's matchless books: one of their letters I herewith send you, to make use of, if you think fit. And let me say further, you merit much from many of Mr. Hooker's best friends then living: namely, from the ever-renowned Archbishop Whitgift, of whose incomparable worth, with the character of the times, you have given us a more short and significant account than I have received from any other pen. You have done much for the learned Sir Henry Savile, his contemporary and familiar friend; amongst the surviving monuments of whose learning (give me leave to tell you so) two are omitted; his edition of Euclid, but especially his translation of King James's Apology for the Oath of Allegiance, into elegant Latin: which flying in that dress as far as Rome, was by the pope and conclave sent to Salamanca unto Franciscus Suarez [‡], (then residing there as president of that college,) with a command to answer it. And it is worth noting, that when he had perfected the work, which he calls, "Defensio Fidei Catholicæ," it was transmitted to Rome for a view of the Inquisitors; who, according to their custom, blotted out what they pleased, and (as Mr. Hooker hath been used since his death) added whatsoever might advance the pope's supremacy, or carry on their own interest; commonly coupling together "deponere et occidere," the deposing and then killing of princes. Which cruel and unchristian language Mr. John Saltkel [§], the amanuensis to Suarez, when he wrote that answer, (but since a convert, and living long in my father's house,) often professed the good old man (whose piety and charity Mr. Saltkel magnified much) not only disavowed, but detested. Not to trouble you further; your reader, (if, according to your desire, my approbation of your work carries any weight) will here find many just reasons to thank you for it; and possibly for this circumstance here mentioned (not known to many) may happily apprehend one to thank him, who heartily wishes your happiness, and is unfeignedly,

Sir,
Your ever faithful
and affectionate old Friend,
Henry Chichester.

Chichester, Nov. 17, 1664.

---

[*] Chaplain to Archbishop Bancroft, as well as to his successor, Dr. Abbot, and Dean of Bocking in Essex; an able divine and an amiable man. To his knowledge in divinity he added other literary accomplishments, being an accurate historian, well skilled in coins and antiquities, and so great a proficient in heraldry, that he is generally supposed to have been the author of that celebrated work which was published in the name of John Guillim.

[†] The history of this warlike chaplain of Cromwell's is too well known to need further notice here. He was a man of considerable talents, but very little principle. Of his behaviour during his trial and at his execution, see the State Trials.

[‡] A celebrated Jesuit, the author of many controversial and other tracts. He was born in 1548, and died in 1617.

[§] Mr. John Saltkel, or Saltkeld, was for some years a member of the church of Rome and a Jesuit. He was profoundly read in theological and other authors; but being for the fame of his learning brought before King James, he was so far convinced by his majesty's arguments as to come over to the church of England, for which he was wont to style himself "The Royal Convert;" and the king honoured him so far as to call him "The learned Salkeld," in his works and writings. Mr. Salkeld became rector of Church Taunton in Devonshire, in 1635, and was afterwards, for his loyalty, deprived of his preferment. He died at Ulculm, in February 1659-60.

CONTENTS.

PAGE
THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE 1
THE LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON, KNIGHT 21
THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER 39
THE LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT 64
THE LIFE OF DR. ROBERT SANDERSON 85

There are no colours in the fairest sky
So fair as these. The feather whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing. With moistened eye
We read of faith and purest charity
In statesman, priest, and humble citizen.
Oh! could we copy their mild virtues, then
What joy to live, what blessedness to die!
Methinks their very names shine still and bright,
Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night;
Or lonely tapers when from far they fling
A guiding ray; or seen—like stars on high,
Satellites burning in a lucid ring
Around meek Walton's heavenly memory.

Wordsworth.

THE
LIFE OF DR. JOHN DONNE,
LATE
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, LONDON.

INTRODUCTION,

AS ORIGINALLY PREFIXED TO THE FIRST COLLECTION OF HIS SERMONS IN 1640.

If that great master of language and art, Sir Henry Wotton, the late Provost of Eton College, had lived to see the publication of these sermons, he had presented the world with the author's life exactly written; and it was pity he did not, for it was a work worthy his undertaking, and he fit to undertake it: betwixt whom and the author there was so mutual a knowledge, and such a friendship contracted in their youth, as nothing but death could force a separation. And, though their bodies were divided, their affections were not; for that learned knight's love followed his friend's fame beyond death and the forgetful grave; which he testified by entreating me, whom he acquainted with his design, to inquire of some particulars that concerned it, not doubting but my knowledge of the author, and love to his memory, might make my diligence useful. I did most gladly undertake the employment, and continued it with great content, till I had made my collection ready to be augmented and completed by his matchless pen; but then death prevented his intentions.

When I heard that sad news, and heard also that these sermons were to be printed, and want the author's life, which I thought to be very remarkable, indignation or grief—indeed I know not which—transported me so far, that I reviewed my forsaken collections, and resolved the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that my artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present to it.

And if I shall now be demanded, as once Pompey's poor bond-man was*, "the grateful wretch had been left alone on the sea-shore, with the forsaken dead body of his once glorious lord and master; and was then gathering the scattered pieces of an old broken boat, to make a funeral pile to burn it, which was the custom of the Romans—Who art thou, that alone hast the honour to bury the body of Pompey the Great?" So, who am I, that do thus officiously set the author's memory on fire? I hope the question will prove to have in it more of wonder than disdain; but wonder indeed the reader may, that I, who profess myself artless, should presume with my faint light to show forth his life, whose very name makes it illustrious! But be this to the disadvantage of the person represented: certain I am, it is to the advantage of the beholder, who shall here see the author's picture in a natural dress, which ought to beget faith in what is spoken; for he that wants skill to deceive may safely be trusted.

And if the author's glorious spirit, which now is in heaven, can have the leisure to look down and see me, the poorest, the meanest of all his friends, in the midst of this officious duty, confident I am that he will not disdain this well-meant sacrifice to his memory; for whilst his conversation made me and many others happy below, I know his humility and gentleness were then eminent; and I have heard divines say, those virtues that were but sparks upon earth, become great and glorious flames in heaven.

Before I proceed further, I am to entreat the reader to take notice, that when Doctor Donne's Sermons were first printed, this was then my excuse for daring to write his life; and I dare not now appear without it.

◆

Master John Donne was born in London, in the year 1573, of good and virtuous parents: and though his own learning and other multiplied merits may justly appear sufficient to dignify both himself and his posterity, yet the reader may be pleased to know that his father was masculinely and lineally descended from a very ancient family in Wales, where many of his name now live, that deserve and have great reputation in that country.

By his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned Sir Thomas More, some time lord chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious judge Rastall †, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged.

---

* Plutarch.

† William Rastall, the son of John Rastall, a celebrated printer, who married Elizabeth, the sister of Sir Thomas More. William Rastall was born in London in 1508. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards entered at Lincoln's Inn, but upon the change of religion retired to Louvain. On the accession of Queen Mary he returned to England, and in 1554 was made a serjeant-at-law, one of the commissioners for the prosecution of heretics, and a little before Mary's death, one of the justices of Common Pleas. Queen Elizabeth renewed his patent as justice, but he preferred retiring to Louvain, where he died on the 27th of August, 1565. It does not appear certain whether it were he or his brother John, who being a justice of the peace was commonly but improperly called "Justice Rastall," who published "A Collection (abridged) of the Statutes in force and use," in 1557, often reprinted. It contains copies of statutes not elsewhere extant, and in some instances more complete transcripts of several acts than are commonly printed in the Statutes at large.

He had his first breeding in his father's house, where a private tutor had the care of him, until the tenth year of his age; and, in his eleventh year, was sent to the University of Oxford, having at that time a good command both of the French and Latin tongue. This, and some other of his remarkable abilities, made one then give this censure of him: "That this age had brought forth another Picus Mirandula[*], of whom story says that he was rather born than made wise by study."

There he remained for some years in Hart Hall, having, for the advancement of his studies, tutors of several sciences to attend and instruct him, till time made him capable, and his learning expressed in public exercises declared him worthy, to receive his first degree in the schools, which he forbore by advice from his friends, who, being for their religion of the Romish persuasion, were conscionably averse to some parts of the oath that is always tendered at those times, and not to be refused by those that expect the titulary honour of their studies.

About the fourteenth year of his age, he was transplanted from Oxford to Cambridge, where, that he might receive nourishment from both soils, he staid till his seventeenth year; all which time he was a most laborious student, often changing his studies, but endeavouring to take no degree, for the reasons formerly mentioned.

About the seventeenth year of his age he was removed to London, and then admitted into Lincoln's Inn, with an intent to study the law; where he gave great testimonies of his wit, his learning, and of his improvement in that profession, which never served him for other use than an ornament and self-satisfaction.

His father died before his admission into this society; and, being a merchant, left him his portion in money. It was 3000*l.* His mother, and those to whose care he was committed, were watchful to improve his knowledge, and to that end appointed him tutors, both in the mathematics and in all the other liberal sciences, to attend him. But with these arts, they were advised to instil into him particular principles of the Romish church; of which those tutors professed, though secretly, themselves to be members.

They had almost obliged him to their faith, having for their advantage, besides many opportunities, the example of his dear and pious parents, which was a most powerful persuasion, and did work much upon him, as he professeth in his Preface to his Pseudo-Martyr, a book of which the reader shall have some account in what follows.

He was now entered into the eighteenth year of his age; and at that time had betrothed himself to no religion that might give him any other denomination than a Christian. And reason and piety had both persuaded him that there could be no such sin as schism, if an adherence to some visible church were not necessary.

About the nineteenth year of his age, he, being then unresolved what religion to adhere to, and considering how much it concerned his soul to choose the most orthodox, did therefore, though his youth and health promised him a long life, to rectify all scruples that might concern that, presently lay aside all study of the law, and of all other sciences that might give him a denomination; and began seriously to survey and consider the body of divinity, as it was then controverted betwixt the Reformed and the Roman church. And as God's blessed Spirit did then awaken him to the search, and in that industry did never forsake him (they be his own words)[†], so he calls the same Holy Spirit to witness this protestation; that in that disquisition and search, he proceeded with humility and diffidence in himself; and by that which he took to be the safest way, namely, frequent prayers, and an indifferent affection to both parties; and, indeed, Truth had too much light about her to be hid from so sharp an inquirer; and he had too much ingenuity, not to acknowledge he had found her.

Being to undertake this search, he believed the Cardinal Bellarmine[‡] to be the best defender of the Roman cause, and therefore betook himself to the examination of his reasons. The cause was weighty, and wilful delays had been inexcusable both towards God and his own conscience: he therefore proceeded in this search with all moderate haste, and about the twentieth year of his age did show the then Dean of Gloucester[§], whose name my memory hath now lost, all the cardinal's works marked with many weighty observations under his own hand, which works were bequeathed by him, at his death, as a legacy to a most dear friend.

About a year following, he resolved to travel; and the Earl of Essex going first the Cales[||], and after the Island voyages—the first anno 1596, the second 1597, he took the advantage of those opportunities, waited upon his lordship, and was an eye-witness of those happy and unhappy employments.

But he returned not back into England, till he had staid some years, first in Italy and then in Spain, where he made many useful observations of those countries, their laws and manner of government, and returned perfect in their languages.

The time that he spent in Spain was, at his first going into Italy, designed for travelling to the Holy Land, and for viewing Jerusalem and the sepulchre of our Saviour. But at his being in the furthest parts of Italy, the disappointment of company, or of a safe convoy, or the uncertainty of returns of money into those remote parts, denied him that happiness, which he did often occasionally mention with a deploration.

Not long after his return into England, that exemplary pattern of gravity and wisdom, the

---

[*] Picus, prince of Mirandula, was born in 1463, and having resigned his sovereignty to his nephew, he died in 1494. He is said to have made such a wonderful progress in study, as to understand twenty-two languages at the age of eighteen years, and at the age of twenty-four to dispute with great success "de omni scibili."

[†] In his Preface to Pseudo-Martyr.

[‡] One of the most celebrated controversial writers of his time, and a distinguished member of the Society of Jesus. He died on the 17th Sept., 1621, aged sixty-nine years. The work alluded to in the text is entitled, "Disputationes de Controversiis Christianæ Fidei, adversus sui temporis Hereticus." Cologne, 1610, folio, 4 vols.

[§] Dr. Anthony Rudd, born in Yorkshire, and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died Bishop of St. David's in 1614.

[||] Cadiz.

Lord Ellesmere *, then keeper of the great seal, and Lord Chancellor of England, taking notice of his learning, languages, and other abilities, and much affecting his person and behaviour, took him to be his chief secretary, supposing and intending it to be an introduction to some more weighty employment in the state; for which, his lordship did often protest, he thought him very fit.

Nor did his lordship, in this time of Master Donne's attendance upon him, account him to be so much his servant, as to forget he was his friend; and, to testify it, did always use him with much courtesy, appointing him a place at his own table, to which he esteemed his company and discourse to be a great ornament.

He continued that employment for the space of five years, being daily useful, and not mercenary to his friends. During which time he, I dare not say unhappily, fell into such a liking as, with her approbation, increased into a love with a young gentlewoman that lived in that family, who was niece to the Lady Ellesmere †, and daughter to Sir George More ‡, then chancellor of the garter and lieutenant of the Tower.

Sir George had some intimation of it, and, knowing prevention to be a great part of wisdom, did therefore remove her with much haste from that to his own house at Lothesley, in the county of Surrey; but too late, by reason of some faithful promises which were so interchangeably passed, as never to be violated by either party.

These promises were only known to themselves; and the friends of both parties used much diligence and many arguments to kill or cool their affections to each other, but in vain; for love is a flattering mischief, that hath denied aged and wise men a foresight of those evils that too often prove to be the children of that blind father; a passion, that carries us to commit errors with as much ease as whirlwinds move feathers, and begets in us an unwearied industry to the attainment of what we desire. And such an industry did, notwithstanding much watchfulness against it, bring them secretly together—I forbear to tell the manner how, and at last to a marriage too, without the allowance of those friends whose approbation always was, and ever will be, necessary to make even a virtuous love become lawful.

And that the knowledge of their marriage might not fall, like an unexpected tempest, on those that were unwilling to have it so, and that pre-apprehensions might make it the less enormous when it was known, it was purposely whispered into the ears of many that it was so, yet by none that could affirm it. But, to put a period to the jealousies of Sir George, doubt often begetting more restless thoughts than the certain knowledge of what we fear, the news was, in favour to Mr. Donne, and with his allowance, made known to Sir George, by his honourable friend and neighbour Henry, Earl of Northumberland §; but it was to Sir George so immeasurably unwelcome, and so transported him, that, as though his passion of anger and inconsideration might exceed theirs of love and error, he presently engaged his sister, the Lady Ellesmere, to join with him to procure her lord to discharge Mr. Donne of the place he held under his lordship. This request was followed with violence; and though Sir George were remembered that errors might be over punished, and desired therefore to forbear, till second considerations might clear some scruples, yet he became restless until his suit was granted, and the punishment executed. And though the lord chancellor did not, at Mr. Donne's dismission, give him such a commendation as the great emperor Charles the Fifth did of his secretary Eraso, when he parted with him, to his son and successor, Philip the Second, saying, "That in his Eraso, he gave to him a greater gift than all his estate, and all the kingdoms which he then resigned to him;" yet the lord chancellor said, "He parted with a friend, and such a secretary as was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

Immediately after his dismission from his service, he sent a sad letter to his wife, to acquaint her with it: and after the subscription of his name, writ—

"JOHN DONNE, ANNE DONNE, UN-DONE."

And God knows it proved too true; for this bitter

---

* Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere, the son of Sir Richard Egerton of Ridley, in Cheshire, was born about the year 1540. He was early distinguished at the bar, and on the 6th of May, 1596, the great seal was committed to him, with the title of lord-keeper. James I. created him Baron Ellesmere, and constituted him Lord Chancellor of England, an office which he filled to within a very short time of his death in the most upright and exemplary manner. When at last, being overwhelmed by age, he had by repeated entreaties prevailed on the king to relieve him from the burden which pressed too heavily on one weighed down by the load of seventy-six years, James did so with expressions of heartfelt sorrow at parting with so valued a servant, and testified his sense of his merit by creating him Viscount of Brackley. He shortly after announced his intention of raising him to an earldom, an honour which, although he did not live to receive, was conferred on his son, John Egerton, who was created Earl of Bridgwater. Lord Ellesmere was distinguished for his literary acquirements as well as by legal knowledge. His person was singularly dignified. Lloyd, in his State Worthies, page 756, observes that "Christendom afforded not a person which carried more gravity in his countenance and behaviour than Sir Thomas Egerton, insomuch that many have gone to the Chancery on purpose only to see his venerable garb (happy they who had no other business), and were highly pleased at so acceptable a picture." He died at York House in the Strand, on the 15th of March, 1617, in his seventy-seventh year, "in a good old age, and full of virtuous fame." He was buried at Doddlestone, in Cheshire, on the 6th of April following.

† This lady was sister to Sir George More, and widow of Sir John Wooley, of Pirford in Surrey, knight. Sir Francis Wooley, hereafter mentioned, was her son.

‡ Only son and heir of Sir William More. He was born Nov. 28th, 1553, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, whence he removed to the inns of court. About 1597, he was knighted; in 1610, was made Chancellor of the Garter; and in 1615, Lieutenant of the Tower. He frequently sat in Parliament for the borough of Guildford. He died Oct. 16th, 1632.

§ Henry Percy, ninth earl of Northumberland, born in April, 1564. Though not himself engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, but being a stanch supporter of the Stuarts he suffered severely for the share which his cousin Thomas Percy took in that affair. He was imprisoned fifteen years in the Tower, and only released upon payment of £20,000. He died Nov. 5th, 1632. He was particularly distinguished for his attachment to learning; and during his confinement he allowed salaries for eminent scholars to attend upon him; and he also enjoyed the converse of Sir Walter Raleigh, his fellow prisoner. He had a peculiar talent for the mathematics; and, on account of his love for the occult sciences, he was sometimes called Henry the Wizard.

physic of Mr. Donne's dismission was not enough to purge out all Sir George's choler; for he was not satisfied till Mr. Donne and his sometime compupil in Cambridge, that married him, namely, Samuel Brooke, who was after doctor in divinity and master of Trinity College, and his brother Mr. Christopher Brooke, sometime Mr. Donne's chamber-fellow in Lincoln's Inn, who gave Mr. Donne his wife, and witnessed the marriage, were all committed to three several prisons.

Mr. Donne was first enlarged, who neither gave rest to his body or brain, nor to any friend in whom he might hope to have an interest, until he had procured an enlargement for his two imprisoned friends.

He was now at liberty, but his days were still cloudy: and being past these troubles, others did still multiply upon him; for his wife was, to her extreme sorrow, detained from him; and though, with Jacob, he endured not an hard service for her, yet he lost a good one, and was forced to make good his title, and to get possession of her by a long and restless suit in law; which proved troublesome and sadly chargeable to him, whose youth, and travel, and needless bounty, had brought his estate into a narrow compass.

It is observed, and most truly, that silence and submission are charming qualities, and work most upon passionate men; and it proved so with Sir George; for these, and a general report of Mr. Donne's merits, together with his winning behaviour, which, when it would entice, had a strange kind of elegant irresistible art. These and time had so dispassionated Sir George, that as the world had approved his daughter's choice, so he also could not but see a more than ordinary merit in his new son; and this at last melted him into so much remorse—for love and anger are so like agues, as to have hot and cold fits; and love in parents, though it may be quenched, yet is easily rekindled, and expires not till death denies mankind a natural heat—that he laboured his son's restoration to his place, using to that end both his own and his sister's power to her lord, but with no success: for his answer was, that though he was unfeignedly sorry for what he had done, yet it was inconsistent with his place and credit, to discharge and readmit servants at the request of passionate petitioners.

Sir George's endeavour for Mr. Donne's readmission was by all means to be kept secret; for men do more naturally reluct for errors than submit to put on those blemishes that attend their visible acknowledgment. But, however, it was not long before Sir George appeared to be so far reconciled, as to wish their happiness, and not to deny them his paternal blessing, but yet refused to contribute any means that might conduce to their livelihood.

Mr. Donne's estate was the greatest part spent in many and chargeable travels, books, and dear-bought experience: he out of all employment that might yield a support for himself and wife, who had been curiously and plentifully educated; both their natures generous, and accustomed to confer, and not to receive, courtesies: these and other considerations, but chiefly that his wife was to bear a part in his sufferings, surrounded him with many sad thoughts, and some apparent apprehensions of want.

But his sorrows were lessened and his wants prevented, by the seasonable courtesy of their noble kinsman, Sir Francis Wolly, of Pirford, in Surrey, who entreated them to a cohabitation with him; where they remained with much freedom to themselves, and equal content to him, for some years; and as their charge increased—she had yearly a child—so did his love and bounty.

It hath been observed by wise and considering men, that wealth hath seldom been the portion, and never the mark to discover good people; but that Almighty God, who disposeth all things wisely, hath of his abundant goodness denied it—he only knows why—to many, whose minds he hath enriched with the greater blessings of knowledge and virtue, as the fairer testimonies of his love to mankind: and this was the present condition of this man of so excellent erudition and endowments; whose necessary and daily expenses were hardly reconcilable with his uncertain and narrow estate. Which I mention, for that at this time there was a most generous offer made him for the moderating of his worldly cares, the declaration of which shall be the next employment of my pen.

God hath been so good to his church, as to afford it in every age some such men to serve at his altar as have been piously ambitious of doing good to mankind; a disposition, that is so like to God himself, that it owes itself only to Him who takes a pleasure to behold it in his creatures. These times[*] he did bless with many such, some of which still live to be patterns of apostolical charity, and of more than human patience. I have said this, because I have occasion to mention one of them in my following discourse—namely, Dr. Morton[†], the most laborious and learned Bishop of Durham; one that God hath blessed with perfect intellectuals and a cheerful heart at the age of ninety-four years, and is yet living; one, that in his days of plenty had so large a heart as to use his large revenue to the encouragement of learning and virtue, and is now, be it spoken with sorrow, reduced to a narrow estate, which he embraces without repining; and still shows the beauty of his mind by so liberal a hand, as if this were an age in which to-morrow were to care for itself. I have taken a pleasure in giving the reader a short but true character of this good man, my friend, from whom I received this following relation. He sent to Mr. Donne, and entreated to borrow an hour of his time for a conference the next day. After their meeting, there was not many minutes passed before he spake to Mr. Donne to this purpose :—"Mr. Donne, the occasion of sending for you is to propose to you what I have often revolved in my own thought since I last saw you, which, nevertheless, I will not declare but upon this condition, that you shall not return me a present answer, but forbear three days, and bestow some part of that time in fasting and prayer ; and after a serious consideration of what I shall propose, then return to me with your answer. Deny me not, Mr. Donne ; for it is the effect of a true love, which I would gladly pay as a debt due for yours to me."

---

[*] 1648.

[†] Dr. Morton was a most excellent prelate, zealous, learned, and charitable. He was descended from the same family as the celebrated Cardinal Morton, the zealous adherent of the unfortunate Henry VI. and the calumniated minister of Henry VII. Dr. Morton suffered much during the ascendancy of the parliament, and in his time of need found an asylum under the roof of Sir Christopher Yelverton, where he undertook the education of that gentleman's son, the celebrated Sir Henry Yelverton. His grateful pupil thus commemorates his ancient tutor. "He was an ancient bishop, and had all the qualifications fit for his order, either to adorn or govern a church; but above all, he was eminent for his invincible patience under so many violent persecutions and almost necessities, always rejoicing in his losses, and protesting that he thought himself richer with nothing and a good conscience than those who had devoured his goodly bishopric." He died on the 22nd of September, 1659, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

This request being granted, the doctor expressed himself thus :—

"Mr. Donne, I know your education and abilities ; I know your expectation of a state-employment, and I know your fitness for it ; and I know too the many delays and contingencies that attend court promises : and let me tell you that my love, begot by our long friendship and your merits, hath prompted me to such an inquisition after your present temporal estate, as makes me no stranger to your necessities, which I know to be such as your generous spirit could not bear, if it were not supported with a pious patience. You know I have formerly persuaded you to wave your court-hopes, and enter into holy orders, which I now again persuade you to embrace, with this reason added to my former request :—the king hath yesterday made me Dean of Gloucester, and I am also possessed of a benefice, the profits of which are equal to those of my deanery ; I will think my deanery enough for my maintenance, who am, and resolve to die, a single man, and will quit my benefice, and estate you in it ; which the patron is willing I shall do, if God shall incline your heart to embrace this motion. Remember, Mr. Donne, no man's education or parts make him too good for this employment, which is to be an ambassador for the God of glory—that God, who by a vile death opened the gates of life to mankind. Make me no present answer, but remember your promise, and return to me the third day with your resolution."

At the hearing of this, Mr. Donne's faint breath and perplexed countenance gave a visible testimony of an inward conflict ; but he performed his promise, and departed without returning an answer till the third day, and then his answer was to this effect :—

"My most worthy and most dear friend, since I saw you, I have been faithful to my promise, and have also meditated much of your great kindness, which hath been such as would exceed even my gratitude ; but that it cannot do ; and more I cannot return you ; and I do that with a heart full of humility and thanks, though I may not accept of your offer: but, sir, my refusal is not for that I think myself too good for that calling, for which kings, if they think so, are not good enough : nor for that my education and learning, though not eminent, may not, being assisted with God's grace and humility, render me in some measure fit for it : but I dare make so dear a friend as you are, my confessor : some irregularities of my life have been so visible to some men, that though I have, I thank God, made my peace with him by penitential resolutions against them, and by the assistance of his grace banished them my affections ; yet this, which God knows to be so, is not so visible to man as to free me from their censures, and it may be that sacred calling from a dishonour. And besides, whereas it is determined by the best of casuists, that God's glory should be the first end, and a maintenance the second motive to embrace that calling ; and though each man may propose to himself both together, yet the first may not be put last without a violation of conscience, which he that searches the heart will judge. And truly my present condition is such, that if I ask my own conscience, whether it be reconcilable to that rule, it is at this time so perplexed about it, that I can neither give myself nor you an answer. You know, sir, who says, 'Happy is that man whose conscience doth not accuse him for that thing which he does.' To these I might add other reasons that dissuade me ; but I crave your favour that I may forbear to express them, and thankfully decline your offer."

This was his present resolution, but the heart of man is not in his own keeping ; and he was destined to this sacred service by a higher hand ; a hand so powerful, as at last forced him to a compliance; of which I shall give the reader an account before I shall give a rest to my pen.

Mr. Donne and his wife continued with Sir Francis Wolly till his death* : a little before which time, Sir Francis was so happy as to make a perfect reconciliation betwixt Sir George, and his forsaken son and daughter ; Sir George conditioning by bond, to pay to Mr. Donne 800*l.* at a certain day, as a portion with his wife, or 20*l.* quarterly for their maintenance, as the interest for it, till the said portion was paid.

Most of those years that he lived with Sir Francis, he studied the Civil and Canon Laws ; in which he acquired such a perfection, as was judged to hold proportion with many who had made that study the employment of their whole life.

Sir Francis being dead, and that happy family dissolved, Mr. Donne took for himself a house in Mitcham,—near to Croydon in Surrey,—a place noted for good air and choice company : there his wife and children remained ; and for himself he took lodgings in London, near to Whitehall, whither his friends and occasions drew him very often, and where he was as often visited, by many of the nobility and others of this nation, who used him in their counsels of greatest consideration, and with some rewards for his better subsistence.

Nor did our own nobility only value and favour him, but his acquaintance and friendship was sought for by most ambassadors of foreign nations, and by many other strangers, whose learning or business occasioned their stay in this nation.

He was much importuned by many friends to make his constant residence in London ; but he still denied it, having settled his dear wife and children at Mitcham, and near some friends that were bountiful to them and him ; for they, God knows, needed it : and that you may the better now judge of the then present condition of his mind and fortune, I shall present you with an extract collected out of some few of his many letters.

—— And the reason why I did not send an answer to your last week's letter, was, because it then found me under too great a sadness; and at present 'tis thus with me: There is not one person, but myself, well of my family: I have already lost half a child, and, with that mischance of hers, my wife is fallen into such a discomposure, as would afflict her too extremely, but that the sickness of all her other children stupifies her, of one of which, in good faith, I have not much hope: and these meet with a fortune so ill provided for physic, and such relief, that if God should ease us with burials, I know not how to perform even that: but I flatter myself with this hope, that I am dying too; for I cannot waste faster than by such griefs. As for,——

---

* In 1610.

From my hospital at Mitcham,
Aug. 10. John Donne.

Thus he did bemoan himself: and thus in other letters.

—— For, we hardly discover a sin, when it is but an omission of some good, and no accusing act: with this or the former I have often suspected myself to be overtaken; which is, with an over-earnest desire of the next life: and, though I know it is not merely a weariness of this, because I had the same desire when I went with the tide, and enjoyed fairer hopes than I now do; yet I doubt worldly troubles have increased it: 'tis now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither: I grow older, and not better; my strength diminisheth, and my load grows heavier; and yet I would fain be or do something; but that I cannot tell what, is no wonder in this time of my sadness; for to choose is to do; but to be no part of any body, is as to be nothing: And so I am, and shall so judge myself, unless I could be so incorporated into a part of the world, as by business to contribute some sustentation to the whole. This I made account; I began early, when I understood the study of our laws; but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptic immoderate desire of human learning and languages: beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes, but mine was grown so low as to need an occupation; which I thought I entered well into, when I subjected myself to such a service as I thought might exercise my poor abilities: and there I stumbled, and fell too; and now I am become so little, or such a nothing, that I am not a subject good enough for one of my own letters.—Sir, I fear my present discontent does not proceed from a good root, that I am so well content to be nothing, that is, dead. But, sir, though my fortune hath made me such, as that I am rather a sickness or a disease of the world, than any part of it, and therefore neither love it, nor life; yet I would gladly live to become some such thing as you should not repent loving me: Sir, your own soul cannot be more zealous for your good, than I am; and God, who loves that zeal in me, will not suffer you to doubt it: You would pity me now, if you saw me write, for my pain hath drawn my head so much awry, and holds it so, that my eye cannot follow my pen. I therefore receive you into my prayers with mine own weary soul, and commend myself to yours. I doubt not but next week will bring you good news, for I have either mending or dying on my side: but, if I do continue longer thus, I shall have comfort in this, that my blessed Saviour in exercising his justice upon my two worldly parts, my fortune and my body, reserves all his mercy for that which most needs it, my soul! which is, I doubt, too like a porter, that is very often near the gate, and yet goes not out. Sir, I profess to you truly, that my loathness to give over writing now, seems to myself a sign that I shall write no more.——

Your poor friend, and
God's poor patient,
Sept. 7. John Donne.

By this you have seen a part of the picture of his narrow fortune, and the perplexities of his generous mind; and thus it continued with him for about two years, all which time his family remained constantly at Mitcham; and to which place he often retired himself, and destined some days to a constant study of some points of controversy betwixt the English and Roman Church, and especially those of Supremacy and Allegiance: and to that place and such studies he could willingly have wedded himself during his life: but the earnest persuasion of friends became at last to be so powerful, as to cause the removal of himself and family to London, where Sir Robert Drewry*, a gentleman of a very noble estate, and a more liberal mind, assigned him and his wife an useful apartment in his own large house in Drury-lane, and not only rent free, but was also a cherisher of his studies, and such a friend as sympathized with him and his, in all their joy and sorrows.

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on as sudden a resolution, to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body, as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence; and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it.

---

* The eldest son of Sir William Drury of Howsted, in Suffolk, who was killed in a duel in France in 1589. When he was not more than fourteen, he accompanied the Earl of Essex to the unsuccessful siege of Rouen, and was knighted on that occasion. He married Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Bacon of Redgrave, in Suffolk. In 1610 he lost his daughter Dorothy, to whose memory Dr. Donne composed two poems, "An Anatomie of the World," and "The Progresse of the Soule." In March of the same year, Sir Robert built and endowed an almshouse for widows, at Hawsted; and in 1612, went with Dr. Donne to Paris. Walton seems to have fallen into an error respecting the date and occasion of this journey, since Lord Hay was not sent as ambassador to Paris until July, 1616, and Sir Robert Drury died on the 2d of April, 1615. Drury House stood at the lower end of Drury-lane and upper end of Wych-street. It was afterwards the seat of William, Earl of Craven, who made considerable additions to it, and gave it the name of Craven House. The remains of Craven House were taken down in 1809, and the Olympic theatre now stands on part of its site.

But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty, when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him; and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling-willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve, the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne, left London; and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room, in which Sir Robert, and he and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found, Mr. Donne alone: but in such an ecstacy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer: but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure, that at her second appearing, she stopped, and looked me in the face, and vanished."—Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day: for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence, that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true.—It is truly said, that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry-house, with a charge to hasten back, and bring him word, whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account,—that he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad, and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, the abortion proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion, that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain, that two lutes being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased, that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider, many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin, and Monica his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these, and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the Sacred story*, that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not I undertake not to determine.—And Bildad, in the Book of Job, says these words†: "A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men, that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel, to be his constant monitor; and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison‡, not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit, by the reader's considering, that when Peter after his enlargement knocked at the door of Mary the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste, and told the disciples—who were then and there met together—that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation of a firmer belief: but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare, that though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me, did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's farther trouble, as to the relation, and what concerns it; and will conclude mine, with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell, that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say, that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them.

A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls, to go,
While some of their sad friends do say,
"The breath goes now," and some say, "No:"

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

---

* 1 Sam. xxviii. 14.
† Job iv. 13-16.
‡ Acts xii. 7-10. Ib. 13-15.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull sublunary lovers' love
—Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

But we, by a love so far refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

Our two souls therefore, which are one,
—Though I must go,—endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If we be two? we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.

And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun.

I return from my account of the vision, to tell the reader, that both before Mr. Donne's going into France, at his being there, and after his return, many of the nobility and others that were powerful at court, were watchful and solicitous to the king for some secular employment for him. The king had formerly both known and put a value upon his company, and had also given him some hopes of a state employment; being always much pleased when Mr. Donne attended him, especially at his meals; where there were usually many deep discourses of general learning, and very often friendly disputes, or debates of religion, betwixt his majesty and those divines, whose places required their attendance on him at those times: particularly the Dean of the Chapel, who then was Bishop Montague* — the publisher of the learned and eloquent works of his majesty—and the most Reverend Doctor Andrews†, the late learned Bishop of Winchester, who was then the king's almoner.

About this time there grew many disputes, that concerned the oath of supremacy and allegiance, in which the king had appeared, and engaged himself by his public writings now extant; and his majesty discoursing with Mr. Donne, concerning many of the reasons which are usually urged against the taking of those oaths, apprehended such a validity and clearness in his stating the questions, and his answers to them, that his majesty commanded him to bestow some time in drawing the arguments into a method, and then to write his answers to them; and, having done that, not to send, but be his own messenger, and bring them to him. To this he presently and diligently applied himself, and within six weeks brought them to him under his own hand-writing, as they be now printed; the book bearing the name of Pseudo-Martyr, printed anno 1610.

When the king had read and considered that book, he persuaded Mr. Donne to enter into the ministry; to which, at that time, he was, and appeared, very unwilling, apprehending it—such was his mistaken modesty—to be too weighty for his abilities; and though his majesty had promised him a favour, and many persons of worth mediated with his majesty for some secular employment for him,—to which his education had apted him—and particularly the Earl of Somerset‡, when in his greatest height of favour; who being then at Theobald's with the king, where one of the clerks of the council died that night, the earl posted a messenger for Mr. Donne to come to him immediately, and at Mr. Donne's coming, said, "Mr. Donne, to testify the reality of my affection, and my purpose to prefer you, stay in this garden till I go up to the king, and bring you word that you are clerk of the council: doubt not my doing this, for I know the king loves you, and know the king will not deny me." But the king gave a positive denial to all requests, and, having a discerning spirit, replied, "I know Mr. Donne is a learned man, has the abilities of a learned divine, and will prove a powerful preacher; and my desire is to prefer him that way, and in that way I will deny you nothing for him." After that time, as he professeth§, the king descended to a persuasion, almost to a solicitation, of him to enter into sacred orders: which, though he then denied not, yet he deferred it for almost three years. All which time he applied himself to an incessant study of textual divinity, and to the attainment of a greater perfection in the learned languages, Greek and Hebrew.

---

* The fifth son to Sir Edward Montague, and brother to Edward, the first lord Montague, of Broughton, eminent for his learning and liberality, and usually called "King James's Ecclesiastical Favourite." He was created Bishop of Bath and Wells by King James, and afterwards translated to the see of Winchester, which he filled only two years, dying in 1618. He was buried in the Abbey church of Bath, which, while he filled the see of Bath and Wells, he repaired and beautified at a great expense, having been incited to this act of munificence in the following manner. When he held his primary visitation in the church at Bath, the business being done and the benediction given, Sir John Harrington stood up in the midst of the congregation, and addressed his lordship in a Latin poem on the ruinous state of the buildings of the church, and concluded with a prophecy of its future flourishing and beautiful condition under the auspices of the bishop.

Te nempe ad decus hoc peperit Natura; replevit
Dolibus eximiis Deus: ars perfecta polivit;
In gremio refoves ter magni gratia regis
Ditavitque bonis tanta ad molimina natis.
Huc tua te virtus sorte ancillante, propellit,
Euge; opus hoc miræ pietatis perfice.

The bishop, so far from being displeased at this bold and unusual address, answered it in a short Latin speech, and promised to restore the cathedral.

† One of the translators of King James's Bible; a man celebrated for his learning and piety. He is said to have possessed a critical and accurate knowledge of at least fifteen modern tongues. His writings were numerous; but that best known, and perhaps most deservedly so, is his Manual of Devotion, which was seldom out of his hand for some time before his death, and was found worn with his fingers and wet with his tears. A modern editor thus recommends it to the reader:—"When thou hast bought the book, enter into thy closet and shut the door; pray with Bishop Andrews for one week, and he will be thy companion for the residue of thy years; he will be pleasant in thy life, and in thy death he will not forsake thee." He departed this life at Winchester House in Southwark, on the 25th of September 1626, in the seventy-first year of his age.

‡ The notorious Robert Carr.

§ In his Book of Devotions.

In the first and most blessed times of Christianity, when the clergy were looked upon with reverence, and deserved it, when they overcame their opposers by high examples of virtue, by a blessed patience and long-suffering, those only were then judged worthy the ministry, whose quiet and meek spirits did make them look upon that sacred calling with an humble adoration and fear to undertake it; which indeed requires such great degrees of humility, and labour, and care, that none but such were then thought worthy of that celestial dignity. And such only were then sought out, and solicited to undertake it. This I have mentioned, because forwardness and inconsideration could not, in Mr. Donne, as in many others, be an argument of insufficiency or unfitness; for he had considered long, and had many strifes within himself concerning the strictness of life, and competency of learning, required in such as enter into sacred orders; and doubtless, considering his own demerits, did humbly ask God with St. Paul, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things?" and with meek Moses, "Lord, who am I?" And sure, if he had consulted with flesh and blood, he had not for these reasons put his hand to that holy plough. But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him, as the angel did with Jacob, and marked him; marked him for his own; marked him with a blessing, a blessing of obedience to the motions of his blessed Spirit. And then, as he had formerly asked God with Moses, "Who am I?" so now, being inspired with an apprehension of God's particular mercy to him, in the king's and others' solicitations of him, he came to ask King David's thankful question, "Lord, who am I, that thou art so mindful of me?" So mindful of me, as to lead me for more than forty years through this wilderness of the many temptations and various turnings of a dangerous life; so merciful to me, as to move the learnedest of kings to descend to move me to serve at the altar! So merciful to me, as at last to move my heart to embrace this holy motion! Thy motions I will and do embrace: and I now say with the blessed Virgin, "Be it with thy servant as seemeth best in thy sight:" and so, blessed Jesus, I do take the cup of salvation, and will call upon thy name, and will preach thy gospel.

Such strifes as these St. Austin had, when St. Ambrose endeavoured his conversion to Christianity; with which he confesseth he acquainted his friend Alipius. Our learned author,—a man fit to write after no mean copy—did the like. And declaring his intentions to his dear friend Dr. King, then Bishop of London, a man famous in his generation, and no stranger to Mr. Donne's abilities,—for he had been chaplain to the lord chancellor, at the time of Mr. Donne's being his lordship's secretary—that reverend man did receive the news with much gladness; and, after some expressions of joy, and a persuasion to be constant in his pious purpose, he proceeded with all convenient speed to ordain him first deacon, and then priest not long after.

Now the English church had gained a second St. Austin; for I think none was so like him before his conversion, none so like St. Ambrose after it: and if his youth had the infirmities of the one, his age had the excellencies of the other; the learning and holiness of both.

And now all his studies, which had been occasionally diffused, were all concentred in divinity. Now he had a new calling, new thoughts, and a new employment for his wit and eloquence. Now, all his earthly affections were changed into divine love; and all the faculties of his own soul were engaged in the conversion of others; in preaching the glad tidings of remission to repenting sinners, and peace to each troubled soul. To these he applied himself with all care and diligence: and now such a change was wrought in him, that he could say with David, "O how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts!" Now he declared openly, that when he required a temporal, God gave him a spiritual blessing. And that he was now gladder to be a door-keeper in the house of God, than he could be to enjoy the noblest of all temporal employments.

Presently after he entered into his holy profession, the king sent for him, and made him his chaplain in ordinary, and promised to take a particular care for his preferment.

And, though his long familiarity with scholars and persons of greatest quality, was such as might have given some men boldness enough to have preached to any eminent auditory; yet his modesty in this employment was such that he could not be persuaded to it, but went usually accompanied with some one friend to preach privately in some village, not far from London; his first sermon being preached at Paddington. This he did, till his majesty sent and appointed him a day to preach to him at Whitehall; and, though much were expected from him, both by his majesty and others, yet he was so happy—which few are —as to satisfy and exceed their expectations: preaching the word so, as showed his own heart was possessed with those very thoughts and joys that he laboured to distil into others: a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud, but in none; carrying some, as St. Paul was, to heaven in holy raptures, and enticing others by a sacred art and courtship to amend their lives: here picturing a vice so as to make it ugly to those that practised it; and a virtue so as to make it beloved, even by those that loved it not; and all this with a most particular grace and an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

There may be some that may incline to think—such indeed as have not heard him—that my affection to my friend hath transported me to an immoderate commendation of his preaching. If this meets with any such, let me entreat, though I will omit many, yet that they will receive a double witness for what I say; it being attested by a gentleman of worth,—Mr. Chidley*, a frequent hearer of his sermons—in part of a funeral elegy writ by him on Dr. Donne; and is a known truth, though it be in verse.

——— Each altar had his fire———
He kept his love, but not his object; wit
He did not banish, but transplanted it;

---

* Mr. John Chudleigh, M.A., of Wadham College in Oxford, and the eldest son of Sir George Chudleigh, Bart., of Alston, in Devonshire.

Taught it both time and place, and brought it home
To piety, which it doth best become.

* * * * *

For say, had ever pleasure such a dress?
Have you seen crimes so shaped, or loveliness
Such as his lips did clothe Religion in?
Had not reproof a beauty passing Sin?
Corrupted Nature sorrow'd that she stood
So near the danger of becoming good.
And, when he preach'd, she wish'd her ears exempt
From piety, that had such power to tempt.
How did his sacred flattery beguile
Men to amend?———

More of this, and more witnesses, might be brought; but I forbear and return.

That summer, in the very same month in which he entered into sacred orders, and was made the king's chaplain, his majesty then going his progress, was entreated to receive an entertainment in the University of Cambridge: and Mr. Donne attending his majesty at that time, his majesty was pleased to recommend him to the University, to be made doctor in divinity. Doctor Harsnett*—after Archbishop of York—was then Vice-Chancellor, who, knowing him to be the author of that learned book the Pseudo Martyr, required no other proof of his abilities, but proposed it to the University, who presently assented, and expressed a gladness, that they had such an occasion to entitle him to be theirs.

His abilities and industry in his profession were so eminent, and he so known and so beloved by persons of quality, that within the first year of his entering into sacred orders, he had fourteen advowsons of several benefices presented to him; but they were in the country, and he could not leave his beloved London, to which place he had a natural inclination, having received both his birth and education in it, and there contracted a friendship with many, whose conversation multiplied the joys of his life; but an employment that might affix him to that place would be welcome, for he needed it.

Immediately after his return from Cambridge, his wife died†, leaving him a man of a narrow unsettled estate, and—having buried five—the careful father of seven children then living, to whom he gave a voluntary assurance, never to bring them under the subjection of a step-mother; which promise he kept most faithfully, burying with his tears all his earthly joys in his most dear and deserving wife's grave, and betook himself to a most retired and solitary life.

In this retiredness, which was often from the sight of his dearest friends, he became crucified to the world, and all those vanities, those imaginary pleasures, that are daily acted on that restless stage; and they were as perfectly crucified to him. Nor is it hard to think—being, passions may be both changed and heightened by accidents—but that that abundant affection which once was betwixt him and her, who had long been the delight of his eyes, and the companion of his youth; her with whom he had divided so many pleasant sorrows and contented fears as common people are not capable of;—not hard to think but that she being now removed by death, a commeasurable grief took as full a possession of him as joy had done; and so indeed it did; for now his very soul was elemented of nothing but sadness; now grief took so full a possession of his heart, as to leave no place for joy. If it did, it was a joy to be alone, where, like a pelican in the wilderness, he might bemoan himself without witness or restraint, and pour forth his passions like Job in the days of his affliction. Oh that I might have the desire of my heart! Oh that God would grant the thing that I long for! For then, as the grave is become her house, so I would hasten to make it mine also; that we two might there make our beds together in the dark. Thus, as the Israelites sat mourning by the rivers of Babylon, when they remembered Sion; so he gave some ease to his oppressed heart by thus venting his sorrows: thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night and began the weary day in lamentations. And thus he continued, till a consideration of his new engagements to God, and St. Paul's—"Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" dispersed those sad clouds that had then benighted his hopes, and now forced him to behold the light.

His first motion from his house was to preach where his beloved wife lay buried,—in St. Clement's church, near Temple Bar, London,—and his text was a part of the Prophet Jeremy's Lamentation: "Lo, I am the man that have seen affliction."

And, indeed, his very words and looks testified him to be truly such a man; and they, with the addition of his sighs and tears, expressed in his sermon, did so work upon the affections of his hearers, as melted and moulded them into a companionable sadness; and so they left the congregation; but then their houses presented them with objects of diversion, and his presented him with nothing but fresh objects of sorrow, in beholding many helpless children, a narrow fortune, and a consideration of the many cares and casualties that attend their education.

In this time of sadness he was importuned by the grave benchers of Lincoln's Inn—who were once the companions and friends of his youth—to accept of their Lecture, which, by reason of Dr. Gataker's‡ removal from thence, was then void; of which he accepted, being most glad to renew his intermitted friendship with those whom he so much loved, and where he had been a Saul,—though not to persecute Christianity, or to deride it, yet in his irregular youth to neglect the visible practice of it,—there to become a Paul, and preach salvation to his beloved brethren.

And now his life was as a shining light among his old friends; now he gave an ocular testimony of the strictness and regularity of it: now he might say, as St. Paul adviseth his Corinthians, "Be ye followers of me, as I follow Christ, and walk as ye have me for an example;" not the example of a busy-body, but of a contemplative, a harmless, an humble, and an holy life and conversation.

---

* Dr. Samuel Harsnett, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, was vice-chancellor of that university in 1605 and 1614, successively Bishop of Chichester and of Norwich, and Archbishop of York. He died March 12, 1630.

† Mrs. Donne died August 15th, 1617, on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, and was buried in the parish church of St. Clement Danes, where a monument is erected to her memory.

‡ Mr. Thomas Gataker was, in the words of Echard, "remarkable for his skill in Greek and Hebrew, and the most celebrated among the assembly of divines;" and he adds, "It is hard to say which was most remarkable, his exemplary piety and charity, his polite literature, or his humility and modesty in refusing preferment." He died in 1654, in the eightieth year of his age.

The love of that noble Society was expressed to him many ways; for, besides fair lodgings that were set apart and newly furnished for him with all necessaries, other courtesies were also daily added; indeed so many, and so freely, as if they meant their gratitude should exceed his merits: and in this love-strife of desert and liberality, they continued for the space of two years, he preaching faithfully and constantly to them, and they liberally requiting him. About which time the Emperor of Germany died, and the palsgrave, who had lately married the Lady Elizabeth, the king's only daughter, was elected and crowned King of Bohemia, the unhappy beginning of many miseries in that nation.

King James, whose motto—*Beati pacifici*—did truly speak the very thoughts of his heart, endeavoured first to prevent, and after to compose, the discords of that discomposed state; and, amongst other his endeavours, did then send the Lord Hay, Earl of Doncaster, his ambassador to those unsettled princes; and, by a special command from his majesty, Dr. Donne was appointed to assist and attend that employment to the Princes of the Union; for which the earl was most glad, who had always put a great value on him, and taken a great pleasure in his conversation and discourse: and his friends at Lincoln's Inn were as glad; for they feared that his immoderate study, and sadness for his wife's death, would, as Jacob said, "make his days few," and, respecting his bodily health, "evil" too; and of this there were many visible signs.

At his going, he left his friends of Lincoln's Inn, and they him, with many reluctations: for, though he could not say as St. Paul to his Ephesians, "Behold, you, to whom I have preached the kingdom of God, shall from henceforth see my face no more;" yet he, believing himself to be in a consumption, questioned, and they feared it: all concluding that his troubled mind, with the help of his unintermitted studies, hastened the decays of his weak body. But God, who is the God of all wisdom and goodness, turned it to the best; for this employment—to say nothing of the event of it—did not only divert him from those too serious studies and sad thoughts, but seemed to give him a new life, by a true occasion of joy, to be an eye-witness of the health of his most dear and most honoured mistress, the Queen of Bohemia, in a foreign nation; and to be a witness of that gladness which she expressed to see him: who, having formerly known him a courtier, was much joyed to see him in a canonical habit, and more glad to be an ear-witness of his excellent and powerful preaching.

About fourteen months after his departure out of England, he returned to his friends of Lincoln's Inn, with his sorrows moderated, and his health improved; and there betook himself to his constant course of preaching.

About a year after his return out of Germany, Dr. Carey* was made bishop of Exeter, and by his removal the deanery of St. Paul's being vacant, the king sent to Dr. Donne, and appointed him to attend him at dinner the next day. When his majesty was sat down, before he had eat any meat, he said after his pleasant manner, "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner; and, though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well; for, knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of Paul's; and, when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

Immediately after he came to his deanery, he employed workmen to repair and beautify the chapel; suffering, as holy David once vowed, "his eyes and temples to take no rest, till he had first beautified the house of God."

The next quarter following, when his father-in-law, Sir George Moore,—whom time had made a lover and admirer of him—came to pay to him the conditioned sum of twenty pounds, he refused to receive it; and said—as good Jacob did when he heard his beloved son Joseph was alive, "'It is enough.'—You have been kind to me and mine: I know your present condition is such as not to abound, and I hope mine is, or will be such as not to need it: I will therefore receive no more from you upon that contract;" and in testimony of it freely gave him up his bond.

Immediately after his admission into his deanery, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West, London, fell to him by the death of Dr. White†, the advowson of it having been given to him long before by his honourable friend Richard Earl of Dorset, then the patron, and confirmed by his brother the late deceased Edward ‡, both of them men of much honour.

By these, and another ecclesiastical endowment which fell to him about the same time, given to him formerly by the Earl of Kent, he was enabled to become charitable to the poor, and kind to his friends, and to make such provision for his children that they were not left scandalous, as relating to their or his profession and quality.

The next parliament, which was within that present year, he was chosen prolocutor to the convocation, and about that time was appointed by his majesty, his most gracious master, to preach very many occasional sermons, as at St. Paul's Cross, and other places. All which employments he performed to the admiration of the representative body of the whole clergy of this nation.

He was once, and but once, clouded with the king's displeasure, and it was about this time; which was occasioned by some malicious whisperer, who had told his majesty that Dr. Donne had put on the general humour of the pulpits, and was become busy in insinuating a fear of the king's inclining to popery, and a dislike of his government; and particularly for the king's then turning the Evening Lectures into catechising, and expounding the Prayer of our Lord, and of the Belief, and Commandments. His majesty was the more inclinable to believe this, for that a person of nobility, and great note, betwixt whom and Dr. Donne there had been a great friendship, was at this very time discarded the court—I shall forbear his name, unless I had a fairer occasion—and justly committed to prison; which begot many rumours in the common people, who in this nation think they are not wise, unless they be busy about what they understand not, and especially about religion.

---

* Valentine Carey, Master of Christ's College in Cambridge and Dean of St. Paul's, is said to have been born in Northumberland. He was consecrated Bishop of Exeter November 20th, 1620. He died on the 10th of June, 1626.

† Dr. Thomas White was a native of Bristol, where his memory yet flourishes, being preserved by the almshouses which he erected and endowed there. He was also a benefactor to Sion College, and founded a lecture on moral philosophy at Oxford. He stood high as a preacher, but was not known as an author otherwise than by the publication of some sermons. He died 1st March, 1623.

‡ A nobleman of high talents and accomplishments. His name is familiar to us as having been one of the parties concerned in the melancholy duel with his intimate friend Lord Bruce, the particulars of which are related in the Guardian, Nos. 129-133.

The king received this news with so much discontent and restlessness, that he would not suffer the sun to set and leave him under this doubt; but sent for Dr. Donne, and required his answer to the accusation; which was so clear and satisfactory, that the king said, he was right glad he rested no longer under the suspicion. When the king had said this, Doctor Donne kneeled down, and thanked his majesty, and protested his answer was faithful, and free from all collusion, and therefore desired that he might not rise, till, as in like cases, he always had from God, so he might have from his majesty, some assurance that he stood clear and fair in his opinion. At which the king raised him from his knees with his own hands, and protested he believed him; and that he knew he was an honest man, and doubted not but that he loved him truly. And, having thus dismissed him, he called some lords of his council into his chamber, and said, with much earnestness, "My Doctor is an honest man; and, my lords, I was never better satisfied with an answer than he hath now made me; and I always rejoice when I think that by my means he became a divine."

He was made dean in the fiftieth year of his age; and in his fifty-fourth year, a dangerous sickness seized him, which inclined him to a consumption: but God, as Job thankfully acknowledged, "preserved his spirit," and kept his intellectuals as clear and perfect as when that sickness first seized his body; but it continued long, and threatened him with death, which he dreaded not.

In this distemper of body, his dear friend, Dr. Henry King,—then chief residentiary of that church, and late Bishop of Chichester—a man generally known by the clergy of this nation, and as generally noted for his obliging nature, visited him daily; and observing that his sickness rendered his recovery doubtful, he chose a seasonable time to speak to him to this purpose.

"Mr. Dean, I am, by your favour, no stranger to your temporal estate, and you are no stranger to the offer lately made us, for the renewing a lease of the best prebend's corps belonging to our church; and you know it was denied, for that our tenant being very rich, offered to fine at so low a rate as held not proportion with his advantages: but I will either raise him to an higher sum, or procure that the other residentiaries shall join to accept of what was offered: one of these, I can and will by your favour do without delay, and without any trouble either to your body or mind. I beseech you to accept of my offer, for I know it will be a considerable addition to your present estate, which I know needs it."

To this, after a short pause, and raising himself upon his bed, he made this reply:—

"My most dear friend, I most humbly thank you for your many favours, and this in particular; but in my present condition I shall not accept of your proposal; for doubtless there is such a sin as sacrilege; if there were not, it could not have a name in Scripture: and the primitive clergy were watchful against all appearances of that evil; and indeed then all Christians looked upon it with horror and detestation, judging it to be even an open defiance of the power and providence of Almighty God, and a sad presage of a declining religion. But instead of such Christians, who had selected times set apart to fast and pray to God, for a pious clergy, which they then did obey, our times abound with men that are busy and litigious about trifles and church-ceremonies, and yet so far from scrupling sacrilege, that they make not so much as a quære what it is: but I thank God I have; and dare not now upon my sick bed, when Almighty God hath made me useless to the service of the church, make any advantages out of it. But if he shall again restore me to such a degree of health as again to serve at his altar, I shall then gladly take the reward which the bountiful benefactors of this church have designed me; for God knows my children and relations will need it. In which number, my mother,—whose credulity and charity has contracted a very plentiful to a very narrow estate—must not be forgotten. But Dr. King, if I recover not, that little worldly estate that I shall leave behind me—that very little, when divided into eight parts—must, if you deny me not so charitable a favour, fall into your hands, as my most faithful friend and executor; of whose care and justice I make no more doubt, than of God's blessing, on that which I have conscientiously collected for them; but it shall not be augmented on my sick-bed; and this I declare to be my unalterable resolution."

The reply to this was only a promise to observe his request.

Within a few days, his distempers abated; and as his strength increased, so did his thankfulness to Almighty God, testified in his most excellent Book of Devotions, which he published at his recovery; in which the reader may see the most secret thoughts that then possessed his soul, paraphrased and made public: a book that may not unfitly be called a "Sacred Picture of Spiritual Ecstacies," occasioned and appliable to the emergencies of that sickness; which book, being a composition of meditations, disquisitions, and prayers, he writ on his sick bed; herein imitating the holy patriarchs, who were wont to build their altars in that place where they had received their blessings.

This sickness brought him so near to the gates of death, and he saw the grave so ready to devour him, that he would often say, his recovery was supernatural: but that God that then restored his health, continued it to him till the fifty-ninth year of his life; and then, in August, 1630, being with his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abury Hatch, in Essex, he there fell into a fever, which, with the help of his constant infirmity—vapours from the spleen—hastened him into so visible a consumption, that his beholders might say, as St. Paul of himself, "He dies daily;" and he might say with Job, "My welfare passeth away as a cloud, the days of my affliction have taken hold of me, and weary nights are appointed for me."

Reader, this sickness continued long, not only weakening, but wearying him so much, that my desire is, he may now take some rest; and that before I speak of his death, thou wilt not think it an impertinent digression to look back with me upon some observations of his life, which, whilst a gentle slumber gives rest to his spirits, may, I hope, not unfitly exercise thy consideration.

His marriage was the remarkable error of his life; an error, which, though he had a wit able and very apt to maintain paradoxes, yet he was very far from justifying it: and though his wife's competent years, and other reasons, might be justly urged to moderate severe censures, yet he would occasionally condemn himself for it: and doubtless it had been attended with a heavy repentance, if God had not blessed them with so mutual and cordial affections, as in the midst of their sufferings made their bread of sorrow taste more pleasantly, than the banquets of dull and low-spirited people.

The recreations of his youth were poetry, in which he was so happy, as if nature and all her varieties had been made only to exercise his sharp wit and high fancy; and in those pieces which were facetiously composed and carelessly scattered, —most of them being written before the twentieth year of his age—it may appear by his choice metaphors, that both nature and all the arts joined to assist him with their utmost skill.

It is a truth, that in his penitential years, viewing some of those pieces that had been loosely—God knows, too loosely—scattered in his youth, he wished they had been abortive, or so short-lived that his own eyes had witnessed their funerals: but, though he was no friend to them, he was not so fallen out with heavenly poetry, as to forsake that; no, not in his declining age; witnessed then by many divine sonnets, and other high, holy, and harmonious composures. Yea, even on his former sick-bed he wrote this heavenly hymn, expressing the great joy that then possessed his soul, in the assurance of God's favour to him when he composed it:—

AN HYMN

TO GOD THE FATHER.

Wilt thou forgive that sin where I begun,
  Which was my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive that sin through which I run,
  And do run still, though still I do deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
    For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sin, which I have won
  Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt thou forgive that sin which I did shun
  A year or two,—but wallow'd in a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
    For I have more.

I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
  My last thread, I shall perish on the shore;
But swear by thyself, that at my death thy Son
  Shall shine as he shines now, and heretofore;
And having done that, thou hast done,
    I fear no more.

I have the rather mentioned this hymn, for that he caused it to be set to a most grave and solemn tune, and to be often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's church, in his own hearing; especially at the evening service; and at his return from his customary devotions in that place, did occasionally say to a friend, "The words of this hymn have restored to me the same thoughts of joy that possessed my soul in my sickness, when I composed it. And, O the power of church-music! that harmony added to this hymn has raised the affections of my heart, and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying this public duty of prayer and praise to God, with an unexpressible tranquillity of mind, and a willingness to leave the world."

After this manner did the disciples of our Saviour, and the best of Christians in those ages of the church nearest to his time, offer their praises to Almighty God. And the reader of St. Augustine's life may there find, that towards his dissolution he wept abundantly, that the enemies of Christianity had broke in upon them, and profaned and ruined their sanctuaries, and because their public hymns and lauds were lost out of their churches. And after this manner have many devout souls lifted up their hands, and offered acceptable sacrifices unto Almighty God, where Dr. Donne offered his, and now lies buried.

But now*, oh Lord, how is that place become desolate!

Before I proceed further, I think fit to inform the reader, that not long before his death he caused to be drawn a figure of the body of Christ extended upon an anchor, like those which painters draw, when they would present us with the picture of Christ crucified on the cross: his varying no otherwise, than to affix him not to a cross, but to an anchor—the emblem of Hope;—this he caused to be drawn in little, and then many of those figures thus drawn to be engraven very small in helitropium stones, and set in gold; and of these he sent to many of his dearest friends, to be used as seals, or rings, and kept as memorials of him, and of his affection to them.

His dear friends and benefactors, Sir Henry Goodier†, and Sir Robert Drewry, could not be of that number; nor could the Lady Magdalen Herbert‡, the mother of George Herbert, for they had put off mortality, and taken possession of the grave before him: but Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Hall§, the then late deceased bishop of Norwich, were; and so were Dr. Duppa*, bishop of Salisbury, and Dr. Henry King, bishop of Chichester, lately deceased—men in whom there was such a commixture of general learning, of natural eloquence, and Christian humility, that they deserve a commemoration by a pen equal to their own, which none have exceeded.

---

* 1656.

† Son and heir of Sir William Goodier, of Monkskirby, in Warwickshire, knight, one of the gentlemen of the privy chamber to King James I.

‡ The mother of Mr. George Herbert and of the celebrated Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. She survived her husband, Richard Herbert, Esq., many years; and after his death distinguished herself by the care she gave to the education of her children, who both owed much of their future fame to her attention. She died 11th of July, 1627, and was buried at Chelsea.

§ Dr. Joseph Hall, bishop of Norwich, thus characterised by Camden:—"The learned have given him this character,—that he was 'our English Seneca;' dexterous at controversy, not unhappy at Comments, very good at Characters, better in Sermons, best of all in Meditations and Contemplations." He died on the 8th of September, 1656, in the eighty-second year of his age, and was buried

And in this enumeration of his friends, though many must be omitted, yet that man of primitive piety, Mr. George Herbert, may not. I mean that George Herbert, who was the author of "The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Ejaculations." A book, in which by declaring his own spiritual conflicts, he hath comforted and raised many a dejected and discomposed soul, and charmed them into sweet and quiet thoughts: a book, by the frequent reading whereof, and the assistance of that Spirit that seemed to inspire the author, the reader may attain habits of peace and piety, and all the gifts of the Holy Ghost and heaven: and may, by still reading, still keep those sacred fires burning upon the altar of so pure a heart, as shall free it from the anxieties of this world, and keep it fixed upon things that are above. Betwixt this George Herbert and Dr. Donne there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and joyed to be in each other's company; and this happy friendship was still maintained by many sacred endearments; of which that which followeth may be some testimony.

TO MR. GEORGE HERBERT;

SENT HIM WITH ONE OF MY SEALS OF THE ANCHOR AND CHRIST.

A sheaf of snakes used heretofore to be my seal, which is the crest of our poor family.

Qui priùs assuetus serpentum falce tabellas
Signare, hæc nostræ symbola parva domûs,
Adscitus domui Domini———

Adopted in God's family, and so
My old coat lost, into new arms I go.
The cross, my seal in baptism, spread below,
Does by that form into an anchor grow.
Crosses grow anchors, bear as thou shouldst do
Thy cross, and that cross grows an anchor too.
But he that makes our crosses anchors thus,
Is Christ, who there is crucified for us.
Yet with this I may my first serpents hold;
—God gives new blessings, and yet leaves the old—
The serpent may, as wise, my pattern be;
My poison, as he feeds on dust, that's me.
And, as he rounds the earth to murder, sure
He is my death; but on the cross, my cure.
Crucify nature then; and then implore
All grace from him, crucified there before.
When all is cross, and that cross anchor grown,
This seal's a catechism, not a seal alone.
Under that little seal great gifts I send,
Both works and prayers, pawns and fruits of a friend.
O! may that Saint that rides on our great seal,
To you that bear his name, large bounty deal.

JOHN DONNE.

IN SACRAM ANCHORAM PISCATORIS

GEORGE HERBERT.

Quòd crux nequibat fixa clavique additi,
—Tenere Christum scilicet ne ascenderet,—
Tuive Christum———

Although the cross could not Christ here detain,
When nail'd unto 't, but he ascends again;
Nor yet thy eloquence here keep him still,
But only whilst thou speak'st—this anchor will:
Nor canst thou be content, unless thou to
This certain anchor add a seal, and so
The water and the earth both unto thee
Do owe the symbol of their certainty.
Let the world reel, we and all ours stand sure,
This holy cable's from all storms secure.

GEORGE HERBERT.

I return to tell the reader, that, besides these verses to his dear Mr. Herbert, and that hymn that I mentioned to be sung in the choir of St. Paul's church, he did also shorten and beguile many sad hours by composing other sacred ditties; and he writ an hymn on his death-bed, which bears this title,

AN HYMN TO MY GOD, IN MY SICKNESS.

March 23, 1630.

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where, with thy choir of saints, for evermore
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune my instrument here at the door,
And, what I must do then, think here before.

Since my physicians by their loves are grown
Cosmographers; and I their map, who lie
Flat on this bed———

* * * * *

So, in his purple wrapt, receive me, Lord!
By these, his thorns, give me his other crown:
And, as to other souls I preach'd thy word,
Be this my text, my sermon to mine own,
"That he may raise therefore the Lord throws down."

If these fall under the censure of a soul, whose too much mixture with earth makes it unfit to judge of these high raptures and illuminations, let him know, that many holy and devout men have thought the soul of Prudentius to be most refined, when, not many days before his death, he charged it to present his God each morning and evening with a new and spiritual song; justified by the example of king David and the good king Hezekiah, who, upon the renovation of his years, paid his thankful vows to Almighty God in a royal hymn, which he concludes in these words; "The Lord was ready to save; therefore I will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of my life in the temple of my God."

The latter part of his life may be said to be a continued study; for as he usually preached once a week, if not oftener, so after his sermon he never

---

in the churchyard of Higham, in compliance with the express directions in his will, that he should not be buried in the church. "I do not," said he, "hold God's house a meet repository for the dead bodies of the greatest saints."

* Dr. Bryan Duppa, translated from the see of Chichester to that of Salisbury, was deprived of all his preferment at the breaking out of the rebellion. Having faithfully continued his attendance on the king to the time of his death, he retired to Richmond in Surrey, where he passed his time in study and devotion. At the Restoration he was promoted to Winchester, and died March 26, 1662. He was, says Wood, "a person of so clear and eminent candour, that he left not the least spot upon his life or function."

gave his eyes rest, till he had chosen out a new text, and that night cast his sermon into a form, and his text into divisions; and the next day betook himself to consult the fathers, and so commit his meditations to his memory, which was excellent. But upon Saturday he usually gave himself and his mind a rest from the weary burthen of his week's meditations, and usually spent that day in visitation of friends, or some other diversions of his thoughts; and would say, that "he gave both his body and mind that refreshment, that he might be enabled to do the work of the day following, not faintly, but with courage and cheerfulness."

Nor was his age only so industrious, but in the most unsettled days of his youth, his bed was not able to detain him beyond the hour of four in a morning; and it was no common business that drew him out of his chamber till past ten: all which time was employed in study; though he took great liberty after it. And if this seem strange, it may gain a belief by the visible fruits of his labours; some of which remain as testimonies of what is here written: for he left the resultance of 1400 authors, most of them abridged and analysed with his own hand: he left also six score of his sermons, all written with his own hand; also an exact and laborious treatise concerning self-murder, called Biathanatos; wherein all the laws violated by that act are diligently surveyed, and judiciously censured: a treatise written in his younger days, which alone might declare him then not only perfect in the civil and canon law, but in many other such studies and arguments, as enter not into the consideration of many that labour to be thought great clerks, and pretend to know all things.

Nor were these only found in his study, but all businesses that passed of any public consequence, either in this or any of our neighbour-nations, he abbreviated either in Latin, or in the language of that nation, and kept them by him for useful memorials. So he did the copies of divers letters and cases of conscience that had concerned his friends, with his observations and solutions of them; and divers other businesses of importance, all particularly and methodically digested by himself.

He did prepare to leave the world before life left him; making his will when no faculty of his soul was damped or made defective by pain or sickness, or he surprised by a sudden apprehension of death; but it was made with mature deliberation, expressing himself an impartial father, by making his children's portions equal; and a lover of his friends, whom he remembered with legacies fitly and discreetly chosen and bequeathed. I cannot forbear a nomination of some of them; for methinks they be persons that seem to challenge a recordation in this place; as namely, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Grimes, he gave that striking clock, which he had long worn in his pocket; to his dear friend and executor, Dr. King, —late bishop of Chichester, that model of gold of the Synod of Dort, with which the States presented him at his last being at the Hague; and the two pictures of Padre Paolo and Fulgentio, men of his acquaintance when he travelled Italy, and of great note in that nation for their remarkable learning. —To his ancient friend, Dr. Brook,—that married him—Master of Trinity College in Cambridge, he gave the picture of the Blessed Virgin and Joseph. — To Dr. Winniff — who succeeded him in the deanery—he gave a picture called the "Skeleton." —To the succeeding dean, who was not then known, he gave many necessaries of worth, and useful for his house; and also several pictures and ornaments for the chapel, with a desire that they might be registered, and remain as a legacy to his successors.—To the Earls of Dorset and Carlisle he gave several pictures; and so he did to many other friends; legacies, given rather to express his affection, than to make any addition to their estates; but unto the poor he was full of charity, and unto many others, who, by his constant and long-continued bounty, might entitle themselves to be his alms-people: for all these he made provision, and so largely, as, having then six children living, might to some appear more than proportionable to his estate. I forbear to mention any more, lest the reader may think I trespass upon his patience: but I will beg his favour to present him with the beginning and end of his will.

"In the name of the blessed and glorious Trinity,—Amen. I, John Donne, by the mercy of Christ Jesus, and by the calling of the Church of England, Priest, being at this time in good health and perfect understanding,—praised be God therefore—do hereby make my last will and testament in manner and form following:

"First, I give my gracious God an entire sacrifice of body and soul, with my most humble thanks for that assurance which his blessed Spirit imprints in me now of the salvation of the one, and the resurrection of the other; and for that constant and cheerful resolution, which the same Spirit hath established in me, to live and die in the religion now professed in the Church of England. In expectation of that resurrection, I desire my body may be buried—in the most private manner that may be—in that place of St. Paul's Church, London, that the now residentiaries have at my request designed for that purpose, &c.—And this my last will and testament, made in the fear of God, — whose mercy I humbly beg, and constantly rely upon in Jesus Christ—and in perfect love and charity with all the world — whose pardon I ask, from the lowest of my servants, to the highest of my superiors—written all with my own hand, and my name subscribed to every page, of which there are five in number.

"Sealed December 13, 1630."

Nor was this blessed sacrifice of charity expressed only at his death, but in his life also, by a cheerful and frequent visitation of any friend whose mind was dejected, or his fortune necessitous: he was inquisitive after the wants of prisoners, and redeemed many from prison, that lay for their fees or small debts: he was a continual giver to poor scholars, both of this and foreign nations. Besides what he gave with his own hand, he usually sent a servant or a discreet and trusty friend, to distribute his charity to all the prisons in London, at all the festival times of the year, especially at the birth and resurrection of our Saviour. He gave a hundred pounds at one time to an old friend, whom he had known live plentifully, and by a too liberal heart and carelessness, became decayed in his estate; and when the receiving of it was denied, by the gentleman's saying, "he wanted not,"—for the reader may note, that as there be some spirits so generous as to labour to conceal and endure a sad poverty, rather than expose themselves to those blushes that attend the confession of it; so there be others to whom nature and grace have afforded such sweet and compassionate souls, as to pity and prevent the distresses of mankind;—which I have mentioned because of Dr. Donne's reply, whose answer was, "I know you want not what will sustain nature; for a little will do that; but my desire is, that you, who in the days of your plenty have cheered and raised the hearts of so many of your dejected friends, would now receive this from me, and use it as a cordial for the cheering of your own;" and upon these terms it was received. He was a happy reconciler of many differences in the families of his friends and kindred, which he never undertook faintly; for such undertakings have usually faint effects, and they had such a faith in his judgment and impartiality, that he never advised them to any thing in vain. He was, even to her death, a most dutiful son to his mother, careful to provide for her supportation, of which she had been destitute, but that God raised him up to prevent her necessities; who, having sucked in the religion of the Roman church with the mother's milk, spent her estate in foreign countries, to enjoy a liberty in it, and died in his house but three months before him.

And to the end it may appear how just a steward he was of his Lord and Master's revenue, I have thought fit to let the reader know that, after his entrance into his deanery, as he numbered his years, he, at the foot of a private account, to which God and his angels were only witnesses with him, computed first his revenue, then what was given to the poor and other pious uses, and lastly, what rested for him and his; and having done that, he then blessed each year's poor remainder with a thankful prayer; which, for that they discover a more than common devotion, the reader shall partake some of them in his own words:—

So all is that remains this year ——

Deo Opt. Max. benigno largitori, à me, et ab iis quibus hæc à me reservantur, gloria et gratia in æternum. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

To God, all good, all great, the benevolent bestower, by me, and by them, for whom, by me, these sums are laid up, be glory and grace ascribed for ever. Amen.

So that this year, God hath blessed me and mine with,—

Multiplicatæ sunt super nos misericordiæ tuæ, Domine.

TRANSLATED THUS.

Thy mercies, Oh Lord, are multiplied upon us.

Da, Domine, ut quæ ex immensâ bonitate tuâ nobis elargiri dignatus sis, in quorumcunque manus devenerint, in tuam semper cedant gloriam. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

Grant, oh Lord, that what out of thine infinite bounty thou hast vouchsafed to lavish upon us, into whosesoever hands it may devolve, may always be improved to thy glory. Amen.

In fine horum sex annorum manet:—

Quid habeo quod non accepi à Domino? Largitur etiam ut quæ largitus est sua iterum fiant, bono eorum usu; ut quemadmodum nec officiis hujus mundi, nec loci in quo me posuit dignitati, nec servis, nec egenis, in toto hujus anni curriculo mihi conscius sum me defuisse; ita et liberi, quibus quæ supersunt, supersunt, grato animo ea accipiant, et beneficum authorem recognoscant. Amen.

TRANSLATED THUS.

At the end of these six years remains:—

What have I which I have not received from the Lord? He bestows, also, to the intent that what he hath bestowed may revert to him by the proper use of it: that, as I have not consciously been wanting to myself during the whole course of the past year, either in discharging my secular duties, in retaining the dignity of my station, or in my conduct towards my servants and the poor,—so my children, for whom remains whatever is remaining, may receive it with gratitude, and acknowledge the beneficent giver. Amen.

But I return from my long digression.

We left the author sick in Essex, where he was forced to spend much of that winter, by reason of his disability to remove from that place; and having never, for almost twenty years, omitted his personal attendance on his majesty in that month in which he was to attend and preach to him, nor having ever been left out of the roll and number of Lent preachers, and there being then (in January, 1630) a report brought to London, or raised there, that Dr. Donne was dead, that report gave him occasion to write the following letter to a dear friend:—

"Sir,

"This advantage you and my other friends have by my frequent fevers, that I am so much the oftener at the gates of heaven; and this advantage by the solitude and close imprisonment that they reduce me to after, that I am so much the oftener at my prayers, in which I shall never leave out your happiness; and I doubt not, among his other blessings, God will add some one to you for my prayers. A man would almost be content to die, if there were no other benefit in death, to hear of so much sorrow and so much good testimony from good men as I (God be blessed for it) did upon the report of my death; yet I perceive it went not through all; for one writ to me, that some (and he said of my friends) conceived I was not so ill as I pretended, but withdrew myself to live at ease, discharged of preaching. It is an unfriendly, and, God knows, an ill-grounded interpretation; for I have always been sorrier when I could not preach, than any could be they could not hear me. It hath been my desire, and God may be pleased to grant it, that I might die in the pulpit; if not that, yet that I might take my death in the pulpit; that is, die the sooner by occasion of those labours. Sir, I hope to see you presently after Candlemas, about which time will fall my Lent sermon at court, except my lord chamberlain believe me to be dead, and so leave me out of the roll: but as long as I live, and am not speechless, I would not willingly decline that service. I have better leisure to write than you to read, yet I would not willingly oppress you with too much letter. God so bless you and your son, as I wish to

"Your poor friend and servant

"In Christ Jesus,

"J. DONNE."

Before that month ended, he was appointed to preach upon his old constant day, the first Friday in Lent. He had notice of it, and had in his sickness so prepared for that employment, that as he had long thirsted for it, so he resolved his weakness should not hinder his journey; he came therefore to London some few days before his appointed day of preaching. At his coming thither, many of his friends, who with sorrow saw his sickness had left him but so much flesh as did only cover his bones, doubted his strength to perform that task, and did therefore dissuade him from undertaking it, assuring him, however, it was like to shorten his life; but he passionately denied their requests, saying, he would not doubt that that God, who in so many weaknesses had assisted him with an unexpected strength, would now withdraw it in his last employment; professing an holy ambition to perform that sacred work. And when, to the amazement of some beholders, he appeared in the pulpit, many of them thought he presented himself not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body, and a dying face. And doubtless many did secretly ask that question in Ezekiel*. Do these bones live? or, can that soul organise that tongue, to speak so long time as the sand in that glass will move towards its centre, and measure out an hour of this dying man's unspent life? Doubtless it cannot. And yet, after some faint pauses in his zealous prayer, his strong desires enabled his weak body to discharge his memory of his preconceived meditations, which were of dying, the text being, "To God the Lord belong the issues from death." Many that then saw his tears, and heard his faint and hollow voice, professing they thought the text prophetically chosen, and that Dr. Donne had preached his own funeral sermon.

Being full of joy that God had enabled him to perform this desired duty, he hastened to his house; out of which he never moved, till, like St. Stephen, he was carried by devout men to his grave.

The next day after his sermon, his strength being much wasted, and his spirits so spent as indisposed him to business or to talk, a friend, that had often been a witness of his free and facetious discourse, asked him, "Why are you sad?" To whom he replied, with a countenance so full of cheerful gravity, as gave testimony of an inward tranquillity of mind, and of a soul willing to take a farewell of this world; and said,——

"I am not sad; but most of the night past I have entertained myself with many thoughts of several friends that have left me here, and are gone to that place from which they shall not return; and that within a few days I also shall go hence, and be no more seen. And my preparation for this change is become my nightly meditation upon my bed, which my infirmities have now made restless to me. But at this present time, I was in a serious contemplation of the Providence and Goodness of God to me; to me, who am less than the least of his mercies; and looking back upon my life past, I now plainly see it was his hand that prevented me from all temporal employment; and that it was his will I should never settle nor thrive till I entered into the ministry; in which I have now lived almost twenty years—I hope to his glory,—and by which, I most humbly thank him, I have been enabled to requite most of those friends which showed me kindness when my fortune was very low, as God knows it was: and,—as it hath occasioned the expression of my gratitude,—I thank God most of them have stood in need of my requital. I have lived to be useful and comfortable to my good father-in-law, Sir George More, whose patience God hath been pleased to exercise with many temporal crosses. I have maintained my own mother, whom it hath pleased God, after a plentiful fortune in her younger days, to bring to great decay in her very old age. I have quieted the consciences of many that have groaned under the burthen of a wounded spirit, whose prayers I hope are available for me. I cannot plead innocency of life, especially of my youth; but I am to be judged by a merciful God, who is not willing to see what I have done amiss. And though of myself I have nothing to present to him but sins and misery, yet I know he looks not upon me now as I am of myself, but as I am in my Saviour, and hath given me, even at this present time, some testimonies by his Holy Spirit, that I am of the number of his elect: I am therefore full of inexpressible joy, and shall die in peace."

I must here look so far back, as to tell the reader that at his first return out of Essex, to preach his last sermon, his old friend and physician, Dr. Fox—a man of great worth—came to him to consult his health; and that after a sight of him, and some queries concerning his distempers, he told him, that by cordials, and drinking milk twenty days together, there was a probability of his restoration to health; but he passionately denied to drink it. Nevertheless, Dr. Fox, who loved him most entirely, wearied him with solicitations, till he yielded to take it for ten days; at the end of which time he told Dr. Fox, he had drunk it more to satisfy him, than to recover his health; and that he would not drink it ten days longer, upon the best moral assurance of having twenty years added to his life; for he loved it not; and was so far from fearing death, which to others is the king of terrors, that he longed for the day of his dissolution.

It is observed, that a desire of glory or commendation is rooted in the very nature of man; and that those of the severest and most mortified lives, though they may become so humble as to banish self-flattery, and such weeds as naturally grow there; yet they have not been able to kill this desire of glory, but that, like our radical heat, it will both live and die with us; and many think it should do so; and we want not sacred examples to justify the desire of having our memory to outlive our lives; which I mention, because Dr. Donne, by the persuasion of Dr. Fox, easily yielded at this very time to have a monument made for him; but Dr. Fox undertook not to persuade him how, or what monument it should be; that was left to Dr. Donne himself.

A monument being resolved upon, Dr. Donne sent for a carver to make for him in wood the figure of an urn, giving him directions for the compass and height of it; and to bring with it a board, of the just height of his body. "These being got, then without delay a choice painter was got to be in readiness to draw his picture, which was taken as followeth:—Several charcoal fires being first made in his large study, he brought with him into that place his winding-sheet in his hand, and having put off all his clothes, had this sheet put on him, and so tied with knots at his head and feet, and his hands so placed, as dead bodies are usually fitted, to be shrouded and put into their coffin or grave. Upon this urn he thus stood, with his eyes shut, and with so much of the sheet turned aside as might show his lean, pale, and death-like face, which was purposely turned towards the east, from whence he expected the second coming of his and our Saviour Jesus." In this posture he was drawn at his just height; and when the picture was fully finished, he caused it to be set by his bed-side, where it continued and became his hourly object till his death, and was then given to his dearest friend and executor Dr. Henry King, then chief residentiary of St. Paul's, who caused him to be thus carved in one entire piece of white marble, as it now stands in that church; and by Dr. Donne's own appointment, these words were to be affixed to it as an epitaph:

---

* Chap. xxxvii. 3.

JOHANNES DONNE,
SAC. THEOL. PROFESS.
POST VARIA STUDIA, QUIBUS AB ANNIS
TENERRIMIS FIDELITER. NEC INFELICITER
INCUBUIT;
INSTINCTU ET IMPULSU SP. SANCTI, MONITU
ET HORTATU
REGIS JACOBI, ORDINES SACROS AMPLEXUS,
ANNO SUI JESU, MDCXIV. ET SUÆ ÆTATIS XLII.
DECANATU HUJUS ECCLESIÆ INDUTUS,
XXVII. NOVEMBRIS, MDCXXI.
EXUTUS MORTE ULTIMO DIE MARTII, MDCXXXI.
HIC, LICET IN OCCIDUO CINERE, ASPICIT EUM
CUJUS NOMEN EST ORIENS.

And now, having brought him through the many labyrinths and perplexities of a various life, even to the gates of death and the grave; my desire is, he may rest, till I have told my reader that I have seen many pictures of him, in several habits, and at several ages, and in several postures: and I now mention this, because I have seen one picture of him, drawn by a curious hand, at his age of eighteen, with his sword, and what other adornments might then suit with the present fashions of youth, and the giddy gaieties of that age; and his motto then was——

How much shall I be changed,
Before I am changed!

And if that young and his now dying picture were at this time set together, every beholder might say, "Lord! how much is Dr. Donne already changed before he is changed!" And the view of them might give my reader occasion to ask himself with some amazement, "Lord! how much may I also, that am now in health, be changed before I am changed; before this vile, this changeable body shall put off mortality!" and therefore to prepare for it. But this is not writ so much for my reader's memento, as to tell him, that Dr. Donne would often in his private discourses, and often publicly in his sermons, mention the many changes both of his body and mind; especially of his mind from a vertiginous giddiness; and would as often say, His great and most blessed change was from a temporal to a spiritual employment; in which he was so happy, that he accounted the former part of his life to be lost; and the beginning of it to be from his first entering into sacred orders, and serving his most merciful God at his altar.

Upon Monday, after the drawing this picture, he took his last leave of his beloved study; and, being sensible of his hourly decay, retired himself to his bed-chamber; and that week sent at several times for many of his most considerable friends, with whom he took a solemn and deliberate farewell, commending to their considerations some sentences useful for the regulation of their lives; and then dismissed them, as good Jacob did his sons, with a spiritual benediction. The Sunday following, he appointed his servants, that if there were any business yet undone, that concerned him or themselves, it should be prepared against Saturday next; for after that day he would not mix his thoughts with anything that concerned this world; nor ever did; but, as Job, so he waited for the appointed day of his dissolution.

And now he was so happy as to have nothing to do but to die, to do which, he stood in need of no longer time; for he had studied it long, and to so happy a perfection, that in a former sickness he called God to witness* he was that minute ready to deliver his soul into his hands, if that minute God would determine his dissolution. In that sickness he begged of God the constancy to be preserved in that estate for ever; and his patient expectation to have his immortal soul disrobed from her garment of mortality, makes me confident, that he now had a modest assurance that his prayers were then heard, and his petition granted. He lay fifteen days earnestly expecting his hourly change; and in the last hour of his last day, as his body melted away, and vapoured into spirit, his soul having, I verily believe, some revelation of the beatifical vision, he said, "I were miserable if I might not die;" and after those words, closed many periods of his faint breath by saying often, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." His speech, which had long been his ready and faithful servant, left him not till the last minute of his life, and then forsook him, not to serve another master—for who speaks like him—but died before him; for that it was then become useless to him, that now conversed with God on earth, as angels are said to do in heaven, only by thoughts and looks. Being speechless, and seeing heaven by that illumination by which he saw it, he did, as St. Stephen, look steadfastly into it, till he saw the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God his father; and being satisfied with this blessed sight, as his soul ascended, and his last breath departed from him, he closed his own eyes, and then disposed his hands and body into such a posture, as required not the least alteration by those that came to shroud him.

Thus variable, thus virtuous was the life: thus excellent, thus exemplary was the death of this memorable man.

He was buried in that place of St. Paul's church, which he had appointed for that use some years before his death; and by which he passed daily to pay his public devotions to Almighty God—who was then served twice a day by a public form of prayer and praises in that place:—but he was not buried privately, though he desired it; for, beside an unnumbered number of others, many persons of nobility, and of eminency for learning, who did love and honour him in his life, did show it at his death, by a voluntary and sad attendance of his body to the grave, where nothing was so remarkable as a public sorrow.

---

* In his Book of Devotions, written then.

To which place of his burial some mournful friend repaired, and, as Alexander the Great did to the grave of the famous Achilles, so they strewed his with an abundance of curious and costly flowers; which course, they,—who were never yet known,—continued morning and evening for many days, not ceasing, till the stones, that were taken up in that church, to give his body admission into the cold earth—now his bed of rest—were again by the mason's art so levelled and firmed as they had been formerly, and his place of burial undistinguishable to common view.

The next day after his burial, some unknown friend, some one of the many lovers and admirers of his virtue and learning, writ this epitaph with a coal on the wall over his grave:—

Reader! I am to let thee know,
Donne's body only lies below;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies!

Nor was this all the honour done to his reverend ashes; for, as there be some persons that will not receive a reward for that for which God accounts himself a debtor, persons that dare trust God with their charity, and without a witness; so there was by some grateful unknown friend, that thought Dr. Donne's memory ought to be perpetuated, an hundred marks sent to his two faithful friends* and executors, towards the making of his monument. It was not for many years known by whom; but, after the death of Dr. Fox, it was known that it was he that sent it; and he lived to see as lively a representation of his dead friend, as marble can express: a statue indeed so like Dr. Donne, that—as his friend Sir Henry Wotton hath expressed himself,—It seems to breathe faintly, and posterity shall look upon it as a kind of artificial miracle.

He was of stature moderately tall; of a straight and equally-proportioned body, to which all his words and actions gave an unexpressible addition of comeliness.

The melancholy and pleasant humour were in him so contempered, that each gave advantage to the other, and made his company one of the delights of mankind.

His fancy was unimitably high, equalled only by his great wit; both being made useful by a commanding judgment.

His aspect was cheerful, and such as gave a silent testimony of a clear knowing soul, and of a conscience at peace with itself.

His melting eye showed that he had a soft heart, full of noble compassion; of too brave a soul to offer injuries, and too much a Christian not to pardon them in others.

He did much contemplate—especially after he entered into his sacred calling—the mercies of Almighty God, the immortality of the soul, and the joys of Heaven: and would often say in a kind of sacred ecstacy,—"Blessed be God that he is God, only and divinely like himself."

He was by nature highly passionate, but more apt to reluct at the excesses of it. A great lover of the offices of humanity, and of so merciful a spirit, that he never beheld the miseries of mankind without pity and relief.

He was earnest and unwearied in the search of knowledge, with which his vigorous soul is now satisfied, and employed in a continual praise of that God that first breathed it into his active body: that body, which once was a temple of the Holy Ghost, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust:—

But I shall see it re-animated.

Feb. 15, 1639. I. W.

◆

AN EPITAPH

WRITTEN BY

DOCTOR CORBET†, LATE BISHOP OF OXFORD,

ON HIS FRIEND DR. DONNE.

He that would write an epitaph for thee,
And write it well, must first begin to be
Such as thou wert; for none can truly know
Thy life and worth, but he that hath lived so:
He must have wit to spare, and to hurl down,
Enough to keep the gallants of the town.
He must have learning plenty; both the laws,
Civil and common, to judge any cause.
Divinity, great store, above the rest,
Not of the last edition, but the best.
He must have language, travel, all the arts,
Judgment to use, or else he wants thy parts.
He must have friends the highest, able to do,
Such as Mæcenas and Augustus too.
He must have such a sickness, such a death,
Or else his vain descriptions come beneath.
He that would write an epitaph for thee,
Should first be dead;—let it alone for me.

◆

TO THE MEMORY OF

MY EVER-DESIRED FRIEND, DOCTOR DONNE.

AN ELEGY

BY H. KING, LATE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

To have lived eminent, in a degree
Beyond our loftiest thoughts, that is, like thee;
Or t' have had too much merit is not safe,
For such excesses find no epitaph.

At common graves we have poetic eyes
Can melt themselves in easy elegies;
Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And pin it, like the hatchments, to the hearse;
But at thine, poem or inscription
—Rich soul of wit and language—we have none.
Indeed a silence does that tomb befit,
Where is no herald left to blazon it.
Widow'd Invention justly doth forbear
To come abroad, knowing thou art not there:
Late her great patron, whose prerogative
Maintain'd and clothed her so, as none alive
Must now presume to keep her at thy rate,
Tho' he the Indies for her dower estate.

---

* Dr. King and Dr. Montford.

† Dr. Richard Corbet, in 1632 translated from the see of Oxford to that of Norwich, died in 1635. He was in his younger years one of the most celebrated wits in the university of Oxford, afterwards admired for his quaint and eloquent preaching, and much commended for his great liberality and munificence, and particularly in promoting the repair of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Or else, that awful fire which once did burn
In thy clear brain, now fallen into thy urn,
Lives there, to fright rude empirics from thence,
Which might profane thee by their ignorance.
Whoever writes of thee, and in a style
Unworthy such a theme, does but revile
Thy precious dust, and wakes a learned spirit,
Which may revenge his rapes upon thy merit:
For all a low-pitch'd fancy can devise
Will prove at best but hallow'd injuries.

Thou like the dying swan didst lately sing,
Thy mournful dirge in audience of the king;
When pale looks and faint accents of thy breath,
Presented so to life that piece of death,
That it was fear'd and prophesied by all
Thou thither cam'st to preach thy funeral.
Oh! hadst thou in an elegiac knell
Rung out unto the world thine own farewell,
And in thy high victorious numbers beat
The solemn measures of thy grieved retreat,
Thou might'st the poet's service now have miss'd
As well as then thou didst prevent the priest;
And never to the world beholden be,
So much as for an epitaph for thee.

I do not like the office; nor is't fit
Thou, who didst lend our age such sums of wit,
Shouldst now re-borrow from her bankrupt mine
That ore to bury thee which first was thine:
Rather still leave us in thy debt; and know,
Exalted soul, more glory 'tis to owe
Thy memory what we can never pay,
Than with embased coin those rites defray.

Commit we then thee to thyself, nor blame
Our drooping loves, that thus to thine own frame
Leave thee executor, since but thine own
No pen could do thee justice, nor bays crown
Thy vast deserts; save that we nothing can
Depute, to be thy ashes' guardian.

So jewellers no art or metal trust,
To form the diamond, but the diamond's dust.

H. K.

◆

AN ELEGY ON DR. DONNE.

BY IZAAK WALTON.

Our Donne is dead! and we may sighing say,
We had that man, where language chose to stay,
And show her utmost power. I would not praise
That, and his great wit, which in our vain days
Make others proud; but as these served to unlock
That cabinet his mind, where such a stock
Of knowledge was reposed, that I lament
Our just and general cause of discontent.

And I rejoice I am not so severe,
But as I write a line, to weep a tear
For his decease; such sad extremities
Can make such men as I write elegies.

And wonder not; for when so great a loss
Falls on a nation, and they slight the cross,
God hath raised prophets to awaken them
From their dull lethargy; witness my pen,
Not used to upbraid the world, though now it must
Freely and boldly, for the cause is just.

Dull age! Oh, I would spare thee, but thou 'rt worse:
Thou art not only dull, but hast a curse
Of black ingratitude; if not, couldst thou
Part with this matchless man, and make no vow
For thee and thine successively to pay
Some sad remembrance to his dying day?

Did his youth scatter Poetry, wherein
Lay Love's Philosophy? was every sin
Pictured in his sharp Satires, made so foul,
That some have fear'd sin's shapes, and kept their soul
Safer by reading verse; did he give days,
Past marble monuments, to those whose praise
He would perpetuate? did he—I fear
Envy will doubt—these at his twentieth year?

But, more matur'd, did his rich soul conceive,
And in harmonious holy numbers weave
A Crown of Sacred Sonnets,* fit t' adorn
A dying martyr's brow, or to be worn
On that blest head of Mary Magdalen,
After she wiped Christ's feet, but not till then;
Did he—fit for such penitents as she
And he to use—leave us a Litany,
Which all devout men love, and doubtless shall,
As times grow better, grow more classical?
Did he write Hymns, for piety and wit,
Equal to those great grave Prudentius writ?
Spake he all languages? knew he all laws?
The grounds and use of physic; but, because
'Twas mercenary, waved it? went to see
That happy place of Christ's nativity?
Did he return and preach him? preach him so,
As since St. Paul none ever did? they know—
Those happy souls that heard him—know this truth.
Did he confirm thy aged? convert thy youth?
Did he these wonders? and is his dear loss
Mourn'd by so few? few for so great a cross.

But sure the silent are ambitious all
To be close mourners of his funeral.
If not, in common pity they forbear
By repetitions to renew our care:
Or knowing grief conceived and hid, consumes
Man's life insensibly,—as poison's fumes
Corrupt the brain,—take silence for the way
T' enlarge the soul from these walls, mud and clay,
—Materials of this body—to remain
With him in heaven, where no promiscuous pain
Lessens those joys we have; for with him all
Are satisfied with joys essential.

Dwell on these joys, my thoughts! Oh! do not call
Grief back, by thinking on his funeral.
Forget he loved me: waste not my swift years,
Which haste to David's seventy, fill'd with fears
And sorrows for his death; forget his parts,
They find a living grave in good men's hearts:
And, for my first is daily paid for sin,
Forget to pay my second sigh for him:
Forget his powerful preaching, and forget
I am his convert. Oh my frailty! let
My flesh be no more heard; it will obtrude
This lethargy: so should my gratitude,
My vows of gratitude should so be broke,
Which can no more be, than his virtues, spoke
By any but himself: for which cause, I
Write no encomiums, but this elegy;
Which, as a free-will offering, I here give
Fame and the world; and parting with it, grieve
I want abilities fit to set forth
A monument, as matchless as his worth.

IZ. WA.

April 7, 1631.

---

* La Corona.

THE

LIFE OF SIR HENRY WOTTON, KNIGHT,

LATE

PROVOST OF ETON COLLEGE.

Sir Henry Wotton—whose life I now intend to write—was born in the year of our redemption 1568, in Bocton-hall,—commonly called Bocton, or Boughton-place, or palace,—in the parish of Bocton Malherbe, in the fruitful country of Kent. Bocton-hall being an ancient and goodly structure, beautifying and being beautified by the parish church of Bocton Malherbe adjoining unto it, and both seated within a fair park of the Wottons, on the brow of such a hill, as gives the advantage of a large prospect, and of equal pleasure to all beholders.

But this house and church are not remarkable for any thing so much, as for that the memorable family of the Wottons have so long inhabited the one, and now lie buried in the other, as appears by their many monuments in that church: the Wottons being a family that hath brought forth divers persons eminent for wisdom and valour; whose heroic acts, and noble employments, both in England and in foreign parts, have adorned themselves and this nation; which they have served abroad faithfully, in the discharge of their great trust, and prudently in their negociations with several princes; and also served at home with much honour and justice, in their wise managing a great part of the public affairs thereof, in the various times both of war and peace.

But lest I should be thought by any, that may incline either to deny or doubt this truth, not to have observed moderation in the commendation of this family; and also for that I believe the merits and memory of such persons ought to be thankfully recorded, I shall offer to the consideration of every reader, out of the testimony of their pedigree and our chronicles, a part—and but a part—of that just commendation which might be from thence enlarged, and shall then leave the indifferent reader to judge whether my error be an excess or defect of commendations.

Sir Robert Wotton, of Bocton Malherbe, knight, was born about the year of Christ 1460: he, living in the reign of King Edward the Fourth, was by him trusted to be Lieutenant of Guisnes, to be Knight Porter, and Comptroller of Calais, where he died, and lies honourably buried.

Sir Edward Wotton of Bocton Malherbe, knight,—son and heir of the said Sir Robert—was born in the year of Christ 1489, in the reign of King Henry the Seventh; he was made treasurer of Calais, and of the Privy Council to King Henry the Eighth, who offered him to be Lord Chancellor of England: but, saith Holinshed*, out of a virtuous modesty, he refused it.

Thomas Wotton of Bocton Malherbe, Esquire, son and heir of the said Sir Edward, and the father of our Sir Henry, that occasions this relation, was born in the year of Christ 1521. He was a gentleman excellently educated, and studious in all the liberal arts; in the knowledge whereof he attained unto a great perfection; who, though he had—besides those abilities, a very noble and plentiful estate, and the ancient interest of his predecessors—many invitations from Queen Elizabeth to change his country recreations and retirement for a court, offering him a knighthood,—she was then with him at his Bocton-hall,—and that to be but as an earnest of some more honourable and more profitable employment under her; yet he humbly refused both, being a man of great modesty, of a most plain and single heart, of an ancient freedom, and integrity of mind. A commendation which Sir Henry Wotton took occasion often to remember with great gladness, and thankfully to boast himself the son of such a father; from whom indeed he derived that noble ingenuity that was always practised by himself, and which he ever both commended and cherished in others. This Thomas was also remarkable for hospitality, a great lover and much beloved of his country; to which may justly be added, that he was a cherisher of learning, as appears by that excellent antiquary, Mr. William Lambarde†, in his "Perambulation of Kent."

---

* In his Chronicle.

† This celebrated lawyer and antiquary was born 18th Oct. 1536. He was bred to the law, and in 1597 was made Keeper of the Rolls, and in 1600 Keeper of the Records in the Tower. His principal works were a collection and Latin translation of the Saxon laws; a Discourse on the English Courts of Justice; another on the office of justices; and the Perambulation of Kent. He died on the 19th of August, 1601.

This Thomas had four sons, Sir Edward, Sir James, Sir John, and Sir Henry.

Sir Edward was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and made Comptroller of Her Majesty's Household. "He was," saith Camden, "a man remarkable for many and great employments in the state, during her reign, and sent several times ambassador into foreign nations. After her death, he was by King James made Comptroller of his Household, and called to be of his Privy Council, and by him advanced to be Lord Wotton, Baron of Merley in Kent, and made Lord Lieutenant of that county."

Sir James, the second son, may be numbered among the martial men of his age, who was, in the thirty-eighth of Queen Elizabeth's reign—with Robert, Earl of Sussex, Count Lodowick of Nassau, Don Christophoro, son of Antonio, king of Portugal, and divers other gentlemen of nobleness and valour—knighted in the field near Cadiz in Spain, after they had gotten great honour and riches, besides a notable retaliation of injuries, by taking that town.

Sir John, being a gentleman excellently accomplished, both by learning and travel, was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and by her looked upon with more than ordinary favour, and with intentions of preferment; but death in his younger years put a period to his growing hopes.

Of Sir Henry my following discourse shall give an account :—

"The descent of these fore-named Wottons was all in a direct line, and most of them and their actions in the memory of those with whom we have conversed ; but if I had looked so far back as to Sir Nicholas Wotton, who lived in the reign of King Richard the Second, or before him upon divers others of great note in their several ages, I might by some be thought tedious ; and yet others may more justly think me negligent, if I omit to mention Nicholas Wotton, the fourth son of Sir Robert, whom I first named.

This Nicholas Wotton was doctor of law, and sometime dean both of York and Canterbury ; a man whom God did not only bless with a long life, but with great abilities of mind, and an inclination to employ them in the service of his country, as is testified by his several employments*, having been sent nine times ambassador unto foreign princes ; and by his being a Privy Councillor to King Henry the Eighth, to Edward the Sixth, to Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth ; who also, after he had been, during the wars between England, Scotland, and France, three several times—and not unsuccessfully—employed in committees for settling of peace betwixt this and those kingdoms, died, saith learned Camden, "full of commendations for wisdom and piety." He was also, by the will of King Henry the Eighth, made one of his executors, and chief secretary of state to his son, that pious prince, Edward the Sixth. Concerning which Nicholas Wotton, I shall say but this little more ; that he refused—being offered it by Queen Elizabeth—to be Archbishop of Canterbury†,—and that he died not rich, though he lived in that time of the dissolution of abbeys.

More might be added ; but by this it may appear, that Sir Henry Wotton was a branch of such a kindred, as left a stock of reputation to their posterity : such reputation as might kindle a generous emulation in strangers, and preserve a noble ambition in those of his name and family, to perform actions worthy of their ancestors.

And that Sir Henry Wotton did so, might appear more perfectly than my pen can express it, if of his many surviving friends, some one of higher parts and employments, had been pleased to have commended his to posterity ; but since some years are now past, and they have all—I know not why—forborne to do it, my gratitude to the memory of my dead friend, and the renewed request of some‡ that still live solicitous to see this duty performed ; these have had a power to persuade me to undertake it ; which truly I have not done but with distrust of mine own abilities ; and yet so far from despair, that I am modestly confident my humble language shall be accepted, because I shall present all readers with a commixture of truth, and Sir Henry Wotton's merits.

This being premised, I proceed to tell the reader, that the father of Sir Henry Wotton was twice married ; first to Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir John Rudstone, knight, after whose death, though his inclination was averse to all contentions, yet necessitated he was to several suits in law ; in the prosecution whereof, which took up much of his time, and were the occasion of many discontents, he was, by divers of his friends, earnestly persuaded to a re-marriage ; to whom he as often answered, that if ever he did put on a resolution to marry, he was seriously resolved to avoid three sorts of persons ; namely,

Those that had children ;
Those that had law-suits ;
And those that were of his kindred.

And yet, following his own law-suits, he met, in Westminster Hall, with Mrs. Eleonora Morton, widow to Robert Morton, of Kent, Esquire, who was also engaged in several suits in law : and he, observing her comportment at the time of hearing one of her causes before the judges, could not but at the same time both compassionate her condition and affect her person ; for the tears of lovers, or beauty dressed in sadness, are observed to have in them a charming eloquence, and to become very often too strong to be resisted ; which I mention, because it proved so with this Thomas Wotton ; for although there were in her a concurrence of all those accidents against which he had so seriously resolved, yet his affection to her grew then so strong that he resolved to solicit her for a wife, and did, and obtained her.

By her, who was the daughter of Sir William Finch, of Eastwell, in Kent, he had only Henry, his youngest son. His mother undertook to be tutoress unto him during much of his childhood, for whose care and pains he paid her each day with such visible signs of future perfection in learning, as turned her employment into a pleasing trouble ; which she was content to continue, till his father took him into his own particular care, and disposed of him to a tutor in his own house at Bocton.

And when time and diligent instruction had made him fit for a removal to a higher form, which was very early, he was sent to Winchester school; a place of strict discipline and order, that so he might in his youth be moulded into a method of living by rule, which his wise father knew to be the most necessary way to make the future part of his life both happy to himself, and useful for the discharge of all business, whether public or private.

---

* Camden in his Britannia.

† Holinshed.

‡ Sir Edward Bysshe, Clarenceux King of Arms, Mr. Charles Cotton, and Mr. Nic. Oudert, sometime Sir Henry Wotton's servant.

And that he might be confirmed in this regularity, he was, at a fit age, removed from that school, to be a commoner of New College, in Oxford; both being founded by William Wickham, Bishop of Winchester.

There he continued till about the eighteenth year of his age, and was then transplanted into Queen's College; where, within that year, he was, by the chief of that college, persuasively enjoined to write a play for their private use. It was the Tragedy of Tancredo, which was so interwoven with sentences, and for the method and exact personating those humours, passions, and dispositions, which he proposed to represent, so performed, that the gravest of that society declared, he had, in a slight employment, given an early and a solid testimony of his future abilities. And though there may be some sour dispositions which may think this not worth a memorial, yet that wise knight, Baptista Guarini*, whom learned Italy accounts one of her ornaments, thought it neither an uncomely nor an unprofitable employment for his age.

But I pass to what will be thought more serious.

About the twentieth year of his age he proceeded master of arts, and at that time read in Latin three lectures De Oculo; wherein he having described the form, the motion, the curious composure of the eye, and demonstrated how of those very many, every humour and nerve performs its distinct office, so as the God of order hath appointed, without mixture or confusion; and all this to the advantage of man, to whom the eye is given, not only as the body's guide, but whereas all other of his senses require time to inform the soul, this in an instant apprehends and warns him of danger, teaching him in the very eyes of others to discover wit, folly, love, and hatred. After he had made these observations, he fell to dispute this optic question:—Whether we see by the emission of the beams from within, or reception of the species from without? And after that and many other like learned disquisitions, he, in the conclusion of his lectures, took a fair occasion to beautify his discourse with a commendation of the blessing and benefit of seeing; by which we do not only discover Nature's secrets, but, with a continued content (for the eye is never weary of seeing), behold the great light of the world, and by it discover the fabric of the heavens, and both the order and motion of the celestial orbs; nay, that if the eye look but downward, it may rejoice to behold the bosom of the earth, our common mother, embroidered and adorned with numberless and various flowers, which man sees daily grow up to perfection, and then silently moralise his own condition, who, in a short time, like those very flowers, decays, withers, and quickly returns again to that earth from which both had their first being.

These were so exactly debated, and so rhetorically heightened, as, among other admirers, caused that learned Italian, Albericus Gentilis†, then professor of the civil law in Oxford, to call him *Henrice mi ocelle;* which dear expression of his was also used by divers of Sir Henry's dearest friends, and by many other persons of note during his stay in the university.

But his stay there was not long, at least not so long as his friends once intended; for the year after Sir Henry proceeded master of arts, his father, whom Sir Henry did never mention without this or some like reverential expression, as, "That good man, my father," or, "My father, the best of men;" about that time, this good man changed this for a better life, leaving to Sir Henry, as to his other younger sons, a rent-charge of a hundred marks a year, to be paid for ever out of some one of his manors of a much greater value.

And here, though this good man be dead, yet I wish a circumstance or two that concerns him may not be buried without a relation, which I shall undertake to do, for that I suppose they may so much concern the reader to know, that I may promise myself a pardon for a short digression.

In the year of our redemption 1553, Nicholas Wotton, dean of Canterbury, whom I formerly mentioned, being then ambassador in France, dreamed that his nephew, this Thomas Wotton, was inclined to be a party in such a project as, if he were not suddenly prevented, would turn both to the loss of his life, and ruin of his family.

Doubtless the good dean did well know that common dreams are but a senseless paraphrase on our waking thoughts, or of the business of the day past, or are the result of our over-engaged affections, when we betake ourselves to rest, and knew that the observation of them may turn to silly superstitions, as they too often do. But, though he might know all this, and might also believe that prophecies are ceased, yet doubtless he could not but consider that all dreams are not to be neglected or cast away without all consideration, and did therefore rather lay this dream aside than intend totally to lose it; and dreaming the same again the night following, when it became a double dream, like that of Pharaoh, of which double dreams the learned have made many observations, and considering that it had no dependence on his waking thoughts, much less on the desires of his heart, then he did more seriously consider it; and remembered that Almighty God was pleased in a dream to reveal and to assure Monica‡, the mother of St. Austin, that he, her son, for whom she wept so bitterly, and prayed so much, should at last become a Christian. This, I believe, the good dean considered; and considering also that Almighty God, though the causes of dreams be often unknown, hath even in these latter times also, by a certain illumination of the soul in sleep, discovered many things that human wisdom could not foresee; upon these considerations he resolved to use so prudent a remedy, by way of prevention, as might introduce no great inconvenience either to himself or to his nephew. And to that end he wrote to the queen (it was Queen Mary), and besought her that she would cause his nephew, Thomas Wotton, to be sent for out of Kent; and that the lords of her council might interrogate him in some such feigned questions as might give a colour for his commitment into a favourable prison; declaring that he would acquaint her majesty with the true reason of his request, when he should next become so happy as to see and speak to her majesty*.

---

* The celebrated author of Il Pastor Fido. He was born at Ferrara in 1537, and died at Venice the 7th Oct. 1612.

† This noted civilian having left Italy along with his father, Matthew Gentilis, who had embraced the reformed religion, came into England, and died at London in 1608, aged 58 years. He published three books; "De Jure Belli," which proved very useful to Grotius in his great work; "De Jure Belli et Pacis;" and also a tractate, "De Latinitate Veteris Bibliorum Versionis," with other works.

‡ St. Austin's Confession.

It was done as the dean desired, and in prison I must leave Mr. Wotton, till I have told the reader what followed.

At this time a marriage was concluded betwixt our Queen Mary and Philip, king of Spain; and though this was concluded with the advice, if not by the persuasion, of her privy council, as having many probabilities of advantage to this nation, yet divers persons of a contrary persuasion did not only declare against it, but also raised forces to oppose it; believing, as they said, it would be a means to bring England to be under a subjection to Spain, and make those of this nation slaves to strangers.

And of this number, Sir Thomas Wyat, of Boxley Abbey, in Kent, betwixt whose family and the family of the Wottons there had been an ancient and entire friendship, was the principal actor; who, having persuaded many of the nobility and gentry, especially of Kent, to side with him, and he being defeated and taken prisoner, was legally arraigned and condemned, and lost his life; so did the Duke of Suffolk and divers others, especially many of the gentry of Kent, who were there in several places executed as Wyat's assistants.

And of this number, in all probability, had Mr. Wotton been, if he had not been confined; for though he could not be ignorant that another man's treason makes it mine by concealing it, yet he durst confess to his uncle, when he returned into England, and then came to visit him in prison, that he had more than an intimation of Wyat's intentions, and thought he had not continued actually innocent, if his uncle had not so happily dreamed him into a prison; out of which place when he was delivered by the same hand that caused his commitment, they both considered the dream more seriously, and then both joined in praising God for it; that God, who ties himself to no rules, either in preventing of evil, or in showing of mercy to those whom of good pleasure he hath chosen to love.

And this dream was the more considerable, because that God, who in the days of old did use to speak to his people in visions, did seem to speak to many of this family in dreams; of which I will also give the reader one short particular of this Thomas Wotton, whose dreams did usually prove true, both in foretelling things to come, and discovering things past, and the particular is this.—This Thomas, a little before his death, dreamed that the university treasury was robbed by townsmen and poor scholars, and that the number was five; and being that day to write to his son Henry at Oxford, he thought it worth so much pains as, by a postscript in his letter, to make a slight inquiry of it. The letter, which was writ out of Kent, and dated three days before, came to his son's hands the very morning after the night in which the robbery was committed; and when the city and university were both in a perplexed inquest of the thieves, then did Sir Henry Wotton show his father's letter, and by it such light was given of this work of darkness, that the five guilty persons were presently discovered and apprehended, without putting the university to so much trouble as the casting of a figure.

And it may yet be more considerable, that this Nicholas and Thomas Wotton should both, being men of holy lives, of even tempers, and much given to fasting and prayer, foresee and foretell the very days of their own death. Nicholas did so, being then seventy years of age, and in perfect health. Thomas did the like in the sixty-fifth year of his age; who, being then in London, where he died, and foreseeing his death there, gave direction in what manner his body should be carried to Bocton; and though he thought his uncle Nicholas worthy of that noble monument which he built for him in the cathedral church of Canterbury, yet this humble man gave direction concerning himself, to be buried privately, and especially without any pomp at his funeral. This is some account of this family, which seemed to be beloved of God.

But it may now seem more than time that I return to Sir Henry Wotton at Oxford, where, after his optic lecture, he was taken into such a bosom friendship with the learned Albericus Gentilis, whom I formerly named, that, if it had been possible, Gentilis would have breathed all his excellent knowledge, both of the mathematics and law, into the breast of his dear Harry, for so Gentilis used to call him; and though he was not able to do that, yet there was in Sir Henry such a propensity and connaturalness to the Italian language, and those studies whereof Gentilis was a great master, that the friendship between them did daily increase, and proved daily advantageous to Sir Henry, for the improvement of him in several sciences during his stay in the university.

From which place, before I shall invite the reader to follow him into a foreign nation, though I must omit to mention divers persons that were then in Oxford, of memorable note for learning, and friends to Sir Henry Wotton, yet I must not omit the mention of a love that was there begun betwixt him and Dr. Donne, sometime dean of St. Paul's; a man of whose abilities I shall forbear to say anything, because he who is of this nation, and pretends to learning or ingenuity, and is ignorant of Dr. Donne, deserves not to know him. The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented; and as it was begun in their youth, and in a university, and there maintained by correspondent inclinations and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation.

---

* The author of the "Account of the Deans of Canterbury," has ingeniously conjectured that this dream of the good dean was a mere political contrivance, the result of deep deliberation, to preserve the life of his nephew, whose intimacy with Sir Thomas Wyatt would probably have induced him to join in the conspiracy.

In Oxford he staid till about two years after his father's death, at which time he was about the twenty-second year of his age; and having to his great wit added the ballast of learning and knowledge of the arts, he then laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel, and a more general conversation with mankind; employing the remaining part of his youth, his industry, and fortune, to adorn his mind, and to purchase the rich treasure of foreign knowledge; of which, both for the secrets of nature, the dispositions of many nations, their several laws and languages, he was the possessor in a very large measure; as I shall faithfully make to appear, before I take my pen from the following narration of his life.

In his travels, which was almost nine years before his return into England, he staid but one year in France, and most of that in Geneva, where he became acquainted with Theodore Beza*, then very aged, and with Isaac Casaubon†, in whose house, if I be rightly informed, Sir Henry Wotton was lodged, and there contracted a most worthy friendship with that man of rare learning and ingenuity.

Three of the remaining eight years were spent in Germany, the other five in Italy, the stage on which God appointed he should act a great part of his life; where, both in Rome, Venice, and Florence, he became acquainted with the most eminent men for learning and all manner of arts, as picture, sculpture, chemistry, architecture, and other manual arts, even arts of inferior nature; of all which he was a most dear lover, and a most excellent judge.

He returned out of Italy into England about the thirtieth year of his age, being then noted by many both for his person and comportment; for indeed he was of a choice shape, tall of stature, and of a most persuasive behaviour, which was so mixed with sweet discourse and civilities as gained him much love from all persons with whom he entered into an acquaintance.

And whereas he was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travel, and conversation, was so polished, and made so useful, that his company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind; insomuch as Robert, earl of Essex, then one of the darlings of fortune, and in greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth, invited him first into a friendship, and, after a knowledge of his great abilities, to be one of his secretaries; the other being Mr. Henry Cuffe‡, sometime of Merton College in Oxford, and there also the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth; Mr. Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the university for his learning; nor, after his removal from that place, for the great abilities of his mind, nor indeed for the fatalness of his end.

Sir Henry Wotton, being now taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his counsels and employments in two voyages at sea against the Spaniard, and also in that, which was the earl's last, into Ireland; that voyage wherein he then did so much provoke the queen to anger, and worse at his return into England, upon whose immoveable favour the earl had built such sandy hopes as encouraged him to those undertakings which, with the help of a contrary faction, suddenly caused his commitment to the Tower.

Sir Henry Wotton observing this, though he was not of that faction (for the earl's followers were also divided into their several interests) which encouraged the earl to those undertakings which proved so fatal to him and divers of his confederation, yet, knowing treason to be so comprehensive as to take in even circumstances, and out of them to make such positive conclusions as subtle statesmen shall project, either for their revenge or safety; considering this, he thought prevention, by absence out of England, a better security than to stay in it, and there plead his innocency in a prison. Therefore did he, so soon as the earl was apprehended, very quickly, and as privately, glide through Kent to Dover, without so much as looking toward his native and beloved Bocton; and was, by the help of favourable winds and liberal payment of the mariners, within sixteen hours after his departure from London, set upon the French shore; where he heard, shortly after, that the earl was arraigned, condemned, and beheaded; and that his friend Mr. Cuffe was hanged, and divers other persons of eminent quality executed.

The times did not look so favourably upon Sir Henry Wotton, as to invite his return into England: having therefore procured of Sir Edward Wotton, his elder brother, an assurance that his annuity should be paid him in Italy, thither he went, happily renewing his intermitted friendship and interest, and indeed his great content in a new conversation with his old acquaintance in that nation, and more particularly in Florence, which city is not more eminent for the great duke's court, than for the great recourse of men of choicest note for learning and arts, in which number he there met with his old friend Signior Vietta, a gentleman of Venice, and then taken to be secretary to the Great Duke of Tuscany.

---

* This well known reformer, the successor of Calvin, died at Geneva the 13th of October, 1605, aged eighty-six years.

† This illustrious scholar, pronounced by Joseph Scaliger to be the best Grecian of his time, was born at Geneva in 1559. He read lectures on the belles-lettres, first at his native place, and afterwards at Paris. Henry IV. of France appointed him his librarian, and in vain attempted to withdraw him from his profession of the reformed religion. After that king's death he obtained the permission of the queen regent to visit England for a limited time, and he accompanied Sir Henry Wotton thither in October 1610. He was received with much distinction by King James, who granted him a pension of three hundred pounds, as also two prebends, one at Canterbury and the other at Westminster. He likewise wrote to the queen regent, to desire Casaubon might remain longer in England than she had first allowed him. But Casaubon did not long enjoy these advantages, as a painful disease in the bladder proved fatal on the 1st of July, 1614, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory by Morton, Bishop of Durham.

‡ A man of considerable wit, learning, and talents, who was ruined by an ambitious and restless disposition. He was born at Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, about 1560. In 1576 he was entered of Trinity College, Oxford, but was expelled from thence for some sarcasms on the founder. His learning obtained him admission into Merton College, where he was made Greek professor; but this office he abandoned to follow the fortunes of the Earl of Essex, over whose mind he contrived to gain great ascendancy. He is said to have been mainly instrumental in persuading Essex to engage in the mad scheme which terminated with his ruin. Cuffe shared his patron's fate. He was hanged at Tyburn on the 30th of March, 1601.

After some stay in Florence, he went the fourth time to visit Rome, where, in the English College, he had very many friends; their humanity made them really so, though they knew him to be a dissenter from many of their principles of religion; and having enjoyed their company, and satisfied himself concerning some curiosities that did partly occasion his journey thither, he returned back to Florence, where a most notable accident befel him; an accident that did not only find new employment for his choice abilities, but did introduce him to a knowledge and interest with our King James, then king of Scotland, which I shall proceed to relate.

But first I am to tell the reader, that though Queen Elizabeth, or she and her council, were never willing to declare her successor, yet James, then king of the Scots, was confidently believed by most to be the man upon whom the sweet trouble of kingly government would be imposed; and the queen declining very fast, both by age and visible infirmities, those that were of the Romish persuasion in point of religion, even Rome itself, and those of this nation, knowing that the death of the queen and the establishing of her successor were taken to be critical days for destroying or establishing the protestant religion in this nation, did therefore improve all opportunities for preventing a protestant prince to succeed her. And as the pope's excommunication of Queen Elizabeth [*] had, both by the judgment and practice of the jesuited papist, exposed her to be warrantably destroyed; so, if we may believe an angry adversary, a secular priest [†], against a jesuit, you may believe that about that time there were many endeavours, first to excommunicate, and then to shorten the life of King James.

Immediately after Sir Henry Wotton's return from Rome to Florence, which was about a year before the death of Queen Elizabeth, Ferdinand the Great Duke of Florence [‡] had intercepted certain letters, that discovered a design to take away the life of James, the then king of Scots. The duke abhorring this fact, and resolving to endeavour a prevention of it, advised with his secretary Vietta, by what means a caution might be best given to that king; and after consideration it was resolved to be done by Sir Henry Wotton, whom Vietta first commended to the duke, and the duke had noted and approved of above all the English that frequented his court.

Sir Henry was gladly called by his friend Vietta to the duke, who, after much profession of trust and friendship, acquainted him with the secret; and being well instructed, despatched him into Scotland with letters to the king, and with those letters such Italian antidotes against poison as the Scots till then had been strangers to.

Having parted from the duke, he took up the name and language of an Italian; and thinking it best to avoid the line of English intelligence and danger, he posted into Norway, and through that country towards Scotland, where he found the king at Stirling. Being there, he used means, by Bernard Lindsey, one of the king's bed-chamber, to procure him a speedy and private conference with his majesty, assuring him, that the business which he was to negociate was of such consequence, as had caused the Great Duke of Tuscany to enjoin him suddenly to leave his native country of Italy, to impart it to his king.

This being by Bernard Lindsey made known to the king, the king, after a little wonder—mixed with jealousy—to hear of an Italian ambassador, or messenger, required his name,—which was said to be Octavio Baldi, and appointed him to be heard privately at a fixed hour that evening.

When Octavio Baldi came to the presence-chamber door, he was requested to lay aside his long rapier—which, Italian-like, he then wore; and being entered the chamber, he found there with the king three or four Scotch lords standing distant in several corners of the chamber: at the sight of whom he made a stand; which the king observing, bade him be bold, and deliver his message; for he would undertake for the secrecy of all that were present. Then did Octavio Baldi deliver his letters and his message to the king in Italian; which when the king had graciously received, after a little pause, Octavio Baldi steps to the table, and whispers to the king in his own language, that he was an Englishman, beseeching him for a more private conference with his majesty, and that he might be concealed during his stay in that nation; which was promised and really performed by the king, during all his abode there, which was about three months; all which time was spent with much pleasantness to the king, and with as much to Octavio Baldi himself, as that country could afford; from which he departed as true an Italian as he came thither.

To the Duke at Florence he returned with a fair and grateful account of his employment; and within some few months after his return, there came certain news to Florence, that Queen Elizabeth was dead; and James, king of the Scots, proclaimed king of England. The duke knowing travel and business to be the best schools of wisdom, and that Sir Henry Wotton had been tutored in both, advised him to return presently to England, and there joy the king with his new and better title, and wait there upon fortune for a better employment.

When King James came into England, he found amongst other of the late queen's officers, Sir Edward, who was after Lord Wotton, comptroller of the house, of whom he demanded, if he knew one Henry Wotton, that had spent much time in foreign travel? The lord replied he knew him well, and that he was his brother. Then the king, asking where he then was, was answered, at Venice or Florence; but by late letters from thence he understood he would suddenly be at Paris. "Send for him," said the king, "and when he shall come into England, bid him repair privately to me." The Lord Wotton, after a little wonder, asked the king if he knew him. To which the king answered, "You must rest unsatisfied of that till you bring the gentleman to me."

---

[*] Pope Pius V., without any previous admonition or citation, had passed a private sentence of excommunication upon Queen Elizabeth, which in 1576 he caused to be published, and to be fixed upon the gate of the palace of the Bishop of London.

[†] William Watson, a secular priest, published a book known as his Quodlibets, written with great acrimony against the Jesuits, exhibiting their arts of equivocation and mental reservation. He was, however, himself hanged for high treason in conspiring the death of King James I., together with William Clark, a popish priest, and George Brook, brother to Lord Cobham, in 1603. He practised the arts he had deprecated, for he deceived his accomplices by persuading them " that the king before his coronation was not an actual but a political king, and therefore no treason could be committed against him."

[‡] Ferdinand I., of the house of the Medici.

Not many months after this discourse, the Lord Wotton brought his brother to attend the king, who took him in his arms, and bade him welcome by the name of Octavio Baldi, saying, he was the most honest, and therefore the best dissembler that ever he met with: and said, "Seeing I know you neither want learning, travel, nor experience, and that I have had so real a testimony of your faithfulness and abilities to manage an ambassage, I have sent for you to declare my purpose: which is, to make use of you in that kind hereafter." And indeed the king did so, most of those two-and-twenty years of his reign; but before he dismissed Octavio Baldi from his present attendance upon him, he restored him to his old name of Henry Wotton, by which he then knighted him.

Not long after this, the king having resolved according to his motto—*beati pacifici*—to have a friendship with his neighbour kingdoms of France and Spain; and also, for divers weighty reasons, to enter into an alliance with the State of Venice, and to that end to send ambassadors to those several places, did propose the choice of these employments to Sir Henry Wotton; who, considering the smallness of his own estate,—which he never took care to augment,—and knowing the courts of great princes to be sumptuous, and necessarily expensive, inclined most to that of Venice, as being a place of more retirement, and best suiting with his genius, who did ever love to join with business, study, and a trial of natural experiments; for both which, fruitful Italy, that darling of nature, and cherisher of all arts, is so justly famed in all parts of the Christian world.

Sir Henry having, after some short time and consideration, resolved upon Venice, and a large allowance being appointed by the king for his voyage thither, and a settled maintenance during his stay there, he left England, nobly accompanied through France to Venice, by gentlemen of the best families and breeding that this nation afforded: they were too many to name; but these two, for the following reasons, may not be omitted. Sir Albertus Morton,[*] his nephew, who went his secretary, and William Bedel,[†] a man of choice learning and sanctified wisdom, who went his chaplain.

And though his dear friend Dr. Donne—then a private gentleman—was not one of the number that did personally accompany him in this voyage, yet the reading of this following letter, sent by him to Sir Henry Wotton, the morning before he left England, may testify he wanted not his friend's best wishes to attend him.

Sir,

After those reverend papers, whose soul is
Our good and great king's loved hand and fear'd name:
By which to you he derives much of his,
And, how he may, makes you almost the same;

A taper of his torch; a copy writ
From his original, and a fair beam
Of the same warm and dazzling sun, though it
Must in another sphere his virtue stream:

After those learned papers, which your hand
Hath stored with notes of use and pleasure too;
From which rich treasury you may command
Fit matter whether you will write or do:

After those loving papers which friends send
With glad grief to your seaward steps, farewell,
And thicken on you now as prayers ascend
To heaven on troops at a good man's passing-bell:

Admit this honest paper, and allow
It such an audience as yourself would ask;
What you would say at Venice, this says now,
And has for nature what you have for task.

To swear much love; nor to be changed before
Honour alone will to your fortune fit;
Nor shall I then honour your fortune more,
Than I have done your honour-wanting wit.

But 'tis an easier load—though both oppress—
To want, than govern greatness; for we are
In that, our own and only business;
In this, we must for others' vices care.

'Tis therefore well your spirits now are placed
In their last furnace, in activity,
Which fits them; schools, and courts, and wars o'erpast
To touch and taste in any best degree.

For me!—if there be such a thing as I—
Fortune—if there be such a thing as she—
Finds that I bear so well her tyranny,
That she thinks nothing else so fit for me.

But, though she part us, to hear my oft prayers
For your increase, God is as near me here:
And, to send you what I shall beg, his stairs
In length and ease are alike everywhere.

J. Donne.

◆

Sir Henry Wotton was received by the State of Venice with much honour and gladness, both for that he delivered his ambassage most elegantly in the Italian language, and came also in such a juncture of time, as his master's friendship seemed useful for that republic. The time of his coming thither was about the year 1604, Leonardo Donato being then duke; a wise and resolved man, and to all purposes such—Sir Henry Wotton would often say it—as the State of Venice could not then have wanted; there having been formerly, in the time of Pope Clement the Eighth, some contests about the privileges of churchmen, and the power of the civil magistrate; of which, for the information of common readers I shall say a little, because it may give light to some passages that follow.

About the year 1603, the republic of Venice made several injunctions against lay-persons giving lands or goods to the church, without licence from the civil magistrate; and in that inhibition they expressed their reasons to be, "For that when any goods or land once came into the hands of the Ecclesiastics, it was not subject to alienation; by reason whereof—the lay-people being at their death charitable even to excess,—the clergy grew every day more numerous, and pretended an exemption from all public service and taxes, and from all secular judgment; so that the burden grew thereby too heavy to be borne by the laity."

---

[*] Son of Sir George Morton, of Esture, in Kent. He was several times employed as an envoy by King James, and at one period officiated as secretary to the Princess Elizabeth at Heidelberg. He sat in Parliament as representative of the University of Cambridge. He died Nov. 1625.

[†] Afterwards Bishop of Kilmore in Ireland. See more of him, page 34.

Another occasion of difference was, that about this time complaints were justly made by the Venetians against two clergymen, the abbot of Nervesa, and a canon of Vicenza, for committing such sins as I think not fit to name: nor are these mentioned with an intent to fix a scandal upon any calling;—for holiness is not tied to ecclesiastical orders,—and Italy is observed to breed the most virtuous and most vicious men of any nation. These two having been long complained of at Rome in the name of the State of Venice, and no satisfaction being given to the Venetians, they seized the persons of this abbot and canon, and committed them to prison.

The justice or injustice of such, or the like power, then used by the Venetians, had formerly had some calm debates betwixt the former Pope Clement the Eighth and that republic: I say, calm, for he did not excommunicate them; considering, as I conceive, that in the late council of Trent, it was at last, after many politic disturbances and delays, and endeavours to preserve the pope's present power, in order to a general reformation of those many errors, which were in time crept into the church, declared by that council, "That though discipline and especial excommunication be one of the chief sinews of Church-government, and intended to keep men in obedience to it; for which end it was declared to be very profitable; yet it was also declared, and advised to be used with great sobriety and care, because experience had informed them, that when it was pronounced unadvisedly or rashly, it became more contemned than feared." And, though this was the advice of that council at the conclusion of it, which was not many years before this quarrel with the Venetians; yet this prudent, patient Pope Clement dying, Pope Paul the Fifth, who succeeded him,—though not immediately, yet in the same year,—being a man of a much hotter temper, brought this difference with the Venetians to a much higher contention; objecting those late acts of that State to be a diminution of his just power, and limited a time of twenty-four days for their revocation; threatening if he were not obeyed, to proceed to the excommunication of the republic, who still offered to show both reason and ancient custom to warrant their actions. But this pope, contrary to his predecessor's moderation, required absolute obedience without disputes.

Thus it continued for about a year, the pope still threatening excommunication, and the Venetians still answering him with fair speeches, and no compliance; till at last the pope's zeal to the Apostolic See did make him to excommunicate the duke, the whole senate, and all their dominions, and, that done, to shut up all their churches; charging the whole clergy to forbear all sacred offices to the Venetians, till their obedience should render them capable of absolution.

But this act of the pope's did but the more confirm the Venetians in their resolution not to obey him: and to that end, upon the hearing of the pope's interdict, they presently published, by sound of trumpet, a proclamation to this effect:—

"That whosoever hath received from Rome any copy of a Papal Interdict, published there, as well against the law of God, as against the honour of this nation, shall presently render it to the Council of Ten, upon pain of death. And made it loss of estate and nobility, but to speak in the behalf of the Jesuits *."

Then was Duado their ambassador called home from Rome, and the Inquisition presently suspended by order of the state: and the flood-gates being thus set open, any man that had a pleasant or scoffing wit, might safely vent it against the pope, either by free speaking, or by libels in print; and both became very pleasant to the people.

Matters thus heightened, the State advised with Father Paul, a holy and learned friar, (the author of the History of the Council of Trent,) whose advice was, neither to provoke the pope, nor lose their own right: he declaring publicly in print, in the name of the State, "That the pope was trusted to keep two keys, one of prudence, and the other of power: and that, if they were not both used together, power alone is not effectual in an excommunication."

And thus these discontents and oppositions continued, till a report was blown abroad, that the Venetians were all turned Protestants; which was believed by many, for that it was observed that the English Ambassador was so often in conference with the senate, and his chaplain Mr. Bedel, more often with Father Paul, whom the people did not take to be his friend: and also, for that the republic of Venice was known to give commission to Gregory Justiniano, then their ambassador in England, to make all these proceedings known to the king of England, and to crave a promise of his assistance, if need should require: and in the mean time they required the king's advice and judgment; which was the same that he gave to Pope Clement, at his first coming to the crown of England;—that pope then moving him to an union with the Roman church;—namely, To endeavour the calling of a free council, for the settlement of peace in Christendom; and that he doubted not but that the French king, and divers other princes, would join to assist in so good a work; and, in the mean time, the sin of this breach, both with his and the Venetian dominions, must of necessity lie at the pope's door.

In this contention—which lasted almost two years—the pope grew still higher, and the Venetians more and more resolved and careless; still acquainting King James with their proceedings, which was done by the help of Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and Padre Paulo, whom the Venetians did then call to be one of their Consulters of State, and with his pen to defend their just cause: which was by him so performed, that the pope saw plainly he had weakened his power by exceeding it, and offered the Venetians absolution upon very easy terms; which the Venetians still slighting, did at last obtain by that which was scarce so much as a show of acknowledging it: for they

---

* The Venetians had at this time banished the Jesuits from their territories, because they had rendered themselves peculiarly obnoxious by their implicit adherence to the papal power.

made an order, that in that day in which they were absolved, there should be no public rejoicing, nor any bonfires that night, lest the common people might judge that they desired an absolution, or were absolved for committing a fault.

These contests were the occasion of Padre Paulo's knowledge and interest with King James; for whose sake principally, Padre Paulo compiled that eminent history of the remarkable Council of Trent; which history was, as fast as it was written, sent in several sheets in letters by Sir Henry Wotton, Mr. Bedel, and others, unto King James, and the then Bishop of Canterbury, into England, and there first made public, both in English and the universal language.

For eight years after Sir Henry Wottón's going into Italy, he stood fair and highly valued in the king's opinion; but at last became much clouded by an accident, which I shall proceed to relate.

At his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta; where, having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness,—those that are esteemed the virtuosi of that nation,—with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo;—a book of white paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them:—and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion, from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador in these very words:

"Legatus est vir bonus, peregrè missus ad mentiendum Reipublicæ causâ."

Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished:

"An ambassador is an honest man, sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country."

But the word for *lie*—being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn—was not so expressed in Latin, as would admit, in the hands of an enemy especially, so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this Albo, almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius,* a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen; who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king, and his ambassador Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass-windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's.

This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him: and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus, one of the chiefs of Augusta, in the universal language,† which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius; and another apology to King James; which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his majesty, who was a pure judge of it, could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, that Sir Henry Wotton had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.

And now, as broken bones well set become stronger, so Sir Henry Wotton did not only recover, but was much more confirmed in his majesty's estimation and favour than formerly he had been.

And, as that man of great wit and useful fancy, his friend Dr. Donne, gave in a will of his, a will of conceits, his reputation to his friends, and his industry to his foes, because from thence he received both; so those friends, that in this time of trial laboured to excuse this facetious freedom of Sir Henry Wotton's, were to him more dear, and by him more highly valued; and those acquaintance, that urged this as an advantage against him, caused him by this error to grow both more wise, and—which is the best fruit error can bring forth—for the future to become more industriously watchful over his tongue and pen.

I have told you a part of his employment in Italy; where, notwithstanding the death of his favourer, the Duke Leonardo Donato, who had an undissembled affection for him, and the malicious accusation of Scioppius, yet his interest—as though it had been an entailed love—was still found to live and increase in all the succeeding dukes, during his employment to that state, which was almost twenty years; all which time he studied the dispositions of those dukes, and the other consulters of state; well knowing that he who negociates a continued business, and neglects the study of dispositions, usually fails in his proposed ends. But in this Sir Henry Wotton did not fail; for, by a fine sorting of fit presents, curious, and not costly entertainments, always sweetened by various and pleasant discourse—with which, and his choice application of stories, and his elegant delivery of all these, even in their Italian language, he first got, and still preserved, such interest in the State of Venice, that it was observed—such was either his merit or his modesty—they never denied him any request.

But all this shows but his abilities, and his fitness for that employment: it will therefore be needful to tell the reader what use he made of the interest which these procured him: and that indeed was rather to oblige others than to enrich himself; he still endeavouring that the reputation of the English might be maintained, both in the German Empire and in Italy; where many gentlemen, whom travel had invited into that nation, received from him cheerful entertainments, advice for their behaviour, and, by his interest, shelter or deliverance from those accidental storms of adversity which usually attend upon travel.

---

* A German, educated as a Protestant, but who embraced the tenets of the Romish church on reading the Annals of Baronius. His writings are virulent in the extreme, and nothing but the utter extirpation of the Protestants could satisfy his fiery zeal. In his latter days he pretended to prophesy, but could obtain little attention to his vaticinations. He died at Padua in 1640.

† Mark Velser, or Welser, was born at Augsburg, June 20th, 1558, of a noble and ancient German family. He pursued his studies at Rome under the celebrated Muretus, and upon his return into his native city, having acquired great reputation at the bar, became one of its first magistrates. He was distinguished for his learning, and was a patron of learned men.

And because these things may appear to the reader to be but generals, I shall acquaint him with two particular examples: one of his merciful disposition, and one of the nobleness of his mind; which shall follow.

There had been many English soldiers brought by commanders of their own country, to serve the Venetians for pay against the Turk: and those English, having by irregularities, or improvidence, brought themselves into several galleys and prisons, Sir Henry Wotton became a petitioner to that state for their lives and enlargement; and his request was granted: so that those—which were many hundreds, and there made the sad examples of human misery, by hard imprisonment and unpitied poverty in a strange nation—were by his means released, relieved, and in a comfortable condition sent to thank God and him, for their lives and liberty in their own country.

And this I have observed as one testimony of the compassionate nature of him, who was, during his stay in those parts, as a city of refuge for the distressed of this and other nations.

And for that which I offer as a testimony of the nobleness of his mind, I shall make way to the reader's clearer understanding of it, by telling him, that besides several other foreign employments, Sir Henry Wotton was sent thrice ambassador to the Republic of Venice. And at his last going thither, he was employed ambassador to several of the German princes, and more particularly to the Emperor Ferdinando the Second; and that his employment to him, and those princes, was to incline them to equitable conditions for the restoration of the Queen of Bohemia and her descendants, to their patrimonial inheritance of the Palatinate.

This was, by his eight months' constant endeavours and attendance upon the emperor, his court, and council, brought to a probability of a successful conclusion, without bloodshed. But there were at that time two opposite armies in the field; and as they were treating, there was a battle fought[*], in the managery whereof there were so many miserable errors on the one side,—so Sir Henry Wotton expresses it in a dispatch to the king—and so advantageous events to the emperor, as put an end to all present hopes of a successful treaty; so that Sir Henry, seeing the face of peace altered by that victory, prepared for a removal from that court; and at his departure from the emperor, was so bold as to remember him, That the events of every battle move on the unseen wheels of Fortune, which are this moment up, and down the next; and therefore humbly advised him to use his victory so soberly, as still to put on thoughts of peace. Which advice, though it seemed to be spoken with some passion,—his dear mistress the Queen of Bohemia being concerned in it—was yet taken in good part by the Emperor; who replied, That he would consider his advice. And though he looked on the king his master, as an abettor of his enemy, the Palsgrave; yet for Sir Henry himself, his behaviour had been such during the manage of the treaty, that he took him to be a person of much honour and merit; and did therefore desire him to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his good opinion of him: which was a jewel of diamonds of more value than a thousand pounds.

This jewel was received with all outward circumstances and terms of honour by Sir Henry Wotton. But the next morning, at his departing from Vienna, he, at his taking leave of the Countess of Sabrina,—an Italian lady, in whose house the Emperor had appointed him to be lodged, and honourably entertained—acknowledged her merits, and besought her to accept of that jewel, as a testimony of his gratitude for her civilities; presenting her with the same that was given him by the Emperor: which being suddenly discovered, and told to the Emperor, was by him taken for a high affront, and Sir Henry Wotton told so by a messenger. To which he replied, That though he received it with thankfulness, yet he found in himself an indisposition to be the better for any gift that came from an enemy to his royal mistress, the Queen of Bohemia; for so she was pleased he should always call her. Many other of his services to his Prince and this nation might be insisted upon; as, namely, his procurations of privileges and courtesies with the German Princes, and the Republic of Venice, for the English Merchants: and what he did by direction of King James with the Venetian State, concerning the Bishop of Spalato's[†] return to the Church of Rome. But for the particulars of these, and many more that I meant to make known, I want a view of some papers that might inform me,—his late Majesty's Letter-Office having now suffered a strange alienation,—and indeed I want time too; for the printer's press stays for what is written: so that I must haste to bring Sir Henry Wotton in an instant from Venice to London, leaving the reader to make up what is defective in this place, by the small supplement of the inscription under his arms, which he left at all those houses where he rested, or lodged, when he returned from his last embassy into England.

---

[*] The fatal battle near Prague in November 1620, when the Prince of Anhalt, general of the Bohemian forces, was totally defeated.

[†] Marcus Antonius de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato in Dalmatia, was born about 1561 at Arba, and educated at Padua. This very remarkable man was one among the very few who having once become members of the Jesuits' Society have renounced the doctrines of that order. His books, "De Republica Ecclesiastica," introduced him to Bedel, who has been before mentioned, who, when at Venice in the capacity of chaplain to Sir Henry Wotton, read and corrected them. De Dominis returned to England with Bedel, and published his work in London. Having reconciled himself to the English church, he was received with all possible marks of respect. He preached and wrote against the Romish religion, and the king gave him the deanery of Windsor, the mastership of the Savoy, and the rich living of West Ildesley, in Berkshire. Ambition appears to have been the ruling spirit with De Dominis; he could not be content with the marks of distinction he received in England, and evidently had expected to have greater things done for him. This frame of mind led him to give ready ear to Gondemar, the Spanish ambassador, one of the most accomplished intriguers and finished ambassadors, according to the worst version of Sir Henry Wotton's definition, that ever existed. He returned to Rome in 1622 and abjured his errors. But he was disappointed in his hopes of promotion there, for the very first opportunity was taken of taxing him with heresy. He was seized and thrown into prison, where he died in 1625. It was discovered after his death that his opinions were not agreeable to the church of Rome; upon which his corpse was dug up, and burnt with his writings, in Flora's Field, by a decree of the Inquisition. We are indebted to him for Father Paul's "History of the Council of Trent," the manuscript of which he procured for Archbishop Abbot.

Henricus Wottonius Anglo-Cantianus, Thomæ optimi viri filius natu minimus, à Serenissimo Jacobo I. Mag. Brit. Rege, in equestrem titulum adscitus, ejusdemque ter ad Rempublicam Venetam Legatus Ordinarius, semel ad Confœderatarum Provinciarum Ordines in Juliacensi negotio. Bis ad Carolum Emanuel, Sabaudiæ Ducem ; semel ad Unitos Superioris Germaniæ Principes in Conventu Heilbrunensi, postremò ad Archiducem Leopoldum, Ducem Wittembergensem, Civitates Imperiales, Argentinam, Ulmamque, et ipsum Romanorum Imperatorem Ferdinandum Secundum, Legatus Extraordinarius, tandem hoc didicit,

Animas fieri sapientiores quiescendo.

To London he came the year before King James died ; who having, for the reward of his foreign service, promised him the reversion of an office, which was fit to be turned into present money, which he wanted, for a supply of his present necessities ; and also granted him the reversion of the Master of the Rolls' place, if he outlived charitable Sir Julius Cæsar[*], who then possessed it, and then grown so old, that he was said to be kept alive beyond nature's course, by the prayers of those many poor which he daily relieved.

But these were but in hope ; and his condition required a present support : for in the beginning of these employments he sold to his elder brother, the Lord Wotton, the rent-charge left by his good father ; and—which is worse—was now at his return indebted to several persons, whom he was not able to satisfy, but by the king's payment of his arrears, due for his foreign employments. He had brought into England many servants, of which some were German and Italian artists : this was part of his condition, who had many times hardly sufficient to supply the occasions of the day : for it may by no means be said of his providence, as himself said of Sir Philip Sidney's wit, "That it was the very measure of congruity," he being always so careless of money, as though our Saviour's words, "Care not for to-morrow," were to be literally understood.

But it pleased the God of Providence, that in this juncture of time, the provostship of his majesty's college of Eton, became void by the death of Mr. Thomas Murray[†], for which there were, as the place deserved, many earnest and powerful suitors to the king. And Sir Henry, who had for many years—like Sisyphus—rolled the restless stone of a state-employment, knowing experimentally that the great blessing of sweet content was not to be found in multitudes of men or business, and that a college was the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and to afford rest both to his body and mind, which his age—being now almost threescore years—seemed to require, did therefore use his own, and the interest of all his friends, to procure that place. By which means, and quitting the king of his promised reversionary offices, and a piece of honest policy,—which I have not time to relate,—he got a grant of it from his majesty[‡].

And this was a fair satisfaction to his mind : but money was wanting to furnish him with those necessaries which attend removes, and a settlement in such a place ; and, to procure that, he wrote to his old friend Mr. Nicholas Pey, for his assistance. Of which Nicholas Pey I shall here say a little, for the clearing of some passages that I shall mention hereafter.

He was in his youth a clerk, or in some such way a servant to the Lord Wotton, Sir Henry's brother ; and by him, when he was comptroller of the king's household, was made a great officer in his majesty's house. This and other favours being conferred upon Mr. Pey—in whom there was a radical honesty—were always thankfully acknowledged by him, and his gratitude expressed by a willing and unwearied serviceableness to that family even till his death. To him Sir Henry Wotton wrote, to use all his interest at court, to procure five hundred pounds of his arrears,—for less would not settle him in the college ; and the want of such a sum wrinkled his face with care,—'twas his own expression,—and, that money being procured, he should the next day after find him in his college, and Invidiæ remedium writ over his study door.

This money, being part of his arrears, was, by his own, and the help of honest Nicholas Pey's interest at court, quickly procured him, and he as quickly in the college ; the place where indeed his happiness then seemed to have its beginning, the college being to his mind as a quiet harbour to a sea-faring man after a tempestuous voyage ; where, by the bounty of the pious founder, his very food and raiment were plentifully provided for him in kind, and more money than enough; where he was freed from all corroding cares, and seated on such a rock as the waves of want could not probably shake; where he might sit in a calm, and, looking down, behold the busy multitude turmoiled and tossed in a tempestuous sea of trouble and dangers; and, as Sir William Davenant * has happily expressed the like of another person,

---

[*] Sir Julius Cæsar, alias Adelmare, was the eldest son of Cæsar Dalmarius, an Italian, physician to Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth. His bounty was so extensive that he might be called "the almoner general of the nation." He printed a catalogue of the books, parchments, and papers belonging to the Court of Requests, in quarto, of singular use to antiquaries, but now almost as scarce as the MSS themselves. (Peck's Desid. Cur. lib. xiv. p. 17.) This venerable lawyer died on the 28th of April, 1639, in the 79th year of his age. He lies buried in Great St. Helen's Church, London, under a monument, having an inscription importing that "He was willing to pay his debt to nature whenever God pleased," engraven on the representation of a deed with a seal annexed to it.

[†] The successor of Sir Henry Savile in the provostship of Eton College. He was a native of Scotland, tutor and secretary to Prince Charles. His zeal in opposing the marriage of the prince with the Infanta of Spain, occasioned his imprisonment for some time, along with Dr. George Hackwell, Archdeacon of Surrey, the author of "A Discourse against the Spanish Match." He died on the 1st of April, 1623.

[‡] He was instituted to the provostship on the 26th of July, 1623, having obtained the appointment by surrendering a grant of the reversion of the mastership of the Rolls and of another office. Although his two immediate predecessors were laymen, yet he took orders (probably from some legal doubt, as we find that in the reign of Charles II. upon the application of Waller for the same post, the council decided that the office could only be held by a clergyman), and was ordained deacon in 1627. The value of this preferment in the reign of Henry VIII. is known from the following story, told by Lloyd in his "State Worthies," p. 79. "Sir Thomas Wyatt one day told the king that he had found out a living of one hundred pounds in the year, more than enough, and prayed him to bestow it upon him. 'Truly,' said the king, 'we have no such in England.' 'Yes, sir,' said Sir Thomas, 'the Provostship of Eton, where a man has his diet, his lodging, his horse-meat, his servants' wages, his riding charges, and a one hundred pounds per annum besides.'"

> Laugh at the graver business of the state,
> Which speaks men rather wise than fortunate.

Being thus settled according to the desires of his heart, his first study was the statutes of the college; by which he conceived himself bound to enter into holy orders, which he did, being made deacon with all convenient speed. Shortly after which time, as he came in his surplice from the church-service, an old friend, a person of quality, met him so attired, and joyed him of his new habit. To whom Sir Henry Wotton replied, "I thank God and the king, by whose goodness I now am in this condition—a condition which that emperor Charles the Fifth seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, to Philip his son, making a holy retreat to a cloisteral life, where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God, which the rich or busy men seldom do, and have leisure both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions: and after a kind of tempestuous life, I now have the like advantage from him that makes the outgoings of the morning to praise him; even from my God, whom I daily magnify for this particular mercy of an exemption from business, a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance, even in this part of my life, when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat from the pleasures of this world, and invite me to contemplation, in which I have ever taken the greatest felicity."

And now to speak a little of the employment of his time in the college. After his customary public devotions, his use was to retire into his study, and there to spend some hours in reading the Bible, and authors in divinity, closing up his meditations with private prayer; this was, for the most part, his employment in the forenoon. But when he was once sat to dinner, then nothing but cheerful thoughts possessed his mind, and those still increased by constant company at his table, of such persons as brought thither additions both of learning and pleasure; but some part of most days was usually spent in philosophical conclusions. Nor did he forget his innate pleasure of angling, which he would usually call his idle time not idly spent, saying often, he would rather live five May months than forty Decembers.

He was a great lover of his neighbours, and a bountiful entertainer of them very often at his table, where his meat was choice, and his discourse better.

He was a constant cherisher of all those youths in that school, in whom he found either a constant diligence, or a genius that prompted them to learning; for whose encouragement he was, beside many other things of necessity and beauty, at the charge of setting up in it two rows of pillars, on which he caused to be choicely drawn the pictures of divers of the most famous Greek and Latin historians, poets, and orators, persuading them not to neglect rhetoric, because Almighty God has left mankind affections to be wrought upon. And he would often say, "That none despised eloquence, but such dull souls as were not capable of it." He would also often make choice of some observations out of those historians and poets; and would never leave the school, without dropping some choice Greek or Latin apophthegm or sentence, that might be worthy of a room in the memory of a growing scholar.

He was pleased constantly to breed up one or more hopeful youths, which he picked out of the school, and took into his own domestic care, and to attend him at his meals; out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work of education; of which, by his still striving to make the whole better, he lived to leave but part to posterity.

He was a great enemy to wrangling disputes of religion; concerning which I shall say a little, both to testify that, and to show the readiness of his wit.

Having at his being in Rome made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him one evening to hear their vesper music at church, the priest seeing Sir Henry stand obscurely in a corner, sends to him, by a boy of the choir, this question, writ in a small piece of paper: "Where was your religion to be found before Luther?" To which question Sir Henry presently underwrit, "My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now, in the written word of God."

The next vesper, Sir Henry went purposely to the same church, and sent one of the choir-boys with this question to his honest, pleasant friend, the priest: "Do you believe all those many thousands of poor Christians were damned, that were excommunicated because the Pope and the Duke of Venice could not agree about their temporal power? even those poor Christians that knew not why they quarrelled. Speak your conscience." To which he underwrit in French, "Monsieur, excusez-moi."

To one that asked him, "Whether a papist may be saved?" he replied, "You may be saved without knowing that. Look to yourself."

To another, whose earnestness exceeded his knowledge, and was still railing against the papists, he gave this advice: "Pray, sir, forbear till you have studied the points better; for the wise Italians have this proverb, 'He that understands amiss concludes worse.' And take heed of thinking the farther you go from the church of Rome, the nearer you are to God."

And to another that spake indiscreet and bitter words against Arminius, I heard him reply to this purpose:—

"In my travel towards Venice, as I passed through Germany, I rested almost a year at Ley-

---

* Well known as the godson, or as some say, and he himself was not unwilling to have believed, a rather nearer relation than *god*-son, to Shakspeare. He succeeded Ben Jonson in the office of poet laureate, but his productions, suited only to the vitiated taste of the times, have now lost all consideration. He died in April, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

den, where I entered into an acquaintance with Arminius, then the professor of divinity in that university—a man much talked of in this age, which is made up of opposition and controversy. And indeed, if I mistake not Arminius in his expressions, as so weak a brain as mine is may easily do, then I know I differ from him in some points; yet I profess my judgment of him to be, that he was a man of most rare learning, and I knew him to be of a most strict life, and of a most meek spirit. And that he was so mild appears by his proposals to our Master Perkins * of Cambridge, from whose book, "Of the Order and Causes of Salvation," which first was writ in Latin, Arminius took the occasion of writing some queries to him concerning the consequents of his doctrine; intending them, it is said, to come privately to Mr. Perkins' own hands, and to receive from him a like private and a like loving answer. But Mr. Perkins died before those queries came to him, and it is thought Arminius meant them to die with him; for, though he lived long after, I have heard he forbore to publish them, but since his death his sons did not. And it is pity, if God had been so pleased, that Mr. Perkins did not live to see, consider, and answer those proposals himself; for he was also of a most meek spirit, and of great and sanctified learning. And though, since their deaths, many of high parts and piety have undertaken to clear the controversy, yet for the most part they have rather satisfied themselves than convinced the dissenting party. And, doubtless, many middle-witted men, which yet may mean well, many scholars that are not in the highest form for learning, which yet may preach well, men that are but preachers, and shall never know, till they come to heaven, where the questions stick betwixt Arminius and the church of England, if there be any, will yet in this world be tampering with and thereby perplexing the controversy, and do therefore justly fall under the reproof of St. Jude, for being busy-bodies, and for meddling with things they understand not."

And here it offers itself, I think not unfitly, to tell the reader that a friend of Sir Henry Wotton's being designed for the employment of an ambassador, came to Eton, and requested from him some experimental rules for his prudent and safe carriage in his negotiations. To whom he smilingly gave this for an infallible aphorism: that, to be in safety himself, and serviceable to his country, he should always, and upon all occasions, speak the truth; it seems a state paradox, for, says Sir Henry Wotton, "you shall never be believed, and by this means your truth will secure yourself, if you shall ever be called to any account; and it will also put your adversaries, who will still hunt counter, to a loss in all their disquisitions and undertakings."

Many more of this nature might be observed, but they must be laid aside; for I shall here make a little stop, and invite the reader to look back with me, whilst, according to my promise, I shall say a little of Sir Albertus Morton and Mr. William Bedel, whom I formerly mentioned.

I have told you that are my reader, that, at Sir Henry Wotton's first going ambassador into Italy, his cousin, Sir Albertus Morton, went his secretary; and I am next to tell you, that Sir Albertus died secretary of state to our late king; but cannot, am not able to express the sorrow that possessed Sir Henry Wotton, at his first hearing the news that Sir Albertus was by death lost to him and this world. And yet the reader may partly guess by these following expressions; the first in a letter to his Nicholas Pey, of which this that followeth is a part.

"—— And, my dear Nich., when I had been here almost a fortnight, in the midst of my great contentment, I received notice of Sir Albertus Morton his departure out of this world, who was dearer to me than mine own being in it: what a wound it is to my heart, you that knew him, and know me, will easily believe: but our Creator's will must be done, and unrepiningly received by his own creatures, who is the Lord of all nature and of all fortune, when he taketh to himself now one and then another, till that expected day, wherein it shall please him to dissolve the whole, and wrap up even the heaven itself as a scroll of parchment. This is the last philosophy that we must study upon earth; let us therefore, that yet remain here, as our days and friends waste, reinforce our love to each other; which of all virtues, both spiritual and moral, hath the highest privilege, because death itself cannot end it. And my good Nich." &c.

This is a part of his sorrow thus expressed to his Nich. Pey: the other part is in this following elegy, of which the reader may safely conclude it was too hearty to be dissembled.

◆

TEARS

WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF SIR ALBERTUS MORTON,
BY HENRY WOTTON.

Silence, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell:
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest,
A time to bid him, whom I loved, farewell.

Oh, my unhappy lines! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congealed with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent, Here my Albertus lies.

This is that sable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth, that doth his corse embrace:
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the characters of woe;
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints on which I tread.

Where, though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me;
Yet even these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and live I rhyming here,
As if some muse would listen to my lay?
When all, distuned, sit waiting for their dear,
And bathe the banks where he was wont to play.

Dwell then in endless bliss with happy souls,
Discharged from Nature's and from Fortune's trust;
Whilst on this fluid globe my hour-glass rolls,
And runs the rest of my remaining dust.

H. W.

---

* Mr. William Perkins, of Christ College, in the University of Cambridge, where he died in 1602. He was minister of St. Andrew's parish, in Cambridge. "His life," says Fuller, "was so pious, so spotless, that malice was afraid to bite at his credit, into which she knew her teeth could not enter."

This concerning his Sir Albertus Morton.

And for what I shall say concerning Mr. William Bedel, I must prepare the reader by telling him, that when King James sent Sir Henry Wotton ambassador to the State of Venice, he sent also an ambassador to the King of France *, and another to the King of Spain. With the ambassador of France went Joseph Hall, late Bishop of Norwich, whose many and useful works speak his great merit; with the ambassador to Spain went James Wadsworth; and with Sir Henry Wotton went William Bedel.

These three chaplains to these three ambassadors were all bred in one university, all of one college †, all beneficed in one diocese, and all most dear and entire friends. But in Spain, Mr. Wadsworth met with temptations, or reasons, such as were so powerful as to persuade him (who of the three was formerly observed to be the most averse to that religion that calls itself catholic) to disclaim himself a member of the church of England, and to declare himself for the church of Rome; discharging himself of his attendance on the ambassador, and betaking himself to a monasterial life, in which he lived very regularly, and so died.

When Dr. Hall, the late Bishop of Norwich, came into England, he wrote to Mr. Wadsworth (it is the first epistle in his printed Decades) to persuade his return, or to show the reason of his apostacy. The letter seemed to have in it many sweet expressions of love; and yet there was in it some expression that was so unpleasant to Mr. Wadsworth, that he chose rather to acquaint his old friend Mr. Bedel with his motives; by which means there passed, betwixt Mr. Bedel and Mr. Wadsworth, divers letters, which be extant in print, and did well deserve it; for in them there seems to be a controversy, not of religion only, but who should answer each other with most love and meekness; which I mention the rather, because it too seldom falls out to be so in a book war.

There is yet a little more to be said of Mr. Bedel, for the greatest part of which the reader is referred to this following letter of Sir Henry Wotton's, written to our late King Charles the First:

"May it please your most gracious Majesty,

"Having been informed that certain persons have, by the good wishes of the Archbishop of Armagh, been directed hither, with a most humble petition unto your Majesty, that you will be pleased to make Mr. William Bedel—now resident upon a small benefice in Suffolk—governor of your College at Dublin, for the good of that Society; and myself being required to render unto your Majesty some testimony of the said William Bedel, who was long my chaplain at Venice, in the time of my first employment there, I am bound in all conscience and truth—so far as your Majesty will vouchsafe to accept my poor judgment—to affirm of him, that I think hardly a fitter man for that charge could have been propounded unto your Majesty in your whole kingdom, for singular erudition and piety, conformity to the rights of the church, and zeal to advance the cause of God, wherein his travails abroad were not obscure in the time of the excommunication of the Venetians.

For it may please your Majesty to know, that this is the man whom Padre Paulo took, I may say, into his very soul, with whom he did communicate the inwardest thoughts of his heart; from whom he professed to have received more knowledge in all divinity, both scholastical and positive, than from any that he had ever practised in his days; of which all the passages were well known to the king your father, of most blessed memory. And so, with your Majesty's good favour, I will end this needless office; for the general fame of his learning, his life, and christian temper, and those religious labours which himself hath dedicated to your majesty, do better describe him than I am able.

"Your majesty's
"Most humble and faithful servant,
"H. Wotton."

To this letter I shall add this; that he was—to the great joy of Sir Henry Wotton—made governor of the said college;‡ and that, after a fair discharge of his duty and trust there, he was thence removed to be bishop of Kilmore §. In both places his life was so holy, as seemed to equal the primitive Christians: for as they, so he kept all the ember-weeks, observed—besides his private devotions—the canonical hours of prayer very strictly, and so he did all the feasts and fast-days of his mother, the church of England. To which I may add, that his patience and charity were both such, as showed his affections were set upon things that are above; for indeed, his whole life brought forth the fruits of the Spirit; there being in him such a remarkable meekness, that as St. Paul advised his Timothy in the election of a bishop, "that he have a good report of those that be without ‖;" so had he: for those that were without, even those that in point of religion were of the Roman persuasion,—of which there were very many in his diocese,—did yet—such is the power of visible piety—ever look upon him with respect and reverence, and testified it by a concealing, and safe protecting him from death in the late horrid rebellion in Ireland, when the fury of the wild Irish knew no distinction of persons; and yet, there and then he was protected and cherished by those of a contrary persuasion; and there and then he died, not by violence or misusage, but by grief in a quiet prison (1629). And with him was lost many of his learned writings which were thought worthy of preservation; and amongst the rest was lost the Bible, which by many years' labour, and conference, and study, he had translated into the Irish tongue, with an intent to have printed it for public use.

More might be said of Mr. Bedel, who, I told the reader, was Sir Henry Wotton's first chaplain; and much of his second chaplain, Isaac Bargrave, doctor in divinity, and the late learned and hospitable Dean of Canterbury; as also of the merits of many others, that had the happiness to attend Sir

---

* James Hay, then Viscount Doncaster, a great favourite with James I., and employed by him on many missions, and created successively Baron Hay, of Sanley in Yorkshire, Viscount Doncaster, and Earl of Carlisle. He was famed for his high breeding and graceful manners, and particularly distinguished himself by expensive magnificence, which he carried to such an excess as to leave no relics of a large fortune behind him at his death, which took place 25th April 1636.

† Emanuel College in Cambridge.

‡ Aug. 1627.

§ Sept. 3, 1629.

‖ 1 Tim. iii. 7.

Henry in his foreign employments: but the reader may think that in this digression I have already carried him too far from Eton College, and therefore I shall lead him back as gently and as orderly as I may to that place, for a further conference concerning Sir Henry Wotton.

Sir Henry Wotton had proposed to himself, before he entered into his collegiate life, to write the life of Martin Luther, and in it the history of the Reformation, as it was carried on in Germany: for the doing of which he had many advantages by his several embassies into those parts, and his interest in the several princes of the empire; by whose means he had access to the records of all the Hans Towns, and the knowledge of many secret passages that fell not under common view; and in these he had made a happy progress, as was well known to his worthy friend, Dr. Duppa, the late reverend bishop of Salisbury. But in the midst of this design, his late majesty King Charles the First, that knew the value of Sir Henry Wotton's pen, did, by a persuasive loving violence—to which may be added a promise of 500*l.* a year—force him to lay Luther aside, and betake himself to write the history of England; in which he proceeded to write some short characters of a few kings, as a foundation upon which he meant to build; but, for the present, meant to be more large in the story of Henry the Sixth, the founder of that college, in which he then enjoyed all the worldly happiness of his present being. But Sir Henry died in the midst of this undertaking, and the footsteps of his labours are not recoverable by a more than common diligence.

This is some account both of his inclination, and the employment of his time in the college, where he seemed to have his youth renewed by a continual conversation with that learned society, and a daily recourse of other friends of choicest breeding and parts; by which that great blessing of a cheerful heart was still maintained; he being always free, even to the last of his days, from that peevishness which usually attends age.

And yet his mirth was sometimes damped by the remembrance of divers old debts, partly contracted in his foreign employments, for which his just arrears due from the king would have made satisfaction: but being still delayed with court-promises, and finding some decays of health, he did, about two years before his death, out of a christian desire that none should be a loser by him, make his last will; concerning which a doubt still remains, namely, whether it discovered more holy wit, or conscionable policy. But there is no doubt but that his chief design was a christian endeavour that his debts might be satisfied.

And that it may remain as such a testimony, and a legacy to those that loved him, I shall here impart it to the reader, as it was found written with his own hand.

In the name of God Almighty and all-merciful, I, Henry Wotton, provost of his majesty's college by Eton, being mindful of mine own mortality, which the sin of our first parents did bring upon all flesh, do by this last will and testament thus dispose of myself, and the poor things I shall leave in this world. My soul I bequeath to the immortal God my Maker, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, my blessed redeemer and mediator, through his all sole-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, and efficient for his elect; in the number of whom I am one by his mere grace, and thereof most unremoveably assured by his Holy Spirit, the true eternal Comforter. My body I bequeath to the earth, if I shall end my transitory days at or near Eton, to be buried in the chapel of the said college, as the Fellows shall dispose thereof, with whom I have lived—my God knows—in all loving affection; or if I shall die near Bocton Malherbe, in the county of Kent, then I wish to be laid in that parish church, as near as may be to the sepulchre of my good father, expecting a joyful resurrection with him in the day of Christ.

After this account of his faith, and this surrender of his soul to that God that inspired it, and this direction for the disposal of his body, he proceeded to appoint that his executors should lay over his grave a marble stone, plain, and not costly: and considering that time moulders even marble to dust,—for *—monuments themselves must die; therefore did he—waving the common way—think fit rather to preserve his name—to which the son of Sirach adviseth all men—by a useful apophthegm, than by a large enumeration of his descent or merits, of both which he might justly have boasted; but he was content to forget them, and did choose only this prudent, pious sentence, to discover his disposition, and preserve his memory.

It was directed by him to be thus inscribed:

Hic jacet hujus sententiæ primus author:

DISPUTANDI PRURITUS, ECCLESIARUM SCABIES.

Nomen alias quære.

Which may be Englished thus:

Here lies the first author of this sentence:

THE ITCH OF DISPUTATION WILL PROVE THE SCAB OF THE CHURCH.

Inquire his name elsewhere.

And if any shall object, as I think some have, that Sir Henry Wotton was not the first author of this sentence: but that this, or a sentence like it, was long before his time; to him I answer, that Solomon says, "Nothing can be spoken, that hath not been spoken; for there is no new thing under the sun." But grant, that in his various reading he had met with this, or a like sentence, yet reason mixed with charity should persuade all readers to believe, that Sir Henry Wotton's mind was then so fixed on that part of the communion of saints which is above, that a holy lethargy did surprise his memory. For doubtless, if he had not believed himself to be the first author of what he said, he was too prudent first to own, and then expose it to the public view and censure of every critic. And questionless it will be charity in all readers to think his mind was then so fixed on heaven, that a holy zeal did transport him; and that, in this sacred ecstacy, his thoughts were then only of the church triumphant, into which he daily expected his admission; and that Almighty God was then pleased to make him a prophet, to tell

---

Juven. Sat. x. 146.

the church militant, and particularly that part of it in this nation, where the weeds of controversy grow to be daily both more numerous and more destructive to humble piety; and where men have consciences that boggle at ceremonies, and yet scruple not to speak and act such sins as the ancient humble Christians believed to be a sin to think; and where, our reverend Hooker says, "former simplicity, and softness of spirit, is not now to be found, because Zeal hath drowned Charity, and Skill Meekness." It will be good to think, that these sad changes have proved this epitaph to be a useful caution unto us of this nation; and the sad effects thereof in Germany have proved it to be a mournful truth.

This by way of observation concerning his epitaph; the rest of his will follows in his own words.

"Further, I the said Henry Wotton, do constitute and ordain to be joint executors of this my last will and testament, my two grand-nephews, Albert Morton, second son to Sir Robert Morton, knight, late deceased, and Thomas Bargrave, eldest son to Dr. Bargrave, Dean of Canterbury, husband to my right virtuous and only niece. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, my most faithful and chosen friends, together with Mr. John Harrison, one of the fellows of Eton College, best acquainted with my books, and pictures, and other utensils, to be supervisors of this my last will and testament. And I do pray the foresaid Dr. Bargrave, and Mr. Nicholas Pey, to be solicitors for such arrearages as shall appear due unto me from his majesty's exchequer at the time of my death; and to assist my forenamed executors in some reasonable and conscientious satisfaction of my creditors, and discharge of my legacies now specified; or that shall be hereafter added unto this my testament, by any codicil or schedule, or left in the hands, or in any memorial with the aforesaid Mr. John Harrison. And first, to my most dear sovereign and master, of incomparable goodness,—in whose gracious opinion I have ever had some portion, as far as the interest of a plain honest man,—I leave four pictures at large of those dukes of Venice, in whose time I was there employed, with their names written on the back side, which hang in my great ordinary dining-room, done after the life by Edoardo Fialetto: likewise a table of the Venetian College, where ambassadors had their audience, hanging over the mantle of the chimney in the said room, done by the same hand, which containeth a draught in little, well resembling the famous Duke Leonardo Donato, in a time which needed a wise and constant man. Item. The picture of a Duke of Venice, hanging over against the door, done either by Titiano, or some other principal hand, long before my time. Most humbly beseeching his majesty, that the said pieces may remain in some corner of any of his houses, for a poor memorial of his most humble vassal.

"Item. I leave his said majesty all the papers and negotiations of Sir Nich. Throgmorton, knight, during his famous employment under Queen Elizabeth, in Scotland and in France; which contain divers secrets of state, that perchance his majesty will think fit to be preserved in his paper-office, after they have been perused and sorted by Mr. Secretary Windebank*, with whom I have heretofore, as I remember, conferred about them. They were committed to my disposal by Sir Arthur Throgmorton, his son, to whose worthy memory I cannot better discharge my faith, than by assigning them to the highest place of trust. Item. I leave to our most gracious and virtuous Queen Mary, Dioscorides, with the plants naturally coloured, and the text translated by Matthiolo, in the best language of Tuscany, whence her said majesty is lineally descended, for a poor token of my thankful devotion, for the honour she was once pleased to do my private study with her presence. I leave to the most hopeful prince, the picture of the elected and crowned queen of Bohemia, his aunt, of clear and resplendent virtues, through the clouds of her fortune. To my lord's grace of Canterbury now being, I leave my picture of divine love, rarely copied from one in the king's galleries, of my presentation to his majesty; beseeching him to receive it as a pledge of my humble reverence to his great wisdom. And to the most worthy lord bishop of London, lord high treasurer of England, in true admiration of his Christian simplicity and contempt of earthly pomp, I leave a picture of Heraclitus bewailing, and Democritus laughing at the world; most humbly beseeching the said lord archbishop his grace, and the lord bishop of London, of both whose favours I have tasted in my life-time, to intercede with our most gracious sovereign after my death, in the bowels of Jesus Christ, that out of compassionate memory of my long services,—wherein I more studied the public honour than mine own utility,—some order may be taken out of my arrears due in the exchequer, for such satisfaction of my creditors, as those whom I have ordained supervisors of this my last will and testament shall present unto their lordships, without their farther trouble; hoping likewise in his majesty's most indubitable goodness, that he will keep me from all prejudice, which I may otherwise suffer by any defect of formality in the demand of my said arrears. To —— for a poor addition to his cabinet, I leave, as emblems of his attractive virtues and obliging nobleness, my great loadstone, and a piece of amber, of both kinds naturally united, and only differing in degree of concoction, which is thought somewhat rare. Item, a piece of crystal sexangular—as they grow all—grasping divers several things within it, which I bought among the Rhætian Alps, in the very place where it grew; recommending most humbly unto his lordship, the reputation of my poor name in the point of my debts, as I have done to the forenamed spiritual lords, and am heartily sorry that I have no better token of my humble thankfulness to his honoured person. Item. I leave to Sir Francis Windebank, one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state,—whom I found my great friend in point of necessity,—the Four Seasons of old Bassano, to hang near the eye in his parlour, being in little form, which I bought at Venice, where I first entered into his most worthy acquaintance.

---

* Son of Sir John Windebank, of Haines Hill in Berkshire. He was knighted and made secretary of state in 1632, but in 1646, being accused of protecting Romish priests and recusants, he was obliged to fly to Paris, where he died in exile.

"To the above-named Dr. Bargrave, dean of Canterbury, I leave all my Italian books not disposed in this will. I leave to him likewise my viol de gamba, which hath been twice with me in Italy, in which country I first contracted with him an unremoveable affection. To my other supervisor, Mr. Nicholas Pey, I leave my chest, or cabinet of instruments and engines of all kinds of uses: in the lower box whereof, are some * fit to be bequeathed to none but so entire an honest man as he is. I leave him likewise forty pounds for his pains in the solicitation of my arrears; and am sorry that my ragged estate can reach no farther to one that hath taken such care for me in the same kind, during all my foreign employments. To the library at Eton College, I leave all my manuscripts not before disposed, and to each of the fellows a plain ring of gold, enamelled black, all save the verge, with this motto within, Amor unit omnia.

"This is my last will and testament, save what shall be added by a schedule thereunto annexed, written on the first of October, in the present year of our redemption 1637, and subscribed by myself, with the testimony of these witnesses.

"Nich. Oudert. "Henry Wotton."
Geo. Lash."

And now, because the mind of man is best satisfied by the knowledge of events, I think fit to declare, that every one that was named in his will did gladly receive their legacies: by which, and his most just and passionate desires for the payment of his debts, they joined in assisting the overseers of his will; and by their joint endeavours to the king,—than whom none was more willing—conscionable satisfaction was given for his just debts.

The next thing wherewith I shall acquaint the reader is, that he went usually once a year, if not oftener, to the beloved Bocton Hall, where, he would say, he found a cure for all cares, by the cheerful company, which he called the living furniture of that place: and a restoration of his strength, by the connaturalness of that which he called his genial air.

He yearly went also to Oxford. But the summer before his death he changed that for a journey to Winchester College, to which school he was first removed from Bocton. And as he returned from Winchester towards Eton College, said to a friend, his companion in that journey, how useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there! And I find it thus far experimentally true, that at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me: sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixtures of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time—which I therefore thought slow-paced—had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another, both in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

After his return from Winchester to Eton, which was about five months before his death, he became much more retired and contemplative: in which time he was often visited by Mr. John Hales †,—learned Mr. John Hales,—then a fellow of that College, to whom upon an occasion he spake to this purpose: "I have, in my passage to my grave, met with most of those joys of which a discoursive soul is capable; and been entertained with more inferior pleasures than the sons of men are usually made partakers of: nevertheless, in this voyage I have not always floated on the calm sea of content; but have often met with cross winds and storms, and with many troubles of mind and temptations to evil. And yet, though I have been, and am a man compassed about with human frailties, Almighty God hath by his grace prevented me from making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the thought of which is now the joy of my heart, and I most humbly praise him for it: and I humbly acknowledge that it was not myself, but he that hath kept me to this great age, and let him take the glory of his great mercy.—And, my dear friend, I now see that I draw near my harbour of death; that harbour that will secure me from all the future storms and waves of this restless world; and I praise God I am willing to leave it, and expect a better; that world wherein dwelleth righteousness; and I long for it!"

These and the like expressions were then uttered by him at the beginning of a feverish distemper, at which time he was also troubled with an asthma, or short spitting: but after less than twenty fits, by the help of familiar physic and a spare diet, this fever abated, yet so as to leave him much weaker than it found him; and his asthma seemed also to be overcome in a good degree by his forbearing tobacco, which, as many thoughtful men do, he also had taken somewhat immoderately. This was his then present condition, and thus he continued till about the end of October, 1639, which was about a month before his death, at which time he again fell into a fever, which though he seemed to recover, yet these still left him so weak, that they, and those other common infirmities that accompany age, were wont to visit him like civil friends, and after some short time to leave him,—came now both oftener and with more violence, and at last took up their constant habitation with him, still weakening his body and abating his cheerfulness; of both which he grew more sensible, and did the oftener retire into his study, and there made many papers that had passed his pen, both in the days of his youth and in the busy part of his life, useless, by a fire made there to that purpose. These, and several unusual expressions to his servants and friends, seemed to foretell that the day of his death drew near; for which he seemed to those many friends that observed him, to be well prepared, and to

---

* In it were Italian locks, picklocks, screws to force open doors, and many things of worth and rarity, that he had gathered in his foreign travel.

† See page 40.

be both patient and free from all fear, as several of his letters writ on this his last sick-bed may testify. And thus he continued till about the beginning of December following, at which time he was seized more violently with a quotidian fever; in the tenth fit of which fever, his better part, that part of Sir Henry Wotton which could not die, put off mortality with as much content and cheerfulness as human frailty is capable of, being then in great tranquillity of mind, and in perfect peace with God and man.

And thus the circle of Sir Henry Wotton's life —that circle which began at Bocton, and in the circumference thereof did first touch at Winchester School, then at Oxford, and after upon so many remarkable parts and passages in Christendom—that circle of his life was by death thus closed up and completed, in the seventy and second year of his age, at Eton College; where, according to his will, he now lies buried, with his motto on a plain gravestone over him: dying worthy of his name and family, worthy of the love and favour of so many princes, and persons of eminent wisdom and learning, worthy of the trust committed unto him, for the service of his prince and country.

And all readers are requested to believe, that he was worthy of a more worthy pen, to have preserved his memory, and commended his merits to the imitation of posterity.

Iz. Wa.

AN
ELEGY ON SIR HENRY WOTTON,
WRIT BY
MR. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

What shall we say, since silent now is he,
Who when he spoke all things would silent be?
Who had so many languages in store,
That only Fame shall speak of him in more.
Whom England now no more return'd, must see;
He's gone to Heaven, on his fourth embassy.
On earth he travell'd often, not to say,
He'd been abroad to pass loose time away;
For in whatever land he chanced to come,
He read the men and manners, bringing home
Their wisdom, learning, and their piety,
As if he went to conquer, not to see.
So well he understood the most and best
Of tongues that Babel sent into the west;
Spoke them so truly, that he had, you'd swear,
Not only lived, but been born everywhere.
Justly each nation's speech to him was known,
Who for the world was made, not us alone;
Nor ought the language of that man be less,
Who in his breast had all things to express.
We say that learning's endless, and blame Fate
For not allowing life a longer date,
He did the utmost bounds of knowledge find,
And found them not so large as was his mind;
But, like the brave Pellean youth, did moan,
Because that art had no more worlds than one.
And when he saw that he through all had past,
He died—lest he should idle grow at last.

A. Cowley.

THE

LIFE OF MR. RICHARD HOOKER,

THE AUTHOR OF THOSE LEARNED BOOKS

OF

THE LAWS OF ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

TO THE READER.

I THINK it necessary to inform my reader, that Dr. Gauden (the late Bishop of Worcester) hath also lately wrote and published the life of Mr. Hooker. And though this be not writ by design to oppose what he hath truly written; yet I am put upon a necessity to say, that in it there be many material mistakes, and more omissions. I conceive some of his mistakes did proceed from a belief in Mr. Thomas Fuller, who had too hastily published what he hath since most ingenuously retracted. And for the bishop's omissions, I suppose his more weighty business and want of time made him pass over many things without that due examination, which my better leisure, my diligence, and my accidental advantages, have made known unto me.

And now for myself, I can say, I hope, or rather know, there are no material mistakes in what I here present to you that shall become my reader. Little things that I have received by tradition (to which there may be too much and too little faith given) I will not at this distance of time undertake to justify; for, though I have used great diligence, and compared relations and circumstances, and probable results and expressions; yet I shall not impose my belief upon my reader; I shall rather leave him at liberty: but, if there shall appear any material omission, I desire every lover of truth and the memory of Mr. Hooker, that it may be made known unto me. And to incline him to it, I here promise to acknowledge and rectify any such mistake in a second impression, which the printer says he hopes for; and by this means my weak but faithful endeavours may become a better monument, and in some degree more worthy the memory of this venerable man.

I confess, that when I consider the great learning and virtue of Mr. Hooker, and what satisfaction and advantages many eminent scholars and admirers of him have had by his labours; I do not a little wonder that in sixty years no man did undertake to tell posterity of the excellences of his life and learning, and the accidents of both; and sometimes wonder more at myself, that I have been persuaded to it; and indeed I do not easily pronounce my own pardon, nor expect that my reader shall, unless my introduction shall prove my apology, to which I refer him.

INTRODUCTION.

I HAVE been persuaded, by a friend whom I reverence, and ought to obey, to write the Life of RICHARD HOOKER; the happy author of five—if not more—of the eight learned books of The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity. And though I have undertaken it, yet it hath been with some unwillingness: because I foresee that it must prove to me, and especially at this time of my age, a work of much labour, to inquire, consider, research, and determine what is needful to be known concerning him. For I knew him not in his life, and must therefore not only look back to his death,—now sixty-four years past—but almost fifty years beyond that, even to his childhood and youth; and gather thence such observations and prognostics, as may at least adorn, if not prove necessary for the completing of what I have undertaken.

This trouble I foresee, and foresee also that it is impossible to escape censures; against which I will not hope my well-meaning and diligence can protect me,—for I consider the age in which I live—and shall therefore but entreat of my reader a suspension of his censures, till I have made known unto him some reasons, which I myself would now gladly believe do make me in some measure fit for this undertaking: and if these reasons shall not acquit me from all censures, they may at least abate of their severity, and this is all I can probably hope for. My reasons follow.

About forty years past—for I am now past the seventy of my age—I began a happy affinity with William Cranmer,—now with God,—grand-nephew unto the great archbishop of that name; a family of noted prudence and resolution; with him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship; one of them was the wife of Dr. Spencer*, a bosom friend and sometime com-pupil with Mr. Hooker in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, and after president of the same. I name them here, for that I shall have occasion to mention them in the following discourse; as also George Cranmer, their brother, of whose useful abilities my reader may have a more authentic testimony than my pen can purchase for him, by that of our learned Camden and others.

This William Cranmer and his two fore-named sisters had some affinity, and a most familiar friendship, with Mr. Hooker, and had had some part of their education with him in his house, when he was parson of Bishops'-

---

* A noted preacher, and chaplain to James I. He published Hooker's five books of Ecclesiastical Polity, with an excellent preface, about four years after Hooker's death. He died on the 3rd of April 1614, and was buried at Oxford.

Bourne, near Canterbury, in which city their good father then lived. They had, I say, a part of their education with him, as myself, since that time, a happy cohabitation with them; and having some years before read part of Mr. Hooker's works with great liking and satisfaction, my affection to them made me a diligent inquisitor into many things that concerned him; as namely, of his person, his nature, the management of his time, his wife, his family, and the fortune of him and his. Which enquiry hath given me much advantage in the knowledge of what is now under my consideration, and intended for the satisfaction of my reader.

I had also a friendship with the Reverend Dr. Usher[*], the late learned Archbishop of Armagh; and with Dr. Morton, the late learned and charitable Bishop of Durham: as also the learned John Hales, of Eton College; and with them also—who loved the very name of Mr. Hooker—I have had many discourses concerning him; and from them, and many others that have now put off mortality, I might have had more informations, if I could then have admitted a thought of any fitness, for what by persuasion I have now undertaken. But though that full harvest be irrecoverably lost, yet my memory hath preserved some gleanings, and my diligence made such additions to them, as I hope will prove useful to the completing of what I intend; in the discovery of which I shall be faithful, and with this assurance put a period to my introduction.

◆

It is not to be doubted, but that Richard Hooker was born at Heavy-tree, near, or within the precincts, or in the city of Exeter; a city which may justly boast that it was the birth-place of him and Sir Thomas Bodley; as, indeed, the county may, in which it stands, that it hath furnished this nation with Bishop Jewel, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and many others, memorable for their valour and learning. He was born about the year of our Redemption 1553, and of parents that were not so remarkable for their extraction or riches, as for their virtue and industry, and God's blessing upon both; by which they were enabled to educate their children in some degree of learning, of which our Richard Hooker may appear to be one fair testimony, and that nature is not so partial as always to give the great blessings of wisdom and learning, and with them the greater blessings of virtue and government, to those only that are of a more high and honourable birth.

His complexion—if we may guess by him at the age of forty—was sanguine, with a mixture of choler; and yet his motion was slow even in his youth, and so was his speech, never expressing an earnestness in either of them, but an humble gravity suitable to the aged. And it is observed,—so far as inquiry is able to look back at this distance of time,—that at his being a school-boy he was an early questionist, quietly inquisitive Why this was, and that was not, to be remembered? Why this was granted, and that denied? This being mixed with a remarkable modesty, and a sweet serene quietness of nature, and with them a quick apprehension of many perplexed parts of learning, imposed then upon him as a scholar, made his master and others to believe him to have an inward blessed divine light, and therefore to consider him to be a little wonder. For in that, children were less pregnant, less confident, and more malleable, than in this wiser, but not better age.

This meekness and conjuncture of knowledge, with modesty in his conversation, being observed by his schoolmaster, caused him to persuade his parents—who intended him for an apprentice—to continue him at school till he could find out some means, by persuading his rich uncle, or some other charitable person, to ease them of a part of their care and charge; assuring them that their son was so enriched with the blessings of nature and grace, that God seemed to single him out as a special instrument of his glory. And the good man told them also, that he would double his diligence in instructing him, and would neither expect nor receive any other reward than the content of so hopeful and happy an employment.

This was not unwelcome news, and especially to his mother, to whom he was a dutiful and dear child; and all parties were so pleased with this proposal, that it was resolved so it should be. And in the mean time his parents and master laid a foundation for his future happiness, by instilling into his soul the seeds of piety, those conscientious principles of loving and fearing God, of an early belief, that he knows the very secrets of our souls; that he punisheth our vices, and rewards our innocence; that we should be free from hypocrisy, and appear to man what we are to God, because first or last the crafty man is catched in his own snare. These seeds of piety were so seasonably planted, and so continually watered with the daily dew of God's blessed Spirit, that his infant virtues grew into such holy habits, as did make him grow daily into more and more favour both with God and man; which, with the great learning that he did after attain to, hath made Richard Hooker honoured in this, and will continue him to be so to succeeding generations.

This good schoolmaster, whose name I am not able to recover,—and am sorry, for that I would have given him a better memorial in this humble monument, dedicated to the memory of his scholar,—was very solicitous with John Hooker, then chamberlain of Exeter, and uncle to our Richard, to take his nephew into his care, and to maintain him for one year in the university, and in the mean time to use his endeavours to procure an admission for him into some college, though it were but in a mean degree; still urging and assuring him, that his charge would not continue long; for the lad's learning and manners were both so remarkable, that they must of necessity be taken notice of; and that doubtless God would provide him some second patron, that would free him and his parents from their future care and charge.

These reasons, with the affectionate rhetoric of his good master, and God's blessing upon both, procured from his uncle a faithful promise, that he would take him into his care and charge before the expiration of the year following, which was performed by him, and with the assistance of the learned Mr. John Jewel[†]; of whom this may be noted, that he left, or was about the first of Queen Mary's reign expelled out of, Corpus Christi college in Oxford,—of which he was a fellow,—for adhering to the truth of those principles of religion, to which he had assented and given testimony in the days of her brother and predecessor, Edward the Sixth; and this John Jewel, having within a short time after, a just cause to fear a more heavy punishment than expulsion, was forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; and, with that safety, the enjoyment of that doctrine and worship for which he suffered.

---

[*] James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin on the 4th of January, 1580. He was educated at Trinity College; in 1620 was made Bishop of Meath, and in 1625 was translated to Armagh. He was a severe sufferer in the Irish rebellion, in which he lost everything except his library, which he fortunately succeeded in preserving. With this chosen treasure he retreated to England, where he spent the remainder of his days in retirement. He died on the 25th of March 1655-56.

[†] Dr. John Jewel, whose name is so well known as one among the illustrious list of the champions of the reformed

But the cloud of that persecution and fear ending with the life of Queen Mary, the affairs of the church and state did then look more clear and comfortable; so that he, and with him many others of the same judgment, made a happy return into England about the first of Queen Elizabeth; in which year this John Jewel was sent a commissioner, or visitor, of the churches of the western parts of this kingdom, and especially of those in Devonshire, in which county he was born; and then and there he contracted a friendship with John Hooker, the uncle of our Richard.

About the second or third year of her reign, this John Jewel was made bishop of Salisbury; and there being always observed in him a willingness to do good, and to oblige his friends, and now a power added to this willingness; this John Hooker gave him a visit in Salisbury, and besought him for charity's sake to look favourably upon a poor nephew of his, whom nature had fitted for a scholar; but the estate of his parents was so narrow, that they were unable to give him the advantage of learning; and that the bishop would therefore become his patron, and prevent him from being a tradesman, for he was a boy of remarkable hopes. And though the bishop knew men do not usually look with an indifferent eye upon their own children and relations, yet he assented so far to John Hooker, that he appointed the boy and his schoolmaster should attend him, about Easter next following, at that place: which was done accordingly; and then, after some questions and observations of the boy's learning, and gravity, and behaviour, the bishop gave his schoolmaster a reward, and took order for an annual pension for the boy's parents; promising also to take him into his care for a future preferment, which he performed: for about the fifteenth year of his age, which was anno 1567, he was by the bishop appointed to remove to Oxford, and there to attend Dr. Cole, then president of Corpus Christi college[*]. Which he did; and Dr. Cole had—according to a promise made to the bishop—provided for him both a tutor—which was said to be the learned Dr. John Reynolds[†]—and a clerk's place in that college: which place, though it were not a full maintenance, yet with the contribution of his uncle, and the continued pension of his patron, the good bishop, gave him a comfortable subsistence. And in this condition he continued unto the eighteenth year of his age, still increasing in learning and prudence, and so much in humility and piety, that he seemed to be filled with the Holy Ghost; and even, like St. John Baptist, to be sanctified from his mother's womb, who did often bless the day in which she bare him.

About this time of his age, he fell into a dangerous sickness, which lasted two months; all which time his mother, having notice of it, did in her hourly prayers as earnestly beg his life of God, as Monica, the mother of St. Augustine did, that he might become a true Christian; and their prayers were both so heard as to be granted. Which Mr. Hooker would often mention with much joy, and as often pray that he might never live to occasion any sorrow to so good a mother; of whom he would often say, he loved her so dearly, that he would endeavour to be good, even as much for hers, as for his own sake.

As soon as he was perfectly recovered from this sickness, he took a journey from Oxford to Exeter, to satisfy and see his good mother, being accompanied with a countryman and companion of his own college, and both on foot; which was then either more in fashion, or want of money, or their humility made it so: but on foot they went, and took Salisbury in their way, purposely to see the good bishop, who made Mr. Hooker and his companion dine with him at his own table: which Mr. Hooker boasted of with much joy and gratitude when he saw his mother and friends: and at the bishop's parting with him, the bishop gave him good counsel, and his benediction, but forgot to give him money; which, when the bishop had considered, he sent a servant in all haste to call Richard back to him: and at Richard's return, the bishop said to him, "Richard, I sent for you back to lend you a horse, which hath carried me many a mile, and, I thank God, with much ease;" and presently delivered into his hand a walking-staff, with which he professed he had travelled through many parts of Germany. And he said, "Richard, I do not give, but lend you my horse: be sure you be honest, and bring my horse back to me at your return this way to Oxford. And I do now give you ten groats, to bear your charges to Exeter; and here is ten groats more, which I charge you to deliver to your mother, and tell her I send her a bishop's benediction with it, and beg the continuance of her prayers for me. And if you bring my horse back to me, I will give you ten groats more, to carry you on foot to the college: and so God bless you, good Richard."

And this, you may believe, was performed by both parties. But, alas! the next news that followed Mr. Hooker to Oxford was, that his learned and charitable patron had changed this for a better life. Which happy change may be believed, for that as he lived, so he died, in devout meditation and prayer; and in both so zealously, that it

---

religion, was born in the parish of Berry Narber, Devon, on the 24th of May, 1522. During the reign of Queen Mary he was forced to take refuge abroad, where he was subjected to trials and sufferings which materially injured his health. On the accession of Elizabeth he returned to England, and was made bishop of Salisbury in 1559. He died on the 23rd of Sept. 1571. His "Apology for the Church of England," was widely celebrated and translated into many languages.

[*] Dr. John Cole, who exchanged the office of presidentship of Corpus Christi College for that of dean of Lincoln with Dr. Reynolds, suffered persecution under the reign of Queen Mary, and was forced to take refuge in Germany. He is favourably known as one of the assistants of Miles Coverdale in his translation of the Bible.

[†] Dr. Reynolds was highly celebrated among the church reformers. He was professor of divinity at Oxford, and the successor of Dr. Cole in the presidentship of Corpus Christi College. He died on the 21st of May, 1607.

became a religious question, Whether his last ejaculations or his soul, did first enter into heaven?

And now Mr. Hooker became a man of sorrow and fear: of sorrow, for the loss of so dear and comfortable a patron; and of fear, for his future subsistence. But Dr. Cole raised his spirits from this dejection, by bidding him go cheerfully to his studies, and assuring him, he should neither want food nor raiment,—which was the utmost of his hopes,—for he would become his patron.

And so he was for about nine months, and not longer; for about that time this following accident did befall Mr. Hooker.

Edwin Sandys[*]—sometime bishop of London, and after archbishop of York—had also been in the days of Queen Mary, forced, by forsaking this, to seek safety in another nation; where, for some years, Bishop Jewel and he were companions at bed and board in Germany; and where, in this their exile, they did often eat the bread of sorrow, and by that means they there began such a friendship as lasted till the death of Bishop Jewel, which was in September, 1571. A little before which time the two bishops meeting, Jewel had an occasion to begin a story of his Richard Hooker, and in it gave such a character of his learning and manners, that though Bishop Sandys was educated in Cambridge, where he had obliged, and had many friends; yet his resolution was, that his son Edwin should be sent to Corpus Christi college in Oxford, and by all means be pupil to Mr. Hooker, though his son Edwin was not much younger than Mr. Hooker then was: for the bishop said, "I will have a tutor for my son, that shall teach him learning by instruction, and virtue by example: and my greatest care shall be of the last; and, God willing, this Richard Hooker shall be the man into whose hands I will commit my Edwin." And the bishop did so about twelve months, or not much longer, after this resolution.

And doubtless, as to these two, a better choice could not be made; for Mr. Hooker was now in the nineteenth year of his age; had spent five in the university; and had, by a constant, unwearied diligence, attained unto a perfection in all the learned languages; by the help of which, an excellent tutor, and his unintermitted studies, he had made the subtlety of all the arts easy and familiar to him, and useful for the discovery of such learning as lay hid from common searchers. So that by these, added to his great reason, and his restless industry added to both, he did not only know more of causes and effects, but what he knew, he knew better than other men. And with this knowledge he had a most blessed and clear method of demonstrating what he knew, to the great advantage of all his pupils,—which in time were many,—but especially to his two first, his dear Edwin Sandys, and his as dear George Cranmer; of which there will be a fair testimony in the ensuing relation.

This for Mr. Hooker's learning. And for his behaviour, amongst other testimonies, this still remains of him, that in four years he was but twice absent from the chapel prayers; and that his behaviour there was such, as showed an awful reverence of that God which he then worshipped and prayed to; giving all outward testimonies that his affections were set on heavenly things. This was his behaviour towards God; and for that to man, it is observable, that he was never known to be angry or passionate, or extreme in any of his desires; never heard to repine or dispute with providence, but, by a quiet gentle submission and resignation of his will to the wisdom of his Creator, bore the burthen of the day with patience; never heard to utter an uncomely word: and by this, and a grave behaviour, which is a divine charm, he begot an early reverence unto his person, even from those that at other times and in other companies, took a liberty to cast off that strictness of behaviour and discourse that is required in a collegiate life. And when he took any liberty to be pleasant, his wit was never blemished with scoffing, or the utterance of any conceit that bordered upon, or might beget a thought of looseness in his hearers. Thus mild, thus innocent and exemplary was his behaviour in his college; and thus this good man continued till his death, still increasing in learning, in patience, and piety.

In this nineteenth year of his age, he was, December 24, 1573, admitted to be one of the twenty scholars of the foundation; being elected and so admitted as born in Devon or Hantshire; out of which counties a certain number are to be elected in vacancies by the founder's statutes. And now as he was much encouraged, so now he was perfectly incorporated into this beloved college, which was then noted for an eminent library, strict students, and remarkable scholars. And indeed it may glory, that it had Cardinal Poole[†], but more that it had Bishop Jewel, Dr. John Reynolds, and Dr. Thomas Jackson[‡], of that foundation. The first famous for his learned Apology for the Church of England, and his Defence of it against Harding. The second, for the learned and wise manage of a public dispute with John Hart, of the Romish persuasion, about the head and faith of the church, and after printed by consent of both parties. And the third, for his most excellent Exposition of the Creed, and other treatises; all such as have given greatest satisfaction to men of the greatest learning. Nor was Dr. Jackson more note-worthy for his learning, than for his strict and pious life, testified by his abundant love and meekness, and charity to all men.

---

[*] Edwin Sandys, one of the translators of the Bible, early embraced the Protestant faith. He was born in 1519, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He suffered imprisonment for advocating, in the pulpit, the cause of Lady Jane Grey. He, however, obtained his liberty, and hastened abroad, where he remained until the accession of Elizabeth. She made him bishop of Worcester; in 1570 he was translated to London, and in 1576 he was created archbishop of York. He died in the year 1588. His sermons retain their reputation to the present day. His son, Sir Edwin Sandys, prebendary of York, was born about 1561, and is well known as the author of the tract entitled, "Europæ Speculum." He was knighted by King James, and died about 1629.

[†] Reginald Pole, descended from the blood-royal of England, was born at Stourton, in Staffordshire, in 1500. Although advanced to the dignity of cardinal, he had not taken priest's orders, and his noble birth and popular character caused him to be proposed to Queen Mary as a fitting match in the early part of her reign. After the death of Cranmer, he became archbishop of Canterbury. He died the same day with Queen Mary, the 18th of November, 1558. His character is thus favourably portrayed by Hume:—"The benign character of this prelate, the modesty and humanity of his deportment, made him be universally beloved; insomuch, that in a nation where the most furious persecution was carried on, and where the most violent religious factions prevailed, entire justice, even by most of the reformers, has been done to his merit."

[‡] Dr. Thomas Jackson was born at Wilton-on-the-Wear, in Durham, in 1579, and was educated at Queen's and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was made prebendary of Winchester in 1635, and Dean of Peterborough in 1638. His principal work is a Commentary on the Creed. He died in 1640.

And in the year 1576, February 23, Mr. Hooker's grace was given him for inceptor of arts; Dr. Herbert Westphaling*, a man of note for learning, being then vice-chancellor: and the act following he was completed master, which was anno 1577, his patron, Dr. Cole, being vice-chancellor that year, and his dear friend, Henry Savile† of Merton College, being then one of the proctors. 'Twas that Henry Savile, that was after Sir Henry Savile, warden of Merton College, and provost of Eton; he which founded in Oxford two famous lectures; and endowed them with liberal maintenance.

It was that Sir Henry Savile that translated and enlightened the history of Cornelius Tacitus, with a most excellent comment; and enriched the world by his laborious and chargeable collecting the scattered pieces of St. Chrysostom, and the publication of them in one entire body in Greek; in which language he was a most judicious critic. It was this Sir Henry Savile that had the happiness to be a contemporary and familiar friend to Mr. Hooker; and let posterity know it.

And in this year of 1577, he was so happy as to be admitted Fellow of the College; happy also in being the contemporary and friend of that Dr. John Reynolds, of whom I have lately spoken, and of Dr. Spencer; both which were after and successively made presidents of Corpus Christi College: men of great learning and merit, and famous in their generations.

Nor was Mr. Hooker more happy in his contemporaries of his time and college, than in the pupilage and friendship of his Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer; of whom my reader may note, that this Edwin Sandys was after Sir Edwin Sandys, and as famous for his Speculum Europæ, as his brother George for making posterity beholden to his pen by a learned relation and comment on his dangerous and remarkable Travels; and for his harmonious translation of the Psalms of David, the Book of Job, and other poetical parts of holy writ, into most high and elegant verse. And for Cranmer, his other pupil, I shall refer my reader to the printed testimonies of our learned Mr. Camden, of Fynes Moryson and others.

"This Cranmer,"—says Mr. Camden in his Annals of Queen Elizabeth,—"whose christian name was George, was a gentleman of singular hopes, the eldest son of Thomas Cranmer, son of Edmund Cranmer, the archbishop's brother: he spent much of his youth in Corpus Christi College in Oxford, where he continued master of arts for some time before he removed, and then betook himself to travel, accompanying that worthy gentleman Sir Edwin Sandys into France, Germany, and Italy, for the space of three years; and after their happy return, he betook himself to an employment under Secretary Davison, a privy councillor of note, who, for an unhappy undertaking, became clouded and pitied: after whose fall, he went in place of secretary with Sir Henry Killegrew in his embassage into France: and after his death he was sought after by the most noble Lord Mountjoy, with whom he went into Ireland, where he remained, until in a battle against the rebels near Carlingford, an unfortunate wound put an end both to his life, and the great hopes that were conceived of him, he being then but in the thirty-sixth year of his age."

Betwixt Mr. Hooker and these his two pupils, there was a sacred friendship; a friendship made up of religious principles, which increased daily by a similitude of inclinations to the same recreations and studies; a friendship elemented in youth, and in an university, free from self-ends, which the friendships of age usually are not. And in this sweet, this blessed, this spiritual amity, they went on for many years: and as the holy prophet saith, so they took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends. By which means they improved this friendship to such a degree of holy amity, as bordered upon heaven; a friendship so sacred, that when it ended in this world, it began in that next, where it shall have no end.

And, though this world cannot give any degree of pleasure equal to such a friendship; yet obedience to parents, and a desire to know the affairs, manners, laws, and learning of other nations, that they might thereby become the more serviceable unto their own, made them put off their gowns, and leave the college and Mr. Hooker to his studies, in which he was daily more assiduous, still enriching his quiet and capacious soul with the precious learning of the philosophers, casuists, and schoolmen; and with them the foundation and reason of all laws, both sacred and civil; and indeed with such other learning as lay most remote from the track of common studies. And, as he was diligent in these, so he seemed restless in searching the scope and intention of God's Spirit revealed to mankind in the sacred Scripture: for the understanding of which, he seemed to be assisted by the same Spirit with which they were written; He that regardeth truth in the inward parts, making him to understand wisdom secretly. And the good man would often say, that God abhors confusion as contrary to his nature; and as often say, That the Scripture was not writ to beget disputations and pride, and opposition to government; but charity and humility, moderation, obedience to authority, and peace to mankind; of which virtues, he would as often say, no man did ever repent himself on his death-bed. And that this was really his judgment, did appear in his future writings, and in all the actions of his life. Nor was this excellent man a stranger to the more light and airy parts of learning, as music and poetry; all which he had digested and made useful; and of all which the reader will have a fair testimony in what will follow.

---

* A native of Germany, as his name denotes. He was canon of Christchurch, vice-chancellor of the University, and in 1585-6 was consecrated bishop of Hereford. He was a man of great piety, and so remarkable for the gravity of his demeanour, that it was said he was scarcely ever seen to laugh.

† Sir Henry Savile was born at Over Bradley, near Halifax, in Yorkshire, on the 30th November 1547, and was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He was Greek and mathematical preceptor to Queen Elizabeth, and was one of the translators of James the First's Bible. He was knighted in 1604, and died provost of Eton College, on the 19th of February 1621-22.

In the year 1579, the chancellor of the University was given to understand, that the public Hebrew lecture was not read according to the statutes; nor could be, by reason of a distemper, that had then seized the brain of Mr. Kingsmill, who was to read it; so that it lay long unread, to the great detriment of those that were studious of that language. Therefore, the chancellor writ to his vice-chancellor, and the University, that he had heard such commendations of the excellent knowledge of Mr. Richard Hooker in that tongue, that he desired he might be procured to read it: and he did, and continued to do so till he left Oxford.

Within three months after his undertaking this lecture,—namely, in October 1579,—he was, with Dr. Reynolds and others, expelled his college; and this letter, transcribed from Dr. Reynolds his own hand, may give some account of it.

To Sir Francis Knolles.

I am sorry, right honourable, that I am enforced to make unto you such a suit, which I cannot move, but I must complain of the unrighteous dealing of one of our college; who hath taken upon him, against all law and reason, to expel out of our house both me and Mr. Hooker, and three other of our fellows, for doing that which by oath we were bound to do. Our matter must be heard before the Bishop of Winchester, with whom I do not doubt but we shall find equity. Howbeit, forasmuch as some of our adversaries have said that the bishop is already forestalled, and will not give us such audience as we look for; therefore I am humbly to beseech your honour, that you will desire the bishop, by your letters, to let us have justice; though it be with rigour, so it be justice: our cause is so good, that I am sure we shall prevail by it. Thus much I am bold to request of your honour for Corpus Christi College sake, or rather for Christ's sake; whom I beseech to bless you with daily increase of his manifold gifts, and the blessed graces of his Holy Spirit.

Your honour's in Christ to command,
London, October 9, 1579. John Reynolds.

This expulsion was by Dr. John Barfoote, then vice-president of the college, and chaplain to Ambrose Earl of Warwick. I cannot learn the pretended cause; but that they were restored the same month is most certain.

I return to Mr. Hooker in his college, where he continued his studies with all quietness, for the space of three years; about which time he entered into sacred orders, being then made deacon and priest, and, not long after, was appointed to preach at St. Paul's Cross.

In order to which sermon, to London he came, and immediately to the Shunamite's House, which is a house so called, for that, besides the stipend paid the preacher, there is provision made also for his lodging and diet for two days before, and one day after his sermon. This house was then kept by John Churchman, sometime a draper of good note in Watling-street, upon whom poverty had at last come like an armed man, and brought him into a necessitous condition; which, though it be a punishment, is not always an argument of God's disfavour, for he was a virtuous man. I shall not yet give the like testimony of his wife, but leave the reader to judge by what follows. But to this house Mr. Hooker came so wet, so weary, and weather-beaten, that he was never known to express more passion, than against a friend that dissuaded him from footing it to London, and for finding him no easier horse, supposing the horse trotted when he did not; and at this time also, such a faintness and fear possessed him, that he would not be persuaded two days' rest and quietness, or any other means could be used, to make him able to preach his Sunday's sermon; but a warm bed, and rest, and drink proper for a cold, given him by Mrs. Churchman, and her diligent attendance added unto it, enabled him to perform the office of the day, which was in or about the year 1581.

And in this first public appearance to the world, he was not so happy as to be free from exceptions against a point of doctrine delivered in his sermon, which was, "That in God there were two wills, an antecedent and a consequent will; his first will, that all mankind should be saved; but his second will was, that those only should be saved that did live answerable to that degree of grace which he had offered or afforded them." This seemed to cross a late opinion of Mr. Calvin's, and then taken for granted by many that had not a capacity to examine it, as it had been by him before, and hath been since by Master Henry Mason, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Hammond, and others of great learning, who believe that a contrary opinion entrenches upon the honour and justice of our merciful God. How he justified this, I will not undertake to declare; but it was not excepted against (as Mr. Hooker declares in his rational Answer to Mr. Travers) by John Elmer *, then bishop of London, at this time one of his auditors, and at last one of his advocates too, when Mr. Hooker was accused for it.

But the justifying of this doctrine did not prove of so bad consequence, as the kindness of Mrs. Churchman's curing him of his late distemper and cold; for that was so gratefully apprehended by Mr. Hooker, that he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said: so that the good man came to be persuaded by her, that he was a man of a tender constitution, and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him; such a one as might both prolong his life and make it more comfortable, and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry. And he, not considering that "the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," but, like a true Nathaniel, fearing no guile, because he meant none, did give her such a power as Eleazar was trusted with (you may read it in the book of Genesis), when he was sent to choose a wife for Isaac; for even so he trusted her to choose for him, promising upon a fair summons to return to London, and accept of her choice; and he did so in that or about the year following. Now the wife provided for him was her daughter Joan, who brought him neither beauty nor portion; and for her conditions, they were too like that wife's which is by Solomon compared to a dripping house: so that the good man had no reason to rejoice in the wife of his youth; but too just cause to say with the holy prophet, "Woe is me, that I am constrained to have my habitation in the tents of Kedar!"

---

* Or rather Aylmer, the tutor of Lady Jane Grey. He was obliged to take refuge at Zurich during the reign of Queen Mary, but returning on the accession of Elizabeth, he was in 1576 advanced to the bishopric of London. He died in 1594.

This choice of Mr. Hooker's, if it were his choice, may be wondered at; but let us consider that the prophet Ezekiel says, "There is a wheel within a wheel," a secret sacred wheel of Providence, most visible in marriages, guided by His hand, that allows not the race to the swift, nor bread to the wise, nor good wives to good men: and He that can bring good out of evil (for mortals are blind to this reason) only knows why this blessing was denied to patient Job, to meek Moses, and to our as meek and patient Mr. Hooker. But so it was; and let the reader cease to wonder, for affliction is a divine diet, which, though it be not pleasing to mankind, yet Almighty God hath often, very often, imposed it as good, though bitter, physic to those children whose souls are dearest to him.

And by this marriage the good man was drawn from the tranquillity of his college; from that garden of piety, of pleasure, of peace, and a sweet conversation, into the thorny wilderness of a busy world; into those corroding cares that attend a married priest, and a country parsonage, which was Drayton-Beauchamp, in Buckinghamshire, not far from Aylesbury, and in the diocese of Lincoln; to which he was presented by John Cheney, Esq., then patron of it, the 9th of December, 1584, where he behaved himself so as to give no occasion of evil, but, as St. Paul adviseth a minister of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in anguishes, in necessities, in poverty, and no doubt in long-suffering, yet troubling no man with his discontents and wants.

And in this condition he continued about a year, in which time his two pupils, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, took a journey to see their tutor, where they found him with a book in his hand—it was the Odes of Horace; he being then, like humble and innocent Abel, tending his small allotment of sheep in a common field; which he told his pupils he was forced to do then, for that his servant was gone home to dine, and assist his wife to do some necessary household business. But when his servant returned and released him, then his two pupils attended him unto his house, where their best entertainment was his quiet company, which was presently denied them, for Richard was called to rock the cradle; and the rest of their welcome was so like this, that they staid but till next morning, which was time enough to discover and pity their tutor's condition; and they having in that time rejoiced in the remembrance, and then paraphrased on many of the innocent recreations of their younger days, and other like diversions, and thereby given him as much present comfort as they were able, they were forced to leave him to the company of his wife Joan, and seek themselves a quieter lodging for next night. But at their parting from him, Mr. Cranmer said, "Good tutor, I am sorry your lot is fallen in no better ground, as to your parsonage; and more sorry that your wife proves not a more comfortable companion, after you have wearied yourself in your restless studies." To whom the good man replied, "My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me; but labour, as indeed I do daily, to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace."

At their return to London, Edwin Sandys acquaints his father, who was then Archbishop of York, with his tutor's sad condition, and solicits for his removal to some benefice that might give him a more quiet and a more comfortable subsistence; which his father did most willingly grant him when it should next fall into his power. And not long after this time, which was in the year 1585, Mr. Alvey, Master of the Temple, died, who was a man of a strict life, of great learning, and of so venerable behaviour as to gain so high a degree of love and reverence from all men that he was generally known by the name of Father Alvey. And at the Temple reading, next after the death of this Father Alvey, he, the said Archbishop of York, being then at dinner with the judges, the reader, and the benchers of that society, met with a general condolement for the death of Father Alvey, and with a high commendation of his saint-like life, and of his great merit both towards God and man; and as they bewailed his death, so they wished for a like pattern of virtue and learning to succeed him. And here came in a fair occasion for the bishop to commend Mr. Hooker to Father Alvey's place, which he did with so effectual an earnestness, and that seconded with so many other testimonies of his worth, that Mr. Hooker was sent for from Drayton-Beauchamp to London, and there the mastership of the Temple proposed unto him by the bishop, as a greater freedom from his country cares, the advantages of a better society, and a more liberal pension than his country parsonage did afford him. But these reasons were not powerful enough to incline him to a willing acceptance of it: his wish was rather to gain a better country living, where he might see God's blessings spring out of the earth, and be free from noise, so he expressed the desire of his heart, and eat that bread which he might more properly call his own, in privacy and quietness. But, notwithstanding this averseness, he was at last persuaded to accept of the bishop's proposal; and was, by* patent for life, made master of the Temple the 17th of March, 1585, he being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

And here I shall make a stop; and, that the reader may the better judge of what follows, give him a character of the times, and temper of the people of this nation, when Mr. Hooker had his admission into this place—a place which he accepted rather than desired; and yet here he promised himself a virtuous quietness, that blessed tranquillity which he always prayed and laboured for, that so he might in peace bring forth the fruits of peace, and glorify God by uninterrupted prayers and praises. For this he always thirsted and prayed; but Almighty God did not grant it, for his admission into this place was the very beginning of those oppositions and anxieties, which till then this good man was a stranger to, and of which the reader may guess by what follows.

---

* This you may find in the Temple Records. William Ermstead was Master of the Temple at the dissolution of the Priory, and died 2 Eliz. (1559).

Richard Alvey, Bat. Divinity, Pat. 13 Febr. 2 Eliz. Magister, sive Custos Domûs et Ecclesiæ Novi Templi, died 27 Eliz. (1585).

Richard Hooker succeeded that year by patent, in terminis, as Alvey had it, and he left it 33 Eliz. (1591).

That year Dr. Balgey succeeded Richard Hooker.

In this character of the times, I shall, by the reader's favour, and for his information, look so far back as to the beginning of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; a time, in which the many pretended titles to the crown, the frequent treasons, the doubts of her successor, the late civil war, and the sharp persecution for religion that raged to the effusion of so much blood in the reign of Queen Mary, were fresh in the memory of all men; and begot fears in the most pious and wisest of this nation, lest the like days should return again to them, or their present posterity. And the apprehension of these dangers begot a hearty desire of a settlement in the church and state; believing there was no other probable way left to make them sit quietly under their own vines and fig-trees, and enjoy the desired fruit of their labours. But time, and peace, and plenty, begot self-ends; and these begot animosities, envy, opposition, and unthankfulness for those very blessings for which they lately thirsted, being then the very utmost of their desires, and even beyond their hopes.

This was the temper of the times in the beginning of her reign; and thus it continued too long; for those very people that had enjoyed the desires of their hearts in a reformation from the church of Rome, became at last so like the grave, as never to be satisfied, but were still thirsting for more and more; neglecting to pay that obedience, and perform those vows, which they made in their days of adversities and fear: so that in short time there appeared three several interests, each of them fearless and restless in the prosecution of their designs: they may for distinction be called, the active Romanists, the restless non-conformists, of which there were many sorts, and the passive peaceable Protestant. The counsels of the first considered and resolved on in Rome: the second both in Scotland, in Geneva, and in divers selected, secret, dangerous conventicles, both there, and within the bosom of our own nation: the third pleaded and defended their cause by established laws, both ecclesiastical and civil: and if they were active, it was to prevent the other two from destroying what was by those known laws happily established to them and their posterity.

I shall forbear to mention the very many and dangerous plots of the Romanists against the church and state; because what is principally intended in this digression, is an account of the opinions and activity of the non-conformists; against whose judgment and practice Mr. Hooker became at last, but most unwillingly, to be engaged in a book-war; a war which he maintained not as against an enemy, but with the spirit of meekness and reason.

In which number of non-conformists, though some might be sincere, well-meaning men, whose indiscreet zeal might be so like charity as thereby to cover a multitude of their errors; yet of this party there were many that were possessed with a high degree of spiritual wickedness; I mean with an innate restless pride and malice; I do not mean the visible carnal sins of gluttony and drunkenness, and the like,—from which, good Lord, deliver us!—but sins of a higher nature, because they are more unlike God, who is the God of love, and mercy, and order, and peace; and more like the devil, who is not a glutton, nor can be drunk, and yet is a devil: but I mean those spiritual wickednesses of malice and revenge, and an opposition to government: men that joyed to be the authors of misery, which is properly his work that is the enemy and disturber of mankind; and thereby greater sinners than the glutton or drunkard, though some will not believe it. And of this party there were also many, whom prejudice and a furious zeal had so blinded, as to make them neither to hear reason, nor adhere to the ways of peace: men, that were the very dregs and pest of mankind; men whom pride and self-conceit had made to overvalue their own pitiful croked wisdom so much, as not to be ashamed to hold foolish and unmannerly disputes against those men whom they ought to reverence, and those laws which they ought to obey; men, that laboured and joyed first to find out the faults, and then speak evil of government, and to be the authors of confusion; men, whom company, and conversation, and custom, had at last so blinded, and made so insensible that these were sins, that like those that perished in the gainsaying of Korah, so these died without repenting of these spiritual wickednesses; of which the practices of Coppinger and Hacket in their lives, and the death of them and their adherents, are, God knows, too sad examples, and ought to be cautions to those men that are inclined to the like spiritual wickednesses.

And in these times, which tended thus to confusion, there were also many of these scruple-mongers, that pretended a tenderness of conscience, refusing to take an oath before a lawful magistrate: and yet these very men in their secret conventicles did covenant and swear to each other, to be assiduous and faithful in using their best endeavours to set up the Presbyterian doctrine and discipline; and both in such a manner as they themselves had not yet agreed on; but up that government must. To which end there were many that wandered up and down, and were active in sowing discontents and sedition, by venomous and secret murmurings, and a dispersion of scurrilous pamphlets and libels against the church and state; but especially against the bishops; by which means, together with venomous and indiscreet sermons, the common people became so fanatic, as to believe the bishops to be Antichrist, and the only obstructers of God's discipline; and at last some of them were given over to so bloody a zeal, and such other desperate delusions, as to find out a text in the Revelation of St. John, that Antichrist was to be overcome by the sword. So that those very men, that began with tender and meek petitions, proceeded to admonitions; then to satirical remonstrances: and at last—having, like Absalom, numbered who was not, and who was, for their cause—they got a supposed certainty of so great a party, that they durst threaten first the bishops, and then the queen and parliament, to all which they were secretly encouraged by the earl of Leicester, then in great favour with her majesty, and the reputed cherisher and patron-general of these pretenders to tenderness of conscience; his design being, by their means, to bring such an odium upon the bishops, as to procure an alienation of their lands, and a large proportion of them for himself: which avaricious desire had at last so blinded his reason, that his ambitious and greedy hopes seemed to put him into a present possession of Lambeth-house.

And to these undertakings the non-conformists of this nation, were much encouraged and heightened by a correspondence and confederacy with that brotherhood in Scotland; so that here they became so bold, that one* told the queen openly in a sermon, she was like an untamed heifer, that would not be ruled by God's people, but obstructed his discipline. And in Scotland they were more confident; for there† they declared her an atheist, and grew to such a height, as not to be accountable for anything spoken against her, nor for treason against their own king, if it were but spoken in the pulpit; showing at last such a disobedience to him, that his mother being in England, and then in distress, and in prison, and in danger of death, the church denied the king their prayers for her; and at another time, when he had appointed a day of feasting, the church declared for a general fast, in opposition to his authority.

To this height they were grown in both nations, and by these means there was distilled into the minds of the common people such other venomous and turbulent principles, as were inconsistent with the safety of the church and state: and these opinions vented so daringly, that, beside the loss of life and limbs, the governors of the church and state were forced to use such other severities as will not admit of an excuse, if it had not been to prevent the gangrene of confusion, and the perilous consequences of it; which, without such prevention, would have been first confusion, and then ruin and misery to this numerous nation

These errors and animosities were so remarkable, that they begot wonder in an ingenious Italian, who being about this time come newly into this nation, and considering them, writ scoffingly to a friend in his own country, to this purpose: "That the common people of England were wiser than the wisest of his nation; for here the very women and shopkeepers were able to judge of predestination, and to determine what laws were fit to be made concerning church-government; and then, what were fit to be obeyed or abolished. That they were more able, or at least thought so, to raise and determine perplexed cases of conscience, than the wisest of the most learned colleges in Italy. That men of the slightest learning, and the most ignorant of the common people, were mad for a new, or super, or re-reformation of religion; and that in this they appeared like that man, who would never cease to whet and whet his knife, till there was no steel left to make it useful." And he concluded his letter with this observation, "That those very men that were most busy in oppositions, and disputations, and controversies, and finding out the faults of their governors, had usually the least of humility and mortification, or of the power of godliness."

And to heighten all these discontents and dangers, there was also sprung up a generation of godless men; men that had so long given way to their own lusts and delusions, and so highly opposed the blessed motions of His Spirit, and the inward light of their own consciences, that they became the very slaves of vice, and had thereby sinned themselves into a belief of that which they would, but could not believe, into a belief, which is repugnant even to human nature;—for the heathens believe that there are many gods;—but these had sinned themselves into a belief that there was no God! and so, finding nothing in themselves but what was worse than nothing, began to wish what they were not able to hope for, namely, that they might be like the beasts that perish! and in wicked company—which is the atheist's sanctuary—were so bold as to say so: though the worst of mankind, when he is left alone at midnight, may wish, but is not then able to think it: even into a belief that there is no God. Into this wretched, this reprobate condition, many had then sinned themselves.

And now, when the church was pestered with them, and with all those other fore-named irregularities; when her lands were in danger of alienation, her power at least neglected, and her peace torn to pieces by several schisms, and such heresies as do usually attend that sin;—for heresies do usually outlive their first authors;—when the common people seemed ambitious of doing those very things that were forbidden and attended with most dangers, that thereby they might be punished, and then applauded and pitied: when they called the spirit of opposition a tender conscience, and complained of persecution, because they wanted power to persecute others: when the giddy multitude raged, and became restless to find out misery for themselves and others; and the rabble would herd themselves together, and endeavour to govern and act in spite of authority; in this extremity of fear, and danger of the church and state, when, to suppress the growing evils of both, they needed a man of prudence and piety, and of a high and fearless fortitude, they were blessed in all by John Whitgift his being made archbishop of Canterbury; of whom Sir Henry Wotton—that knew him well in his youth, and had studied him in his age,—gives this true character: "That he was a man of reverend and sacred memory, and of the primitive temper; such a temper, as when the church by lowliness of spirit did flourish in highest examples of virtue." And indeed this man proved so.

And though I dare not undertake to add to this excellent and true character, of Sir Henry Wotton; yet I shall neither do right to this discourse, nor to my reader, if I forbear to give him a further and short account of the life and manners of this excellent man; and it shall be short, for I long to end this digression, that I may lead my reader back to Mr. Hooker where we left him at the Temple.

John Whitgift was born in the county of Lincoln,[*] of a family that was ancient; and noted to be both prudent and affable, and gentle by nature. He was educated in Cambridge; much of his learning was acquired in Pembroke Hall, where Mr. Bradford the martyr was his tutor: from thence he was removed to Peter House; from thence to be master of Pembroke Hall; and from thence to the mastership of Trinity College. About which time the queen made him her chaplain; and not long after prebend of Ely, and then dean of Lincoln; and having for many years past looked upon him with much reverence and favour, gave him a fair testimony of both, by giving him the bishopric of Worcester, and, which was not with her a usual favour, forgiving him his first fruits; then by constituting him vice-president of the principality of Wales. And having experimented his wisdom, his justice, and moderation in the manage of her affairs in both these places, she, in the twenty-sixth of her reign, 1583, made him archbishop of Canterbury, and, not long after, of her privy council; and trusted him to manage all her ecclesiastical affairs and preferments. In all which removes, he was like the ark, which left a blessing upon the place where it rested; and in all his employments was like Jehoiada, that did good unto Israel.

---

* Edward Dering, a puritan divine, and a native of Kent, educated at Christ College, Cambridge. He was suspended from his lectureships on account of his nonconformity, but he is commended as a truly religious man, whose pure and virtuous life was followed by a happy death in 1576. He wrote some sermons and a defence of Bishop Jewel's Apology for the Church.

† Vide Bishop Spotswood's History of the Church of Scotland.

These were the steps of this bishop's ascension to this place of dignity and cares: in which place, to speak Mr. Camden's very words in his Annals of Queen Elizabeth, he devoutly consecrated both his whole life to God, and his painful labours to the good of his church. And yet in this place he met with many oppositions in the regulation of church affairs, which were much disordered at his entrance, by reason of the age and remissness of Bishop Grindal[†], his immediate predecessor, the activity of the non-conformists, and their chief assistant the earl of Leicester; and, indeed, by too many others of the like sacrilegious principles. With these he was to encounter; and though he wanted neither courage, nor a good cause, yet he foresaw, that without a great measure of the queen's favour, it was impossible to stand in the breach, that had been lately made into the lands and immunities of the church, or indeed to maintain the remaining lands and rights of it. And, therefore, by justifiable sacred insinuations, such as St. Paul to Agrippa,—Agrippa, believest thou? I know thou believest, he wrought himself into so great a degree of favour with her, as, by his pious use of it, hath got both of them a great degree of fame in this world, and of glory in that into which they are now both entered.

His merits to the queen, and her favours to him were such, that she called him her little black husband, and called his servants her servants: and she saw so visible and blessed a sincerity shine in all his cares and endeavours for the church's and for her good, that she was supposed to trust him with the very secrets of her soul, and to make him her confessor; of which she gave many fair testimonies; and of which one was, that she would never eat flesh in Lent, without obtaining a licence from her little black husband: and would often say, "She pitied him because she trusted him, and had thereby eased herself by laying the burthen of all her clergy-cares upon his shoulders, which he managed with prudence and piety."

I shall not keep myself within the promised rules of brevity in this account of his interest with her majesty, and his care of the church's rights, if in this digression I should enlarge to particulars; and therefore my desire is, that one example may serve for a testimony of both. And, that the reader may the better understand it, he may take notice, that not many years before his being made archbishop, there passed an act, or acts of parliament, intending the better preservation of the church-lands, by recalling a power which was vested in others to sell or lease them, by lodging and trusting the future care and protection of them only in the crown: and amongst many that made a bad use of this power or trust of the queen's, the earl of Leicester was one; and the bishop having, by his interest with her majesty, put a stop to the earl's sacrilegious designs, they two fell to an open opposition before her; after which they both quitted the room, not friends in appearance. But the bishop made a sudden and seasonable return to her majesty, for he found her alone, and spake to her with great humility and reverence, to this purpose.

"I beseech your majesty to hear me with patience, and to believe that yours and the church's safety are dearer to me than my life, but my conscience dearer than both: and therefore give me leave to do my duty, and tell you, that princes are deputed nursing fathers of the church, and owe it a protection; and therefore God forbid that you should be so much as passive in her ruin, when you may prevent it; or that I should behold it without horror and detestation; or should forbear to tell your majesty of the sin and danger of sacrilege. And though you and myself were born in an age of frailties, when the primitive piety and care of the church's lands and immunities are much decayed; yet, madam, let me beg that you would first consider that there are such sins as profaneness and sacrilege; and that, if there were not, they could not have names in holy writ, and particularly in the New Testament. And I beseech you to consider, that though our Saviour said, he judged no man; and, to testify it, would not judge nor divide the inheritance betwixt the two brethren, nor would judge the woman taken in adultery; yet in this point of the church's rights he was so zealous, that he made himself both the accuser, and the judge, and the executioner too, to punish these sins; witnessed, in that he himself made the whip to drive the profaners out of the temple, overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and drove them out of it. And I beseech you to consider, that it was St. Paul that said to those Christians of his time that were offended with idolatry, and yet committed sacrilege; thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? supposing, I think, sacrilege the greater sin. This may occasion your majesty to consider, that there is such a sin as sacrilege; and to incline you to prevent the curse that will follow it, I beseech you also to consider, that Constantine, the first Christian emperor, and Helena, his mother; that King Edgar, and Edward the Confessor; and indeed many others of your predecessors, and many private Christians, have also given to God, and to his church, much land, and many immunities, which they might have given to those of their own families, and did not; but gave them for ever as an absolute right and sacrifice to God: and with these immunities and lands they have entailed a curse upon the alienators of them: God prevent your majesty and your successors from being liable to that curse, which will cleave unto church-lands as the leprosy to the Jews.

---

[*] He was born in 1530 at Great Grimsby, in Lincolnshire, and died at Lambeth on the 29th of February 1603.

[†] Edmund Grindal, archbishop of Canterbury, was born at Hinsingham, in Cumberland, in 1519. He was educated at Cambridge, but adhering to the reformed religion, retired to Strasburg during the persecutions of Queen Mary's days. Returning at the accession of Elizabeth, she promoted him first to the bishopric of London, thence he was translated to York, and in 1575 to Canterbury. His indulgence to the puritans brought him into disgrace with the queen, and for some time he was sequestered and confined to his house. In 1582 he resigned his office, and died on the 6th of July 1583.

"And to make you, that are trusted with their preservation, the better to understand the danger of it, I beseech you, forget not, that, to prevent these curses, the church's land and power have been also endeavoured to be preserved, as far as human reason and the law of this nation have been able to preserve them, by an immediate and most sacred obligation on the consciences of the princes of this realm. For they that consult Magna Charta shall find, that as all your predecessors were at their coronation, so you also were sworn before all the nobility and bishops then present, and in the presence of God, and in his stead to him that anointed you, to maintain the church-lands, and the rights belonging to it; and this you yourself have testified openly to God at the holy altar, by laying your hands on the bible then lying upon it. And not only Magna Charta, but many modern statutes, have denounced a curse upon those that break Magna Charta; a curse like the leprosy, that was entailed on the Jews: for as that, so these curses have, and will cleave to the very stones of those buildings that have been consecrated to God; and the father's sin of sacrilege hath, and will prove to be entailed on his son and family. And now, madam, what account can be given for the breach of this oath at the last great day, either by your majesty, or by me, if it be wilfully, or but negligently violated, I know not.

"And therefore, good madam, let not the late lord's exceptions against the failings of some few clergymen prevail with you to punish posterity for the errors of this present age; let particular men suffer for their particular errors; but let God and his church have their inheritance; and though I pretend not to prophesy, yet I beg posterity to take notice of what is already become visible in many families; that church-land added to an ancient and just inheritance, hath proved like a moth fretting a garment, and secretly consumed both: or like the eagle that stole a coal from the altar, and thereby set her nest on fire, which consumed both her young eagles and herself that stole it. And though I shall forbear to speak reproachfully of your father, yet I beg you to take notice, that a part of the church's rights, added to the vast treasures left him by his father, hath been conceived to bring an unavoidable consumption upon both, notwithstanding all his diligence to preserve them.

"And consider, that after the violation of those laws, to which he had sworn in Magna Charta, God did so far deny him his restraining grace, that as King Saul, after he was forsaken of God, fell from one sin to another; so he, till at last he fell into greater sins than I am willing to mention. Madam, religion is the foundation and cement of human societies; and when they that serve at God's altar shall be exposed to poverty, then religion itself will be exposed to scorn, and become contemptible; as you may already observe it to be in too many poor vicarages in this nation. And therefore, as you are by a late act or acts of parliament, entrusted with a great power to preserve or waste the church's lands; yet dispose of them, for Jesus' sake, as you have promised to men, and vowed to God, that is, as the donors intended: let neither falsehood nor flattery beguile you to do otherwise; but put a stop to God's and the Levite's portion, I beseech you, and to the approaching ruins of his church, as you expect comfort at the last great day; for kings must be judged. Pardon this affectionate plainness, my most dear sovereign, and let me beg to be still continued in your favour; and the Lord still continue you in his."

The queen's patient hearing this affectionate speech, and her future care to preserve the church's rights, which till then had been neglected, may appear a fair testimony, that he made hers and the church's good the chiefest of his cares, and that she also thought so. And of this there were such daily testimonies given, as begot betwixt them so mutual a joy and confidence, that they seemed born to believe and do good to each other; she not doubting his piety to be more than all his opposers, which were many; nor doubting his prudence to be equal to the chiefest of her council, who were then as remarkable for active wisdom, as those dangerous times did require, or this nation did ever enjoy. And in this condition he continued twenty years; in which time he saw some flowings, but many more ebbings of her favour towards all men that had opposed him, especially the Earl of Leicester: so that God seemed still to keep him in her favour, that he might preserve the remaining church-lands and immunities from sacrilegious alienations. And this good man deserved all the honour and power with which she gratified and trusted him; for he was a pious man, and naturally of noble and grateful principles: he eased her of all her church-cares by his wise manage of them; he gave her faithful and prudent counsels in all the extremities and dangers of her temporal affairs, which were very many; he lived to be the chief comfort of her life in her declining age, and to be then most frequently with her, and her assistant at her private devotions; he lived to be the greatest comfort of her soul upon her death-bed, to be present at the expiration of her last breath, and to behold the closing of those eyes that had long looked upon him with reverence and affection. And let this also be added, that he was the chief mourner at her sad funeral; nor let this be forgotten, that, within a few hours after her death he was the happy proclaimer, that King James—her peaceful successor—was heir to the crown.

Let me beg of my reader to allow me to say a little, and but a little, more, of this good bishop, and I shall then presently lead him back to Mr. Hooker; and because I would hasten, I will mention but one part of the bishop's charity and humility; but this of both. He built a large almshouse near to his own palace at Croydon in Surrey, and endowed it with maintenance for a master and twenty-eight poor men and women; which he visited so often, that he knew their names and dispositions; and was so truly humble, that he called them brothers and sisters; and whensoever the queen descended to that lowliness to dine with him at his palace in Lambeth,—which was very often,—he would usually the next day shew the like lowliness to his poor brothers and sisters at Croydon, and dine with them at his hospital; at which time, you may believe, there was joy at the table. And at this place he built also a fair free-school, with a good accommodation and maintenance for the master and scholars. Which gave just occasion for Boyse Sisi, then ambassador for the French king, and resident here, at the bishop's death, to say, "The bishop had published many learned books; but a free-school to train up youth, and an hospital to lodge and maintain aged and poor people, were the best evidences of Christian learning that a bishop could leave to posterity." This good bishop lived to see King James settled in peace, and then fell into an extreme sickness at his palace in Lambeth; of which when the king had notice, he went presently to visit him, and found him in his bed in a declining condition and very weak; and after some short discourse betwixt them, the king at his departure assured him, "He had a great affection for him, and a very high value for his prudence and virtues, and would endeavour to beg his life of God for the good of his church." To which the good bishop replied, "Pro Ecclesia Dei! Pro Ecclesia Dei!" which were the last words he ever spake; therein testifying, that as in his life, so at his death, his chiefest care was of God's church.

This John Whitgift was made archbishop in the year 1583. In which busy place he continued twenty years and some months; and in which time you may believe he had many trials of his courage and patience: but his motto was "Vincit qui patitur;" and he made it good.

Many of his trials were occasioned by the then powerful Earl of Leicester, who did still—but secretly—raise and cherish a faction of Non-conformists to oppose him; especially one Thomas Cartwright,* a man of noted learning, sometime contemporary with the bishop in Cambridge, and of the same college, of which the bishop had been master: in which place there began some emulations,—the particulars I forbear,—and at last open and high oppositions betwixt them; and in which you may believe Mr. Cartwright was most faulty, if his expulsion out of the university can incline you to it.

And in this discontent after the earl's death,—which was 1588,—Mr. Cartwright appeared a chief cherisher of a party that were for the Geneva church-government; and, to effect it, he ran himself into many dangers both of liberty and life; appearing at the last to justify himself and his party in many remonstrances, which he caused to be printed: and to which the bishop made a first answer, and Cartwright replied upon him; and then the bishop having rejoined to his first reply, Mr. Cartwright either was, or was persuaded to be, satisfied; for he wrote no more, but left the reader to be judge which had maintained their cause with most charity and reason. After some silence, Mr. Cartwright received from the bishop many personal favours and betook himself to a more private living, which was at Warwick, where he was made master of an hospital, and lived quietly, and grew rich; and where the bishop gave him a licence to preach, upon promises not to meddle with controversies, but incline his hearers to piety and moderation: and this promise he kept during his life, which ended 1602, the bishop surviving him but some few months; each ending his days in perfect charity with the other.

And now after this long digression, made for the information of my reader concerning what follows, I bring him back to venerable Mr. Hooker, where we left him in the Temple, and where we shall find him as deeply engaged in a controversy with Walter Travers,†—a friend and favourite of Mr. Cartwright's—as the bishop had ever been with Mr. Cartwright himself, and of which I shall proceed to give this following account.

And first this; that though the pens of Mr. Cartwright and the bishop were now at rest, yet there was sprung up a new generation of restless men, that by company and clamours became possessed of a faith, which they ought to have kept to themselves, but could not: men that were become positive in asserting, That a papist cannot be saved: insomuch, that about this time, at the execution of the Queen of Scots, the bishop that preached her funeral sermon—which was Dr. Howland, then Bishop of Peterborough—was reviled for not being positive for her damnation. And besides this boldness of their becoming Gods, so far as to set limits to His mercies, there was not only one Martin Mar-prelate, but other venomous books daily printed and dispersed; books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer. And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nash appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen, which he employed to discover the absurdities of those blind, malicious, senseless pamphlets, and sermons as senseless as they; Nash's answers being like his books, which bore these, or like titles; An Almond for a Parrot; A Fig for my Godson; Come crack me this Nut, and the like; so that this merry wit made some sport, and such a discovery of their absurdities, as —which is strange—he put a greater stop to these malicious pamphlets, than a much wiser man had been able.

And now the reader is to take notice, that at the death of Father Alvey, who was master of the Temple, this Walter Travers was lecturer there for the evening sermons, which he preached with great approbation, especially of some citizens, and the younger gentlemen of that society; and for the most part approved by Mr. Hooker himself, in the midst of their oppositions. For he continued lecturer a part of his time; Mr. Travers being indeed a man of competent learning, of a winning behaviour, and of a blameless life. But he had taken orders by the presbytery in Antwerp, —and with them some opinions, that could never be eradicated,—and if in any thing he was transported, it was in an extreme desire to set up that government in this nation; for the promoting of which he had a correspondence with Theodore Beza at Geneva, and others in Scotland; and was one of the chiefest assistants to Mr. Cartwright in that design.

---

* A puritan divine, born in Hertfordshire, about 1535, and educated at St. John's College, Cambridge. On his expulsion from the university he went abroad, and became minister to the English at Antwerp and Middleburgh. Besides his controversial tracts, he wrote a Commentary on the Proverbs, and a Harmony of the Gospels.

† Walter Travers had been a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was the intimate friend of Cartwright at the university, and joined him as preacher at Antwerp. Returning to England he was entertained by Lord Burghleigh as chaplain, and by his interest appointed lecturer at the Temple.

Mr. Travers had also a particular hope to set up this government in the Temple, and to that end used his most zealous endeavours to be master of it; and his being disappointed by Mr. Hooker's admittance, proved the occasion of a public opposition betwixt them in their sermons: many of which were concerning the doctrine and ceremonies of this church: insomuch that, as St. Paul withstood St. Peter to his face, so did they withstand each other in their sermons: for, as one hath pleasantly expressed it, The forenoon sermon spake Canterbury; and the afternoon Geneva.

In these sermons there was little of bitterness, but each party brought all the reasons he was able to prove his adversary's opinion erroneous. And thus it continued a long time, till the oppositions became so visible, and the consequences so dangerous, especially in that place, that the prudent archbishop put a stop to Mr. Travers his preaching, by a positive prohibition. Against which Mr. Travers appealed, and petitioned Her Majesty's privy council to have it recalled; where, besides his patron, the Earl of Leicester, he met also with many assisting friends; but they were not able to prevail with, or against the archbishop, whom the queen had intrusted with all church-power; and he had received so fair a testimony of Mr. Hooker's principles, and of his learning and moderation, that he withstood all solicitations. But the denying this petition of Mr. Travers, was unpleasant to divers of his party; and the reasonableness of it became at last to be so publicly magnified by them, and many others of that party, as never to be answered: so that, intending the bishop's and Mr. Hooker's disgrace, they procured it to be privately printed and scattered abroad; and then Mr. Hooker was forced to appear, and make as public an answer; which he did, and dedicated it to the archbishop; and it proved so full an answer, an answer that had in it so much of clear reason, and writ with so much meekness and majesty of style, that the bishop began to have him in admiration, and to rejoice that he had appeared in his cause, and disdained not earnestly to beg his friendship; even a familiar friendship with a man of so much quiet learning and humility.

To enumerate the many particular points, in which Mr. Hooker and Mr. Travers dissented,—all, or most of which I have seen written,—would prove at least tedious: and therefore I shall impose upon my reader no more than two, which shall immediately follow, and by which he may judge of the rest.

Mr. Travers excepted against Mr. Hooker, for that in one of his sermons he declared, That the assurance of what we believe by the word of God is not to us so certain as that which we perceive by sense. And Mr. Hooker confesseth he said so, and endeavours to justify it by the reasons following.

First; I taught that the things which God promises in his word are surer than what we touch, handle, or see: but are we so sure and certain of them? If we be, why doth God so often prove his promises to us as he doth, by arguments drawn from our sensible experience? For we must be surer of the proof than of the things proved; otherwise it is no proof. For example; how is it that many men looking on the moon, at the same time, every one knoweth it to be the moon as certainly as the other doth; but many believing one and the same promise, have not all one and the same fulness of persuasion. For how falleth it out, that men being assured of any thing by sense, can be no surer of it than they are; when as the strongest in faith that liveth upon the earth hath always need to labour, strive, and pray, that his assurance concerning heavenly and spiritual things may grow, increase, and be augmented?

The sermon that gave him the cause of this his justification, makes the case more plain, by declaring that there is, besides this certainty of evidence, a certainty of adherence. In which having most excellently demonstrated what the certainty of adherence is, he makes this comfortable use of it, comfortable, he says, as to weak believers, who suppose themselves to be faithless, not to believe, when notwithstanding they have their adherence; the Holy Spirit hath his private operations, and worketh secretly in them, and effectually too, though they want the inward testimony of it.

Tell this, saith he, to a man that hath a mind too much dejected by a sad sense of his sin; to one that, by a too severe judging of himself, concludes that he wants faith, because he wants the comfortable assurance of it; and his answer will be, Do not persuade me against my knowledge, against what I find and feel in myself: I do not, I know, I do not believe.—Mr. Hooker's own words follow.—Well then, to favour such men a little in their weakness, let that be granted which they do imagine; be it, that they adhere not to God's promises, but are faithless, and without belief: but are they not grieved for their unbelief? They confess they are; do they not wish it might, and also strive that it may be otherwise? We know they do. Whence cometh this, but from a secret love and liking, that they have of those things believed? For no man can love those things which in his own opinion are not; and if they think those things to be, which they shew they love, when they desire to believe them; then must it be, that, by desiring to believe, they prove themselves true believers: for without faith no man thinketh that things believed are: which argument all the subtilties of infernal powers will never be able to dissolve. This is an abridgment of part of the reasons Mr. Hooker gives for his justification of this his opinion, for which he was excepted against by Mr. Travers.

Mr. Hooker was also accused by Mr. Travers, for that he in one of his sermons had declared, That he doubted not but that God was merciful to many of our forefathers living in popish superstition, for as much as they sinned ignorantly: and Mr. Hooker in his answer professeth it to be his judgment, and declares his reasons for this charitable opinion to be as followeth.

But first, he states the question about justification and works, and how the foundation of faith without works is overthrown; and then he proceeds to discover that way which natural men and some others have mistaken to be the way, by which they hope to attain true and everlasting happiness: and having discovered the mistaken, he proceeds to direct to that true way, by which, and no other, everlasting life and blessedness is attainable. And these two ways he demonstrates thus:—they be his own words that follow:—"That, the way of nature; this, the way of grace; the end of that way, salvation merited, pre-supposing the righteousness of men's works; their righteousness, a natural ability to do them; that ability, the goodness of God, which created them in such perfection. But the end of this way, salvation bestowed upon men as a gift: pre-supposing not their righteousness, but the forgiveness of their unrighteousness, justification; their justification, not their natural ability to do good, but their hearty sorrow for not doing, and unfeigned belief in Him, for whose sake not-doers are accepted, which is their vocation; their vocation, the election of God, taking them out of the number of lost children; their election, a mediator in whom to be elected; this mediation, inexplicable mercy; this mercy, supposing their misery for whom He vouchsafed to die, and make himself a mediator."

And he also declareth, There is no meritorious cause for our justification, but Christ: no effectual, but his mercy; and says also, We deny the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we abuse, disannul, and annihilate the benefit of his passion, if by a proud imagination we believe we can merit everlasting life, or can be worthy of it. This belief, he declareth, is to destroy the very essence of our justification; and he makes all opinions that border upon this to be very dangerous. Yet nevertheless, —and for this he was accused,—"considering how many virtuous and just men, how many saints and martyrs have had their dangerous opinions, amongst which this was one, that they hoped to make God some part of amends, by voluntary punishments which they laid upon themselves: because by this, or the like erroneous opinions, which do by consequence overthrow the merits of Christ, shall man be so bold as to write on their graves, Such men are damned; there is for them no salvation? St. Austin says, *Errare possum, Hæreticus esse nolo.* And except we put a difference betwixt them that err ignorantly, and them that obstinately persist in it, how is it possible that any man should hope to be saved? Give me a pope or a cardinal, whom great afflictions have made to know himself, whose heart God hath touched with true sorrow for all his sins, and filled with a love of Christ and his gospel; whose eyes are willingly open to see the truth, and his mouth ready to renounce all error,—this one opinion of merit excepted, which he thinketh God will require at his hands;—and because he wanteth, trembleth, and is discouraged, and yet can say, Lord, cleanse me from all my secret sins! shall I think, because of this, or a like error, such men touch not so much as the hem of Christ's garment? If they do, wherefore should I doubt, but that virtue may proceed from Christ to save them? No, I will not be afraid to say to such a one, You err in your opinion; but be of good comfort; you have to do with a merciful God, who will make the best of that little which you hold well; and not with a captious sophister, who gathereth the worst out of every thing in which you are mistaken."

But it will be said, says Mr. Hooker, the admittance of merit in any degree overthroweth the foundation, excludeth from the hope of mercy, from all possibility of salvation. (And now Mr. Hooker's own words follow.)

"What, though they hold the truth sincerely in all other parts of Christian faith; although they have in some measure all the virtues and graces of the Spirit, although they have all other tokens of God's children in them? although they be far from having any proud opinion, that they shall be saved by the worthiness of their deeds? although the only thing that troubleth and molesteth them be a little too much dejection, somewhat too great a fear arising from an erroneous conceit that God will require a worthiness in them, which they are grieved to find wanting in themselves? although they be not obstinate in this opinion? although they be willing, and would be glad to forsake it, if any one reason were brought sufficient to disprove it? although the only cause why they do not forsake it ere they die, be their ignorance of that means by which it might be disproved? although the cause why the ignorance in this point is not removed, be the want of knowledge in such as should be able, and are not, to remove it?" Let me die, says Mr. Hooker, if it be ever proved that simply an error doth exclude a pope or cardinal in such a case utterly from hope of life. "Surely, I must confess, that if it be an error to think that God may be merciful to save men, even when they err, my greatest comfort is my error: were it not for the love I bear to this error, I would never wish to speak or to live."

I was willing to take notice of these two points, as supposing them to be very material; and that, as they are thus contracted, they may prove useful to my reader; as also for that the answers be arguments of Mr. Hooker's great and clear reason, and equal charity. Other exceptions were also made against him by Mr. Travers, as that he prayed before, and not after, his sermons; that in his prayers he named bishops; that he kneeled both when he prayed and when he received the sacrament; and, says Mr. Hooker, in his defence, other exceptions so like these, as but to name, I should have thought a greater fault than to commit them.

And it is not unworthy the noting, that, in the manage of so great a controversy, a sharper reproof than this, and one like it, did never fall from the happy pen of this humble man. That like it was upon a like occasion of exceptions, to which his answer was, "Your next argument consists of railing and of reasons: to your railing I say nothing; to your reasons I say what follows." And I am glad of this fair occasion to testify the dove-like temper of this meek, this matchless man. And doubtless, if Almighty God had blest the dissenters from the ceremonies and discipline of this church, with a like measure of wisdom and humility, instead of their pertinacious zeal, then obedience and truth had kissed each other, then peace and piety had flourished in our nation, and this church and state had been blessed like Jerusalem, that is at unity with itself; but this can never be expected, till God shall bless the common people of this nation with a belief that schism is a sin, and they not fit to judge what is schism; and bless them also with a belief, that there may be offences taken which are not given, and that laws are not made for private men to dispute, but to obey.

And this also may be worthy of noting, that these exceptions of Mr. Travers against Mr. Hooker proved to be *felix error*, for they were the cause of his transcribing those few of his sermons which we now see printed with his books, and of his answer to Mr. Travers his Supplication, and of his most learned and useful Discourse of Justification, of Faith, and Works; and by their transcription they fell into such hands as have preserved them from being lost, as too many of his other matchless writings were; and from these I have gathered many observations in this discourse of his life.

After the publication of his answer to the petition of Mr. Travers, Mr. Hooker grew daily into greater repute with the most learned and wise of the nation; but it had a contrary effect in very many of the Temple, that were zealous for Mr. Travers, and for his church discipline; insomuch, that though Mr. Travers left the place, yet the seeds of discontent could not be rooted out of that society, by the great reason, and as great meekness, of this humble man; for though the chief benchers gave him much reverence and encouragement, yet he there met with many neglects and oppositions by those of Master Travers' judgment, insomuch that it turned to his extreme grief; and, that he might unbeguile and win them, he designed to write a deliberate, sober treatise of the church's power to make canons for the use of ceremonies, and by law to impose an obedience to them, as upon her children; and this he proposed to do in Eight Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, intending therein to show such arguments as should force an assent from all men, if reason, delivered in sweet language and void of any provocation, were able to do it; and, that he might prevent all prejudice, he wrote before it a large preface or epistle to the dissenting brethren, wherein there were such bowels of love, and such a commixture of that love with reason, as was never exceeded but in holy writ; and particularly by that of St. Paul to his dear brother and fellow-labourer Philemon, than which none ever was more like this epistle of Mr. Hooker's. So that his dear friend and companion in his studies, Dr. Spencer, might, after his death, justly say, "What admirable height of learning, and depth of judgment dwelt in the lowly mind of this truly humble man—great in all wise men's eyes, except his own; with what gravity and majesty of speech his tongue and pen uttered heavenly mysteries; whose eyes, in the humility of his heart, were always cast down to the ground; how all things that proceeded from him were breathed as from the spirit of love; as if he, like the bird of the Holy Ghost, the dove, had wanted gall: let those that knew him not in his person, judge by these living images of his soul, his writings."

The foundation of these books was laid in the Temple, but he found it no fit place to finish what he had there designed; he therefore earnestly solicited the archbishop for a remove from that place, to whom he spake to this purpose: "My lord, when I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage; but I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place, and indeed God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. My lord, my particular contests with Mr. Travers here have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man, and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions; and, to satisfy that, I have consulted the Scripture and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him, and others of his judgment, ought to be so far complied with as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as his and other tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination, I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a Treatise, in which I intend a justification of the laws of our ecclesiastical polity; in which design God and his holy angels shall at the last great day bear me that witness which my conscience now does, that my meaning is not to provoke any, but rather to satisfy all tender consciences; and I shall never be able to do this, but where I may study, and pray for God's blessing upon my endeavours, and keep myself in peace and privacy, and behold God's blessing spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread without oppositions; and therefore, if your grace can judge me worthy of such a favour, let me beg it, that I may perfect what I have begun."

About this time the parsonage or rectory of Boscum, in the diocese of Sarum, and six miles from that city, became void. The Bishop of Sarum is patron of it; but in the vacancy of that see, which was three years betwixt the translation of Bishop Pierce to the see of York and Bishop Caldwell's admission into it, the disposal of that and all benefices belonging to that see, during this said vacancy, came to be disposed of by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and he presented Richard Hooker to it in the year 1591. And Richard Hooker was also in the said year instituted, July 17, to be a minor prebend of Salisbury, the corps to it being Nether-Haven, about ten miles from that city; which prebend was of no great value, but intended chiefly to make him capable of a better preferment in that church. In this Boscum he continued till he had finished four of his eight proposed books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity, and these were entered into the register-book in Stationers' Hall, the 9th of March, 1592, but not published till the year 1594, and then were with the before-mentioned large and affectionate preface, which he directs to them that seek, as they term it, the reformation of the laws and orders ecclesiastical in the church of England; of which books I shall yet say nothing more, but that he continued his laborious diligence to finish the remaining four during his life; of all which more properly hereafter, but at Boscum he finished and published but only the first four, being then in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

He left Boscum in the year 1595, by a surrender of it into the hands of Bishop Caldwell; and he presented Benjamin Russel, who was instituted into it the 23rd of June in the same year.

The parsonage of Bishop's Bourne, in Kent, three miles from Canterbury, is in that archbishop's gift; but, in the latter end of the year 1594, Dr. William Redman, the rector of it, was made Bishop of Norwich, by which means the power of presenting to it was *pro eâ vice* in the queen; and she presented Richard Hooker, whom she loved well, to this good living of Bourne, the 7th of July, 1595, in which living he continued till his death, without any addition of dignity or profit.

And now having brought our Richard Hooker from his birth-place to this where he found a grave, I shall only give some account of his books, and of his behaviour in this parsonage of Bourne, and then give a rest both to myself and my reader.

His first four books and large epistle have been declared to be printed at his being at Boscum, anno 1594. Next I am to tell, that at the end of these four books there was, when he first printed them, this advertisement to the reader. "I have for some causes thought it at this time more fit to let go these first four books by themselves, than to stay both them and the rest, till the whole might together be published. Such generalities of the cause in question as are here handled, it will be perhaps not amiss to consider apart, by way of introduction unto the books that are to follow concerning particulars; in the meantime the reader is requested to mend the printer's errors, as noted underneath."

And I am next to declare, that his fifth book, which is larger than his first four, was first also printed by itself, anno 1597, and dedicated to his patron, for till then he chose none, the archbishop. These books were read with an admiration of their excellency in this, and their just fame spread itself also into foreign nations. And I have been told, more than forty years past, that either Cardinal Allen or learned Dr. Stapleton*, both Englishmen, and in Italy about the time when Hooker's four books were first printed, meeting with this general fame of them, were desirous to read an author that both the reformed and the learned of their own Romish church did so much magnify; and therefore caused them to be sent for to Rome; and after reading them, boasted to the pope, which then was Clement the Eighth, that though he had lately said, he never met with an English book whose writer deserved the name of author, yet there now appeared a wonder to them, and it would be so to his holiness, if it were in Latin; for a poor obscure English priest had writ four such books of laws and church polity, and in a style that expressed such a grave and so humble a majesty, with such clear demonstration of reason, that in all their readings they had not met with any that exceeded him: and this begot in the pope an earnest desire that Dr. Stapleton should bring the said four books, and, looking on the English, read a part of them to him in Latin; which Dr. Stapleton did, to the end of the first book, at the conclusion of which, the pope spake to this purpose:—"There is no learning that this man hath not searched into, nothing too hard for his understanding: this man indeed deserves the name of an author: his books will get reverence by age; for there is in them such seeds of eternity, that, if the rest be like this, they shall last till the last fire shall consume all learning."

Nor was this high, the only testimony and commendations given to his books; for at the first coming of King James into this kingdom, he inquired of the Archbishop Whitgift for his friend Mr. Hooker, that writ the books of Church-polity; to which the answer was, that he died a year before Queen Elizabeth, who received the sad news of his death with very much sorrow; to which the king replied, "And I receive it with no less, that I shall want the desired happiness of seeing and discoursing with that man, from whose books I have received such satisfaction: indeed, my lord, I have received more satisfaction in reading a leaf or paragraph, in Mr. Hooker, though it were but about the fashion of churches, or church-music, or the like, but especially of the sacraments, than I have had in the reading particular large treatises written but of one of those subjects by others, though very learned men: and I observe there is in Mr. Hooker no affected language; but a grave, comprehensive, clear manifestation of reason, and that backed with the authority of the Scripture, the fathers, and schoolmen, and with all law both sacred and civil. And, though many others write well, yet in the next age they will be forgotten; but doubtless there is in every page of Mr. Hooker's book the picture of a divine soul, such pictures of truth and reason, and drawn in so sacred colours, that they shall never fade, but give an immortal memory to the author." And it is so truly true, that the king thought what he spake, that, as the most learned of the nation have, and still do mention Mr. Hooker with reverence, so he also did never mention him but with the epithet of learned, or judicious, or reverend, or venerable Mr. Hooker.

Nor did his son, our late King Charles the First, ever mention him but with the same reverence, enjoining his son, our now gracious king, to be studious in Mr. Hooker's books. And our learned antiquary Mr. Camden†, mentioning the death, the modesty, and other virtues of Mr. Hooker, and magnifying his books, wished, that, for the honour of this, and benefit of other nations, they were turned into the universal language. Which work, though undertaken by many, yet they have been weary, and forsaken it: but the reader may now expect it, having been long since begun and lately finished, by the happy pen of Dr. Earle, now lord bishop of Salisbury, of whom I may justly say,—and let it not offend him, because it is such a truth as ought not to be concealed from posterity, or those that now live, and yet know him not,—that since Mr. Hooker died, none have lived whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper: so that this excellent person seems to be only like himself, and our venerable Richard Hooker; and only fit to make the learned of all nations happy, in knowing what hath been too long confined to the language of our little island.

---

* Thomas Stapleton was born at Henfield in Sussex, in 1535, and received his education at Winchester, and New College, Oxford; but being attached to the Romish religion he left England, and became professor of divinity at Douay. He died at Louvain in 1598.

† In his Annals, 1599.

There might be many more and just occasions taken to speak of his books, which none ever did or can commend too much ; but I decline them, and hasten to an account of his Christian behaviour and death at Bourne : in which place he continued his customary rules of mortification and self-denial ; was much in fasting, frequent in meditation and prayers, enjoying those blessed returns, which only men of strict lives feel and know, and of which men of loose and godless lives cannot be made sensible ; for spiritual things are spiritually discerned.

At his entrance into this place, his friendship was much sought for by Dr. Hadrian Saravia*, then, or about that time, made one of the prebends of Canterbury ; a German by birth, and sometimes a pastor both in Flanders and Holland, where he had studied, and well considered the controverted points concerning Episcopacy and sacrilege ; and in England had a just occasion to declare his judgment concerning both, unto his brethren ministers of the Low Countries ; which was excepted against by Theodore Beza and others ; against whose exceptions he rejoined, and thereby became the happy author of many learned tracts writ in Latin, especially of three ; one, of "The Degrees of Ministers," and of "The Bishops' Superiority above the Presbytery ;" a second, "Against Sacrilege ;" and a third of "Christian Obedience to Princes ;" the last being occasioned by Gretzerus the Jesuit. And it is observable, that when, in a time of church-tumults, Beza gave his reasons to the chancellor of Scotland for the abrogation of Episcopacy in that nation, partly by letters, and more fully in a treatise of a threefold Episcopacy,—which he calls divine, human, and satanical,—this Dr. Saravia had, by the help of Bishop Whitgift, made such an early discovery of their intentions, that he had almost as soon answered that treatise as it became public ; and he therein discovered how Beza's opinion did contradict that of Calvin's and his adherents ; leaving them to interfere with themselves in point of Episcopacy. But of these tracts it will not concern me to say more, than that they were most of them dedicated to his, and the church of England's watchful patron, John Whitgift, the archbishop ; and printed about the time in which Mr. Hooker also appeared first to the world, in the publication of his first four books of "Ecclesiastical Polity."

This friendship being sought for by this learned doctor, you may believe was not denied by Mr. Hooker, who was by fortune so like him, as to be engaged against Mr. Travers, Mr. Cartwright, and others of their judgment, in a controversy too like Dr. Saravia's ; so that in this year of 1595 and in this place of Bourne, these two excellent persons began a holy friendship, increasing daily to so high and mutual affections, that their two wills seemed to be but one and the same ; and their designs both for the glory of God, and peace of the church, still assisting and improving each other's virtues, and the desired comforts of a peaceable piety ; which I have willingly mentioned, because it gives a foundation to some things that follow.

This parsonage of Bourne is from Canterbury three miles, and near to the common road that leads from that city to Dover ; in which parsonage Mr. Hooker had not been twelve months, but his books, and the innocency and sanctity of his life became so remarkable, that many turned out of the road, and others—scholars especially—went purposely to see the man, whose life and learning were so much admired : and alas ! as our Saviour said of St. John Baptist, "What went they out to see? a man clothed in purple and fine linen?" No, indeed ; but an obscure, harmless man ; a man in poor clothes, his loins usually girt in a coarse gown, or canonical coat ; of a mean stature, and stooping, and yet more lowly in the thoughts of his soul : his body worn out, not with age, but study and holy mortifications ; his face full of heat pimples, begot by his unactivity and sedentary life. And to this true character of his person, let me add this of his disposition and behaviour : God and nature blessed him with so blessed a bashfulness, that as in his younger days his pupils might easily look him out of countenance ; so neither then, nor in his age, did he ever willingly look any man in the face : and was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time : and to this may be added, that though he was not purblind, yet he was short or weak-sighted ; and where he fixed his eyes at the beginning of his sermon, there they continued till it was ended : and the reader has a liberty to believe, that his modesty and dim sight were some of the reasons why he trusted Mrs. Churchman to choose his wife.

This parish-clerk lived till the third or fourth year of the late Long Parliament ; betwixt which time and Mr. Hooker's death there had come many to see the place of his burial, and the monument dedicated to his memory by Sir William Cowper, who still lives ; and the poor clerk had many rewards for showing Mr. Hooker's grave-place, and his said monument, and did always hear Mr. Hooker mentioned with commendations and reverence : to all which he added his own knowledge and observations of his humility and holiness ; and in all which discourses the poor man was still more confirmed in his opinion of Mr. Hooker's virtues and learning. But it so fell out, that about the said third or fourth year of the Long Parliament, the then present parson of Bourne was sequestered,—you may guess why,—and a Genevan minister put into his good living. This, and other like sequestrations, made the clerk express himself in a wonder, and say, they had sequestered so many good men, that he doubted, if his good master Mr. Hooker had lived till now, they would have sequestered him too !

It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish, that were desirous to receive the sacrament as in Geneva ; to which end, the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar, or communion-table, for them to sit and eat and drink : but when they went about this work, there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions,—but not to kneel upon. When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the minister bade him cease wondering, and lock the church-door: to whom he replied, "Pray take you the keys, and lock me out: I will never come more into this church; for all men will say, my master Hooker was a good man, and a good scholar; and I am sure it was not used to be thus in his days:" and report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after.

---

* Dr. Hadrian Saravia was a Protestant divine and professor of divinity at Leyden. He was born at Artois in 1531, and came to England in 1587. He was for some time master of the Free Grammar School at Southampton, and was one of the translators of King James's Bible. He was the intimate friend of Archbishop Whitgift. He died in 1613.

But let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave, and return to Mr. Hooker himself, continuing our observations of his Christian behaviour in this place, where he gave a holy valediction to all the pleasures and allurements of earth; possessing his soul in a virtuous quietness, which he maintained by constant study, prayers, and meditations. His use was to preach once every Sunday, and he, or his curate, to catechise after the Second Lesson in the Evening Prayer. His sermons were neither long nor earnest, but uttered with a grave zeal, and an humble voice: his eyes always fixed on one place, to prevent imagination from wandering; insomuch, that he seemed to study as he spake. The design of his sermons—as indeed of all his discourses—was to show reasons for what he spake; and with these reasons such a kind of rhetoric, as did rather convince and persuade than frighten men into piety; studying not so much for matter,—which he never wanted,—as for apt illustrations, to inform and teach his unlearned hearers by familiar examples, and then make them better by convincing applications; never labouring by hard words, and then by needless distinctions and subdistinctions, to amuse his hearers, and get glory to himself; but glory only to God. Which intention, he would often say, was as discernible in a preacher as a natural from an artificial beauty.

He never failed the Sunday before every Ember-week to give notice of it to his parishioners, persuading them both to fast, and then to double their devotions for a learned and a pious clergy, but especially the last; saying often, that the life of a pious clergyman was visible rhetoric; and so convincing, that the most godless men—though they would not deny themselves the enjoyment of their present lusts—did yet secretly wish themselves like those of the strictest lives. And to what he persuaded others, he added his own example of fasting and prayer; and did usually every Ember-week take from the parish-clerk the key of the church-door, into which place he retired every day, and locked himself up for many hours; and did the like most Fridays and other days of fasting.

He would by no means omit the customary time of procession, persuading all, both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love, and their parish-rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so: in which perambulation he would usually express more pleasant discourse than at other times, and would then always drop some loving and facetious observations to be remembered against the next year, especially by the boys and young people; still inclining them, and all his present parishioners, to meekness, and mutual kindnesses and love; because love thinks not evil, but covers a multitude of infirmities.

He was diligent to inquire who of his parish were sick, or any ways distressed, and would often visit them, unsent for; supposing that the fittest time to discover to them those errors, to which health and prosperity had blinded them. And having by pious reasons and prayers moulded them into holy resolutions for the time to come, he would incline them to confession and bewailing their sins, with purpose to forsake them, and then to receive the communion, both as a strengthening of those holy resolutions, and as a seal betwixt God and them of his mercies to their souls, in case that present sickness did put a period to their lives.

And as he was thus watchful and charitable to the sick, so he was as diligent to prevent law-suits; still urging his parishioners and neighbours to bear with each other's infirmities, and live in love, because as St. John says, "He that lives in love, lives in God; for God is love." And to maintain this holy fire of love constantly burning on the altar of a pure heart, his advice was to watch and pray, and always keep themselves fit to receive the communion, and then to receive it often; for it was both a confirming and strengthening of their graces. This was his advice; and at his entrance or departure out of any house, he would usually speak to the whole family, and bless them by name; insomuch, that as he seemed in his youth to be taught of God, so he seemed in this place to teach his precepts, as Enoch did, by walking with him in all holiness and humility, making each day a step towards a blessed eternity. And though, in this weak and declining age of the world, such examples are become barren, and almost incredible; yet let his memory be blest with this true recordation, because he that praises Richard Hooker, praises God who hath given such gifts to men; and let this humble and affectionate relation of him become such a pattern, as may invite posterity to imitate these his virtues.

This was his constant behaviour, both at Bourne and in all the places in which he lived: thus did he walk with God, and tread the footsteps of primitive piety; and yet, as that great example of meekness and purity, even our blessed Jesus, was not free from false accusations, no more was this disciple of his, this most humble, most innocent, holy man. His was a slander parallel to that of chaste Susannah's by the wicked elders; or that against St. Athanasius, as it is recorded in his life, —for that holy man had heretical enemies,—a slander which this age calls trepanning. The particulars need not a repetition; and that it was false, needs no other testimony than the public punishment of his accusers, and their open confession of his innocency. It was said, that the accusation was contrived by a dissenting brother, one that endured not church-ceremonies, hating him for his book's sake, which he was not able to answer; and his name hath been told me: but I have not so much confidence in the relation, as to make my pen fix a scandal on him to posterity; I shall rather leave it doubtful till the great day of revelation. But this is certain, that he lay under the great charge, and the anxiety of this accusation, and kept it secret to himself for many months ; and, being a helpless man, had lain longer under this heavy burthen, but that the Protector of the innocent gave such an accidental occasion, as forced him to make it known to his two dearest friends, Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, who were so sensible of their tutor's sufferings, that they gave themselves no rest, till by their disquisitions and diligence they had found out the fraud, and brought him the welcome news, that his accusers did confess they had wronged him, and begged his pardon. To which the good man's reply was to this purpose: "The Lord forgive them ; and the Lord bless you for this comfortable news. Now have I a just occasion to say with Solomon, friends are born for the days of adversity ; and such you have proved to me. And to my God I say, as did the mother of St. John Baptist, Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the day wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach among men. And, O my God ! neither my life, nor my reputation, are safe in mine own keeping ; but in thine, who didst take care of me when I yet hanged upon my mother's breast. Blessed are they that put their trust in thee, O Lord ! for when false witnesses were risen up against me ; when shame was ready to cover my face ; when my nights were restless ; when my soul thirsted for a deliverance, as the hart panteth after the rivers of waters ; then thou, Lord, didst hear my complaints, pity my condition, and art now become my deliverer ; and as long as I live I will hold up my hands in this manner, and magnify thy mercies, who didst not give me over as a prey to mine enemies : the net is broken, and they are taken in it. Oh ! blessed are they that put their trust in thee ! and no prosperity shall make me forget those days of sorrow, or to perform those vows that I have made to thee in the days of my affliction ; for with such sacrifices, thou, O God ! art well pleased ; and I will pay them."

Thus did the joy and gratitude of this good man's heart break forth : and it is observable, that as the invitation to this slander was his meek behaviour and dove-like simplicity, for which he was remarkable ; so his Christian charity ought to be imitated. For though the spirit of revenge is so pleasing to mankind, that it is never conquered but by a supernatural grace, revenge being indeed so deeply rooted in human nature, that, to prevent the excesses of it,—for men would not know moderation,—Almighty God allows not any degree of it to any man, but says "Vengeance is mine :" and though this be said positively by God himself, yet this revenge is so pleasing, that man is hardly persuaded to submit the manage of it to the time, and justice, and wisdom of his Creator, but would hasten to be his own executioner of it. And yet nevertheless, if any man ever did wholly decline, and leave this pleasing passion to the time and measure of God alone, it was this Richard Hooker, of whom I write : for when his slanderers were to suffer, he laboured to procure their pardon ; and when that was denied him, his reply was, "That however he would fast and pray that God would give them repentance, and patience to undergo their punishment. And his prayers were so far returned into his own bosom, that the first was granted, if we may believe a penitent behaviour, and an open confession. And 'tis observable, that after this time he would often say to Dr. Saravia, "Oh ! with what quietness did I enjoy my soul, after I was free from the fears of my slander ! And how much more after a conflict and victory over my desires of revenge !"

About the year 1600, and of his age forty-six, he fell into a long and sharp sickness, occasioned by a cold taken in his passage by water betwixt London and Gravesend, from the malignity of which he was never recovered ; for after that time, till his death, he was not free from thoughtful days and restless nights : but a submission to His will that makes the sick man's bed easy, by giving rest to his soul, made his very languishment comfortable : and yet all this time he was solicitous in his study, and said often to Dr. Saravia—who saw him daily, and was the chief comfort of his life,—"That he did not beg a long life of God for any other reason, but to live to finish his three remaining books of Polity ; and then, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace ;" which was his usual expression. And God heard his prayers, though he denied the church the benefit of them, as completed by himself ; and 'tis thought he hastened his own death, by hastening to give life to his books. But this is certain, that the nearer he was to his death, the more he grew in humility, in holy thoughts, and resolutions.

About a month before his death, this good man, that never knew, or at least never considered, the pleasures of the palate, became first to lose his appetite, and then to have an averseness to all food, insomuch that he seemed to live some intermitted weeks by the smell of meat only, and yet still studied and writ. And now his guardian angel seemed to foretel him that the day of his dissolution drew near ; for which his vigorous soul appeared to thirst.

In this time of his sickness, and not many days before his death, his house was robbed ; of which he having notice, his question was, Are my books and written papers safe ? And being answered that they were ; his reply was, Then it matters not ; for no other loss can trouble me.

About one day before his death, Dr. Saravia, who knew the very secrets of his soul, for they were supposed to be confessors to each other, came to him, and, after a conference of the benefit, the necessity, and safety of the church's absolution, it was resolved the doctor should give him both that and the sacrament the day following. To which end the doctor came, and, after a short retirement and privacy, they two returned to the company ; and then the doctor gave him, and some of those friends which were with him, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of our Jesus. Which being performed, the doctor thought he saw a reverend gaiety and joy in his face ; but it lasted not long ; for his bodily infirmities did return suddenly, and became more visible, insomuch that the doctor apprehended death ready to seize him ; yet, after some amendment, left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following ; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse ; which gave the doctor occasion to require his present thoughts. To which he replied, "That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in Heaven : and oh ! that it might be so on earth!" After which words, he said, "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations; and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near: and though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in mine age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord! be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And therefore, where I have failed, Lord, shew mercy to me; for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits, who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners. And since I owe thee a death, Lord, let it not be terrible, and then take thine own time; I submit to it: let not mine, O Lord! but let thy will be done." With which expression he fell into a dangerous slumber; dangerous as to his recovery, yet recover he did, but it was to speak only these few words: "Good doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy, which this world can neither give nor take from me: my conscience beareth me this witness, and this witness makes the thoughts of death joyful. I could wish to live to do the church more service; but cannot hope it, for my days are past as a shadow that returns not." More he would have spoken, but his spirits failed him; and, after a short conflict betwixt nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep. And now he seems to rest like Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Let me here draw his curtain, till with the most glorious company of the patriarchs and apostles, the most noble army of martyrs and confessors, this most learned, most humble, holy man shall also awake to receive an eternal tranquillity, and with it a greater degree of glory, than common Christians shall be made partakers of.

In the mean time, bless, O Lord! Lord, bless his brethren, the clergy of this nation, with effectual endeavours to attain, if not to his great learning, yet to his remarkable meekness, his godly simplicity, and his Christian moderation; for these will bring peace at the last. And, Lord, let his most excellent writings be blessed with what he designed, when he undertook them: which was, glory to thee, O God! on high, peace in thy church, and good-will to mankind. Amen, amen.

IZAAK WALTON.

◆

This following epitaph was long since presented to the world, in memory of Mr. Hooker, by Sir William Cowper, who also built him a fair monument in Bourne church, and acknowledges him to have been his spiritual father.

Though nothing can be spoke worthy his fame,
Or the remembrance of that precious name,
Judicious Hooker; though this cost be spent
On him, that hath a lasting monument
In his own books; yet ought we to express,
If not his worth, yet our respectfulness.
Church ceremonies he maintain'd; then why
Without all ceremony should he die?
Was it because his life and death should be
Both equal patterns of humility?
Or that perhaps this only glorious one
Was above all, to ask, why had he none?
Yet he, that lay so long obscurely low,
Doth now preferr'd to greater honours go.
Ambitious men, learn hence to be more wise,
Humility is the true way to rise:
And God in me this lesson did inspire,
To bid this humble man, "Friend, sit up higher."

APPENDIX.

AND now, having by a long and laborious search satisfied myself, and I hope my reader, by imparting to him the true relation of Mr. Hooker's life, I am desirous also to acquaint him with some observations that relate to it, and which could not properly fall to be spoken of till after his death; of which my reader may expect a brief and true account in the following appendix.

And first, it is not to be doubted but that he died in the forty-seventh, if not in the forty-sixth year of his age; which I mention, because many have believed him to be more aged: but I have so examined it, as to be confident I mistake not; and for the year of his death, Mr. Camden, who, in his Annals of Queen Elizabeth, 1599, mentions him with a high commendation of his life and learning, declares him to die in the year 1599; and yet in that inscription of his monument, set up at the charge of Sir William Cowper, in Bourne Church, where Mr. Hooker was buried, his death is there said to be in anno 1603; but doubtless both are mistaken; for I have it attested under the hand of William Somner, the archbishop's registrar for the province of Canterbury, that Richard Hooker's will bears date October 26th in anno 1600, and that it was proved the third of December following*.

And that at his death he left four daughters, Alice, Cicely, Jane, and Margaret; that he gave to each of them an hundred pounds; that he left Joan, his wife, his sole executrix; and that, by his inventory, his estate—a great part of it being in books—came to 1092*l.* 9*s.* 2*d.*, which was much more than he thought himself worth; and which was not got by his care, much less by the good housewifery of his wife, but saved by his trusty servant, Thomas Lane, that was wiser than his master in getting money for him, and more frugal than his mistress in keeping of it. Of which will of Mr. Hooker's I shall say no more, but that his dear friend Thomas, the father of

---

* And the reader may take notice, that since I first writ this appendix to the Life of Mr. Hooker, Mr. Fulman, of Corpus Christi College, hath showed me a good authority for the very day and hour of Mr. Hooker's death, in one of his books of Polity, which had been Archbishop Laud's. In which book, besides many considerable marginal notes of some passages of his time, under the bishop's own hand, there is also written in the title-page of that book—which now is Mr. Fulman's—this attestation:—

Richardus Hooker vir summis doctrinæ dotibus ornatus, de ecclesiâ præcipuè Anglicanâ optimè meritus, obiit Novemb. 2, circiter horam secundam postmeridianam, anno 1600.

George Cranmer,—of whom I have spoken, and shall have occasion to say more,—was one of the witnesses to it.

One of his eldest daughters was married to one Chalinor, sometime a schoolmaster in Chichester, and are both dead long since. Margaret, his youngest daughter, was married unto Ezekiel Charke, bachelor in divinity, and rector of St. Nicholas in Harbledown, near Canterbury, who died about sixteen years past, and had a son Ezekiel, now living, and in sacred orders; being at this time rector of Waldron in Sussex. She left also a daughter, with both whom I have spoken not many months past, and find her to be a widow in a condition that wants not, but very far from abounding. And these two attested unto me, that Richard Hooker, their grandfather, had a sister, by name Elizabeth Harvey, that lived to the age of 121 years, and died in the month of September, 1663.

For his other two daughters I can learn little certainty, but have heard they both died before they were marriageable. And for his wife, she was so unlike Jephtha's daughter, that she staid not a comely time to bewail her widowhood; nor lived long enough to repent her second marriage; for which, doubtless, she would have found cause, if there had been but four months betwixt Mr. Hooker's and her death. But she is dead, and let her other infirmities be buried with her.

Thus much briefly for his age, the year of his death, his estate, his wife, and his children. I am next to speak of his books; concerning which I shall have a necessity of being longer, or shall neither do right to myself, or my reader, which is chiefly intended in this appendix.

I have declared in his life, that he proposed eight books, and that his first four were printed anno 1594, and his fifth book first printed, and alone, anno 1597; and that he lived to finish the remaining three of the proposed eight: but whether we have the last three as finished by himself, is a just and material question, concerning which I do declare, that I have been told almost forty years past, by one that very well knew Mr. Hooker and the affairs of his family, that, about a month after the death of Mr. Hooker, Bishop Whitgift, then Archbishop of Canterbury, sent one of his chaplains to inquire of Mrs. Hooker for the three remaining books of Polity writ by her husband; of which she would not, or could not, give any account; and that about three months after that time the bishop procured her to be sent for to London, and then by his procurement she was to be examined by some of her Majesty's council concerning the disposal of those books; but, by way of preparation for the next day's examination, the bishop invited her to Lambeth, and after some friendly questions, she confessed to him, "that one Mr. Charke, and another minister that dwelt near Canterbury, came to her, and desired that they might go into her husband's study, and look upon some of his writings; and that there they two burnt and tore many of them, assuring her, that they were writings not fit to be seen; and that she knew nothing more concerning them." Her lodging was then in King-street in Westminster, where she was found next morning dead in her bed, and her new husband suspected and questioned for it; but he was declared innocent of her death.

And I declare also, that Dr. John Spencer,—mentioned in the life of Mr. Hooker,—who was of Mr. Hooker's college, and of his time there, and betwixt whom there was so friendly a friendship, that they continually advised together in all their studies, and particularly in what concerned these books of Polity—this Dr. Spencer, the three perfect books being lost, had delivered into his hands—I think by Bishop Whitgift—the imperfect books, or first rough draughts of them, to be made as perfect as they might be by him, who both knew Mr. Hooker's handwriting, and was best acquainted with his intentions. And a fair testimony of this may appear by an epistle, first, and usually printed before Mr. Hooker's five books, —but omitted, I know not why, in the last impression of the eight printed together in anno 1662, in which the publishers seem to impose the three doubtful books, to be the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker,—with these two letters, J. S., at the end of the said epistle, which was meant for this John Spencer; in which epistle the reader may find these words, which may give some authority to what I have here written of his last three books.

"And though Mr. Hooker hastened his own death by hastening to give life to his books, yet he held out with his eyes to behold these Benjamins, these sons of his right hand, though to him they proved Benonies, sons of pain and sorrow. But some evil-disposed minds, whether of malice or covetousness, or wicked blind zeal, it is uncertain, as soon as they were born, and their father dead, smothered them, and by conveying the perfect copies, left unto us nothing but the old, imperfect, mangled draughts, dismembered into pieces; no favour, no grace, not the shadow of themselves remaining in them. Had the father lived to behold them thus defaced, he might rightly have named them Benonies, the sons of sorrow; but being the learned will not suffer them to die and be buried, it is intended the world shall see them as they are; the learned will find in them some shadows and resemblances of their father's face. God grant, that as they were with their brethren dedicated to the church for messengers of peace, so, in the strength of that little breath of life that remaineth in them, they may prosper in their work, and, by satisfying the doubts of such as are willing to learn, they may help to give an end to the calamities of these our civil wars. J. S."

And next the reader may note, that this epistle of Dr. Spencer's was writ and first printed within four years after the death of Mr. Hooker, in which time all diligent search had been made for the perfect copies; and then granted not recoverable, and therefore endeavoured to be completed out of Mr. Hooker's rough draughts, as is expressed by the said Dr. Spencer in the said epistle, since whose death it is now fifty years.

And I do profess by the faith of a Christian, that Dr. Spencer's wife—who was my aunt, and sister to George Cranmer, of whom I have spoken,—told me forty years since, in these, or in words to this purpose:—"That her husband had made up, or finished Mr. Hooker's last three books; and that upon her husband's death-bed, or in his last sickness, he gave them into her hand, with a charge that they should not be seen by any man, but be by her delivered into the hands of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, which was Dr. Abbot, or unto Dr. King, then Bishop of London, and that she did as he enjoined her."

I do conceive, that from Dr. Spencer's, and no other copy, there have been divers transcripts; and I know that these were to be found in several places; as namely, in Sir Thomas Bodley's library; in that of Dr. Andrews, late Bishop of Winton; in the late Lord Conway's; in the Archbishop of Canterbury's; and in the Bishop of Armagh's, and in many others; and most of these pretended to be the author's own hand, but much disagreeing, being indeed altered and diminished, as men have thought fittest to make Mr. Hooker's judgment suit with their fancies, or give authority to their corrupt designs; and for proof of a part of this, take these following testimonies.

Dr. Barnard, sometime chaplain to Dr. Usher, late lord archbishop of Armagh, hath declared in a late book, called Clavi Trabales, printed by Richard Hodgkinson, anno 1661, that, in his search and examination of the said bishop's manuscripts, he found the three written books which were supposed the sixth, seventh, and eighth of Mr. Hooker's books of Ecclesiastical Polity: and that in the said three books—now printed as Mr. Hooker's—there are so many omissions, that they amount to many paragraphs, and which cause many incoherencies: the omissions are set down at large in the said printed book, to which I refer the reader for the whole; but think fit in this place to insert this following short part of some of the said omissions.

"First, as there could be in natural bodies no motion of anything, unless there were some first which moved all things, and continued unmoveable; even so in politic societies there must be some unpunishable, or else no man shall suffer punishment: for sith punishments proceed always from superiors, to whom the administration of justice belongeth; which administration must have necessarily a fountain, that deriveth it to all others, and receiveth not from any, because otherwise the course of justice should go infinitely in a circle, every superior having his superior without end, which cannot be; therefore a well-spring, it followeth, there is; a supreme head of justice, whereunto all are subject, but itself in subjection to none. Which kind of pre-eminency if some ought to have in a kingdom, who but a king shall have it? Kings, therefore, or no man, can have lawful power to judge.

"If private men offend, there is the magistrate over them, which judgeth; if magistrates, they have their prince; if princes, there is heaven, a tribunal before which they shall appear; on earth they are not accountable to any." Here, says the doctor, it breaks off abruptly.

And I have these words also attested under the hand of Mr. Fabian Phillips*, a man of note for his useful books. "I will make oath, if I shall be required, that Dr. Sanderson, the late Bishop of Lincoln, did a little before his death, affirm to me, he had seen a manuscript affirmed to him to be the hand-writing of Mr. Richard Hooker, in which there was no mention made of the king or supreme governors being accountable to the people. This I will make oath, that that good man attested to me.

Fabian Phillips."

So that there appears to be both omissions and additions in the said last three printed books: and this may probably be one reason why Dr. Sanderson, the said learned bishop,—whose writings are so highly and justly valued,—gave a strict charge near the time of his death, or in his last will, that nothing of his that was not already printed, should be printed after his death.

It is well known how high a value our learned King James put upon the books writ by Mr. Hooker; and known also that our late King Charles—the martyr for the church—valued them the second of all books, testified by his commending them to the reading of his son Charles, that now is our gracious king: and you may suppose that this Charles the First was not a stranger to the three pretended books, because, in a discourse with the Lord Say, in the time of the Long Parliament, when the said lord required the king to grant the truth of his argument, because it was the judgment of Mr. Hooker,—quoting him in one of the three written books, the king replied, "They were not allowed to be Mr. Hooker's books: but, however, he would allow them to be Mr. Hooker's, and consent to what his lordship proposed to prove out of those doubtful books, if he would but consent to the judgment of Mr. Hooker, in the other five, that were the undoubted books of Mr. Hooker."

In this relation concerning these three doubtful books of Mr. Hooker's, my purpose was to inquire, then set down what I observed and know; which I have done, not as an engaged person, but indifferently; and now leave my reader to give sentence, for their legitimation, as to himself, but so as to leave others the same liberty of believing or disbelieving them to be Mr. Hooker's: and it is observable, that as Mr. Hooker advised with Dr. Spencer in the design and manage of these books, so also, and chiefly, with his dear pupil, George Cranmer,—whose sister was the wife of Dr. Spencer—of which this following letter may be a testimony, and doth also give authority to some things mentioned both in this appendix and in the life of Mr. Hooker, and is therefore added.

I. W.

---

* Mr. Fabian Phillips was a barrister of eminence, particularly noted for his loyalty. He was born at Prestbury, in Gloucestershire, in 1601, and died in 1690. He was the author of several excellent law tracts, as well as of one asserting that Charles I. was a martyr for his people.

GEORGE CRANMER'S

LETTER UNTO MR. RICHARD HOOKER,

February, 1598.

What posterity is likely to judge of these matters concerning church discipline, we may the better conjecture, if we call to mind what our own age, within few years, upon better experience, hath already judged concerning the same. It may be remembered, that at first the greatest part of the learned in the land were either eagerly affected or favourably inclined that way. The books then written for the most part savoured of the disciplinary style; it sounded everywhere in pulpits, and in common phrase of men's speech. The contrary part began to fear they had taken a wrong course; many which impugned the discipline, yet so impugned it, not as not being the better form of government, but as not being so convenient for our state in regard of dangerous innovations thereby like to grow: one man alone there was to speak of †,—whom let no suspicion of flattery deprive of his deserved commendation—who, in the defiance of the one part, and courage of the other, stood in the gap and gave others respite to prepare themselves to the defence, which, by the sudden eagerness and violence of their adversaries, had otherwise been prevented, wherein God hath made good unto him his own impress, *Vincit qui patitur:* for what contumelious indignities he hath at their hands sustained, the world is witness; and what reward of honour above his adversaries God hath bestowed upon him, themselves—though nothing glad thereof—must needs confess. Now of late years the heat of men towards the discipline is greatly decayed; their judgments begin to sway on the other side; the learned have weighed it, and found it light; wise men conceive some fear, lest it prove not only not the best kind of government, but the very bane and destruction of all government. The cause of this change in men's opinions may be drawn from the general nature of error, disguised and clothed with the name of truth; which did mightily and violently possess men at first, but afterwards, the weakness thereof being by time discovered, it lost that reputation, which before it had gained. As by the outside of an house the passers-by are oftentimes deceived, till they see the conveniency of the rooms within; so, by the very name of discipline and reformation, men were drawn at first to cast a fancy towards it, but now they have not contented themselves only to pass by and behold afar off the fore-front of this reformed house; they have entered in, even at the special request of the master-workmen and chief-builders thereof: they have perused the rooms, the lights, the conveniences, and they find them not answerable to that report which was made of them, nor to that opinion which upon report they had conceived: so as now the discipline, which at first triumphed over all, being unmasked, beginneth to droop, and hang down her head.

The cause of change in opinion concerning the discipline is proper to the learned, or to such as by them have been instructed. Another cause there is more open, and more apparent to the view of all, namely, the course of practice, which the reformers have had with us from the beginning. The first degree was only some small difference about the cap and surplice; but not such as either bred division in the church, or tended to the ruin of the government established. This was peaceable; the next degree more stirring. Admonitions were directed to the parliament in peremptory sort against our whole form of regiment. In defence of them, volumes were published in English and in Latin; yet this was no more than writing. Devices were set on foot to erect the practice of the discipline without authority; yet herein some regard of modesty, some moderation was used. Behold at length it brake forth into open outrage, first in writing by Martin, in whose kind of dealing these things may be observed:

---

† John Whitgift, the archbishop.

1. That whereas T. C. and others his great masters, had always before set out the discipline as a queen, and as the daughter of God; he contrarywise, to make her more acceptable to the people, brought her forth as a vice upon the stage. 2. This conceit of his was grounded—as may be supposed—upon this rare policy, that seeing the discipline was by writing refuted, in Parliament rejected, in secret corners hunted out and decried, it was imagined that by open railing,—which to the vulgar is commonly most plausible,—the state ecclesiastical might have been drawn into such contempt and hatred, as the overthrow thereof should have been most grateful to all men, and in a manner desired by all the common people. 3. It may be noted—and this I know myself to be true—how some of them, although they could not for shame approve so lewd an action, yet were content to lay hold on it to the advancement of their cause, by acknowledging therein the secret judgments of God against the bishops, and hoping that some good might be wrought thereby for his church; as indeed there was, though not according to their construction. For 4thly, contrary to their expectation, that railing spirit did not only not further, but extremely disgrace and prejudice their cause, when it was once perceived from how low degrees of contradiction, at first, to what outrage of contumely and slander, they were at length proceeded; and were also likely to proceed further.

A further degree of outrage was also in fact: certain[*] prophets did arise, who deeming it not possible that God should suffer that to be undone, which they did so fiercely desire to have done, namely, that his holy saints, the favourers and fathers of the discipline, should be enlarged, and delivered from persecution; and seeing no means of deliverance ordinary, were fain to persuade themselves that God must needs raise some extraordinary means; and being persuaded of none so well as of themselves, they forthwith must needs be the instruments of this great work. Hereupon they framed unto themselves an assured hope, that, upon their preaching out of a peas-cart in Cheapside, all the multitude would have presently joined unto them, and in amazement of mind have asked them, "Viri fratres, quid agimus?" whereunto it is likely they would have returned an answer far unlike to that of St. Peter: "Such and such are men unworthy to govern; pluck them down: such and such are the dear children of God; let them be advanced."

Of two of these men it is meet to speak with all commiseration; yet so, that others by their example may receive instruction, and withal some light may appear, what stirring affections the discipline is like to inspire, if it light upon apt and prepared minds.

Now if any man doubt of what society they were; or if the reformers disclaim them, pretending that by them they were condemned; let these points be considered. 1. Whose associates were they before they entered into this frantic passion? Whose sermons did they frequent? Whom did they admire? 2. Even when they were entering into it, whose advice did they require? and when they were in, whose approbation? whom advertised they of their purpose? whose assistance by prayer did they request? But we deal injuriously with them to lay this to their charge; for they reproved and condemned it. How! did they disclose it to the magistrate, that it might be suppressed; or were they not rather content to stand aloof off, and see the end of it, as being loath to quench that spirit? No doubt these mad practitioners were of their society, with whom before, and in the practice of their madness, they had most affinity. Hereof read Dr. Bancroft's book.

A third inducement may be to dislike of the discipline, if we consider not only how far the Reformers themselves have proceeded, but what others upon their foundations have built. Here come the Brownists in the first rank, their lineal descendants, who have seized upon a number of strange opinions; whereof, although their ancestors, the reformers, were never actually possessed, yet, by right and interest from them derived, the Brownists and Barrowists have taken possession of them: for if the positions of the reformers be true, I cannot see how the main and general conclusions of Brownism should be false; for upon these two points, as I conceive, they stand.

1. That, because we have no church, they are to sever themselves from us. 2. That without civil authority they are to erect a church of their own. And if the former of these be true, the latter, I suppose, will follow: for if above all things men be to regard their salvation; and if out of the church there be no salvation, it followeth, that, if we have no church, we have no means of salvation; and therefore separation from us in that respect is both lawful and necessary; as also, that men, so separated from the false and counterfeit church, are to associate themselves unto some church; not to ours; to the popish much less; therefore to one of their own making. Now the ground of all these inferences being this, that in our church there is no means of salvation, is out of the reformer's principles most clearly to be proved. For wheresoever any matter of faith unto salvation necessary is denied, there can be no means of salvation; but in the Church of England, the discipline, by them accounted a matter of faith, and necessary to salvation, is not only denied, but impugned, and the professors thereof oppressed. Ergo.

Again,—but this reason perhaps is weak,—every true Church of Christ acknowledgeth the whole Gospel of Christ: the discipline, in their opinion, is a part of the gospel, and yet by our church resisted. Ergo.

Again, the discipline is essentially united to the church; by which term *essentially*, they must mean either an essential part, or an essential property. Both which ways it must needs be, that where that essential discipline is not, neither is there any church. If therefore between them and the Brownists there should be appointed a solemn disputation, whereof with us they have been oftentimes so earnest challengers; it doth not yet appear what other answer they could possibly frame to these and the like arguments wherewith they may be pressed, but fairly to deny the conclusion,—for all the premises are their own—or rather ingeniously to reverse their own principles before laid, whereon so foul absurdities have been so firmly built. What further proofs you can bring out of their high words, magnifying the discipline, I leave to your better remembrance: but, above all points, I am desirous this one should be strongly enforced against them, because it wringeth them most of all, and is of all others, for aught I see, the most unanswerable. You may notwithstanding say, that you would be heartily glad these their positions might be salved, as the Brownists might not appear to have issued out of their loins: but until that be done, they must give us leave to think that they have cast the seed whereout these tares are grown.

Another sort of men there are, which have been content to run on with the Reformers for a time, and to make them poor instruments of their own designs. These are a sort of godless politics, who, perceiving the plot of discipline to consist of these two parts, the overthrow of episcopal, and erection of presbyterial authority; and that this latter can take no place till the former be removed; are content to join with them in the destructive part of discipline, bearing them in hand, that in the other also they shall find them as ready. But when time shall come, it may be they would be as loath to be yoked with that kind of regiment, as now they are willing to be released from this. These men's ends in all their actions is distraction; their pretence and colour, reformation. Those things which under this colour they have effected to their own good, are, 1. By maintaining a contrary faction, they have kept the clergy always in awe, and thereby made them more pliable, and willing to buy their peace. 2. By maintaining an opinion of equality among ministers, they have made way to their own purposes for devouring cathedral churches, and bishop's livings. 3. By exclaiming against abuses in the church, they have carried their own corrupt dealings in the civil state more covertly. For such is the nature of the multitude, that they are not able to apprehend many things at once; so as being possessed with a dislike or liking of any one thing, many other in the meantime may escape them without being perceived. 4. They have sought to disgrace the clergy, in entertaining a conceit in men's minds, and confirming it by continual practice, that men of learning, and specially of the clergy, which are employed in the chiefest kind of learning, are not to be admitted to matters of state; contrary to the practice of all well-governed commonwealths, and of our own till these late years.

---

[*] Hacket and Coppinger.

A third sort of men there are, though not descended from the reformers, yet in part raised and greatly strengthened by them; namely, the cursed crew of atheists. This also is one of those points, which I am desirous you should handle most effectually, and strain yourself therein to all points of motion and affection; as in that of the Brownists, to all strength and sinews of reason. This is a sort most damnable, and yet by the general suspicion of the world at this day most common. The causes of it which are in the parties themselves, although you handle in the beginning of the fifth book, yet here again they may be touched: but the occasions of help and furtherance, which by the reformers have been yielded unto them, are, as I conceive, two; namely, senseless preaching, and disgracing of the ministry: for how should not men dare to impugn that, which neither by force of reason, nor by authority of persons, is maintained? But in the parties themselves these two causes I conceive of atheism: 1. More abundance of wit than judgment, and of witty than judicious learning; whereby they are more inclined to contradict anything, than willing to be informed of the truth. They are not therefore men of sound learning for the most part, but smatterers; neither is their kind of dispute so much by force of argument, as by scoffing; which humour of scoffing, and turning matters most serious into merriment, is now become so common, as we are not to marvel what the Prophet means by the "seat of scorners," nor what the Apostles, by foretelling of "scorners to come;" for our own age hath verified their speech unto us: which also may be an argument against these scoffers and atheists themselves, seeing it hath been so many ages ago foretold, that such men the latter days of the world should afford: which could not be done by any other spirit, save that whereunto things future and present are alike. And even for the main question of the resurrection, whereat they stick so mightily, was it not plainly foretold, that men should in the latter times say, Where is the promise of his coming? Against the creation, the ark, and divers other points, exceptions are said to be taken, the ground whereof is superfluity of wit, without ground of learning and judgment. A second cause of atheism is sensuality, which maketh men desirous to remove all stops and impediments of their wicked life; among which because religion is the chiefest, so as neither in this life without shame they can persist therein, nor—if that be true—without torment in the life to come; they therefore whet their wits to annihilate the joys of heaven, wherein they see—if any such be—they can have no part, and likewise the pains of hell, wherein their portion must needs be very great. They labour therefore, not that they may not deserve those pains, but that, deserving them, there may be no such pains to seize upon them. But what conceit can be imagined more base, than that man should strive to persuade himself even against the secret instinct, no doubt, of his own mind, that his soul is as the soul of a beast, mortal, and corruptible with the body? Against which barbarous opinion their own atheism is a very strong argument. For, were not the soul a nature separable from the body, how could it enter into discourse of things merely spiritual, and nothing at all pertaining to the body? Surely the soul were not able to conceive anything of heaven, no not so much as to dispute against heaven, and against God, if there were not in it somewhat heavenly, and derived from God.

The last which have received strength and encouragement from the Reformers are papists; against whom, although they are most bitter enemies, yet unwittingly they have given them great advantage. For what can any enemy rather desire than the breach and dissension of those which are confederates against him? Wherein they are to remember, that if our communion with papists in some few ceremonies do so much strengthen them, as is pretended, how much more doth this division and rent among ourselves, especially seeing it is maintained to be, not in light matters only, but even in matters of faith and salvation? Which over-reaching speech of theirs, because it is so open an advantage for the Barrowist and the Papist, we are to wish and hope for, that they will acknowledge it to have been spoken rather in heat of affection, than with soundness of judgment; and that through their exceeding love to that creature of discipline which themselves have bred, nourished, and maintained, their mouth in commendation of her did so often overflow.

From hence you may proceed—but the means of connexion I leave to yourself—to another discourse, which I think very meet to be handled either here or elsewhere at large; the parts whereof may be these: 1. That in this cause between them and us, men are to sever the proper and essential points and controversy from those which are accidental. The most essential and proper are these two: overthrow of episcopal and erection of presbyterial authority. But in these two points whosoever joineth with them, is accounted of their number; whosoever in all other points agreeth with them, yet thinketh the authority of bishops not unlawful, and of elders not necessary, may justly be severed from their retinue. Those things therefore, which either in the persons, or in the laws and orders themselves, are faulty, may be complained on, acknowledged, and amended, yet they no whit the nearer their main purpose: for what if all errors by them supposed in our Liturgy were amended, even according to their own hearts' desire; if non-residence, pluralities, and the like, were utterly taken away; are their lay-elders therefore presently authorised? or their sovereign ecclesiastical jurisdiction established?

But even in their complaining against the outward and accidental matters in church government, they are many ways faulty. 1. In their end, which they propose to themselves. For in declaiming against abuses, their meaning is not to have them redressed, but, by disgracing the present state, to make way for their own discipline. As therefore in Venice, if any senator should discourse against the power of their senate, as being either too sovereign, or too weak in government, with purpose to draw their authority to a moderation, it might well be suffered; but not so, if it should appear he spake with purpose to induce another state by depraving the present. So in all causes belonging either to church or commonwealth, we are to have regard what mind the complaining part doth bear, whether of amendment or innovation; and accordingly either to suffer or suppress it. Their objection therefore is frivolous, Why, may not men speak against abuses? Yes; but with desire to cure the part affected, not to destroy the whole. 2. A second fault is in their manner of complaining, not only because it is for the most part in bitter and reproachful terms, but also it is to the common people, who are judges incompetent and insufficient, both to determine anything amiss, and for want of skill and authority to amend it. Which also discovereth their intent and purpose to be rather destructive than corrective. 3. Those very exceptions which they take are frivolous and impertinent. Some things indeed they accuse as impious; which if they may appear to be such, God forbid they should be maintained.

Against the rest it is only alleged, that they are idle ceremonies without use, and that better and more profitable might be devised. Wherein they are doubly deceived; for neither is it a sufficient plea to say, this must give place, because a better may be devised; because in our judgments of better and worse, we oftentimes conceive amiss, when we compare those things which are in devise with those which are in practice: for the imperfections of the one are hid, till by time and trial they be discovered: the others are already manifest and open to all. But last of all,—which is a point in my opinion of great regard, and which I am desirous to have enlarged,—they do not see that for the most part when they strike at the state ecclesiastical, they secretly wound the civil state, for personal faults; What can be said against the church, which may not also agree to the commonwealth? In both, statesmen have always been, and will be always, men; sometimes blinded with error, most commonly perverted by passions: many unworthy have been and are advanced in both; many worthy not regarded. And as for abuses, which they pretend to be in the laws themselves; when they inveigh against non-residence, do they take it a matter lawful or expedient in the civil state, for a man to have a great and gainful office in the north, himself continually remaining in the south? He that hath an office let him attend his office. When they condemn plurality of livings spiritual to the pit of hell, what think they of the infinity of temporal promotions? By the great philosopher, Pol. lib. ii. cap. 9, it is forbidden as a thing most dangerous to commonwealths, that by the same man many great offices should be exercised. When they deride our ceremonies as vain and frivolous, were it hard to apply their exceptions even to those civil ceremonies, which at the coronation, in parliament, and all courts of justice, are used? Were it hard to argue even against circumcision, the ordinance of God, as being a cruel ceremony? against the Passover, as being ridiculous—shod, girt, a staff in their hand, to eat a lamb?

To conclude: you may exhort the clergy,—or what if you direct your conclusion not to the clergy in general, but only to the learned in or of both universities?—you may exhort them to a due consideration of all things, and to a right esteem and valuing of each thing in that degree wherein t ought to stand. For it oftentimes falleth out, that what men have either devised themselves, or greatly delighted in, the price and the excellency thereof they do admire above desert. The chiefest labour of a Christian should be to know, of a minister to preach, Christ crucified: in regard whereof, not only worldly things, but things otherwise precious, even the discipline itself is vile and base. Whereas now, by the heat of contention, and violence of affection, the zeal of men towards the one hath greatly decayed their love to the other. Hereunto therefore they are to be exhorted to preach Christ crucified, the mortification of the flesh, the renewing of the spirit; not those things which in time of strife seem precious, but—passions being allayed—are vain and childish.

G. C.

THE

LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT,

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

INTRODUCTION.

In a late retreat from the business of this world, and those many little cares with which I have too often cumbered myself, I fell into a contemplation of some of those historical passages that are recorded in sacred story; and more particularly of what had passed betwixt our blessed Saviour, and that wonder of women, and sinners, and mourners, Saint Mary Magdalen. I call her saint, because I did not then, nor do now consider her, as when she was possessed with seven devils; not as when her wanton eyes and dishevelled hair, were designed and managed to charm and ensnare amorous beholders. But I did then, and do now consider her, as after she had expressed a visible and sacred sorrow for her sensualities; as after those eyes had wept such a flood of penitential tears as did wash, and that hair had wiped, and she most passionately kissed the feet of hers and our blessed Jesus. And I do now consider, that because she loved much, not only much was forgiven her; but that beside that blessing of having her sins pardoned, and the joy of knowing her happy condition, she also had from him a testimony, that her alabaster box of precious ointment poured on his head and feet, and that spikenard, and those spices that were by her dedicated to embalm and preserve his sacred body to putrefaction, should so far preserve her own memory, that these demonstrations of her sanctioned love, and of her officious and generous gratitude, should be recorded and mentioned wheresoever his gospel should be read; intending thereby, that as his, so her name should also live to succeeding generations, even till time itself shall be no more.

Upon occasion of which fair example, I did lately look back, and not without some content,—at least to myself,—that I have endeavoured to deserve the love, and preserve the memory, of my two deceased friends, Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton, by declaring the several employments and various accidents of their lives. And though Mr. George Herbert—whose life I now intend to write—were to me a stranger as to his person, for I have only seen him, yet since he was, and was worthy to be, their friend, and very many of his have been mine, I judge it may not be unacceptable to those that knew any of them in their lives, or do now know them by mine, or their own writings, to see this conjunction of them after their deaths; without which, many things that concerned them, and some things that concerned the age in which they lived, would be less perfect, and lost to posterity.

For these reasons I have undertaken it: and if I have prevented any abler person, I beg pardon of him and my reader.

George Herbert was born the third day of April, in the year of our redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county: that castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it, a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours. A family, that hath been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind; for which they are eminent. But alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth, that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The father of our George was Richard Herbert, the son of Edward Herbert, knight, the son of Richard Herbert, knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, banneret, who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward the Fourth.

His mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport of High-Arkall, in the county of Salop, knight, and grandfather of Francis Lord Newport, now controller of his majesty's household. A family, that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure, where their ancestors have long lived, and been memorable for their hospitality.

The mother of George Herbert, of whose person, and wisdom, and virtue, I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place, was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number, and Job's distribution; and as often bless God, that they were neither defective in their shapes, or in their reason: and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made knight of the Bath, at that glorious time of our late prince Henry's being installed knight of the Garter; and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent ambassador resident to the then French king, Lewis the Thirteenth. There he continued about two years; but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luisnes, who was then the great and powerful favourite at court: so that upon a complaint to our king, he was called back into England in some displeasure; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the duke and all the court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good king Charles the First, who made him first Baron of Castle-island, and not long after of Cherbury in the county of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book De Veritate, and by his history of the reign of King Henry the Eighth, and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died fellow of New College in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the crown in the days of king James, and hath continued to be so for fifty years; during all which time he hath been master of the revels; a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who, being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there show a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters I need not say more, than that they were all married to persons of worth, and plentiful fortunes; and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain, or tutor to him and two of his brothers, in her own family,—for she was then a widow,—where he continued till about the age of twelve years; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then dean of Westminster; and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief master of that school; where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school, till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen—he being then a king's scholar—he was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608; and his prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence, which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil*, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor; which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellencies of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education, till he was settled in Cambridge; where we will leave him in his study, till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother; and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader, that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years: I am next to tell, that she continued twelve years a widow; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning, and other education, as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him, and some of her younger sons, to Oxford; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care: yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye, as to see and converse with him daily: but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness, as might make her company a torment to her child; but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother; which was to her great content: for she would often say, that "as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company:" and would therefore as often say, that ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning. For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years; in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning, that were at that time in or near that University; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place, in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne, who was after Dr. Donne, and dean of Saint Paul's, London: and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there, in verse, a character of the beauties of her body and mind; of the first he says,

---

* Dr. Neville was eminent for piety and learning, and distinguished by his high birth, being descended from the noble family of the Nevilles of Westmoreland. He was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and was made dean of Canterbury in 1597. On the death of Queen Elizabeth he was employed by Archbishop Whitgift as an envoy to King James on the part of the English clergy. He died in 1615.

> No spring nor summer beauty has such grace,
> As I have seen in an autumnal face.

Of the latter he says,—

> In all her words to every hearer fit,
> You may at revels, or at council sit.

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of The Autumnal Beauty. For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls; but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues; an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias; whom, in his letters, he calls his saint: or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierome to his Paula; whose affection to her was such, that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph: wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity. And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age,—which was some years before he entered into sacred orders;—a time, when his necessities needed a daily supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family. And in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors; and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of these two worthy persons, from this following letter and sonnet.

"Madam,

"Your favours to me are everywhere; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Mitcham. Such riddles as these become things inexpressible; and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loath to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning. But my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday, to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one, to whom we owe all the good opinion, that they, whom we need most, have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the inclosed Holy Hymns and Sonnets—which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire—to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed to this inclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

"Your unworthiest servant,
"Unless your accepting him to be so
have mended him,

Mitcham, July 11, 1607. Jo. Donne."

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT: OF ST. MARY MAGDALEN.

Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
  Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,
An active faith so highly did advance,
  That she once knew more than the church did know,
The Resurrection! so much good there is
  Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this;
  But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, lady, and their fame:
  To their devotion add your innocence:
Take so much of th' example, as of the name;
  The latter half; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ himself, a guest,
  Harbour these Hymns, to his dear name addrest.

J. D.

These hymns are now lost to us; but doubtless they were such, as they two now sing in heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship, and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons,—for I have many of their letters in my hand,—and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety: but my design was not to write her's, but the life of her son; and therefore I shall only tell my reader, that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne—who was then dean of St. Paul's—weep, and preach her funeral sermon, in the parish church of Chelsea, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave; and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such, that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue, and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were, in the first year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear mother for a new-year's gift, may appear to be some testimony.

— "But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs, by which scholars say the muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love-poems, that are daily writ, and consecrated to Venus; nor to bewail that so few are writ, that look towards God and heaven. For my own part, my meaning—dear mother—is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry, shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory: and I beg you to receive this as one testimony."

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
  Wherewith whole shoals of martyrs once did burn,
  Besides their other flames? Doth Poetry
Wear Venus' livery? only serve her turn?
Why are not sonnets made of thee? and lays
  Upon thine altar burnt? Cannot thy love
  Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
As well as any she? Cannot thy dove
Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight?
  Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
  Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name?
Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
  Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
  Than that, which one day, worms may chance refuse?

Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
Oceans of ink; for as the Deluge did
Cover the earth, so doth thy majesty:
Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
Poets to turn it to another use.
Roses and lilies speak Thee; and to make
A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
Why should I women's eyes for crystal take?
Such poor invention burns in their low mind
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.
Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
In the best face but filth; when Lord, in thee
The beauty lies, in the discovery.

G. H.

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man: insomuch that, in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may, and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the clergy, of which the reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because, that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell, that he was made bachelor of arts in the year 1611; major fellow of the college, March 15, 1615: and, that in that year he was also made master of arts, he being then in the 22d year of his age; during all which time, all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master; and of which he would say, that it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven, before he possessed them. And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the college, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company; by which he confirmed his native gentleness: and if during his time he expressed any error, it was, that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove, that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time, till he was master of arts, which was anno 1615, and in the year 1619 he was chosen orator for the university. His two precedent orators were Sir Robert Naunton*, and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made secretary of state: and Sir Francis, not very long after his being orator, was made secretary to the lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. In this place of orator our George Herbert continued eight years; and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety, as any had ever before or since his time. For, he had acquired great learning, and was blessed with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. Of all which there might be very many particular evidences; but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of shewing his fitness for this employment of orator was manifested in a letter to King James, upon the occasion of his sending that university his book called Basilicon Doron; and their orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his majesty for such a condescension; at the close of which letter he writ,

Quid Vaticanam Bodleianamque objicis hospes!
Unicus est nobis bibliotheca liber.

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the king, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him? whose answer was, that he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman; but he loved him more for his learning and virtue, than for that he was of his name and family. At which answer the king smiled, and asked the earl leave that he might love him too, for he took him to be the jewel of that university.

The next occasion he had and took to shew his great abilities, was, with them, to shew also his great affection to that church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member; and the occasion was this: there was one Andrew Melvil, a minister of the Scotch church, and rector of St. Andrews; who, by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but king of that nation, who, the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops, and other learned divines of his church, to attend him at Hampton-Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the church of Scotland: of which Scotch party Andrew Melvil was one; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious, bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our church-government; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster school, where Mr. George Herbert, then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.—But to return to Mr. Melvil at Hampton Court Conference; he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the king, and others at this conference, lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrew's and his liberty too; for his former verses, and his present reproaches there used against the church and state, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London; where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment, he found the Lady Arabella† an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending, the next day after his commitment, these two verses to the good lady; which I will underwrite, because they may give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these.

---

* Well known as the author of that curious picture of the court of Queen Elizabeth, entitled "Fragmenta Regalia."

† The unfortunate Arabella Stuart, whom the mean jealousy of James condemned to a merciless imprison-

> Causa tibi mecum est communis, carceris, Ara-
> Bella, tibi causa est, Araque sacra mihi.

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare, that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies suited to his pleasant humour; and where Mr. George Herbert was to welcome him with gratulations, and the applauses of an orator; which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the king's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his majesty at Royston; where, after a discourse with him, his majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, that he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit. The year following, the king appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our orator. Upon whom, the first put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed; and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that having translated many of the prophet David's Psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by a public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of divine poetry. And for the learned bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination, and sanctity of life; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after the reading it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often shew it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Donne; but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the Life of Dr. Donne; namely, that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor,—the emblem of Hope,—and of which Dr. Donne would often say, "Crux mihi anchora."—These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value; and, at Mr. Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapt up with that seal, which was by the doctor given to him:

> When my dear friend could write no more,
> He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.
>
> When winds and waves rise highest I am sure,
> This anchor keeps my faith, that, me secure.

At this time of being orator, he had learned to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly; hoping, that as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a secretary of state, he being at that time very high in the king's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the court nobility. This, and the love of a court conversation, mixed with a laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge, to attend the king wheresoever the court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite, Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth an hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this, and his annuity, and the advantage of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes, and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge, unless the king were there, but then he never failed; and, at other times, left the manage of his orator's place to his learned friend, Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now prebend of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell, that he had often designed to leave the university, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies; for he would often say, he had too thoughtful a wit; a wit, like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body. But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the university, or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate, as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother; but did always submit to

---

ment. She was the daughter of Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, the younger brother of Henry, Earl of Darnley, father of James I. This near relationship filled James with fear, lest she or her descendants should attempt to dispute the succession, and he formed the resolution of keeping her unmarried. This design she disappointed by a secret union with Mr. William Seymour, grandson of the Earl of Hertford. James no sooner received intelligence of the marriage, than he committed the lady Arabella to the Tower. She contrived to escape, but was captured on her passage to France, where she designed to take refuge with her husband, and was brought back to her melancholy prison, where she died in 1615, being then only thirty-eight years of age. The full particulars of her affecting story may be found in Mr. D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

The verses quoted in the text have been thus translated:

> "For one like cause, our chains around us twine,
> Thine altar beauteous is, and sacred mine."

alluding to her name Ara-bella, which signifies "a fair altar."

her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems; 'tis one of those that bear the title of Affliction; and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life, in which he says,

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
 The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book
 And wrapt me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threaten'd oft the siege to raise,
 Not simpering all mine age;
Thou often didst with academic praise
 Melt and dissolve my rage:
I took the sweeten'd pill, till I came where
I could not go away, nor persevere.

Yet, lest perchance I should too happy be
 In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
 Into more sicknesses.
Thus doth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gifts good, yet me from my ways taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me
 None of my books will show.
I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree,
 For then sure I should grow
To fruit or shade, at least some bird would trust
Her household with me, and I would be just.

Yet, though thou troublest me, I must be meek,
 In weakness must be stout,
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
 Some other master out:
Ah, my dear God! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not leave thee, if I love thee not.

G. H.

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to court, God, in whom there is an unseen chain of causes, did in a short time put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick Duke of Richmond, and James Marquis of Hamilton; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's court-hopes: so that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court-life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires and the outward glory of this world are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at his altar.

He did, at his return to London, acquaint a court-friend with his resolution to enter into sacred orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth, and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, "It hath been formerly judged that the domestic servants of the King of Heaven should be of the noblest families on earth. And though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable, by consecrating all my learning and all my poor abilities to advance the glory of that God that gave them; knowing that I can never do too much for him, that hath done so much for me, as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus."

This was then his resolution; and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it, for within that year he was made deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn: but that he was about that time then made deacon is most certain; for I find by the records of Lincoln, that he was made prebend of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626, and that this prebend was given him by John, then lord bishop of that see. And now he had a fit occasion to shew that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this.

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection, to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it; and he, by his own, and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it; and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands; being for the workmanship, a costly mosaic; for the form, an exact cross; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscotted, as to be exceeded by none; and, by his order, the reading-pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height; for he would often say, "They should neither have a precedency or priority of the other; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation."

Before I proceed farther, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebend, and tell the reader, that not long after, his mother being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was like to draw upon himself, his relations, and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea, where she then dwelt; and at his coming, said, "George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse, to undertake to build churches." Of which he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer. And at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, that she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God, that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church. And then shewed her such reasons for his resolution, that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors; and undertook to solicit William Earl of Pembroke to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds, and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James Duke of Lenox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Farrer and Mr. Arthur Woodnot, the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a goldsmith in Foster-lane, London, ought not to be forgotten: for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Farrer, I shall hereafter give an account in a more seasonable place; but before I proceed farther, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not; and did therefore set limits to himself, as to desire of wealth. And having attained so much as to be able to shew some mercy to the poor, and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful to his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for, beside his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church; he kept all the account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said that this good man was a useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father and to his mother, and continued to be so to him till he closed his eyes on his death-bed, I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert; from whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness which was not long before that which proved to be her last.

◆

A LETTER OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER, IN HER SICKNESS.

Madam,

At my last parting from you, I was the better content, because I was in hope I should myself carry all sickness out of your family: but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our Commencement; wherein my absence, by how much it naturally augmenteth suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys: therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope kept heavenly for yourself; but would you divide and choose too? Our college customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you, for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarles and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up, and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch that, whether you turn your thoughts on the life past, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you consider, all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be? since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away; so that the best use of them is, having, not to have them. But perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation calls on us to live in a more splendid fashion: but, O God! how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find "Blessed be the rich," or "Blessed be the noble;" but, "Blessed be the meek," and "Blessed be the poor," and "Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted." And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burned by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end; and yours, which, praised be God, are less, are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know, that if any of yours should prove a Goliah-like trouble, yet you may say with David, "That God, who hath delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine." Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul; consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be his competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the psalmist,—"Cast thy care on the Lord, and he shall nourish thee*." To which join that of St. Peter, "Casting all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you†." What an admirable thing is this, that God puts his shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend his service! To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you, Philipp. iv. 4. St. Paul saith there, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice." He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, What, shall we rejoice in afflictions? Yes, I say again, rejoice. So that it is not left to us to rejoice, or not rejoice; but, whatsoever befals us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care for us. And it follows in the next verses, "Let your moderation appear to all men. The Lord is at hand. Be careful for nothing." What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves. God is at hand, to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

Your most obedient son,
George Herbert.

Trin. Coll., May 25th, 1622.

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end he went to Woodford, in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague, by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat—no, not mutton, nor a hen, or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums, and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, "Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before thee, because thou doest it." By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he shewed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption, by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey in Wiltshire, a noble house, which stands in a choice air; the owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it, as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry, and to enter into the sacred orders of priesthood. These had long been the desires of his mother, and his other relations; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton church, yet, in conformity to her will, he kept his orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it; and the more willingly, that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton, and the worthy bishop of Wells*.

I shall now proceed to his marriage; in order to which, it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.—He was for his person of a stature inclining towards tallness; his body was very straight, and so far from being cumbered with too much flesh, that he was lean to an extremity. His aspect was cheerful, and his speech and motion did both declare him a gentleman; for they were all so meek and obliging, that they purchased love and respect from all that knew him.

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, esq. This Mr. Danvers having known him long, and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire, that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters,—for he had so many,—but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing: and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a platonic, as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage; but, alas! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey: yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting; at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city: and love having got such possession, governed, and made there such laws and resolutions, as neither party was able to resist; insomuch, that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love-frenzy, or worse; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes, as to have select proxies; such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence; and the more, because it proved so happy to both parties; for the eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and compliance; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls, as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

---

* Psalm lv. 22.

† 1 Peter v. 7.

* This gentleman, who, although a native of Scotland, received an English education at Westminster and Cambridge, and was appointed Greek professor of the university, was among the sufferers during the rebellion, and shared the exile of his king. At the restoration, Charles gave him the deanery of Wells, and in 1670 he was made bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1672.

About three months after this marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was made bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke,—who was the undoubted patron of it,—but to the king, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement: but Philip, then Earl of Pembroke,—for William was lately dead,—requested the king to bestow it upon his kinsman George Herbert; and the king said, "Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance;" and the earl as willingly and suddenly sent it him, without seeking. But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy; yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month: in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood, and that living. And in this time of considering, he endured, as he would often say, such spiritual conflicts, as none can think, but only those that have endured them.

In the midst of these conflicts, his old and dear friend, Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton,—where he then was with his wife's friends and relations—and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the earls of Pembroke: at which time the king, the earl, and the whole court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the earl, for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why: but that night, the earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and after Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert, that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton, to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did: and Mr. Herbert being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant[*], who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately,—for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before,—and he was also the same day—which was April 26th, 1630,—inducted into the good, and more pleasant than healthful, parsonage of Bemerton; which is a mile[†] from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story, of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it: a life that if it were related by a pen like his, there would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety; for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas! who is fit to undertake it? I confess I am not; and am not pleased with myself that I must; and profess myself amazed, when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many, live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure: my design is rather to assure the reader, that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton church, being left there alone to toll the bell, —as the law requires him,—he staid so much longer than an ordinary time, before he returned to those friends that staid expecting him at the church-door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church-window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar; at which time and place—as he after told Mr. Woodnot—he set some rules to himself, for the future manage of his life; and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. And I can now behold the court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures; pleasures that are so empty, as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God, and his service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations and dependents to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust him. But above all, I will be sure to live well because the virtuous life of a clergyman; is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve him at his altar, that as by his special grace he hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions; so he will, by his assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech him, that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others, as to bring glory to my Jesus, whom I have this day taken to be my master and governor; and I am so proud of his service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do his will; and always call him, Jesus my master ; and I will always contemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my master."

---

[*] Dr. John Davenant was appointed by James I. to attend the synod of Dort, where his zealous endeavours were not wanting to promote a union of the churches.

[†] Two miles west by north of Salisbury.

And that he did so, may appear in many parts of his book of Sacred Poems ; especially in that which he calls The Odour. In which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word Jesus, and say, that the adding these words, "my master," to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind, and leave an oriental fragrancy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems, The Pearl, (Matth. xiii. 45, 46,) to rejoice and say—"He knew the ways of learning ; knew what nature does willingly, and what, when it is forced by fire ; knew the ways of honour, and when glory inclines the soul to noble expressions: knew the court ; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his master Jesus ;" and then concludes, saying,

That, through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But thy silk twist, let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct, and teach me, how by it
To climb to thee.

The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her—"You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners ; for you are to know, that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place, but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure, places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, that I am so good a herald, as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him, it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility, that humility that was in her so original, as to be born with her, made her so happy as to do so ; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love, and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her ; and this love followed her in all places, as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church, and repair the chancel ; and indeed to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down, or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage-house ; namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind : but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her ; which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother ; be not afraid to speak to me ; for I am a man that will hear you with patience ; and will relieve your necessities too, if I be able : and this I will do willingly ; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech, he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care. And having with patience heard and understood her wants,—and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience,—he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel ; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God, and praying for him. Thus worthy, and, like David's blessed man, thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman ; with which she was so affected, that she went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman : and with them a message, that she would see and be acquainted with her, when her house was built at Bemerton.

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related : but I shall first tell, that he hasted to get the parish-church repaired ; then to beautify the chapel,—which stands near his house,—and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage-house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge ; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall.

TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
A new house to thy mind,
And built without thy cost ;
Be good to the poor,
As God gives thee store,
And then my labour's not lost.

We will now, by the reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned at his own great charge,—which is a real truth ;—and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour, both to his parishioners, and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered, and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and man, before he entered into holy orders. And 'tis not unlike, but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the church of Bemerton : but as yet he was but a deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember-week, that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the sacraments. At which time the reverend Dr. Humphrey Henchman *, now lord Bishop of

---

* Dr. Henchman was celebrated in the time of the rebellion as one of the most faithful adherents of Charles II.,

London,—who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning,—tells me, he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas! within less than three years, lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to the grave.

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a priest as he intended to be, ought to observe; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might shew him his variations from this year's resolutions; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book, called, "The Country Parson;" in which some of his rules are:—

The parson's knowledge.
The parson on Sundays.
The parson praying.
The parson preaching.
The parson's charity.
The parson comforting the sick.
The parson arguing.
The parson condescending.
The parson in his journey.
The parson in his mirth.
The parson with his churchwardens.
The parson blessing the people.

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these, and the other holy rules set down in that useful book: a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson, that can spare twelvepence, and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert, this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those truths, that are related in this life of Mr. Herbert. The text of his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, chap. iv. 23, and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience, both to God and man; and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence: but, at the close of this sermon, told them, that should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that, for their sakes, his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons. And he then made it his humble request, that they would be constant to the afternoon's service, and catechising: and shewed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity to his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons—which, God knows, were not many—were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read; and in what manner the collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel, or to the Epistle then read to them; and, that they might pray with understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other collects and responses in our church-service; and made it appear to them, that the whole service of the church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God; as namely, that we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners; and that we begin so, because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need, and pray for: but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed; and hoping, that as the priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession, and real repentance, we have obtained that pardon; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord, to open our lips, that our mouth may show forth his praise; for till then we are neither able nor worthy to praise him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the collects, and psalms, and lauds, to follow in the service.

And as to these psalms and lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our church-service; namely, the psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises, as ought to be repeated often, and publicly; for with such sacrifices God is honoured and well pleased. This for the psalms.

And for the hymns and lauds appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second lessons are read to the congregation; he proceeded to inform them, that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the will and goodness of God declared or preached by the priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up, and express their gratitude to Almighty God, for those his mercies to them, and to all mankind; and then to say with the blessed Virgin, that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour: and that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, that their eyes have also seen their salvation; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time: and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God, for that particular mercy. A service, which is now the constant employment of that blessed Virgin, and Simeon, and all those blessed saints that are possessed of heaven: and where they are at this time interchangeably and constantly singing, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God; glory be to God on high, and on earth peace. And he taught them, that to do this

---

whom he attended at Worcester, and to whose escape after the battle he was mainly instrumental. Although zealous in the cause of his sovereign, he did not suffer his loyalty to overrule his conscience; and although he received many proofs of the king's favour after the restoration, being first made prebendary of Salisbury, and in 1660 advanced to that bishopric, and in 1663 translated to the see of London, he strenuously opposed every attempt to favour the professors of popery, who at that period were, not unreasonably, suspected by all true lovers of a free constitution.

was an acceptable service to God, because the prophet David says in his Psalms, He that praiseth the Lord honoureth him.

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under; namely, from the legal sacrifices, and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical law; freed from circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them know, that having received so many and so great blessings, by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God, for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and stand up and worship, and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath"—in our days—"visited and redeemed his people; and"—he hath in our days—"remembered, and shewed that mercy, which by the mouth of the prophets, he promised to our forefathers; and this he hath done according to his holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it, in his birth, in his life, his passion, his resurrection, and ascension into heaven, where he now sits sensible of all our temptations and infirmities; and where he is at this present time making intercession for us, to his and our Father: and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed his people."—These were some of the reasons, by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the psalms and the hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the church-service.

He informed them also, when the priest did pray only for the congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as namely, after the repetition of the creed before he proceeds to pray the Lord's prayer, or any of the appointed collects, the priest is directed to kneel down, and pray for them, saying, "The Lord be with you;" and when they pray for him, saying, "And with thy spirit;" and then they join together in the following collects: and he assured them, that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy angels look down from heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and he as ready to receive them; and that a Christian congregation calling thus upon God with one heart, and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, looks as beautifully as Jerusalem, that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the church; namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service: and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also, that as by the second Commandment we are required not to bow down to, or worship an idol, or false god; so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel to, or stand up and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the Creeds; namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them, that in that shorter creed, or doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be, that the God that they trusted in was one God, and three persons; the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; to whom they and the priest gave glory. And because there had been heretics that had denied some of those three persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured him, by confessing and saying, "It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end." And all gave their assent to this belief, by standing up and saying, "Amen."

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the church's appointing the celebration of holidays, and the excellent use of them; namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from almighty God; and—as the Rev. Mr. Hooker says—to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the years pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember; and therefore they were to note, that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March; a day in which we commemorate the angel's appearing to the blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that she should conceive and bear a son, that should be the redeemer of mankind. And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation; namely, at our Christmas; a day in which we commemorate his birth with joy and praise: and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate his Circumcision; namely, in that which we call New-year's day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth-day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles: and that that day we also celebrate the memory of his goodness in sending a star to guide the three Wise Men from the East to Bethlehem, that they might there worship, and present him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he—Mr. Herbert—instructed them, that Jesus was, forty days after his birth presented by his blessed mother in the temple; namely, on that day which we call, "The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Saint Mary." And he instructed them, that by the Lent-fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days; and that we ought to endeavour to be like him in purity; and that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole his crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate his glorious resurrection. And he taught them, that after Jesus had manifested himself to his disciples to be that Christ that was crucified, dead and buried; and by his appearing and conversing with his disciples for the space of forty days after his resurrection, he then, and not till then, ascended into Heaven in the sight of those disciples; namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which he made to his disciples at or before his ascension; namely, that though he left them, yet he would send them the Holy Ghost to be their comforter; and that he did so on that day which the church calls Whit-Sunday. Thus the church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times, as they pass by us; of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises, for the particular blessings which we do, or might receive, by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the church hath appointed Ember-weeks; and to know the reason why the Commandments, and the Epistles and Gospels, were to be read at the altar or communion table; why the priest was to pray the Litany kneeling; and why to pray some collects standing: and he gave them many other observations, fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention; for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise, which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it: but I have done, when I have told the reader, that he was constant in catechising every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechising was after his second lesson, and in the pulpit; and that he never exceeded his half hour, and was always so happy as to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service; and of those ministers that huddle up the church prayers, without a visible reverence and affection; namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer, or a collect, in a breath. But for himself, his custom was, to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God, before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice; which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces—the daughters of a deceased sister—and his whole family, twice every day at the church-prayers in the chapel, which does almost join to his parsonage-house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four: and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place, where the honour of his master Jesus dwelleth; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners, and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints'-bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God with him; and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God, and to him, that they thought themselves the happier, when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form, and not long; and he did always conclude them with that collect which the church hath appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom, where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol: and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week, on certain appointed days, to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer, and cathedral-music, elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music-meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, "Religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it."

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others; of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a gentleman, that is still living in that city; and in their walk together, Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused, if he asked him some account of his faith; and said, "I do this the rather, because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon-hearers that be like those fishes, that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh."

After which expression, Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him, and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton; and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks, he met with a neighbour minister; and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolement for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say,

"One cure for these distempers would be, for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember-weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy.

"And another cure would be, for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechising, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay-people does depend; but principally, that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblameably; and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible humility and charity in their lives; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such. (And for proof of this, we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake*, late lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) This," said Mr. Herbert, "would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity; for it is not learning, but this, this only, that must do it; and till then, the fault must lie at our doors."

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse, that was fallen under his load: they were both in distress, and needed present help; which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load, his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him, that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man: and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, which used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed: but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that "the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight;" and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place: "for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

Thus, as our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleophas, and that other disciple, which he met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr. Herbert, in his path toward heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts, by shewing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn: which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty; for she rejoiced in the employment: and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to *her* charity. And for his *own*, he set no limits to it: nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them; especially his poor neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully, if they were in distress; and would always praise God, as much for being willing, as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, he would not see the danger of want so far off: but "being the Scripture does so commend charity, as to tell us that charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith; and that charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life, and of a reward in that life which is to come: being these, and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O charity! and that, being all my tithes and church-dues are a deodate from thee, O my God! make me, O my God! so far to trust thy promise, as to return them back to thee; and by thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my master. Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death; and therefore, as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life; and thus he continued, till a consumption so weakened him, as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel, which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak: in one of which times of his reading, his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits, and weakened him; and he confessed it did, but said his life could not be better spent, than in the service of his master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. "But," said he, "I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow; and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality." And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment, till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his curate to the church of Fulston*, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which church Bemerton is but a chapel-of-ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the church-service for Mr. Herbert in that chapel, when the music-meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

---

* Fuller observes of this worthy prelate that "his piety may justly be exemplary to all of his order." He received his education at Winchester and Oxford, and was esteemed as one of the best preachers of his time. He was made dean of Worcester in 1608, and bishop of Bath and Wells in 1616. He died in 1626.

* Fugglestone, or Foulston St. Peter's, is the principal part of the rectory which comprises the parishes of Fugglestone, Quidhampton, and Bemerton; but the glebe house being at Bemerton the living has generally taken its name from thence, and its occupancy in former days by Herbert, and in our own by Mr. Bowles, whose well deserved fame, it is no flattery to say, nobly rivals that of his excellent predecessor, has given a celebrity to the place which will never depart from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Farrer,—for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment,—hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon—who is now rector of Friar Barnet in the county of Middlesex —from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him, he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden, with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed, or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness enquired the health of his brother Farrer; of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him, and after some discourse of Mr. Farrer's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon,—"Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me:" which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, "What prayers?" To which Mr. Herbert's answer was, "O, Sir! the prayers of my mother, the Church of England: no other prayers are equal to them! But at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint:" and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr. Farrer, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper, and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest. This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me that, at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person; and say, his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so: but before I shall say anything of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Farrer.*

Mr. Nicholas Farrer—who got the reputation of being called Saint Nicholas at the age of six years, was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was, at an early age, made Fellow of Clare-Hall in Cambridge; where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age, he betook himself to travel: in which he added, to his Latin and Greek, a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our christian world; and understood well the principles of their religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that church which calls itself Catholic: but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr. Farrer's father—who was a merchant—allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Farrer had, by the death of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year; the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge; which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the hall, which had the parish-church or chapel, belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Farrer having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, a nothing between two dishes, did so contemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death. And his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember-weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the vigils or eves appointed to be fasted before the saints' days: and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor: but this was but a part of his charity; none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable, and quiet, and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God; and it was in this manner:—He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the Common Prayers—for he was a deacon—every day, at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the parish-church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned; for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr. Farrer bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church, or in an oratory, which was within his own house. And many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns, or anthems, sometimes in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the psalms; and in case the psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Farrer, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ringing of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the psalms that had not been read in the day: and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before, and sometimes after midnight; and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying, or singing lauds to God, or reading the psalms: and when, after some hours, they also grew weary or faint, then they rung the watch-bell and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions—as hath been mentioned—until morning. And it is to be noted, that in this continued serving of God, the Psalter, or whole Book of Psalms, was in every four-and-twenty hours sung or read over, from the first to the last verse; and this was done as constantly as the sun runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

---

* The life of this singular Protestant monk, whose establishment was iniquitously dispersed in the civil wars, is very well commented on in that remarkable work, "The Lounger's Common Place Book;" a work which, although tinged with the warmth incident to the stirring times in which it was written, is full of sterling and original thought. An account of Mr. Farrer may also be found in Hacket's "Life of Archbishop Williams."

Thus did Mr. Farrer and his happy family serve God day and night: thus did they always behave themselves as in his presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God. And it is fit to tell the reader, that many of the clergy, that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion, than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Farrer and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in their watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night; and the watch was always kept in the church, or oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour, which had a fire in it; and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Farrer maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. Farrer's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted, that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs, may appear by Mr. Farrer's commending the Considerations of John Valdesso—a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English,—to be examined and censured by Mr. Herbert before it was made public; which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and return back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them, Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Farrer.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars: and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the emperor, that his resolution was to decline his majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying. The emperor had himself, for the same, or other like reasons, put on the same resolution; but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast, till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse; which Valdesso promised to do.

In the meantime the emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again; and, after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed sacrament publicly; and appointed an eloquent and devout friar to preach a sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a quiet and contemplative life; which the friar did most affectionately. After which sermon, the emperor took occasion to declare openly, that the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastical life. And he pretended, he had persuaded John Valdesso to do the like: but this is most certain, that after the emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend, that had it from the mouth of Mr. Farrer. And the reader may note, that in this retirement John Valdesso writ his Hundred and Ten Considerations, and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Farrer to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Farrer and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert, and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him; and therefore their discourse could not be long: but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose: "Sir, I pray you give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me: and let him know that I have considered, that God only is what he would be; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him: and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health: and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Farrer, and tell him, he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master; in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it; and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not let him burn it; for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of The Temple; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations; of which Mr. Farrer would say, there was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions, as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so; for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Farrer sent this book to Cambridge to be licensed for the press, the vice-chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses,

> Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand,

to be printed; and Mr. Farrer would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them. But after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the vice-chancellor said, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I license the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable, since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon; save only that Mr. Farrer hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert,—which was about three weeks before his death,—his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay, he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the bishop and prebends of the Cathedral church in Salisbury; but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces,—then a part of his family,—and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay; to whom he would often speak to this purpose: "I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, in music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see, that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it: and this being past, I shall dwell in the New Jerusalem; dwell there with men made perfect; dwell where these eyes shall see my master and saviour, Jesus; and with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it: and that every day which I have lived, hath taken a part of my appointed time from me; and that I shall live the less time, for having lived this and the day past." These, and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand and said,

> My God, my God,
> My music shall find thee,
>   And every string
> Shall have his attribute to sing.

And having tuned it, he played and sung:

> The Sundays of man's life,
> Threaded together on time's string,
> Make bracelets to adorn the wife
> Of the eternal glorious King;
> On Sundays Heaven's door stands ope;
> Blessings are plentiful and rife,
>   More plentiful than hope.

Thus he sung on earth such hymns and anthems, as the angels, and he, and Mr. Farrer, now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, "My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter; for I shall suddenly go hence and be no more seen." Upon which expression Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton church, and his many acts of mercy. To which he made answer, saying, "They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise." After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle; and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot, stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him, whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly, and with much trouble, and observed him to fall into a sudden agony; which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did. To which his answer was, that he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his master Jesus. After which answer, he looked up, and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, if they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable. To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply; but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door, then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand:" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just; for I know you will be so for your own sake; but I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful of them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die." After which words, he said, "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul!" And with those words he breathed forth his divine soul, without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died, like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life; which I cannot conclude better, than with this borrowed observation:

——— All must to their cold graves:
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust.

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations.—I have but this to say more of him; that if Andrew Melvil died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish—if God shall be so pleased—that I may be so happy as to die like him.

Iz. Wa.

There is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous wife; a part of which I will endeavour to pay, by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself, and complaining, that she had lost the delight of her eyes; but more that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul; and would often say, "O that I had, like holy Mary, the mother of Jesus, treasured up all his sayings in my heart! But since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is I may be also." And she would often say,—as the Prophet David for his son Absalom,—"O that I had died for him!" Thus she continued mourning till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, knight. And though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert, as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband; yet she would even to him often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, that name must live in her memory till she put off mortality. By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellencies of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1653, and lies buried at Highnam; Mr. Herbert in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a grave-stone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public: but they and Highnam-house were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity. I. W.

LETTER FROM MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO NICHOLAS FARRER, THE TRANSLATOR OF VALDESSO.

My dear and deserving brother, your Valdesso I now return with many thanks, and some notes, in which perhaps you will discover some care which I forbear not in the midst of my griefs; first for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me; secondly, for the author's sake, whom I conceive to have been a true servant of God; and to such, and all that is theirs, I owe diligence; thirdly for the church's sake, to whom, by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the church a debt, and God hath put this into your hands—as he sent the fish with money to St. Peter—to discharge it; haply also with this—as his thoughts are fruitful—intending the honour of his servant the author, who, being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light, and region of the gospel, among his chosen. It is true, there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will express, when you read them: nevertheless, I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein:—First, that God in the midst of popery, should open the eyes of one to understand and express, so clearly and excellently, the intent of the Gospel in the acceptation of Christ's righteousness,—as he sheweth through all his considerations,—a thing strangely buried and darkened by the adversaries, and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears towards our dear Master and Lord; concluding every Consideration almost with his holy name, and setting his merit forth so piously; for which I do so love him, that were there nothing else, I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life about mortification, and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof; of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects—as I conceive—towards the publishing thereof.

From his Parsonage of Bemerton,
near Salisbury,
September 29th, 1632.

SIR J. D.

Sir,—Though I had the best wit in the world, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favours, if I sought to do so; but I profess it not; and therefore let it be sufficient for me, that the same heart, which you have won long since, is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindnesses, but a constancy of obedience; only hereafter I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests; for since your favours come a horseback, there is reason that my desires should go afoot: neither do I make any question, but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the horse is every way fit for me; and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love, with being in some proportion, and after my manner,

Your most obedient servant,
George Herbert.

FOR MY DEAR SICK SISTER.

Most dear Sister,—Think not my silence forgetfulness; or that my love is as dumb as my papers: though businesses may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you; and, which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness that becomes your griefs, and my love. God, who knows and sees this writing, knows also that my soliciting him has been much, and my tears many for you; judge me then by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value

Your most truly, most heartily
affectionate brother, and servant,
George Herbert.

December 6, 1620. *Trin. Coll.*

◆

Sir,—I dare no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself and also the confidence my friends have in me: wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least; and it is this; I want books extremely. You know, sir, how I am now setting foot into divinity, to lay the platform of my future life: and shall I then be fain always to borrow books, and build on another's foundation? What tradesman is there who will set up without his tools? Pardon my boldness, sir; it is a most serious case; nor can I write coldly in that, wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. This also is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my friends would have been forward to say, if I had taken ill courses: "Follow your book, and you shall want nothing." You know, sir, it is their ordinary speech; and now let them make it good; for since I hope I have not deceived their expectation, let them not deceive mine. But perhaps they will say, "You are sickly; you must not study too hard." It is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not so but that every day I may step one step towards my journey's end: and I love my friends so well, as that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me, than on them. But they will object again; "What becomes of your annuity?" Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered; so that I am fain ever and anon to buy somewhat tending towards my health, for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chamber at mine own cost; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white meats. Out of Lent also, twice a week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh air; all which tend to avoiding of costlier matters, if I should fall absolutely sick. I protest and vow, I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it; yea, sometimes of ten shillings. But, alas, sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which yet every day swell, and grow bigger? Noble sir, pardon my boldness, and consider but these three things: first, the bulk of divinity: secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now, when I must lay the foundation of my whole life): thirdly, what I desire, and to what end, not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If then, sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future annuity, or any to her way, I desire you, sir, to be my mediator to them in my behalf.

Now, I write to you, sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart; and have reason, by the patents of your perpetual favour, to do so still, for I am sure you love

Your faithfullest servant,
George Herbert.

March 18, 1617. *Trin. Coll.*

Sir,—This week hath loaded me with your favours; I wish I could have come in person to thank you; but it is not possible. Presently after Michaelmas I am to make an oration to the whole university of an hour long in Latin; and my Lincoln journey hath set me much behindhand; neither can I so much as go to Bugden, and deliver your letter; yet have I sent it thither by a faithful messenger this day. I beseech you all, you, and my dear mother and sister, to pardon me, for my Cambridge necessities are stronger to tie me here, than yours to London. If I could possibly have come, none should have done my message to Sir Fr. Nethersole for me: he and I are ancient acquaintance; and I have a strong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courtesy he will of himself; yet your appearing in it affects me strangely. I have sent you here enclosed a letter from our master in my behalf, which if you can send to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expresseth the university's inclination to me; yet if you cannot send it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the gentleman needs no incitation to love me.

The orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the university, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about thirty pounds per annum. But the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for the orator writes all the university letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the university. To requite these pains, he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors; is regent or non-regent at his pleasure; and such like gaynesses which will please a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis. I pray, sir, send the letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the heads to my purpose. I hope I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud; not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see, that if all fail, yet I am able to stand on mine own legs. Noble sir, I thank you for your infinite favours; I fear only that I have omitted some fitting circumstance; yet you will pardon my haste, which is very great, though never so, but that I have both time and work to be

Your extreme servant,
George Herbert.

◆

Sir,—I have received the things you sent me safe; and now the only thing I long for is to hear of my dear sick sister; first, how her health fares; next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be so happy as to hear of both these, that they succeed well? Is it not too much for me? Good sir, make it plain to her, that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her son and my charge. I suppose she is not disposed to spend her eye-sight on a piece of paper, or else I had wrote to her; when I shall understand that a letter will be seasonable, my pen is ready. Concerning the orator's place, all goes well yet; the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you shall hear. I have forty businesses in my hands: your courtesy will pardon the haste of

Your humblest servant,
George Herbert.

January 19, 1619. *Trin. Coll.*

◆

Sir,—I understand by Sir Francis Nethersole's letter, that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place being civil may divert me too much from divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim. But I have wrote him back, that this dignity hath no such earthliness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet knew; and therefore I desire him to send me a direct answer in the next letter. I pray, sir, therefore, cause this inclosed to be carried to his brother's house of his own name (as I think), at the sign of the Pedlar and the Pack, on London-bridge; for there he assigns me. I cannot yet find leisure to write to my lord, or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard; but I hope I shall shortly: though for the reckoning of your favours I shall never find time and paper enough, yet I am

Your readiest servant,
George Herbert.

October 6, 1619. *Trin. Coll.*

I remember my most humble duty to my mother, who cannot think me lazy, since I rode two hundred miles to see a sister, in a way I knew not, in the midst of much business, and all in a fortnight, not long since.

TO THE TRULY NOBLE SIR J. D.

Sir,—I understand by a letter from my brother Henry, that he hath bought a parcel of books for me, and that they are coming over. Now, though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my sister were acquainted that they are ready, I dare say she would make good her promise of taking five or six pounds upon her; which she hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herself, but upon the want of those books which were not to be got in England. For that which surmounts, though your noble disposition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any course could be taken of doubling my annuity now, upon condition that I should surcease from all title to it after I entered into a benefice, I should be most glad to entertain it, and both pay for the surplusage of these books, and for ever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time now that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received; for your favours are so ancient, that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon

Your most humble servant,
George Herbert.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother. I have wrote to my dear sick sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excused.

I pray, sir, pardon my boldness of enclosing my brother's letter in yours; for it was because I know your lodging, but not his.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—Every excuse hath in it somewhat of accusation; and since I am innocent, and yet must excuse, how shall I do for that part of accusing? By my troth, as desperate and perplexed men grow from thence bold, so must I take the boldness of accusing you, who would draw so dark a curtain betwixt me and your purposes, as that I had no glimmering, neither of your goings nor the way which my letters might haunt. Yet I have given this licence to travel, but I know not whither, nor it. It is therefore rather a pinnace to discover; and the entire colony of letters, of hundreds and fifties, must follow; whose employment is more honourable than that which our state meditates to Virginia, because you are worthier than all that country, of which that is a wretched inch; for you have better treasure, and a harmlessness. If this sound like a flattery, tear it out. I am to my letters as rigid a puritan, as Cæsar was to his wife. I can as ill endure a suspicious and misinterpretable word as a fault. But remember, that nothing is flattery which the speaker believes; and of the grossest flatteries there is this good use, that they tell us what we should be. But, madam, you are beyond instruction, and therefore there can belong to you only praise; of which though you be no good hearer, yet allow my letters leave to have in them one part of it, which is thankfulness towards you.

Your unworthiest servant,
Except your accepting have mended him,
John Donne.

Minchin, July 11, 1607.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—This is my second letter, in which, though I cannot tell you what is good, yet this is the worst, that I must be a great part of it; yet to me that is recompensed, because you must be mingled. After I knew you were gone (for I must, little less than accusingly, tell you, I knew not you would go), I sent my first letter, like a Bevis of Hampton, to seek adventures. This day I came to town, and to the best part of it, your house; for your memory is a state-cloth and presence, which I reverence though you be away; though I need not seek that there which I have about and within me. There though I found my accusation, yet anything, to which your hand is, is a pardon; yet I would not burn my first letter, because as in great destiny no small passage can be omitted or frustrated; so, in my resolution of writing almost daily to you, I would have no link of the chain broke by me, both because my letters interpret one another, and because only their number can give them weight. If I had your commission and instructions to do you the service of a lieger ambassador here, I could say something of the Countess of Devon; of the states, and such things. But since to you, who are not only a world alone, but the monarchy of the world yourself, nothing can be added, especially by me; I will sustain myself with the honour of being

Your servant extraordinary,
and without place,
John Donne.

London, July 23, 1607.

TO THE WORTHIEST LADY, MRS. MAGDALEN HERBERT.

Madam,—As we must die before we can have full glory and happiness, so before I can have this degree of it, as to see you by a letter, I must almost die, that is, come to London, to plaguy London; a place full of danger, and vanity, and vice, though the court be gone. And such it will be, till your return redeem it. Not that the greatest virtue in the world, which is you, can be such a marshal, as to defeat or disperse all the vice of this place: but as higher bodies remove or contract themselves, when better come, so at your return we shall have one door open to innocence. Yet, madam, you are not such an Ireland, as produceth neither ill nor good; no spiders, nor nightingales; which is a rare degree of perfection. But you have found and practised that experiment, that even nature, out of her detesting of emptiness, if we will make that our work, to remove bad, will fill us with good things. To abstain from it was therefore but the childhood and minority of your soul, which had been long exercised since, in your manlier active part of doing good. Of which since I have been a witness and subject, not to tell you sometimes, that by your influence and example I have attained to such a step of goodness, as to be thankful, were both to accuse your power and judgment of impotency and infirmity.

Your ladyship's in all services,
John Donne.

August 2, 1607.

ON MR. GEORGE HERBERT'S BOOK, ENTITLED "THE TEMPLE OF SACRED POEMS," SENT TO A GENTLEWOMAN.

Know you, fair, on what you look?
Divinest love lies in this book;
Expecting fire from your eyes,
To kindle this his sacrifice.
When your hands untie these strings,
Think you've an angel by the wings;
One that gladly will be nigh,
To wait upon each morning sigh;
To flutter in the balmy air
Of your well-perfumed prayer.
These white plumes of his he'll lend you,
Which every day to heaven will send you,
To take acquaintance of the sphere,
And all the smooth-faced kindred there.
  And though Herbert's name do owe
  These devotions, Fairest; know
  That while I lay them on the shrine
  Of your white hand, they are mine.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ANNE, COUNTESS OF PEMBR. AND MONTG. AT COURT.

Madam,—What a trouble hath your goodness brought on you, by admitting our poor services! Now they creep in a vessel of metheglin, and still they will by presenting or wishing to see, if at length they may find out something not unworthy of those hands, at which they aim. In the meantime, a priest's blessing, though it be none of the court style, yet doubtless, madam, can do you no hurt. Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers, and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul, to his glory, your own good, and the great joy of,

Madam,
Your most faithful servant in Christ Jesu,
GEORGE HERBERT.

Bemerton, Dec. 10, 1631.

Madam, your poor colony of servants present their humble duties.

THE

LIFE OF DR. ROBERT SANDERSON,

LATE

LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND AND HONOURABLE

GEORGE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER,

PRELATE OF THE GARTER, AND ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVY COUNCIL.

My Lord,—If I should undertake to enumerate the many favours and advantages I have had by my very long acquaintance with your lordship, I should enter upon an employment that might prove as tedious as the collecting of the materials for this poor monument, which I have erected, and do dedicate, to the memory of your beloved friend, Dr. Sanderson. But though I will not venture to do that; yet I do remember with pleasure, and remonstrate with gratitude, that your lordship made me known to him, Mr. Chillingworth*, and Dr. Hammond†; men whose merits ought never to be forgotten.

My friendship with the first was begun almost forty years past, when I was as far from a thought, as a desire to outlive him; and farther from an intention to write his life. But the wise disposer of all men's lives and actions hath prolonged the first, and now permitted the last; which is here dedicated to your lordship,—and, as it ought to be—with all humility, and a desire that it may remain as a public testimony of my gratitude.

My Lord,
Your most affectionate old friend,
and most humble servant,
Izaak Walton.

PREFACE.

I dare neither think, nor assure the reader, that I have committed no mistakes in this relation of the life of Dr. Sanderson; but I am sure there is none that are either wilful or very material. I confess, it was worthy the employment of some person of more learning and greater abilities than I can pretend to; and I have not a little wondered that none have yet been so grateful to him and posterity, as to undertake it. For it may be noted, that our Saviour hath had such care, that, for Mary Magdalen's kindness to him, her name should never be forgotten. And doubtless Dr. Sanderson's meek and innocent life, his great and useful learning, might therefore challenge the like endeavours to preserve his memory; and it is to me a wonder, that it has been already fifteen years neglected. But, in saying this, my meaning is not to upbraid others,—I am far from that—but excuse myself, or beg pardon for daring to attempt it. This being premised, I desire to tell the reader, that in this relation I have been so bold, as to paraphrase and say what I think he—whom I had the happiness to know well—would have said upon the same occasions: and if I have erred in this kind, and cannot now beg pardon of him that loved me, yet I do of my reader, from whom I desire the same favour.

And though my age might have procured me a writ of ease, and that secured me from all further trouble in this kind; yet I met with such persuasions to begin, and so many willing informers since, and from them, and others, such helps and encouragements to proceed, that when I found myself faint, and weary of the burthen with which I had loaden myself, and ready to lay it down; yet time and new strength hath at last brought it to be what it now is, and presented to the reader, and with it this desire; that he will take notice, that Dr. Sanderson did in his will, or last sickness, advertise, that after his death nothing of his might be printed; because that might be said to be his, which indeed was not; and also for that he might have changed his opinion since he first writ it. And though these reasons ought to be regarded, yet regarded so, as he resolves in that case of conscience concerning rash vows; that there may appear very good second reasons why we may forbear to perform them. However, for his said reasons, they ought to be read as we do Apocryphal Scripture; to explain, but not oblige us to so firm a belief of what is here presented as his.

---

* Mr. William Chillingworth was born at Oxford in 1602, and received his education at Trinity College. He became celebrated in the university for his controversial talents, but they failed him in a dispute with John Fisher, a jesuit, and declaring himself a convert, he entered the college at Douay. His godfather, Archbishop Laud, exerted himself with success for his re-conversion, and in 1631 he returned to England. In 1638 he published his celebrated work, entitled "The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation." In the civil wars he warmly espoused the king's party, and took up arms in the cause. Being taken prisoner at the siege of Gloucester, he was carried to the bishop's palace at Chichester, and falling sick, died there on the 30th of Jan. 1644.

† Dr. Henry Hammond, one of those divines of the Church of England who were deprived of their livings during the civil wars, was born at Chertsey, in Surrey, on the 18th of August, 1805, and received his education at Eton, and Magdalen College, Oxford. At the Restoration it was intended to advance him to the see of Worcester, but his death, on the 25th of April, 1660, took place before the ceremony of consecration could be performed. He was the author of a "Practical Catechism," and a "Paraphrase and Annotations on the New Testaments."

And I have this to say more,—that as, in my queries for writing Dr. Sanderson's life, I met with these little tracts annexed*; so, in my former queries for my information to write the life of venerable Mr. Hooker, I met with a sermon, which I also believe was really his, and here presented as his to the reader. It is affirmed,—and I have met with reason to believe it,—that there be some artists, that do certainly know an original picture from a copy; and in what age of the world, and by whom drawn. And if so, then I hope it may be as safely affirmed, that what is here presented for theirs is so like their temper of mind, their other writings, the times when, and the occasions upon which they were writ, that all readers may safely conclude, they could be writ by none but venerable Mr. Hooker, and the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson.

And lastly, I am now glad that I have collected these memoirs, which lay scattered, and contracted them into a narrower compass; and if I have, by the pleasant toil of doing so, either pleased or profited any man, I have attained what I designed when I first undertook it. But I seriously wish, both for the reader's and Dr. Sanderson's sake, that posterity had known his great learning and virtue by a better pen; by such a pen, as could have made his life as immortal, as his learning and merits ought to be. I. W.

◆

Doctor Robert Sanderson, the late learned Bishop of Lincoln, whose life I intend to write with all truth and equal plainness, was born the nineteenth day of September, in the year of our Redemption 1587. The place of his birth was Rotheram in the county of York; a town of good note, and the more, for that Thomas Rotheram, some time archbishop of that see, was born in it; a man, whose great wisdom, and bounty, and sanctity of life, have made it the more memorable; as indeed it ought also to be, for being the birth-place of our Robert Sanderson. And the reader will be of my belief, if this humble relation of his life can hold any proportion with his great piety, his useful learning, and his many other extraordinary endowments.

He was the second and youngest son, of Robert Sanderson, of Gilthwaite-Hall, in the said parish and county, Esq. by Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Richard Carr, of Butterthwaite-Hall, in the parish of Ecclesfield, in the said county of York, Gentleman.

This Robert Sanderson, the father, was descended from a numerous, ancient, and honourable family of his own name: for the search of which truth, I refer my reader, that inclines to it, to Dr. Thoroton's History of the Antiquities of Nottinghamshire, and other records; not thinking it necessary here to engage him into a search for bare titles, which are noted to have in them nothing of reality: for titles not acquired, but derived only, do but shew us who of our ancestors have, and how they have achieved that honour which their descendants claim, and may not be worthy to enjoy. For, if those titles descend to persons that degenerate into vice, and break off the continued line of learning, or valour, or that virtue that acquired them, they destroy the very foundation upon which that honour was built; and all the rubbish of their vices ought to fall heavy on such dishonourable heads; ought to fall so heavy, as to degrade them of their titles, and blast their memories with reproach and shame.

But our Robert Sanderson lived worthy of his name and family: of which one testimony may be, that Gilbert, called the Great Earl of Shrewsbury, thought him not unworthy to be joined with him as a godfather to Gilbert Sheldon, the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury; to whose merits and memory, posterity—the clergy especially—ought to pay a reverence.

But I return to my intended relation of Robert the son, who began in his youth to make the laws of God, and obedience to his parents, the rules of his life; seeming even then to dedicate himself, and all his studies, to piety and virtue.

And as he was inclined to this by that native goodness, with which the wise Disposer of all hearts had endowed his; so this calm, this quiet and happy temper of mind—his being mild, and averse to oppositions—made the whole course of his life easy and grateful both to himself and others: and this blessed temper was maintained and improved by his prudent father's good example; and by frequent conversing with him, and scattering short apophthegms and little pleasant stories, and making useful applications of them, his son was in his infancy taught to abhor vanity and vice as monsters, and to discern the loveliness of wisdom and virtue; and by these means, and God's concurring grace, his knowledge was so augmented, and his native goodness so confirmed, that all became so habitual, as it was not easy to determine whether nature or education were his teachers.

And here let me tell the reader, that these early beginnings of virtue, were by God's assisting grace, blessed with what St. Paul seemed to beg for his Philippians†; namely, That he, that had begun a good work in them, would finish it. And Almighty God did: for his whole life was so regular and innocent, that he might have said at his death—and with truth and comfort—what the same St. Paul said after to the same Philippians, when he advised them to walk as they had him for an example‡.

And this goodness, of which I have spoken, seemed to increase as his years did; and with his goodness his learning, the foundation of which was laid in the grammar-school of Rotherham—that being one of those three that were founded and liberally endowed by the said great and good bishop of that name.—And in this time of his being a scholar there, he was observed to use an unwearied diligence to attain learning, and to have a seriousness beyond his age, and with it a more than common modesty; and to be of so calm and obliging a behaviour, that the master and whole number of scholars loved him as one man.

And in this love and amity he continued at that school till about the thirteenth year of his age; at which time his father designed to improve his grammar learning, by removing him from Rotherham to one of the more noted schools of Eton or Westminster; and after a year's stay there, then to remove him thence to Oxford. But, as he went with him, he called on an old friend, a minister of noted learning, and told him his intentions; and he, after many questions with his son, received such answers from him, that he assured his father, his son was so perfect a grammarian, that he had laid a good foundation to build any or all the arts upon; and therefore advised him to shorten his journey, and leave him at Oxford. And his father did so.

---

* These tracts and Mr. Hooker's sermon are omitted in this edition, as more properly belonging to collections of the works of the respective authors, than as appendages to the narrative of their lives.

† Phil. i. 6. ‡ Chap. iii. 17.

His father left him there to the sole care and manage of Dr. Kilbie*, who was then rector of Lincoln College. And he, after some time, and trial of his manners and learning, thought fit to enter him of that college, and after to matriculate him in the university, which he did the first of July, 1603; but he was not chosen fellow till the third of May, 1606; at which time he had taken his degree of bachelor of arts: at the taking of which degree, his tutor told the rector, that his pupil Sanderson had a metaphysical brain, and a matchless memory: and that he thought he had improved, or made the last so by an art of his own invention. And all the future employments of his life proved that his tutor was not mistaken. I must here stop my reader, and tell him, that this Dr. Kilbie was a man of so great learning and wisdom, and so excellent a critic in the Hebrew tongue, that he was made professor of it in this university; and was also so perfect a Grecian, that he was by King James appointed to be one of the translators of the Bible; and that this doctor and Mr. Sanderson had frequent discourses, and loved as father and son. The doctor was to ride a journey into Derbyshire, and took Mr. Sanderson to bear him company: and they going together on a Sunday with the doctor's friend to that parish-church where they then were, found the young preacher to have no more discretion, than to waste a great part of the hour allotted for his sermon in exceptions against the late translation of several words,—not expecting such a hearer as Dr. Kilbie,—and shewed three reasons why a particular word should have been otherwise translated. When evening prayer was ended, the preacher was invited to the doctor's friend's house; where after some other conference, the doctor told him, he might have preached more useful doctrine, and not have filled his auditors' ears with needless exceptions against the late translation: and for that word, for which he offered to that poor congregation three reasons why it ought to have been translated as he said; he and others had considered all them, and found thirteen more considerable reasons why it was translated as now printed: and told him, if his friend, then attending him, should prove guilty of such indiscretion, he should forfeit his favour. To which Mr. Sanderson said, he hoped he should not. And the preacher was so ingenuous as to say, he would not justify himself. And so I return to Oxford. In the year 1608,—July the 11th,—Mr. Sanderson was completed Master of Arts. I am not ignorant that, for the attaining these dignities, the time was shorter than was then, or is now required; but either his birth, or the well performance of some extraordinary exercise, or some other merit, made him so: and the reader is requested to believe that 'twas the last; and requested to believe also, that, if I be mistaken in the time, the college records have misinformed me: but I hope they have not.

In that year of 1608, he was—November the 7th—by his college chosen reader of logic in the house; which he performed so well, that he was chosen again the sixth of November, 1609. In the year 1613, he was chosen sub-rector of the college, and the like for the year 1614, and chosen again to the same dignity and trust for the year 1616.

In all which time and employments, his abilities and behaviour were such, as procured him both love and reverence from the whole society; there being no exception against him for any faults, but a sorrow for the infirmities of his being too timorous and bashful; both which were, God knows, so connatural, as they never left him. And I know not whether his lovers ought to wish they had; for they proved so like the radical moisture in man's body, that they preserved the life of virtue in his soul, which by God's assisting grace never left him till this life put on immortality. Of which happy infirmities—if they may be so called—more hereafter.

In the year 1614, he stood to be elected one of the proctors for the university. And 'twas not to satisfy any ambition of his own, but to comply with the desire of the rector and whole society, of which he was a member; who had not had a proctor chosen out of their college for the space of sixty years;—namely, not from the year 1554, unto his standing; and they persuaded him, that if he would but stand for proctor, his merits were so generally known, and he so well beloved, that 'twas but appearing, and he would infallibly carry it against any opposers; and told him, that he would by that means recover a right or reputation that was seemingly dead to his college. By these, and other like persuasions, he yielded up his own reason to theirs, and appeared to stand for proctor. But that election was carried on by so sudden and secret, and by so powerful a faction, that he missed it. Which when he understood, he professed seriously to his friends, that if he were troubled at the disappointment, it was for theirs, and not for his own sake: for he was far from any desire of such an employment, as must be managed with charge and trouble, and was too usually rewarded with hard censures, or hatred, or both.

In the year following he was earnestly persuaded by Dr. Kilbie and others, to review the logic lectures which he had read some years past in his college; and, that done, to methodise and print them, for the ease and public good of posterity. But though he had an averseness to appear publicly in print, yet after many serious solicitations, and some second thoughts of his own, he laid aside his modesty, and promised he would; and he did so in that year of 1615. And the book proved as his friends seemed to prophesy; that is, of great and general use, whether we respect the art or the author. For logic may be said to be an art of right reasoning—an art that undeceives men who take falsehood for truth ; enables men to pass a true judgment, and detect those fallacies which in some men's understandings usurp the place of right reason. And how great a master our author was in this art will quickly appear from that clearness of method, argument, and demonstration, which is so conspicuous in all his other writings. He, who had attained to so great a dexterity in the use of reason himself, was best qualified to prescribe rules and directions for the instruction of others. And I am the more satisfied of the excellency and usefulness of this, his first public undertaking, by hearing that most tutors in both universities teach Dr. Sanderson's Logic to their pupils, as a foundation upon which they are to build their future studies in philosophy. And, for a further confirmation of my belief, the reader may note, that since his book of Logic was first printed, there has not been less than ten thousand sold; and that it is like to continue both to discover truth, and to clear and confirm the reason of the unborn world.

---

* Dr. Richard Kilbie was much esteemed as a great benefactor to his college, since he restored and made great additions to its dilapidated library. He became rector in 1590; was appointed the King's Hebrew professor in 1610, and died in 1620.

It will easily be believed that his former standing for a proctor's place, and being disappointed, must prove much displeasing to a man of his great wisdom and modesty, and create in him an averseness to run a second hazard of his credit and content; and yet he was assured by Dr. Kilbie, and the fellows of his own college, and most of those that had opposed him in the former election, that his book of Logic had purchased for him such a belief of his learning and prudence, and his behaviour at the former election had got for him so great and so general a love, that all his former opposers repented what they had done, and therefore persuaded him to venture to stand a second time. And, upon these and other like encouragements, he did again, but not without an inward unwillingness, yield up his own reason to theirs, and promised to stand. And he did so ; and was, the 10th of April, 1616, chosen senior proctor for the year following ; Mr. Charles Crooke, of Christ Church, being then chosen the junior.

In this year of his being proctor, there happened many memorable accidents ; namely, Dr. Robert Abbot[*], master of Balliol College, and regius professor of divinity (who being elected or consecrated bishop of Sarum some months before), was solemnly conducted out of Oxford towards his diocese by the heads of all houses, and the chief of all the university. And Dr. Prideaux[†] succeeded him in the professorship, in which he continued till the year 1642, being then elected bishop of Worcester ; and then our now proctor, Mr. Sanderson, succeeded him in the regius professorship.

And in this year Dr. Arthur Lake, then warden of New College, was advanced to the bishopric of Bath and Wells ; a man of whom I take myself bound in justice to say, that he has made the great trust committed to him the chief care and whole business of his life. And one testimony of this proof may be, that he sate usually with his chancellor in his consistory, and at least advised, if not assisted, in most sentences for the punishing of such offenders as deserved church-censures. And it may be noted, that, after a sentence for penance was pronounced, he did very rarely or never allow of any commutation for the offence, but did usually see the sentence for penance executed ; and then as usually preached a sermon of mortification and repentance, and did so apply them to the offenders that then stood before him, as begot in them a devout contrition, and at least resolutions to amend their lives ; and having done that, he would take them, though never so poor, to dinner with him, and use them friendly, and dismiss them with his blessing and persuasions to a virtuous life, and beg them to believe him. And his humility and charity, and other Christian excellencies, were all like this. Of all which the reader may inform himself in his Life, truly writ, and printed before his Sermons.

And in this year also, the very prudent and very wise Lord Ellesmere, who was so very long Lord Chancellor of England, and then of Oxford, resigning up the last, the right honourable, and as magnificent William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was chosen to succeed him.

And in this year our late King Charles the First, then Prince of Wales, came honourably attended to Oxford ; and having deliberately visited the university, the schools, colleges, and libraries, he and his attendants were entertained with ceremonies and feasting suitable to their dignity and merits.

And this year King James sent letters to the university for the regulating their studies, especially of the young divines ; advising they should not rely on modern sums and systems, but study the Fathers and councils, and the more primitive learning. And this advice was occasioned by the indiscreet inferences made by very many preachers out of Mr. Calvin's doctrine concerning predestination, universal redemption, the irresistibility of God's grace, and of some other knotty points depending upon these—points which many think were not, but by interpreters forced to be, Mr. Calvin's meaning ; of the truth or falsehood of which I pretend not to have an ability to judge ; my meaning in this relation being only to acquaint the reader with the occasion of the king's letter.

It may be observed, that the various accidents of this year did afford our proctor large and laudable matter to dilate and discourse upon ; and that though his office seemed, according to statute and custom, to require him to do so at his leaving it, yet he chose rather to pass them over with some very short observations, and present the governors and his other hearers with rules to keep up discipline and order in the university ; which at that time was, either by defective statutes or want of the due execution of those that were good, grown to be extremely irregular. And in this year also, the magisterial part of the proctor required more diligence, and was more difficult to be managed than formerly, by reason of a multiplicity of new statutes, which begot much confusion ; some of which statutes were then, and others suddenly after, put into a useful execution. And though these statutes were not then made so perfectly useful as they were designed, till Archbishop Laud's time, who assisted in the forming and promoting them, yet our present proctor made them as effectual as discretion and diligence could do; of which one example may seem worthy the noting, namely, that if in his night-walk he met with irregular scholars absent from their colleges at university hours, or disordered by drink, or in scandalous company, he did not use his power of punishing to an extremity; but did usually take their names, and a promise to appear before him unsent for next morning; and when they did, convinced them, with such obligingness, and reason added to it, that they parted from him with such resolutions as the man after God's own heart was possessed with, when he said, "There is mercy with thee, and therefore thou shalt be feared," Psalm cxxx. 4. And by this and a like behaviour to all men, he was so happy as to lay down this dangerous employment, as but very few, if any, have done, even without an enemy.

---

[*] Dr. Abbot, was the brother of George, Archbishop of Canterbury, heretofore mentioned. His lectures against Suarez and Bellarmine occasioned his advancement to the see of Salisbury in 1615. He died on the 2nd of March, 1617, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

[†] Dr. John Prideaux, born at Harford, in Devonshire, in 1578. He was appointed rector of Exeter College in 1612, and king's professor in divinity in 1615. He obtained a high reputation at the university, so great, that several eminent foreigners sought him for their instructor. He suffered severely in the civil wars, and died on the 20th of July, 1650.

After his speech was ended, and he retired with a friend into a convenient privacy, he looked upon his friend with a more than common cheerfulness, and spake to him to this purpose:—"I look back upon my late employment with some content to myself, and a great thankfulness to Almighty God, that he hath made me of a temper not apt to provoke the meanest of mankind, but rather to pass by infirmities, if noted; and in this employment I have had, God knows, many occasions to do both. And when I consider, how many of a contrary temper are by sudden and small occasions transported and hurried by anger to commit such errors as they in that passion could not foresee, and will in their more calm and deliberate thoughts upbraid, and require repentance; and consider, that though repentance secures us from the punishment of any sin, yet how much more comfortable it is to be innocent, than need pardon; and consider, that errors against men, though pardoned both by God and them, do yet leave such anxious and upbraiding impressions in the memory, as abates of the offender's content: when I consider all this, and that God hath of his goodness given me a temper that hath prevented me from running into such enormities, I remember my temper with joy and thankfulness. And though I cannot say with David—I wish I could—that therefore his praise shall always be in my mouth (Psalm xxxiv. 1), yet I hope that by his grace, and that grace seconded by my endeavours, it shall never be blotted out of my memory; and I now beseech Almighty God that it never may."

And here I must look back, and mention one passage more in his proctorship, which is, that Gilbert Sheldon, the late Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, was this year sent to Trinity College, in that university; and not long after his entrance there, a letter was sent after him from his godfather, the father of our proctor, to let his son know it, and commend his godson to his acquaintance, and to more than a common care of his behaviour; which proved a pleasing injunction to our proctor, who was so gladly obedient to his father's desire, that he some few days after sent his servitor to intreat Mr. Sheldon to his chamber next morning. But it seems Mr. Sheldon having, like a young man as he was, run into some such irregularity as made him conscious he had transgressed his statutes, did therefore apprehend the proctor's invitation as an introduction to punishment, the fear of which made his bed restless that night; but, at their meeting the next morning, that fear vanished immediately by the proctor's cheerful countenance, and the freedom of their discourse of friends. And let me tell my reader, that this first meeting proved the beginning of as spiritual a friendship as human nature is capable of—of a friendship free from all self-ends; and it continued to be so, till death forced a separation of it on earth; but it is now reunited in heaven.

And now, having given this account of his behaviour, and the considerable accidents in his proctorship, I proceed to tell my reader, that, this busy employment being ended, he preached his sermon for his degree of bachelor in divinity in as elegant Latin, and as remarkable for the matter, as hath been preached in that university since that day. And having well performed his other exercises for that degree, he took it the 29th of May following, having been ordained deacon and priest in the year 1611, by John King*, then Bishop of London, who had not long before been dean of Christ Church, and then knew him so well that he became his most affectionate friend. And in this year, being then about the twenty-ninth of his age, he took from the university a licence to preach.

In the year 1618, he was by Sir Nicholas Sanderson, Lord Viscount Castleton, presented to the rectory of Wibberton, not far from Boston, in the county of Lincoln, a living of very good value; but it lay in so low and wet a part of that country as was inconsistent with his health. And health being—next to a good conscience—the greatest of God's blessings in this life, and requiring therefore of every man a care and diligence to preserve it, he, apprehending a danger of losing it, if he continued at Wibberton a second winter, did therefore resign it back into the hands of his worthy kinsman and patron, about one year after his donation of it to him.

And about this time of his resignation he was presented to the rectory of Boothby Pannell, in the same county of Lincoln; a town which has been made famous, and must continue to be famous, because Dr. Sanderson, the humble and learned Dr. Sanderson, was more than forty years parson of Boothby Pannell, and from thence dated all or most of his matchless writings.

To this living—which was of less value, but a purer air than Wibberton—he was presented by Thomas Harrington, of the same county and parish, Esq., who was a gentleman of a very ancient family, and of great use and esteem in his country during his whole life. And in this Boothby Pannell the meek and charitable Dr. Sanderson and his patron, lived with an endearing, mutual, and comfortable friendship, till the death of the last put a period to it.

About the time that he was made parson of Boothby Pannell, he resigned his fellowship of

---

* Dr. King was born at Wornall, in Buckinghamshire, about 1559, and received his education at Westminster. He was one of Queen Elizabeth's chaplains, and in 1605 was made dean of Christchurch. He was advanced to the see of London in 1611, and died in 1621.

Lincoln College unto the then rector and fellows; and his resignation is recorded in these words:

Ego Robertus Sanderson perpetuus, &c.

I Robert Sanderson, fellow of the college of St. Mary's and All-Saints, commonly called Lincoln College, in the University of Oxford, do freely and willingly resign into the hands of the rector and fellows, all the right and title that I have in the said college, wishing to them and their successors all peace, and piety, and happiness, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

May 6, 1619. Robert Sanderson.

And not long after this resignation, he was by the then Bishop of York *, or the king, *sede vacante*, made prebend of the collegiate church of Southwell in that diocese; and shortly after of Lincoln, by the bishop of that see.

And being now resolved to set down his rest in a quiet privacy at Boothby Pannell, and looking back with some sadness upon his removal from his general acquaintance left in Oxford, and the peculiar pleasures of a university life; he could not but think the want of society would render this of a country parson the more uncomfortable, by reason of that want of conversation; and therefore he did put on some faint purposes to marry. For he had considered, that though marriage be cumbered with more worldly care than a single life; yet a complying and a prudent wife changes those very cares into so mutual a content, as makes them become like the sufferings of St. Paul, Colos. i. 24, which he would not have wanted because they occasioned his rejoicing in them. And he, having well considered this, and observed the secret unutterable joys that children beget in parents, and the mutual pleasures and contented trouble of their daily care, and constant endeavours to bring up those little images of themselves, so as to make them as happy as all those cares and endeavours can make them: he, having considered all this, the hopes of such happiness turned his faint purposes into a positive resolution to marry. And he was so happy as to obtain Anne, the daughter of Henry Nelson, bachelor in divinity, then rector of Haugham, in the county of Lincoln, a man of noted worth and learning. And the giver of all good things was so good to him, as to give him such a wife as was suitable to his own desires; a wife, that made his life happy by being always content when he was cheerful; that divided her joys with him, and abated of his sorrow, by bearing a part of that burden; a wife, that demonstrated her affection by a cheerful obedience to all his desires, during the whole course of his life; and at his death too, for she outlived him.

And in this Boothby Pannell, he either found or made his parishioners peaceable, and complying with him in the decent and regular service of God. And thus his parish, his patron, and he, lived together in a religious love, and a contented quietness; he not troubling their thoughts by preaching high and useless notions; but such plain truths as were necessary to be known, believed, and practised, in order to their salvation. And their assent to what he taught was testified by such a conformity to his doctrine, as declared they believed and loved him. For he would often say, that, without the last, the most evident truths—heard as from an enemy, or an evil liver—either are not, or are at least the less effectual; and do usually rather harden than convince the hearer.

And this excellent man did not think his duty discharged by only reading the church prayers, catechising, preaching, and administering the sacraments seasonably; but thought—if the law or the canons may seem to enjoin no more,—yet that God would require more, than the defective laws of man's making can or do enjoin; the performance of that inward law, which Almighty God hath imprinted in the conscience of all good Christians, and inclines those whom he loves to perform. He, considering this, did therefore become a law to himself, practising what his conscience told him was his duty, in reconciling differences, and preventing law-suits, both in his parish and in the neighbourhood. To which may be added his often visiting sick and disconsolate families, persuading them to patience, and raising them from dejection by his advice and cheerful discourse, and by adding his own alms, if there were any so poor as to need it; considering how acceptable it is to Almighty God, when we do as we are advised by St. Paul, Gal. vi. 2, help to bear one another's burden, either of sorrow or want: and what a comfort it will be, when the searcher of all hearts shall call us to a strict account for that evil we have done, and the good we have omitted, to remember we have comforted and been helpful to a dejected or distressed family.

And that his practice was to do good, one example may be, that he met with a poor dejected neighbour, that complained he had taken a meadow, the rent of which was 9*l*. a year; and when the hay was made ready to be carried into his barn, several days' constant rain had so raised the water, that a sudden flood carried all away, and his rich landlord would 'bate him no rent; and that unless he had half abated, he and seven children were utterly undone. It may be noted, that in this age there are a sort of people so unlike the God of mercy, so void of the bowels of pity, that they love only themselves and children; love them so, as not to be concerned, whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame; people that are cursed with riches, and a mistake that nothing but riches can make them and theirs happy. But it was not so with Dr. Sanderson; for he was concerned, and spoke comfortably to the poor dejected man; bade him go home and pray, and not load himself with sorrow, for he would go to his landlord next morning; and if his landlord would not abate what he desired, he and a friend would pay it for him.

To the landlord he went the next day, and, in a conference, the doctor presented to him the sad condition of his poor dejected tenant; telling him how much God is pleased when men compassionate the poor; and told him, that though God loves sacrifice, yet he loves mercy so much better, that he is pleased when called the God of mercy. And told him, the riches he was possessed of were given him by that God of mercy, who would not be pleased, if he, that had so much given, yea, and forgiven him too, should prove like the rich steward in the Gospel, that took his fellow-servant by the throat to make him pay the utmost farthing. This he told him : and told him, that the law of this nation—by which law he claims his rent—does not undertake to make men honest or merciful ; but does what it can to restrain men from being dishonest or unmerciful, and yet was defective in both : and that taking any rent from his poor tenant, for what God suffered him not to enjoy, though the law allowed him to do so, yet if he did so, he was too like that rich steward which he had mentioned to him ; and told him that riches so gotten, and added to his great estate, would, as Job says, prove like gravel in his teeth : would in time so corrode his conscience, or become so nauseous when he lay upon his death-bed, that he would then labour to vomit it up, and not be able : and therefore advised him, being very rich, to make friends of his unrighteous mammon, before that evil day come upon him : but however, neither for his own sake, nor for God's sake, to take any rent of his poor, dejected, sad tenant ; for that were to gain a temporal, and lose his eternal happiness. These, and other such reasons, were urged with so grave and compassionate an earnestness, that the landlord forgave his tenant the whole rent.

---

* Dr. Tobias Matthew, who died on the 29th of March, 1628, aged eighty-three.

The reader will easily believe that Dr. Sanderson, who was so meek and merciful, did suddenly and gladly carry this comfortable news to the dejected tenant ; and we believe, that at the telling of it there was a mutual rejoicing. It was one of Job's boasts, that he had seen none perish for want of clothing : and that he had often made the heart of the widow to rejoice. Job xxxi. 19. And doubtless Dr. Sanderson might have made the same religious boast of this, and very many like occasions. But, since he did not, I rejoice that I have this just occasion to do it for him ; and that I can tell the reader, I might tire myself and him, in telling how like the whole course of Dr. Sanderson's life, was to this which I have now related.

Thus he went on in an obscure and quiet privacy, doing good daily both by word and by deed, as often as any occasion offered itself ; yet not so obscurely, but that his very great learning, prudence, and piety, were much noted and valued by the bishop of his diocese, and by most of the nobility and gentry of that county. By the first of which he was often summoned to preach many visitation sermons, and by the latter at many assizes. Which sermons, though they were much esteemed by them that procured, and were fit to judge them; yet they were the less valued, because he read them, which he was forced to do ; for though he had an extraordinary memory,—even the art of it,—yet he had such an innate invincible fear and bashfulness, that his memory was wholly useless, as to the repetition of his sermons as he had writ them ; which gave occasion to say, when they were first printed and exposed to censure,—which was in the year 1632,—that the best sermons that were ever read, were never preached.

In this contented obscurity he continued, till the learned and good Archbishop Laud*, who knew him well in Oxford,—for he was his contemporary there,—told the king, ('twas the knowing and conscientious King Charles the First,) that there was one Mr. Sanderson, an obscure country minister, that was of such sincerity, and so excellent in all casuistical learning, that he desired his majesty would make him his chaplain. The king granted it most willingly, and gave the bishop charge to hasten it, for he longed to discourse with a man that had dedicated his studies to that useful part of learning. The bishop forgot not the king's desire, and Mr. Sanderson was made his chaplain in ordinary in November following, 1631. And when they became known to each other, the king did put many cases of conscience to him, and received from him such deliberate, safe, and clear solutions, as gave him great content in conversing with him : so that, at the end of his month's attendance, the king told him, he should long for the next November ; for he resolved to have a more inward acquaintance with him, when that month and he returned. And when the month and he did return, the good king was never absent from his sermons, and would usually say, " I carry my ears to hear other preachers ; but I carry my conscience to hear Mr. Sanderson, and to act accordingly." And this ought not to be concealed from posterity, that the king thought what he spake ; for he took him to be his adviser in that quiet part of his life, and he proved to be his comforter in those days of his affliction, when he apprehended himself to be in danger of death or deposing. Of which more hereafter.

In the first parliament of this good king, which was 1625, he was chosen to be a clerk of the convocation for the diocese of Lincoln ; which I here mention, because about that time did arise many disputes about predestination, and the many critical points that depend upon, or are interwoven in it ; occasioned, as was said, by a disquisition of new principles of Mr. Calvin's, though others say they were before his time. But of these Dr. Sanderson then drew up, for his own satisfaction, such a scheme—he called it " Pax Ecclesiæ"—as then gave himself, and hath since given others such satisfaction, that it still remains to be of great estimation among the most learned. He was also chosen clerk of all the convocations during that good king's reign. Which I here tell my reader, because I shall hereafter have occasion to mention that convocation in 1640, the unhappy Long Parliament, and some debates of the predestination points as they have been since charitably handled betwixt him, the learned Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce, the now reverend dean of Salisbury.

---

* Dr. William Laud, (whose execution, which must ever be accounted little better than a judicial murder, was a disgrace to the Parliament,) was born at Reading on the 7th of October, 1573, and educated there and at St. John's College, Oxford. He was made dean of Gloucester in 1616 ; bishop of St. David's in 1621. In 1626 he was translated to Bath and Wells ; in 1628 to London ; and in 1633 to Canterbury. The share he took in public affairs, his strong opinions upon the subject of the extent of the kingly power, and the Arminian doctrines which influenced him in the exercise of his priestly authority, all tended to render him exceedingly unpopular ; but the charge of an inclination to popery, which, both during his life and since his death, has been frequently urged against him, is totally destitute of foundation. His piety, charity, zeal, and honesty did him honour, but his judgment was too defective to permit a prudent exercise of the power entrusted to him. He was impeached and imprisoned about the same time as Strafford, but was suffered to remain three years in the Tower before he was brought to trial, when, after the examination of more than one hundred and fifty witnesses, " the Commons," says Hume, " found so little likelihood of obtaining a judicial sentence, that they were obliged to have recourse to their legislative authority, and to pass an ordinance for taking away the life of this aged prelate." He died by the hand of the executioner on the 10th of January, 1644-5, in the seventy-second year of his age.

In the year 1636, his majesty, then in his progress, took a fair occasion to visit Oxford, and to take an entertainment for two days for himself and honourable attendants; which the reader ought to believe was suitable to their dignities. But this is mentioned, because at the king's coming thither, Dr. Sanderson did attend him, and was then, the 31st of August, created doctor of divinity; which honour had an addition to it, by having many of the nobility of this nation then made doctors and masters of arts with him: some of whose names shall be recorded and live with his, and none shall outlive it. First, Dr. Curle and Dr. Wren, who were then bishops of Winton and of Norwich, and had formerly taken their degrees in Cambridge, were with him created doctors of divinity in his University. So was Meric, the son of the learned Isaac Casaubon; and Prince Rupert, who still lives, the then Duke of Lenox, Earl of Hereford, Earl of Essex, of Berkshire, and very many others of noble birth, too many to be named, were then created masters of arts.

Some years before the unhappy Long Parliament, this nation being then happy and in peace, though inwardly sick of being well, namely in the year 1639, a discontented party of the Scots church were zealously restless for another reformation of their kirk-government; and to that end created a new covenant, for the general taking of which they pretended to petition the king for his assent, and that he would enjoin the taking of it by all of that nation. But this petition was not to be presented to him by a committee of eight or ten men of their fraternity; but by so many thousands, and they so armed, as seemed to force an assent to what they seemed to request; so that though forbidden by the king, yet they entered England, and in their heat of zeal took and plundered Newcastle, where the king was forced to meet them with an army: but upon a treaty and some concessions, he sent them back,—though not so rich as they intended, yet,—for that time, without bloodshed. But, oh! this peace, and this covenant, were but the forerunners of war, and the many miseries that followed: for in the year following there were so many chosen into the Long Parliament, that were of a conjunct counsel with these very zealous and as factious reformers, as begot such a confusion by the several desires and designs in many of the members of that parliament, and at last in the very common people of this nation, that they were so lost by contrary designs, fears, and confusions, as to believe the Scots and their covenant would restore them to their former tranquillity. And to that end the presbyterian party of this nation did again, in the year 1643, invite the Scotch covenanters back into England: and hither they came marching with it gloriously upon their pikes and in their hats, with this motto; "For the crown and covenant of both kingdoms." This I saw, and suffered by it. But when I look back upon the ruin of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain-dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning, I praise God that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it. And I have been the bolder to say this of myself, because, in a sad discourse with Dr. Sanderson, I heard him make the like grateful acknowledgment.

This digression is intended for the better information of the reader in what will follow concerning Dr. Sanderson. And first, that the covenanters of this nation, and their party in parliament, made many exceptions against the Common Prayer and ceremonies of the church, and seemed restless for a reformation: and though their desires seemed not reasonable to the king, and the learned Dr. Laud, then archbishop of Canterbury; yet, to quiet their consciences, and prevent future confusion, they did, in the year 1641, desire Dr. Sanderson to call two more of the convocation to advise with him, and that he would then draw up some such safe alterations as he thought fit in the service-book, and abate some of the ceremonies that were least material for satisfying their consciences;—and to this end they did meet together privately twice a week at the dean of Westminster's house, for the space of three months or more. But not long after that time, when Dr. Sanderson had made the reformation ready for a view, the church and state were both fallen into such a confusion, that Dr. Sanderson's model for reformation became then useless. Nevertheless, his reputation was such, that he was, in the year 1642, proposed by both houses of parliament to the king, then in Oxford, to be one of their trustees for the settling of church affairs, and was allowed of by the king to be so: but that treaty came to nothing.

In the year 1643, the two houses of parliament took upon them to make an ordinance, and call an assembly of divines, to debate and settle some church-controversies, of which many were very unfit to judge: in which Dr. Sanderson was also named, but did not appear; I suppose for the same reason that many other worthy and learned men did forbear, the summons wanting the king's authority. And here I must look back, and tell the reader, that in the year 1642, he was, July 21st, named by a more undoubted authority to a more noble employment, which was to be professor regius of divinity in Oxford: but, though knowledge be said to puff up, yet his modesty and too mean an opinion of his great abilities, and some other real or pretended reasons,—expressed in his speech, when he first appeared in the chair, and since printed,—kept him from entering into it till October, 1646.

He did, for about a year's time, continue to read his matchless lectures, which were first de Juramento, a point very difficult, and at that time very dangerous, to be handled as it ought to be. But this learned man, as he was eminently furnished with abilities to satisfy the consciences of men upon that important subject; so he wanted not courage to assert the true obligation of oaths in a degenerate age, when men had made perjury a main part of their religion. How much the learned world stands obliged to him for these, and his following lectures De Conscientiâ, I shall not attempt to declare, as being very sensible that the best pens must needs fall short in the commendation of them: so that I shall only add, that they continue to this day, and will do for ever, as a complete standard for the resolution of the most material doubts in casuistical divinity. And therefore I proceed to tell the reader, that about the time of his reading those lectures,—the king being then prisoner in the Isle of Wight,—the parliament had sent the covenant, the negative oath, and I know not what more, to be taken by the doctor of the chair, and all heads of houses; and all other inferior scholars, of what degree soever, were all to take these oaths by a fixed day; and those that did not, to abandon their college, and the university too, within twenty-four hours after the beating of a drum; for if they remained longer, they were to be proceeded against as spies.

Dr. Laud, then archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Strafford, and many others, had been formerly murdered by this wicked parliament; but the king yet was not: and the university had yet some faint hopes that in a treaty then in being, or pretended to be suddenly, there might be such an agreement made between king and parliament, that the dissenters in the university might both preserve their consciences and subsistence which they then enjoyed by their colleges.

And being possessed of this mistaken hope, that the parliament were not yet grown so merciless as not to allow manifest reason for their not submitting to the enjoined oaths, the university appointed twenty delegates to meet, consider, and draw up a manifesto to the parliament, why they could not take those oaths but by violation of their consciences: and of these delegates Dr. Sheldon,—late archbishop of Canterbury,—Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Morley, now bishop of Winchester, and that most honest and as judicious civil lawyer, Dr. Zouch*, were a part; the rest I cannot now name: but the whole number of the delegates requested Dr. Zouch to draw up the law part, and give it to Dr. Sanderson: and he was requested to methodise and add what referred to reason and conscience, and put it into form. He yielded to their desires and did so. And then, after they had been read in a full convocation, and allowed of, they were printed in Latin, that the parliament's proceedings, and the university's sufferings, might be manifested to all nations: and the imposers of these oaths might repent, or answer them: but they were past the first; and for the latter, I might swear they neither can, nor ever will. And these reasons were also suddenly turned into English by Dr. Sanderson, that those of these three kingdoms might the better judge of the loyal party's sufferings.

About this time the independents—who were then grown to be the most powerful part of the army—had taken the king from a close to a more large imprisonment; and, by their own pretences to liberty of conscience, were obliged to allow somewhat of that to the king, who had, in the year 1646, sent for Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sheldon,—the late Archbishop of Canterbury,—and Dr. Morley,—the now Bishop of Winchester,—to attend him, in order to advise with them, how far he might with a good conscience comply with the proposals of the parliament for a peace in church and state: but these, having been then denied him by the Presbyterian parliament, were now allowed him by those in present power. And as those other divines, so Dr. Sanderson gave his attendance on his majesty also in the Isle of Wight, preached there before him, and had in that attendance many, both public and private, conferences with him, to his majesty's great satisfaction. At which time he desired Dr. Sanderson, that, being the Parliament had proposed to him the abolishing of episcopal government in the church, as inconsistent with monarchy, that he would consider of it, and declare his judgment. He undertook to do so, and did it; but it might not be printed till our king's happy restoration, and then it was. And at Dr. Sanderson's taking his leave of his majesty in his last attendance on him, the king requested him to betake himself to the writing cases of conscience for the good of posterity. To which his answer was, that he was now grown too old, and unfit to write cases of conscience. But the king was so bold with him as to say, it was the simplest answer he ever heard from Dr. Sanderson: for no young man was fit to be a judge or write cases of conscience. And let me here take occasion to tell the reader this truth, not commonly known, that in one of these conferences this conscientious king told Dr. Sanderson, or one of them that then waited with him, that the remembrance of two errors did much afflict him, which were, his assent to the Earl of Strafford's death, and the abolishing episcopacy in Scotland; and that if God ever restored him to be in peaceable possession of his crown, he would demonstrate his repentance by a public confession, and a voluntary penance,—I think barefoot—from the Tower of London, or Whitehall, to St. Paul's Church, and desire the people to intercede with God for his pardon. I am sure one of them that told it me, lives still, and will witness it. And it ought to be observed, that Dr. Sanderson's Lectures de Juramento were so approved and valued by the king, that in this time of his imprisonment and solitude he translated them into exact English, desiring Dr. Juxon,—then Bishop of London,—Dr. Hammond, and Sir Thomas Herbert,—who then attended him,—to compare them with the original. The last still lives, and has declared it, with some other of that king's excellencies, in a letter under his own hand, which was lately showed me by Sir William Dugdale, king of arms. The book was designed to be put into the king's library at St. James's; but, I doubt, not now to be found there. I thought the honour of the author and the translator to be both so much concerned in this relation, that it ought not to be concealed from the reader, and it is therefore here inserted.

I now return to Dr. Sanderson in the chair in Oxford, where they that complied not in taking the covenant, negative oath, and parliament ordinance for church discipline and worship, were under a sad and daily apprehension of expulsion: for the visitors were daily expected, and both city and university full of soldiers, and a party of presbyterian divines, that were as greedy and ready to possess, as the ignorant and ill-natured visitors were to eject the dissenters out of their colleges and livelihoods: but, notwithstanding, Dr. Sanderson did still continue to read his lecture, and did, to the very faces of those presbyterian divines and soldiers, read with so much reason, and with a calm fortitude make such applications, as, if they were not, they ought to have been ashamed, and begged pardon of God and him, and forborne to do what followed. But these thriving sinners were hardened; and, as the visitors expelled the orthodox, they, without scruple or shame, possessed themselves of their colleges; so that, with the rest, Dr. Sanderson was in June, 1648, forced to pack up and be gone, and thank God he was not imprisoned, as Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Hammond, and others then were.

---

* Dr. Robert Zouch was celebrated as a civilian, and was the author of many Latin works on Civil Law. He was born at Ansley, in Wiltshire, in 1590, and was educated at Winchester school and New College, Oxford. In 1620 he was regius professor of civil law. He was also Warden of the Cinque Ports, and judge of the Admiralty Court. He died in 1660.

I must now again look back to Oxford, and tell my reader, that the year before this expulsion, when the university had denied this subscription, and apprehended the danger of that visitation which followed, they sent Dr. Morley, then canon of Christ Church,—now lord bishop of Winchester,—and others, to petition the parliament for recalling the injunction, or a mitigation of it, or accept of their reasons why they could not take the oaths enjoined them; and the petition was by parliament referred to a committee to hear and report the reasons to the house, and a day set for hearing them. This done, Dr. Morley and the rest went to inform and fee counsel, to plead their cause on the day appointed; but there had been so many committed for pleading, that none durst undertake it; for at this time the privileges of that Parliament were become a noli me tangere, as sacred and useful to them, as traditions ever were, or are now, to the church of Rome; their number must never be known, and therefore not without danger to be meddled with. For which reason Dr. Morley was forced, for want of counsel, to plead the university's reasons for non-compliance with the parliament's injunctions: and though this was done with great reason, and a boldness equal to the justice of his cause, yet the effect of it was, but that he and the rest appearing with him were so fortunate, as to return to Oxford without commitment. This was some few days before the visitors and more soldiers were sent down to drive the dissenters out of the university. And one that was, at this time of Dr. Morley's pleading, a powerful man in the Parliament, and of that committee, observing Dr. Morley's behaviour and reason, and inquiring of him and hearing a good report of his morals, was therefore willing to afford him a peculiar favour; and, that he might express it, sent for me that relate this story, and knew Dr. Morley well, and told me, he had such a love for Dr. Morley that, knowing he would not take the oaths, and must therefore be ejected his college, and leave Oxford; he desired I would therefore write to him to ride out of Oxford when the visitors came into it, and not return till they left it, and he should be sure then to return in safety; and that he should, without taking any oath or other molestation, enjoy his canon's place in his college. I did receive this intended kindness with a sudden gladness, because I was sure the party had a power, and as sure he meant to perform it, and did therefore write the doctor word: and his answer was, that I must not fail to return my friend —who still lives,—his humble and undissembled thanks, though he could not accept of his intended kindness; for when the dean, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Paine, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, and all the rest of the college, were turned out, except Dr. Wall, he should take it to be, if not a sin, yet a shame, to be left behind with him only. Dr. Wall I knew, and will speak nothing of him, for he is dead.

It may easily be imagined, with what a joyful willingness these self-loving reformers took possession of all vacant preferments, and with what reluctance others parted with their beloved colleges and subsistence: but their consciences were dearer than their subsistence, and out they went; the reformers possessing them without shame or scruple: where I will leave these scruple-mongers, and make an account of the then present affairs of London, to be the next employment of my reader's patience.

And in London all the bishops' houses were turned to be prisons, and they filled with divines, that would not take the covenant, or forbear reading common prayer, or that were accused for some faults like these. For it may be noted, that about this time the parliament set out a proclamation, to encourage all laymen that had occasion to complain of their ministers for being troublesome or scandalous, or that conformed not to orders of parliament, to make their complaint to a committee for that purpose; and the minister, though a hundred miles from London, should appear there, and give satisfaction, or be sequestered; and you may be sure no parish could want a covetous, or malicious, or cross-grained complainant;—by which means all prisons in London, and in some other places, became the sad habitations of conforming divines.

And about this time the Archbishop of Canterbury having been by an unknown law condemned to die, and the execution suspended for some days, many of the malicious citizens, fearing his pardon, shut up their shops, professing not to open them till justice was executed. This malice and madness is scarce credible; but I saw it.

The bishops had been voted out of the House of Parliament, and some upon that occasion sent to the Tower; which made many covenanters rejoice, and believe Mr. Brightman—who probably was a good and well-meaning man—to be inspired in his Comment on the Apocalypse, an abridgment of which was now printed, and called Mr. Brightman's Revelation of the Revelation. And though he was grossly mistaken in other things, yet, because he had made the churches of Geneva and Scotland, which had no bishops, to be Philadelphia in the Apocalypse, the angel that God loved; Rev. iii. 7-13, and the power of prelacy to be antichrist, the evil angel, which the House of Commons had now so spewed up, as never to recover their dignity; therefore did those covenanters approve and applaud Mr. Brightman for discovering and foretelling the bishops' downfall; so that they both railed at them, and rejoiced to buy good pennyworths of their lands, which their friends of the House of Commons did afford them, as a reward of their diligent assistance to pull them down.

And the bishops' power being now vacated, the common people were made so happy, as every parish might choose their own minister, and tell him when he did, and when he did not, preach true doctrine: and by this and like means, several churches had several teachers, that prayed and preached for and against one another, and engaged their hearers to contend furiously for truths which they understood not; some of which I shall mention in the discourse that follows.

I have heard of two men, that in their discourse undertook to give a character of a third person; and one concluded he was a very honest man, for he was beholden to him; and the other, that he was not, for he was not beholden to him. And something like this was in the designs both of the covenanters and independents, the last of which were now grown both as numerous and as powerful as the former: for though they differed much in many principles, and preached against each other, one making it a sign of being in the state of grace, if we were but zealous for the covenant; and the other, that we ought to buy and sell by a measure, and to allow the same liberty of conscience to others, which we by Scripture claim to ourselves; and therefore not to force any to swear the covenant contrary to their consciences, and lose both their livings and liberties too. Though these differed thus in their conclusions, yet they both agreed in their practice to preach down Common Prayer, and get into the best sequestered livings; and whatever became of the true owners, their wives and children, yet to continue in them without the least scruple of conscience.

They also made other strange observations of election, reprobation, and free will, and the other points dependent upon these; such as the wisest of the common people were not fit to judge of: I am sure I am not; though I must mention some of them historically in a more proper place, when I have brought my reader with me to Dr. Sanderson at Boothby Pannell.

And in the way thither I must tell him, that a very covenanter, and a Scot too, that came into England with this unhappy covenant, was got into a good sequestered living by the help of a Presbyterian parish, which had got the true owner out. And this Scotch presbyterian, being well settled in this good living, began to reform the churchyard, by cutting down a large yew-tree, and some other trees that were an ornament to the place, and very often a shelter to the parishioners; who, excepting against him for so doing, were answered, that the trees were his, and 'twas lawful for every man to use his own, as he, and not as they thought fit. I have heard, but do not affirm it, that no action lies against him that is so wicked as to steal the winding-sheet of a dead body after it is buried; and having heard the reason to be, because none were supposed to be so void of humanity; and that such a law would vilify that nation that would but suppose so vile a man to be born in it: nor would one suppose any man to do what this covenanter did. And whether there were any law against him, I know not; but pity the parish the less for turning out their legal minister.

We have now overtaken Dr. Sanderson at Boothby parish, where he hoped to have enjoyed himself, though in a poor, yet in a quiet and desired privacy; but it proved otherwise: for all corners of the nation were filled with covenanters, confusion, committee-men, and soldiers, serving each other to their several ends, of revenge, or power, or profit; and these committee-men and soldiers were most of them so possessed with this covenant, that they became like those that were infected with that dreadful plague of Athens; the plague of which plague was, that they by it became maliciously restless to get into company, and to joy,—so the historian * saith,—when they had infected others, even those of their most beloved or nearest friends or relations: and though there might be some of these covenanters that were beguiled and meant well; yet such were the generality of them, and temper of the times, that you may be sure Dr. Sanderson, who though quiet and harmless, yet an eminent dissenter from them, could not live peaceably; nor did he; for the soldiers would appear, and visibly disturb him in the church when he read prayers, pretending to advise him how God was to be served most acceptably: which he not approving, but continuing to observe order and decent behaviour in reading the church-service, they forced his book from him, and tore it, expecting extemporary prayers.

At this time he was advised by a parliament-man of power and note, that valued and loved him much, not to be strict in reading all the Common Prayer, but make some little variation, especially if the soldiers came to watch him; for then it might not be in the power of him and his other friends to secure him from taking the covenant, or sequestration: for which reasons he did vary somewhat from the strict rules of the rubric. I will set down the very words of confession which he used, as I have it under his own hand; and tell the reader, that all his other variations were as little, and much like to this.

HIS CONFESSION.

"O Almighty God and merciful Father, we, thy unworthy servants, do with shame and sorrow confess, that we have all our life long gone astray out of thy ways like lost sheep; and that, by following too much the vain devices and desires of our own hearts, we have grievously offended against thy holy laws, both in thought, word, and deed; we have many times left undone those good duties, which we might and ought to have done; and we have many times done those evils, when we might have avoided them, which we ought not to have done. We confess, O Lord! that there is no health at all, nor help in any creature to relieve us; but all our hope is in thy mercy, whose justice we have by our sins so far provoked. Have mercy therefore upon us, O Lord! have mercy upon us miserable offenders: spare us, good God, who confess our faults, that we perish not; but, according to thy gracious promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord, restore us upon our true repentance into thy grace and favour. And grant, O most merciful Father! for his sake, that we henceforth study to serve and please thee by leading a godly, righteous, and a sober life, to the glory of thy holy name, and the eternal comfort of our own souls, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

In these disturbances of tearing his service-book, a neighbour came on a Sunday, after the

---

* Thucydides.

evening service was ended, to visit and condole with him for the affront offered by the soldiers. To whom he spake with a composed patience, and said: "God hath restored me to my desired privacy, with my wife and children; where I hoped to have met with quietness, and it proves not so: but I will labour to be pleased, because God, on whom I depend, sees it is not fit for me to be quiet. I praise him, that he hath by his grace prevented me, from making shipwreck of a good conscience to maintain me in a place of great reputation and profit: and though my condition be such, that I need the last, yet I submit; for God did not send me into this world to do my own, but suffer his will, and I will obey it." Thus by a sublime depending on his wise, and powerful, and pitiful Creator, he did cheerfully submit to what God had appointed, justifying the truth of that doctrine which he had preached.

About this time that excellent book of The King's Meditations in his Solitude was printed, and made public: and Dr. Sanderson was such a lover of the author, and so desirous that the whole world should see the character of him in that book, and something of the cause for which they suffered, that he designed to turn it into Latin: but when he had done half of it most excellently, his friend Dr. Earle prevented him, by appearing to have done the whole very well before him.

About this time his dear and most intimate friend, the learned Dr. Hammond, came to enjoy a conversation and rest with him for some days; and did so. And having formerly persuaded him to trust his excellent memory, and not read, but try to speak a sermon as he had writ it, Dr. Sanderson became so compliant, as to promise he would. And to that end they two went early the Sunday following to a neighbour minister, and requested to exchange a sermon; and they did so. And at Dr. Sanderson's going into the pulpit, he gave his sermon—which was a very short one—into the hand of Dr. Hammond, intending to preach it as it was writ: but before he had preached a third part, Dr. Hammond,—looking on his sermon as written—observed him to be out, and so lost as to the matter, that he also became afraid for him; for 'twas discernible to many of the plain auditory. But when he had ended this short sermon, as they two walked homeward, Dr. Sanderson said with much earnestness, "Good Doctor, give me my sermon; and know, that neither you nor any man living, shall ever persuade me to preach again without my books." To which the reply was, "Good doctor, be not angry; for if I ever persuade you to preach again without book, I will give you leave to burn all those that I am master of."

Part of the occasion of Dr. Hammond's visit, was at this time to discourse with Dr. Sanderson about some opinions, in which, if they did not then, they had doubtless differed formerly: it was about those knotty points, which are by the learned called the Quinquarticular Controversy; of which I shall proceed, not to give any judgment,—I pretend not to that,—but some short historical account which shall follow.

There had been, since the unhappy Covenant was brought and so generally taken in England, a liberty given or taken by many preachers—those of London especially—to preach and be too positive in the points of universal redemption, predestination, and those other depending upon these. Some of which preached, that all men were, before they came into this world, so predestinated to salvation or damnation, that it was not in their power to sin so, as to lose the first, nor by their most diligent endeavour to avoid the latter. Others, that it was not so; because then God could not be said to grieve for the death of a sinner, when he himself had made him so by an inevitable decree, before he had so much as a being in this world; affirming therefore, that man had some power left him to do the will of God, because he was advised to work out his salvation with fear and trembling; maintaining, that it is most certain every man can do what he can to be saved; and that he that does what he can to be saved, shall never be damned. And yet many that affirmed this would confess that that grace, which is but a persuasive offer, and left to us to receive or refuse, is not that grace which shall bring men to Heaven. Which truths, or untruths, or both, be they which they will, did upon these, or the like occasions, come to be searched into, and charitably debated betwixt Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Pierce,—the now Reverend Dean of Salisbury,—of which I shall proceed to give some account, but briefly.

In the year 1648, the fifty-two London ministers—then a fraternity of Sion College in that city—had in a printed declaration aspersed Dr. Hammond most heinously, for that he had in his Practical Catechism affirmed, that our Saviour died for the sins of all mankind. To justify which truth, he presently makes a charitable reply—as 'tis now printed in his works.—After which there were many letters passed betwixt the said Dr. Hammond, Dr. Sanderson, and Dr. Pierce, concerning God's grace and decrees. Dr. Sanderson was with much unwillingness drawn into this debate; for he declared it would prove uneasy to him, who in his judgment of God's decrees differed with Dr. Hammond,—whom he reverenced and loved dearly,—and would not therefore engage him into a controversy, of which he could never hope to see an end: but they did all enter into a charitable disquisition of these said points in several letters, to the full satisfaction of the learned; those betwixt Dr. Sanderson and Dr. Hammond being printed in his works; and for what passed betwixt him and the learned Dr. Pierce, I refer my reader to a letter annexed to the end of this relation.

I think the judgment of Dr. Sanderson was, by these debates, altered from what it was at his entrance into them; for in the year 1632, when his excellent sermons were first printed in quarto, the reader may on the margin find some accusation of Arminius for false doctrine; and find that, upon a review and reprinting those sermons in folio, in the year 1657, that accusation of Arminius is omitted. And the change of his judgment seems more fully to appear in his said letter to Dr. Pierce. And let me now tell the reader, which may seem to be perplexed with these several affirmations of God's decrees before mentioned, that Dr. Hammond, in a postscript to the last letter of Dr. Sanderson's, says, God can reconcile his own contradictions; and therefore advises all men, as the apostle does, to study mortification, and be wise to sobriety. And let me add further, that if these fifty-two ministers of Sion College were the occasion of the debates in these letters, they have, I think, been the occasion of giving an end to the Quinquarticular Controversy ; for none have since undertaken to say more ; but seem to be so wise, as to be content to be ignorant of the rest, till they come to that place, where the secrets of all hearts shall be laid open. And let me here tell the reader also, that if the rest of mankind would, as Dr. Sanderson, not conceal their alteration of judgment, but confess it to the honour of God and themselves, then our nation would become freer from pertinacious disputes, and fuller of recantations.

I cannot lead my reader to Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson, where we left them at Boothby Pannell, till I have looked back to the Long Parliament, the Society of Covenanters in Sion College, and those others scattered up and down in London, and given some account of their proceedings and usage of the late learned Dr. Laud, then Archbishop of Canterbury. And though I will forbear to mention the injustice of his death, and the barbarous usage of him, both then and before it ; yet my desire is that what follows may be noted, because it does now, or may hereafter, concern us ; namely, that in his last sad sermon on the scaffold at his death, he having freely pardoned all his enemies, and humbly begged of God to pardon them, and besought those present to pardon and pray for him ; yet he seemed to accuse the magistrates of the city, for suffering a sort of wretched people, that could not know why he was condemned, to go visibly up and down to gather hands to a petition, that the parliament would hasten his execution. And having declared how unjustly he thought himself to be condemned, and accused for endeavouring to bring in Popery,—for that was one of the accusations for which he died,—he declared with sadness, “That the several sects and divisions then in England—which he had laboured to prevent,—were like to bring the Pope a far greater harvest, than he could ever have expected without them.” And said, “These sects and divisions introduce profaneness under the cloak of an imaginary religion ; and that we have lost the substance of religion by changing it into opinion ; and that by these means this church, which all the Jesuits' machinations could not ruin, was fallen into apparent danger by those which were his accusers.” To this purpose he spoke at his death : for this, and more of which, the reader may view his last sad sermon on the scaffold. And it is here mentioned, because his dear friend Dr. Sanderson seems to demonstrate the same in his two large and remarkable Prefaces before his two volumes of Sermons ; and he seems also with much sorrow to say the same again in his last will, made when he apprehended himself to be very near his death. And these Covenanters ought to take notice of it, and to remember, that, by the late wicked war begun by them, Dr. Sanderson was ejected out of the professor's chair in Oxford ; and that if he had continued in it,—for he lived fourteen years after,—both the learned of this and other nations had been made happy by many remarkable cases of conscience, so rationally stated, and so briefly, so clearly, and so convincingly determined, that posterity might have joyed and boasted that Dr. Sanderson was born in this nation, for the ease and benefit of all the learned that shall be born after him : but this benefit is so like time past, that they are both irrecoverably lost.

I should now return to Boothby Pannell, where we left Dr. Hammond and Dr. Sanderson together ; but neither can be found there : for the first was in his journey to London, and the second seized upon the day after his friend's departure, and carried prisoner to Lincoln, then a garrison of the parliament's. For the pretended reason of which commitment, I shall give this following account.

There was one Mr. Clarke, the minister of Alington, a town not many miles from Boothby Pannell, who was an active man for the parliament and covenant ; one that, when Belvoir Castle—then a garrison for the Parliament—was taken by a party of the king's soldiers, was taken in it, and made a prisoner of war in Newark, then a garrison of the king's ; a man so active and useful for his party, that they became so much concerned for his enlargement, that the Committee of Lincoln sent a troop of horse to seize and bring Dr. Sanderson a prisoner to that garrison : and they did so. And there he had the happiness to meet with many, that knew him so well as to treat him kindly ; but told him, He must continue their prisoner, till he should purchase his own enlargement by procuring an exchange for Mr. Clarke, then prisoner in the king's garrison of Newark. There were many reasons given by the doctor of the injustice of his imprisonment, and the inequality of the exchange ; but all were ineffectual ; for done it must be, or he continue a prisoner. And in time done it was, upon the following conditions.

First, that Dr. Sanderson and Mr. Clarke being exchanged, should live undisturbed at their own parishes ; and if either were injured by the soldiers of the contrary party, the other, having notice of it, should procure him a redress, by having satisfaction made for his loss, or for any other injury ; or if not, he to be used in the same kind by the other party. Nevertheless, Dr. Sanderson could neither live safe nor quietly, being several times plundered, and once wounded in three places : but he, apprehending the remedy might turn to a more intolerable burden by impatience or complaining, forbore both ; and possessed his soul in a contented quietness, without the least repining. But though he could not enjoy the safety he expected by this exchange, yet, by his providence that can bring good out of evil, it turned so much to his advantage, that whereas as his living had been sequestered from the year 1644, and continued to be so till this time of his imprisonment, he, by the articles of war in this exchange for Mr. Clarke, procured his sequestration to be recalled, and by that means enjoyed a poor, but contented subsistence for himself, wife, and children, till the happy restoration of our king and church.

In this time of his poor but contented privacy of life, his casuistical learning, peaceful moderation, and sincerity, became so remarkable, that there were many that applied themselves to him for resolution in cases of conscience ; some known to him, many not ; some requiring satisfaction by conference, others by letters ; so many, that his life became almost as restless as their minds ; yet he denied no man : and if it be a truth which holy Mr. Herbert says, “That all worldly joys seem less, when compared with showing mercy or doing kindnesses;" then doubtless Dr. Sanderson might have boasted for relieving so many restless and wounded consciences; which, as Solomon says, are a burden that none can bear, though their fortitude may sustain their other infirmities: and if words cannot express the joy of a conscience relieved from such restless agonies; then Dr. Sanderson might rejoice that so many were by him so clearly and conscientiously satisfied, for he denied none, and would often praise God for that ability, and as often for the occasion, and that God had inclined his heart to do it to the meanest of any of those poor, but precious souls, for which his Saviour vouchsafed to be crucified.

Some of those very many cases that were resolved by letters, have been preserved and printed for the benefit of posterity; as namely,

1. Of the sabbath.
2. Marrying with a recusant.
3. Of unlawful love.
4. Of a military life.
5. Of scandal.
6. Of a bond taken in the king's name.
7. Of the engagement.
8. Of a rash vow.

But many more remain in private hands, of which one is of Simony; and I wish the world might see it, that it might undeceive some patrons, who think they have discharged that great and dangerous trust, both to God and man, if they take no money for a living, though it may be parted with for other ends less justifiable.

And in this time of his retirement, when the common people were amazed and grown giddy by the many falsehoods, and misapplications of truths frequently vented in sermons; when they wrested the Scripture by challenging God to be of their party, and called upon him in their prayers to patronise their sacrilege and zealous frenzies; in this time he did so compassionate the generality of this misled nation, that though the times threatened danger, yet he then hazarded his safety by writing the large and bold preface now extant before his last twenty sermons;—first printed in the year 1655;—in which there was such strength of reason, with so powerful and clear convincing applications made to the nonconformists, as being read by one of those dissenting brethren, who was possessed with such a spirit of contradiction, as being neither able to defend his error, nor yield to truth manifest, his conscience having slept long and quietly in a good sequestered living, was yet at the reading of it so awakened, that after a conflict with the reason he had met, and the damage he was to sustain if he consented to it, and being still unwilling to be so convinced, as to lose by being over-reasoned, he went in haste to the bookseller of whom it was bought, threatened him, and told him in anger, he had sold a book in which there was false divinity; and that the preface had upbraided the parliament, and many godly ministers of that party, for unjust dealing. To which his reply was,—'twas Tim. Garthwaite,—"That 'twas not his trade to judge of true or false divinity, but to print and sell books: and yet if he, or any friend of his, would write an answer to it, and own it by setting his name to it, he would print the answer, and promote the selling of it."

About the time of his printing this excellent preface, I met him accidentally in London, in sad-coloured clothes, and, God knows, far from being costly. The place of our meeting was near to Little Britain, where he had been to buy a book, which he then had in his hand. We had no inclination to part presently, and therefore turned to stand in a corner under a penthouse, for it began to rain, and immediately the wind rose, and the rain increased so much, that both became so inconvenient, as to force us into a cleanly house, where we had bread, cheese, ale, and a fire, for our money. This rain and wind were so obliging to me, as to force our stay there for at least an hour, to my great content and advantage; for in that time he made to me many useful observations, with much clearness and conscientious freedom. I shall relate a part of them, in hope they may also turn to the advantage of my reader. He seemed to lament that the parliament had taken upon them to abolish our Liturgy, to the scandal of so many devout and learned men, and the disgrace of those many martyrs, who had sealed the truth and use of it with their blood: and that no minister was now thought godly that did not decry it, and at least pretend to make better prayers extempore: and that they, and only they, that could do so, prayed by the Spirit, and were godly; though in their sermons they disputed, and evidently contradicted each other in their prayers. And as he did dislike this, so he did most highly commend the Common Prayer of the church, saying, the Collects were the most passionate, proper, and most elegant expressions that any language ever afforded; and that there was in them such piety, and so interwoven with instructions, that they taught us to know the power, the wisdom, the majesty, and mercy of God, and much of our duty both to him and our neighbour; and that a congregation, behaving themselves reverently, and putting up to God these joint and known desires for pardon of sins, and praises for mercies received, could not but be more pleasing to God, than those raw, unpremeditated expressions, to which many of the hearers could not say, Amen.

And he then commended to me the frequent use of the Psalter, or Psalms of David; speaking to this purpose: "That they were the treasury of Christian comfort, fitted for all persons and necessities; able to raise the soul from dejection by the frequent mention of God's mercies to repentant sinners; to stir up holy desires; to increase joy; to moderate sorrow; to nourish hope, and teach us patience, by waiting God's leisure; to beget a trust in the mercy, power, and providence of our Creator; and to cause a resignation of ourselves to his will; and then, and not till then, to believe ourselves happy." This, he said, the liturgy and psalms taught us; and that by the frequent use of the last, they would not only prove to be our soul's comfort, but would become so habitual, as to transform them into the image of his soul that composed them. After this manner he expressed himself concerning the liturgy and psalms; and seemed to lament that this, which was the devotion of the more primitive times, should in common pulpits be turned into needless debates about freewill, election, and reprobation, of which, and many like questions, we may be safely ignorant, because Almighty God intends not to lead us to heaven by hard questions, but by meekness and charity, and a frequent practice of devotion.

And he seemed to lament very much, that, by the means of irregular and indiscreet preaching, the generality of the nation were possessed with such dangerous mistakes, as to think they might be religious first, and then just and merciful; that they might sell their consciences, and yet have something left that was worth keeping; that they might be sure they were elected, though their lives were visibly scandalous; that to be cunning was to be wise; that to be rich was to be happy, though their wealth was got without justice or mercy; that to be busy in things they understood not was no sin. These, and the like mistakes he lamented much, and besought God to remove them, and restore us to that humility, sincerity, and single-heartedness, with which this nation was blessed, before the unhappy covenant was brought into the nation, and every man preached and prayed what seemed best in his own eyes. And he then said to me, "That the way to restore this nation to a more meek and Christian temper, was to have the body of divinity, or so much of it as was needful to be known, to be put into fifty-two homilies or sermons, of such a length as not to exceed a third or fourth part of an hour's reading; and these needful points to be made so clear and plain, that those of a mean capacity might know what was necessary to be believed, and what God requires to be done; and then some applications of trial and conviction: and these to be read every Sunday of the year, as infallibly as the blood circulates the body; and then as certainly begun again, and continued the year following: and that this being done, it might probably abate the inordinate desire of knowing what we need not, and practising what we know and ought to do." This was the earnest desire of this prudent man. And oh that Dr. Sanderson had undertaken it! for then in all probability it would have proved effectual.

At this happy time of enjoying his company and this discourse, he expressed a sorrow by saying to me, "Oh that I had gone chaplain to that excellently accomplished gentleman, your friend, Sir Henry Wotton! which was once intended, when he first went ambassador to the state of Venice: for by that employment I had been forced into a necessity of conversing, not with him only, but with several men of several nations; and might thereby have kept myself from my unmanly bashfulness, which has proved very troublesome, and not less inconvenient to me; and which I now fear is become so habitual as never to leave me: and by that means I might also have known, or at least have had the satisfaction of seeing, one of the late miracles of general learning, prudence, and modesty, Sir Henry Wotton's dear friend, Padrio Paulo, who, the author of his Life says, was born with a bashfulness as invincible as I have found my own to be: a man whose fame must never die, till virtue and learning shall become so useless as not to be regarded."

This was a part of the benefit I then had by that hour's conversation; and I gladly remember and mention it, as an argument of my happiness, and his great humility and condescension. I had also a like advantage by another happy conference with him, which I am desirous to impart in this place to the reader. He lamented much, that in many parishes, where the maintenance was not great, there was no minister to officiate; and that many of the best sequestered livings were possessed with such rigid covenanters as denied the sacrament to their parishioners, unless upon such conditions, and in such a manner, as they could not take it. This he mentioned with much sorrow, saying, "The blessed sacrament did, by way of preparation for it, give occasion to all conscientious receivers to examine the performance of their vows, since they received their last seal for the pardon of their sins past; and to examine and re-search their hearts, and make penitent reflections on their failings; and, that done, to bewail them, and then make new vows or resolutions to obey all God's commands, and beg his grace to perform them. And this done, the sacrament repairs the decays of grace, helps us to conquer infirmities, gives us grace to beg God's grace, and then gives us what we beg; makes us still hunger and thirst after his righteousness, which we then receive, and being assisted with our endeavours, will still so dwell in us, as to become our satisfaction in this life, and our comfort on our last sick beds." The want of this blessed benefit he lamented much, and pitied their condition that desired but could not obtain it.

I hope I shall not disoblige my reader, if I here enlarge into a further character of his person and temper. At first, that he was moderately tall; his behaviour had in it much of a plain comeliness, and very little, yet enough, of ceremony or courtship; his looks and motion manifested affability and mildness, and yet he had with these a calm, but so matchless a fortitude, as secured him from complying with any of those many parliament injunctions, that interfered with a doubtful conscience. His learning was methodical and exact, his wisdom useful, his integrity visible, and his whole life so unspotted, that all ought to be preserved as copies for posterity to write after; the clergy especially, who with impure hands ought not to offer sacrifice to that God whose pure eyes abhor iniquity.

There was in his sermons no improper rhetoric, nor such perplexed divisions as may be said to be like too much light, that so dazzles the eyes that the sight becomes less perfect; but there was therein no want of useful matter, nor waste of words; and yet such clear distinctions as dispelled all confused notions, and made his hearers depart both wiser and more confirmed in virtuous resolutions.

His memory was so matchless and firm, as it was only overcome by his bashfulness; for he alone, or to a friend, could repeat all the Odes of Horace, all Tully's Offices, and much of Juvenal and Persius, without book; and would say, the repetition of one of the Odes of Horace to himself was to him such music, as a lesson on the viol was to others, when they played it to themselves or friends. And though he was blessed with a clearer judgment than other men, yet he was so distrustful of it that he did over-consider of consequences, and would so delay and re-consider what to determine, that though none ever determined better, yet, when the bell tolled for him to appear and read his divinity lectures in Oxford, and all the scholars attended to hear him, he had not then, or not till then, resolved and writ what he meant to determine; so that that appeared to be a truth, which his old dear friend Dr. Sheldon would often say, namely, "That his judgment was so much superior to his fancy, that whatsoever this suggested, that disliked and controlled; still considering and re-considering, till his time was so wasted that he was forced to write, not, probably, what was best, but what he thought last." And yet what he did then read appeared to all hearers to be so useful, clear, and satisfactory, as none ever determined with greater applause. These tiring and perplexing thoughts begot in him an averseness to enter into the toil of considering and determining all casuistical points; because, during that time, they neither gave rest to his body or mind. But though he would not be always loaden with these knotty points and distinctions, yet the study of old records, genealogies, and heraldry, were a recreation, and so pleasing, that he would say they gave rest to his mind. Of the last of which I have seen two remarkable volumes; and the reader needs neither to doubt their truth or exactness.

And this humble man had so conquered all repining and ambitious thoughts, and with them all other unruly passions, that, if the accidents of the day proved to his danger or damage, yet he both began and ended it with an even and undisturbed quietness; always praising God that he had not withdrawn food and raiment from him and his poor family; nor suffered him to violate his conscience for his safety, or to support himself or them in a more splendid or plentiful condition; and that he therefore resolved, with David, that his praise should be always in his mouth.

I have taken a content in giving my reader this character of his person, his temper, and some of the accidents of his life past, and more might be added of all; but I will with sorrow look forward to the sad days in which so many good men suffered, about the year 1658, at which time Dr. Sanderson was in a very low condition as to his estate; and in that time Mr. Robert Boyle* (a gentleman of a very noble birth, and more eminent for his liberality, learning, and virtue, and of whom I would say much more, but that he still lives) having casually met with and read his Lectures de Juramento, to his great satisfaction, and being informed of Dr. Sanderson's great innocence and sincerity, and that he and his family were brought into a low condition by his not complying with the parliament's injunctions, sent him by his dear friend Dr. Barlow, the now learned Bishop of Lincoln, 50*l*., and with it a request and promise. The request was, that he would review the Lectures de Conscientiâ, which he had read when he was doctor of the chair in Oxford, and print them for the good of posterity; and this Dr. Sanderson did in the year 1659. And the promise was, that he would pay him that, or a greater sum if desired, during his life, to enable him to pay an amanuensis, to ease him from the trouble of writing what he should conceive or dictate. For the more particular account of which I refer my reader to a letter writ by the said Dr. Barlow, which I have annexed to the end of this relation.

Towards the end of this year, 1659, when the many mixed sects, and their creators and merciless protectors, had led or driven each other into a whirlpool of confusion; when amazement and fear had seized them, and their accusing consciences gave them an inward and fearful intelligence, that the God which they had long served was now ready to pay them such wages as he does always reward witches with for their obeying him, when these wretches were come to foresee an end of their cruel reign, by our king's return; and such sufferers as Dr. Sanderson, and with him many of the oppressed clergy and others, could foresee the cloud of their afflictions would be dispersed by it; then, in the beginning of the year following, the king was by God restored to us, and we to our known laws and liberties, and a general joy and peace seemed to breathe through the three nations. Then were the suffering clergy freed from their sequestration, restored to their revenues, and to a liberty to adore, praise, and pray to God in such order as their consciences and oaths had formerly obliged them. And the reader will easily believe, that Dr. Sanderson and his dejected family rejoiced to see this day, and be of this number.

It ought to be considered (which I have often heard or read) that in the primitive times men of learning and virtue were usually sought for, and solicited to accept of episcopal government, and often refused it. For they conscientiously considered, that the office of a bishop was made up of labour and care; that they were trusted to be God's almoners of the church's revenue, and double their care for the poor; to live strictly themselves, and use all diligence to see that their family, officers, and clergy did so; and that the account of that stewardship must, at the last dreadful day, be made to the Searcher of all hearts; and that in the primitive times they were therefore timorous to undertake it. It may not be said, that Dr. Sanderson was accomplished with these and all the other requisites required in a bishop, so as to be able to answer them exactly; but it may be affirmed, as a good preparation, that he had at the age of seventy-three years (for he was so old at the king's return) fewer faults to be pardoned by God or man than are apparent in others in these days, in which, God knows, we fall so short of that visible sanctity and zeal to God's glory, which was apparent in the days of primitive Christianity. This is mentioned by way of preparation to what I shall say more of Dr. Sanderson; and namely, that, at the king's return, Dr. Sheldon, the late prudent Bishop of Canterbury, than whom none knew, valued, or loved Dr. Sanderson more or better, was by his majesty made a chief trustee to commend to him fit men to supply the then vacant bishoprics. And Dr. Sheldon knew none fitter than Dr. Sanderson, and therefore humbly desired the king that he would nominate him; and, that done, he did as humbly desire Dr. Sanderson that he would, for God's and the church's sake, take that charge and care upon him. Dr. Sanderson had, if not an unwillingness, certainly no forwardness to undertake it; and would often say, he had not led himself, but his friend would now lead him into a temptation which he had daily prayed against; and besought God, if he did undertake it, so to assist him with his grace, that the example of his life, his cares and endeavours, might promote his glory, and help forward the salvation of others.

---

* It is unnecessary, nay, it is impossible, in the space of a note, to do justice to the fame and character of that learned and amiable man, Mr. Robert Boyle; his noble birth was the least of his distinctions; but his services in the cause of science have given to his name an undying memory. He was born at Lismore, in the province of Munster, in Ireland, on the 25th of January, 1626-27, and died on the 30th of December, 1691.

This I have mentioned as a happy preparation to his bishopric; and am next to tell, that he was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln at Westminster, the 28th of October, 1660.

There was about this time a Christian care taken that those whose consciences were, as they said, tender, and could not comply with the service and ceremonies of the church, might have satisfaction given by a friendly debate betwixt a select number of them and some like number of those that had been sufferers for the church-service and ceremonies, and now restored to liberty, of which last some were then preferred to power and dignity in the church. And of these Bishop Sanderson was one, and then chose to be a moderator in that debate; and he performed his trust with much mildness, patience, and reason; but all proved ineffectual; for there be some prepossessions like jealousies, which, though causeless, yet cannot be removed by reasons as apparent as demonstrations can make any truth. The place appointed for this debate was the Savoy in the Strand; and the points debated were, I think, many; some affirmed to be truth and reason, some denied to be either; and these debates being then in words, proved to be so loose and perplexed as satisfied neither party. For sometime that which had been affirmed was immediately forgot or denied, and so no satisfaction given to either party. But that the debate might become more useful, it was therefore resolved, that the day following the desires and reasons of the nonconformists should be given in writing, and they in writing receive answers from the conforming party. And though I neither now can nor need to mention all the points debated, nor the names of the dissenting brethren, yet I am sure Mr. Baxter[*] was one, and am sure what shall now follow was one of the points debated.

Concerning a command of lawful superiors, what was sufficient to its being a lawful command; this proposition was brought by the conforming party.

That command which commands an act in itself lawful, and no other act or circumstance unlawful, is not sinful.

Mr. Baxter denied it for two reasons, which he gave in with his own hand in writing, thus:

One was, Because that may be a sin *per accidens*, which is not so in itself, and may be unlawfully commanded, though that accident be not in the command. Another was, That it may be commanded under an unjust penalty.

Again, this proposition being brought by the conformists, That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance whence, *per accidens*, any sin is consequent which the commander ought to provide against, is not sinful;

Mr. Baxter denied it for this reason, then given in with his own hand in writing thus; Because the first act commanded may be *per accidens* unlawful, and be commanded by an unjust penalty, though no other act or circumstance commanded be such.

Again, this proposition being brought by the conformists, That command which commandeth an act in itself lawful, and no other act whereby any unjust penalty is enjoined, nor any circumstance, whence directly, or *per accidens*, any sin is consequent, which the commander ought to provide against, hath in it all things requisite to the lawfulness of a command, and particularly cannot be guilty of commanding an act *per accidens* unlawful, nor of commanding an act under an unjust penalty;

Mr. Baxter denied it upon the same reasons.

Peter Gunning[*].
John Pearson[†].

These were then two of the disputants, still alive, and will attest this; one being now Lord Bishop of Ely, and the other of Chester. And the last of them told me very lately, that one of the dissenters — which I could but forbear to name—appeared to Dr. Sanderson to be so bold, so troublesome, and so illogical in the dispute, as forced patient Dr. Sanderson — who was then Bishop of Lincoln, and a moderator with other bishops—to say, with an unusual earnestness, That he had never met with a man of more pertinacious confidence, and less abilities, in all his conversation.

But though this debate at the Savoy was ended without any great satisfaction to either party, yet both parties knew the desires, and understood the abilities, of the other, much better than before it: and the late distressed clergy, that were now restored to their former rights and power, did, at their next meeting in convocation, contrive to give the dissenting party satisfaction by alteration, explanation, and addition to some part both of the rubric and common-prayer, as also by adding some new necessary collects, and a particular collect of thanksgiving. How many of those new collects were worded by Dr. Sanderson, I cannot say; but am sure the whole convocation valued him so much, that he never undertook to speak to any point in question, but he was heard with great willingness and attention; and when any point in question was determined, the convocation did usually desire him to word their intentions, and as usually approve and thank him.

At this convocation the Common Prayer was made more complete, by adding three new necessary offices; which were, A Form of Humiliation for the Murder of King Charles the Martyr; A

---

[*] Richard Baxter, one of the most celebrated of the non-conformist divines, was born at Rowton in Shropshire, in 1615. His character and talents were held in such esteem, that after the restoration the bishopric of Hereford was proffered to his acceptance, but his principles obliged him to decline the office. He died in 1691.

[†] Dr. Gunning was a Church of England divine, who suffered considerably for the royal cause. He died Bishop of Ely in 1684.

[‡] Dr. Pearson's name is well known in connexion with his celebrated "Exposition of the Creed;" a book which still retains its reputation. In 1661 he was made Lady Margaret professor of divinity at Cambridge; and he died Bishop of Chester in 1686, aged seventy-four.

Thanksgiving for the Restoration of his Son our King; and for the Baptising of Persons of riper age. I cannot say Dr. Sanderson did form or word them all, but doubtless more than any single man of the convocation; and he did also, by desire of the convocation, alter and add to the forms of prayers to be used at sea—now taken into the service-book.—And it may be noted, that William, the now Right Reverend Bishop of Canterbury*, was in these employments diligently useful; especially in helping to rectify the Calendar and Rubric. And lastly, it may be noted, that, for the satisfying all the dissenting brethren and others, the convocation's reasons for the alterations and additions to the Liturgy were by them desired to be drawn up by Dr. Sanderson; which being done by him, and approved by them, was appointed to be printed before the Liturgy, and may be known by this title,—The Preface; and begins thus—" It hath been the wisdom of the church"—

I shall now follow him to his bishopric, and declare a part of his behaviour in that busy and weighty employment. And first, that it was with such condescension and obligingness to the meanest of his clergy, as to know and be known to them. And indeed he practised the like to all men of what degree soever, especially to his old neighbours or parishioners of Boothby Pannell, for there was all joy at his table, when they came to visit him: then they prayed for him, and he for them, with an unfeigned affection.

I think it will not be denied, but that the care and toil required of a bishop may justly challenge the riches and revenue with which their predecessors had lawfully endowed them: and yet he sought not that so much, as doing good both to the present age and posterity; and he made this appear by what follows.

The bishop's chief house at Buckden, in the county of Huntingdon, the usual residence of his predecessors,—for it stands about the midst of his diocese,—having been at his consecration a great part of it demolished, and what was left standing under a visible decay, was by him undertaken to be erected and repaired; and it was performed with great speed, care, and charge. And to this may be added, that the king having by an injunction commended to the care of the bishops, deans, and prebends of all cathedral churches, the repair of them, their houses, and their augmentation of small vicarages; he, when he was repairing Buckden, did also augment the last, as fast as fines were paid for renewing leases: so fast, that a friend, taking notice of his bounty, was so bold as to advise him to remember he was under his first-fruits, and that he was old, and had a wife and children yet but meanly provided for, especially if his dignity were considered. To whom he made a mild and thankful answer, saying, It would not become a christian bishop to suffer those houses built by his predecessors to be ruined for want of repair; and less justifiable to suffer any of those, that were called to so high a calling as to sacrifice at God's altar, to eat the bread of sorrow constantly, when he had a power by a small augmentation to turn it into the bread of cheerfulness: and wished, that as this was, so it were also in his power to make all mankind happy, for he desired nothing more. And for his wife and children, he hoped to leave them a competence, and in the hands of a God that would provide for all that kept innocence, and trusted his providence and protection, which he had always found enough to make and keep him happy.

There was in his diocese a minister of almost his age, that had been of Lincoln College when he left it, who visited him often, and always welcome, because he was a man of innocence and open-heartedness. This minister asked the bishop what books he studied most, when he laid the foundation of his great and clear learning. To which his answer was, that he declined reading many; but what he did read were well chosen, and read so often, that he became very familiar with them; and said, they were chiefly three, Aristotle's Rhetoric, Aquinas's Secunda Secundæ, and Tully, but chiefly his Offices, which he had not read over less than twenty times, and could at this age say without book. And told him also, the learned Civilian Doctor Zouch—who died lately—had writ Elementa Jurisprudentiæ, which was a book that he could also say without book; and that no wise man could read it too often, or love or commend too much; and told him these had been his toil: but for himself he always had a natural love to genealogies and heraldry; and that when his thoughts were harassed with any perplexed studies; he left off, and turned to them as a recreation; and that his very recreation had made him so perfect in them, that he could, in a very short time, give an account of the descent, arms, and antiquity of any family of the nobility or gentry of this nation.

Before I give an account of Dr. Sanderson's last sickness, I desire to tell the reader that he was of a healthful constitution, cheerful and mild, of an even temper, very moderate in his diet, and had had little sickness, till some few years before his death; but was then every winter punished with a *diarrhœa*, which left him not till warm weather returned and removed it: and this distemper did, as he grew older, seize him oftener, and continue longer with him. But though it weakened him, yet it made him rather indisposed than sick, and did no way disable him from studying—indeed too much.—In this decay of his strength, but not of his memory or reason,—for this distemper works not upon the understanding,—he made his last will, of which I shall give some account for confirmation of what hath been said, and what I think convenient to be known, before I declare his death and burial.

He did in his last will, give an account of his faith and persuasion in point of religion, and church-government, in these very words:

"I, Robert Sanderson, doctor of divinity, an unworthy minister of Jesus Christ, and, by the providence of God, Bishop of Lincoln, being by the long continuance of an habitual distemper brought to a great bodily weakness and faintness of spirits, but—by the great mercy of God—without any bodily pain otherwise, or decay of understanding, do make this my will and testament,—written all with my own hand,—revoking all former wills by me heretofore made, if any such shall be found. First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, as of a faithful Creator, which I humbly beseech him mercifully to accept, looking upon it, not as it is in itself,—infinitely polluted with sin,—but as it is redeemed and purged with the precious blood of his only beloved Son, and my most sweet Saviour, Jesus Christ; in confidence of whose merits and mediation alone it is, that I cast myself upon the mercy of God for the pardon of my sins, and the hopes of eternal life. And here I do profess, that as I have lived, so I desire, and—by the grace of God—resolve, to die in the communion of the catholic church of Christ, and a true son of the church of England; which, as it stands by law established, to be both in doctrine and worship agreeable to the word of God, and in the most, and most material points of both, conformable to the faith and practice of the godly churches of Christ in the primitive and purer times, I do firmly believe: led so to do, not so much from the force of custom and education,—to which the greatest part of mankind owe their particular different persuasions in point of religion,—as upon the clear evidence of truth and reason, after a serious and impartial examination of the grounds, as well of popery as puritanism, according to that measure of understanding, and those opportunities which God hath afforded me: and herein I am abundantly satisfied, that the schism which the papists on the one hand, and the superstition which the puritan on the other hand, lay to our charge, are very justly chargeable apon themselves respectively. Wherefore I humbly beseech Almighty God, the Father of mercies, to preserve the church by his power and providence, in peace, truth, and godliness, ever more to the world's end: which doubtless he will do, if the wickedness and security of a sinful people—and particularly those sins that are so rife, and seem daily to increase among us, of unthankfulness, riot, and sacrilege—do not tempt his patience to the contrary. And I also farther humbly beseech him, that it would please him to give unto our gracious sovereign, the reverend bishops, and the parliament, timely to consider the great danger that visibly threatens this church in point of religion by the late great increase of popery, and in point of revenue by sacrilegious inclosures; and to provide such wholesome and effectual remedies, as may prevent the same before it be too late."

---

* The character of Dr. Sancroft stands high in the ranks of those who have adorned the English church. He was often a sufferer for conscience sake, but never swerved from his faith. He was born at Freshingfield, in Suffolk, in 1621, and educated at Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he was deprived of his fellowship in 1649, for refusing to take the "Engagement." He was made archbishop in 1677, and to his honour was one of the seven prelates sent to the Tower by James II. But notwithstanding this, he was a staunch adherent to the house of Stuart, and, refusing to take the oaths to the new government at the revolution, he was first suspended from and then deprived of his office. He retired into a dignified privacy, and died on the 24th of November, 1693.

And for a further manifestation of his humble thoughts and desires, they may appear to the reader by another part of his will which follows.

"As for my corruptible body, I bequeath it to the earth whence it was taken, to be decently buried in the parish church of Buckden, towards the upper end of the chancel, upon the second, or—at the farthest—the third day after my decease; and that with as little noise, pomp, and charge as may be, without the invitation of any person how near soever related unto me, other than the inhabitants of Buckden; without the unnecessary expense of escutcheons, gloves, ribbons, &c. and without any blacks to be hung any where in or about the house or church, other than a pulpit-cloth, a hearse-cloth, and a mourning-gown for the preacher; whereof the former—after my body shall be interred—to be given to the preacher of the funeral sermon, and the latter to the curate of the parish for the time being. And my will further is, that the funeral sermon be preached by my own household chaplain, containing some wholesome discourse concerning mortality, the resurrection of the dead, and the last judgment; and that he shall have for his pains 5*l*., upon condition that he speak nothing at all concerning my person, either good or ill, other than I myself shall direct; only signifying to the auditory that it was my express will to have it so. And it is my will, that no costly monument be erected for my memory, but only a fair flat marble stone to be laid over me, with this inscription in legible Roman characters, DEPOSITUM ROBERTI SANDERSON NUPER LINCOLNIENSIS EPISCOPI, QUI OBIIT ANNO DOMINI MDCLXII. ET ÆTATIS SUÆ SEPTUAGESIMO SEXTO, HIC REQUIESCIT IN SPE BEATÆ RESURRECTIONIS. This manner of burial, although I cannot but foresee it will prove unsatisfactory to sundry my nearest friends and relations, and be apt to be censured by others, as an evidence of my too much parsimony and narrowness of mind, as being altogether unusual, and not according to the mode of these times; yet it is agreeable to the sense of my heart, and I do very much desire my will may be carefully observed herein, hoping it may become exemplary to some or other: at least however testifying at my death—what I have so often earnestly professed in my life time—my utter dislike of the flatteries commonly used in funeral sermons, and of the vast expenses otherwise laid out in funeral solemnities and entertainments, with very little benefit to any; which, if bestowed in pious and charitable works, might redound to the public or private benefit of many persons."

I am next to tell, that he died the 29th of January, 1662; and that his body was buried in Buckden, the third day after his death; and for the manner, that it was as far from ostentation as he desired it; and all the rest of his will was as punctually performed. And when I have—to his just praise—told this truth, That he died far from being rich, I shall return back to visit, and give a farther account of him on his last sick-bed.

His last will—of which I have mentioned a part—was made about three weeks before his death, about which time, finding his strength to decay by reason of his constant infirmity, and a consumptive cough added to it, he retired to his chamber, expressing a desire to enjoy his last thoughts to himself in private, without disturbance or care, especially of what might concern this world. And that none of his clergy—which are more numerous than any other bishop's—might suffer by his retirement, he did by commission impower his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, with episcopal power to give institutions to all livings or church-preferments, during this his disability to do it himself. In this time of his retirement he longed for his dissolution; and when some that loved him prayed for his recovery, if he at any time found any amendment he seemed to be displeased, by saying, His friends said their prayers backward for him: and that it was not his desire to live a useless life, and by filling up a place keep another out of it, that might do God and his church service. He would often with much joy and thankfulness mention, That during his being a housekeeper—which was more than forty years—there had not been one buried out of his family, and that he was now like to be the first. He would also often mention with thankfulness, That till he was three-score years of age, he had never spent five shillings in law, nor—upon himself—so much in wine: and rejoiced much that he had so lived, as never to cause an hour's sorrow to his good father; and hoped he should die without an enemy.

He, in this retirement, had the church prayers read in his chamber twice every day; and at nine at night, some prayers read to him and a part of his family out of The Whole Duty of Man. As he was remarkably punctual and regular in all his studies and actions, so he used himself to be for his meals. And his dinner being appointed to be constantly ready at the ending of prayers, and he expecting and calling for it, was answered, "It would be ready in a quarter of an hour." To which his reply was, "A quarter of an hour! Is a quarter of an hour nothing to a man that probably has not many hours to live?" And though he did live many hours after this, yet he lived not many days; for the day after—which was three days before his death—he was become so weak and weary of either motion or sitting, that he was content, or forced, to keep his bed: in which I desire he may rest, till I have given some account of his behaviour there, and immediately before it.

The day before he took his bed,—which was three days before his death,—he, that he might receive a new assurance for the pardon of his sins past, and be strengthened in his way to the New Jerusalem, took the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of his and our blessed Jesus, from the hands of his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, accompanied with his wife, children, and a friend, in as awful, humble, and ardent a manner, as outward reverence could express. After the praise and thanksgiving for it was ended, he spake to this purpose: "Thou, O God! tookest me out of my mother's womb, and hast been the powerful protector of me to this present moment of my life: thou hast neither forsaken me now I am become grey-headed, nor suffered me to forsake thee in the late days of temptation, and sacrifice my conscience for the preservation of my liberty or estate. It was by grace that I have stood, when others have fallen under my trials: and these mercies I now remember with joy and thankfulness; and my hope and desire is, that I may die praising thee."

The frequent repetition of the Psalms of David hath been noted to be a great part of the devotion of the primitive Christians; the psalms having in them not only prayers and holy instructions, but such commemorations of God's mercies, as may preserve, comfort, and confirm our dependence on the power, and providence, and mercy of our Creator. And this is mentioned in order to telling, that as the holy psalmist said, that his eyes should prevent both the dawning of the day and night watches, by meditating on God's word: Psal. cxix. 147, so it was Dr. Sanderson's constant practice every morning to entertain his first waking thoughts with a repetition of those very psalms that the church hath appointed to be constantly read in the daily morning service: and having at night laid him in his bed, he as constantly closed his eyes with a repetition of those appointed for the service of the evening, remembering and repeating the very psalms appointed for every day; and as the month had formerly ended and began again, so did this exercise of his devotion. And if his first waking thoughts were of the world, or what concerned it, he would arraign and condemn himself for it. Thus he began that work on earth, which is now his employment in Heaven.

After his taking his bed, and about a day before his death, he desired his chaplain, Mr. Pullin, to give him absolution: and at his performing that office, he pulled off his cap, that Mr. Pullin might lay his hand upon his bare head. After this desire of his was satisfied, his body seemed to be at more ease, and his mind more cheerful; and he said, "Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me; but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be filled with thy praise." He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment; and during that time did often say the 103rd psalm to himself, and very often these words, "My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found." His thoughts seemed now to be wholly of death, for which he was so prepared, that the king of terrors could not surprise him as a thief in the night: for he had often said, He was prepared, and longed for it. And as this desire seemed to come from Heaven, so it left him not till his soul ascended to that region of blessed spirits, whose employments are to join in concert with him, and sing praise and glory to that God, who hath brought them to that place, into which sin and sorrow cannot enter.

Thus this pattern of meekness and primitive innocence changed this for a better life. 'Tis now too late to wish that my life may be like his; for I am in the eighty-fifth year of my age: but I humbly beseech Almighty God, that my death may; and do as earnestly beg of every reader, to say—Amen.

"Blessed is the man in whose spirit there is no guile," Psal. xxxii. 2.

APPENDIX.

DR. PIERCE'S LETTER.

Good Mr. Walton,—At my return to this place, I made a yet stricter search after the letters long ago sent me from our most excellent Dr. Sanderson, before the happy restoration of the King and Church of England to their several rights: in one of which letters more especially, he was pleased to give me a narrative both of the rise and the progress, and reasons also, as well of his younger, as of his last and riper judgment, touching the famous points controverted between the Calvinians and the Arminians, as they are commonly (though unjustly and unskilfully) miscalled on either side.

The whole letter I allude to does consist of several sheets, whereof a good part has been made public long ago by the most learned, most judicious, most pious Dr. Hammond (to whom I sent it both for his private, and for the public satisfaction, if he thought fit), in his excellent book, entitled, "A Pacific Discourse of God's Grace and Decrees, in full accordance with Dr. Sanderson;" to which discourse I refer you for an account of Dr. Sanderson, and the history of his thoughts in his own hand-writing, wherein I sent it to Westwood, as I received it from Boothby Pannel. And although the whole book (printed in the year 1660, and reprinted since with his other tracts in folio) is very worthy of your perusal; yet, for the work you are about, you shall not have need to read more at present than from the 8th to the 23d page, and as far as the end of section 33. There you will find in what year the excellent man, whose life you write, became a master of arts, how his first reading of learned Hooker had been occasioned by certain puritanical pamphlets; and how good a preparative he found it for his reading of Calvin's Institutions, the honour of whose name (at that time especially) gave such credit to his errors: how he erred with Mr. Calvin, whilst he took things upon trust in the sublapsarian way; how, being chosen to be a clerk of the convocation for the diocese of Lincoln, 1625, he reduced the quinquarticular controversy into five schemes or tables: and thereupon discerned a necessity of quitting the sublapsarian way, of which he had before a better liking, as well as the supralapsarian, which he could never fancy. There you will meet with his two weighty reasons against them both, and find his happy change of judgment to have been ever since the year 1625, even thirty-four years before the world either knew, or, at least, took notice of it; and more particularly his reasons for rejecting Dr. Twiss, (or the way he walks in), although his acute and very learned and ancient friend.

* I now proceed to let you know from Dr. Sanderson's own hand, which was never printed (and which you can hardly know from any, unless from his son, or from myself,) that, when that Parliament was broken up, and the convocation therewith dissolved, a gentleman of his acquaintance, by occasion of some discourse about these points, told him of a book not long before published at Paris, (A. D. 1623), by a Spanish bishop†, who had undertaken to clear the differences in the great controversy, "De Concordia Gratiæ et Liberi Arbitrii." And because his friend perceived he was greedily desirous to see the book, he sent him one of them, containing the four first books of twelve, which he intended then to publish. "When I had read," says Dr. Sanderson, in the following words of the same letter, "his epistle dedicatory to the pope (Gregory XV.) he spake so highly of his own invention, that I then began rather to suspect him for a mountebank, than to hope I should find satisfaction from his performances. I found much confidence and great pomp of words, but little matter as to the main knot of the business, other than had been said an hundred times before, to wit, of the coexistence of all things, past, present, and future, 'in mente divina realiter ab æterno,' which is the subject of his whole third book; only he interpreteth the word 'realiter' so as to import not only 'præsentialitatem objectivam,' (as others held before him) but 'propriam et actualem existentiam;' yet confesseth it is hard to make this intelligible. In his fourth book he endeavours to declare a two-fold manner of God's working 'ad extra;' the one 'sub ordine prædestinationis,' of which eternity is the proper measure; the other 'sub ordine gratiæ,' whereof time is the measure: and that God worketh 'fortiter' in the one, (though not 'irresistibiliter') as well as 'suaviter' in the other, wherein the free-will hath his proper working also. From the result of his own performance I was confirmed in this opinion: that we must acknowledge the work of both grace and free-will in the conversion of a sinner; and so likewise in all other events, the consistency of the infallibility of God's foreknowledge at least (though not with any absolute, but conditional predestination) with the liberty of man's will, and the contingency of inferior causes and effects. These I say, we must acknowledge for the ὅτι: but for the τὸ πῶς' I thought it bootless for me to think of comprehending it' And so came the two 'Acta Synodalia Dordrechtana' to' stand in my study, only to fill up a room to this day.

"And yet see the restless curiosity of man. Not many years after, to wit, A. D. 1632, out cometh Dr. Twiss's 'Vindiciæ Gratiæ,' a large volume, purposely writ against Arminius: and then, notwithstanding my former resolution, I must needs be meddling again. The respect I bore to his person and great learning, and the long acquaintance I had had with him in Oxford, drew me to the reading of that whole book. But from the reading of it (for I read it through to a syllable) I went away with many and great dissatisfactions. Sundry things in that book I took notice of, which brought me into a greater dislike of his opinion than I had before; but especially these three: First, that he bottometh very much of his discourse upon a very erroneous principle, which yet he seemeth to be so deeply in love with, that he hath repeated it, I verily believe, some hundreds of times in that work: to wit this, that whatsoever is first in the intention is last in execution, and 'e converso.' Which is an error of that magnitude, that I cannot but wonder how a person of such acuteness and subtilty of wit could possibly be deceived with it. All logicians know there is no such universal maxim as he buildeth upon. The true maxim is but this: 'Finis qui primus est in intentione, est ultimus in executione.' In the order of final causes, and the means used for that end, the rule holdeth perpetually: but in other things it holdeth not at all, or but by chance; or not as a rule, and necessarily. Secondly, that foreseeing such consequences would naturally and necessarily follow from his opinion, as would offend the ear of a sober Christian at the very first sound, he would yet rather choose not only to admit

---

* Sir, I pray note, that all that follows between inverted commas are Dr. Sanderson's own words, excellently worthy, but nowhere else extant; and commend him as much as anything you can say of him.—T. P.

† Arriba.

the said harsh consequences, but professedly endeavour also to maintain them, and plead hard for them in large digressions, than to recede in the least from that opinion which he had undertaken to defend. Thirdly, that seeing (out of the sharpness of his wit) a necessity of forsaking the ordinary sublapsarian way, and the supralapsarian too, as it had diversely been declared by all that had gone before him, (for the shunning of those rocks, which either of those ways must unavoidably cast him upon), he was forced to seek out an untrodden path, and to frame out of his own brain a new way (like a spider's web wrought out of her own bowels), hoping by that device to salve all absurdities could be objected; to wit, by making the glory of God (as it is indeed the chiefest so) the only end of all other his decrees, and then making all those other decrees to be but one entire co-ordinate medium conducing to that one end, and so the whole subordinate to it, but not any one part thereof subordinate to any one of the same. Dr. Twiss should have done well to have been more sparing in imputing the 'studium partium' to others, wherewith his own eyes, though of eminent perspicacity, were so strangely blindfolded, that he could not discern how this his new device, and his old dearly beloved principle (like the Cadmean Sparti) do mutually destroy the one the other.

"This relation of my past thoughts having spun out to a far greater length than I intended, I shall give a shorter account of what they are now concerning these points."

For which account I refer you to the following parts of Dr. Hammond's book aforesaid, where you may find them already printed: and for another account at large of Bishop Sanderson's last judgment concerning God's concurrence or non-concurrence with the actions of men, and the positive entity of sins of commission, I refer you to his letters already printed by his consent, in my large Appendix to my Impartial Enquiry into the Nature of Sin, §. 68, p. 193, as far as p. 200.

Sir, I have rather made it my choice to transcribe all above out of the letters of Dr. Sanderson, which lie before me, than venture the loss of my originals by post or carrier, which, though not often, yet sometimes fail. Make use of as much or as little as you please, of what I send you from himself (because from his own letters to me) in the penning of his own life, as your own prudence shall direct you; using my name for your warrantry in the account given of him, as much or as little as you please too. You have a performance of my promise, and an obedience to your desires from

Your affectionate humble servant,
Tho. Pierce.

North Tidworth, March 5, 1677-8.

◆

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S LETTER.

My worthy friend Mr. Walton,—I am heartily glad that you have undertaken to write the life of that excellent person, and (both of learning and piety) eminent prelate, Dr. Sanderson, late Bishop of Lincoln; because I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth: and sure I am, that the life and actions of that pious and learned prelate will afford you matter enough for his commendation, and the imitation of posterity. In order to the carrying on your intended good work, you desire my assistance, that I would communicate to you such particular passages of his life, as were certainly known to me. I confess I had the happiness to be particularly known to him for about the space of twenty years, and, in Oxon, to enjoy his conversation, and his learned and pious instructions while he was regius professor of divinity there. Afterwards, when, in the time of our late unhappy confusions, he left Oxon, and was retired into the country, I had the benefit of his letters; wherein, with great candour and kindness, he answered those doubts I proposed, and gave me that satisfaction, which I neither had, nor expected from some others of greater confidence, but less judgment and humility. Having in a letter, named two or three books, writ, "ex professo," against the being of any original sin; and that Adam, by his fall, transmitted some calamity only, but no crime, to his posterity: the good old man was exceedingly troubled, and bewailed the misery of those licentious times, and seemed to wonder (save that the times were such) that any should write, or be permitted to publish any error so contradictory to truth, and the doctrine of the Church of England, established (as he truly said) by clear evidence of Scripture, and the just and supreme power of this nation, both sacred and civil. I name not the books, nor their authors, which are not unknown to learned men (and I wish they had never been known), because both the doctrine and the unadvised abettors of it, are (and shall be) to me apocryphal.

Another little story I must not pass in silence, being an argument of Dr. Sanderson's piety, great ability, and judgment as a casuist. Discoursing with an honourable person* (whose piety I value more than his nobility and learning, though both be great,) about a case of conscience concerning oaths and vows, their nature and obligation; in which, for some particular reasons, he then desired more fully to be informed; I commended to him Dr. Sanderson's book "De Juramento:" which having read with great satisfaction, he asked me, if I thought the doctor could be induced to write cases of conscience, if he might have an honorary pension allowed him to furnish him with books for that purpose? I told him I believed he would; and in a letter to the doctor, told him what great satisfaction that honourable person, and many more, had reaped by reading his book "De Juramento;" and asked him, whether he would be pleased, for the benefit of the church, to write some tract of cases of conscience? He replied, that he was glad that any had received any benefit by his books; and added further, that if any future tract of his could bring such benefit to any, as we seemed to say his former had done, he would willingly, though without any pension, set about that work. Having received this answer, that honourable person before mentioned did, by my hands, return 50*l.* to the good doctor; whose condition then, as most good men's at that time were, was but low: and he presently revised, finished and published that excellent book "De Conscientia;" a book little in bulk, but not so if we consider the benefit an intelligent reader may receive by it: for there are so many general propositions concerning conscience, the nature and obligation of it, explained and proved with such firm consequence and evidence of reason, that he who reads, remembers, and can, with prudence, pertinently apply them "hic et nunc" to particular cases, may, by their light and help, rationally resolve a thousand particular doubts and scruples of conscience. Here you may see the charity of that honourable person in promoting, and the piety and industry of the good doctor in performing, that excellent work.

And here I shall add the judgment of that learned and pious prelate concerning a passage very pertinent to our present purpose. When he was in Oxon, and read his public lectures in the schools as regius professor of divinity, and by the truth of his positions, and evidences of his proofs, gave great content and satisfaction to all his hearers; especially in his clear resolutions of all difficult cases which occurred in the explication of the subject-matter of his lectures; a person of quality, yet alive, privately asked him, what course a young divine should take in his studies to enable him to be a good casuist? His answer was, that a convenient understanding of the learned languages (at least of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin), and a sufficient knowledge of arts and sciences presupposed; there were two things in human literature, a comprehension of which would be of very great use to enable a man to be a rational and able casuist, which otherwise was very difficult, if not impossible. 1. A convenient knowledge of moral philosophy; especially that part of it which treats of the nature of human actions: to know, "quid sit actus humanus (spontaneus, invitus, mixtus) unde habent bonitatem et malitiam moralem? an ex genere et objecto, vel ex circumstantiis?" how the variety of circumstances varies the goodness or evil of human actions? how far knowledge and ignorance may aggravate or excuse, increase or diminish, the goodness or evil of our actions? For every case of conscience being only this, Is this action good or bad? May I do it, or may I not? he who, in these, knows not how and whence human actions become morally good and evil, never can, "in hypothesi," rationally and certainly determine, whether this or that particular action be so. 2. The second thing, which, he said, would be a great help and advantage to a casuist, was a convenient knowledge of the nature and obligation of laws in general; to know what a law is; what a natural and a positive law; what's required to the "latio, dispensatio, derogatio, vel abrogatio legis;" what promulgation is antecedently required to the obligation of any positive law; what ignorance takes off the obligation of a law, or does excuse, diminish, or aggravate the transgression; for every case of conscience being only this, Is this lawful for me, or is it not? and the law the only rule and measure, by which I must judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action; it evidently follows, that he who, in these, knows not the nature and obligation of laws, never can be a good casuist, or rationally assure himself, or others, of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of actions in particular. This was the judgment and good counsel of that learned and pious prelate; and having, by long experience, found the truth and benefit of it, I conceive I could not, without ingratitude to him, and want of charity to others, conceal it. Pray pardon this rude, and, I fear, impertinent scribble, which (if nothing else) may signify thus much, that I am willing to obey your desires, and am indeed

---

* Robert Boyle, Esq.

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS LINCOLN.

London, May 10, 1678.

THE END.

THE

LIFE OF PETRARCH.

COLLECTED FROM

"MÉMOIRES POUR LA VIE DE PÉTRARCH,"

BY

MRS. DOBSON.

◆

ILLUSTRATED BY NUMEROUS ORIGINAL NOTES.

Rarò magni errores nîsi ex magnis ingeniis prodiêre.
PETRARCH.

Thrice-happy minds that feel the power of friendship !
Oft do the Muses, on a beauteous eve,
The sky serene, and drowsy Nature hush'd,
Vouchsafe celestial sounds tó friendly ears,
And raise their kindred minds with such
Warm fancy and ethereal forms
As 'scape the vulgar intellectual eye.
Why need I launch into the praise of friendship ?
Friendship, that best support of wretched man !
Which gives us, when our life is painful to us,
A sweet existence in another's being.

TO

SOAME JENYNS, ESQ.

SIR,—You have done me great honour in permitting me to address to you this LIFE OF PETRARCH. It is a very sincere, though inadequate, acknowledgment for the pleasure and improvement I have received from your conversation, and the many elegant and philosophical productions with which you have enriched the public.

I am, Sir,
With the greatest respect,
Your most obliged and obedient servant,
SUSANNA DOBSON.

Liverpool, Feb. 8th, 1775.

PREFACE.

THE fourteenth century, in which flourished the poet whose life and fortunes are the subject of the following pages, may be considered in a very important light, as introductory to the clearer and brighter periods that followed.

In this age many discoveries were made, and useful arts established. The manners and customs of all Europe from this time began to wear a different aspect; and from contests and disorders arose the inestimable blessing of liberty, to the kind influence of which many states owe their present flourishing situation whose subjects were formerly slaves. Italy, the country which gave birth to Petrarch, was at this time rich and powerful, and superior to all others in the beauties of nature and the improvements of art: and it was just rising out of the darkness of superstition; for the homage paid to the church in the thirteenth century was carried to so high a pitch, that when cardinals and prelates appeared, persons of the first rank went before them to keep off the crowd.

This blind devotion began to decrease in this age; though by degrees scarcely perceptible, as the Roman pontiff still retained his power, and presided at the helm of all public affairs. But Italy, though superior to the rest of Europe in her attainments and many other advantages, was at this period a scene of misery and devastation. This delightful country was torn to pieces by the fury of civil discord: it became a prey to the factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, which arose partly from the quarrels between the popes and the emperors, and partly from struggles occasioned by the love of liberty. As the emperor had not passed the Alps for sixty years, most of the cities revolted from the empire; while they continued to be oppressed by petty tyrants, or to oppress others whom they had conquered, and, careless both of the interests of the pope and the emperor, which they had pretended to support, thought only of aggrandising themselves, and expelling their enemies. At the same time, the exiled of all parties waited a favourable occasion of revenge, and of overwhelming, even with the ruin of their country, those who had opposed them. The increase of these desolating evils may in a great measure be ascribed to Pope Clement V., who, from the love of his native country, had translated the holy see to France. Rome, in particular, suffered greatly by the absence of its governor; the usurpers who invaded it in this abandoned state caring little for the unavailing thunders launched at them from Avignon.

Such a situation of public affairs seemed little favourable to the restoration of letters. We expect the seeds of knowledge and learning to flourish only in prosperous seasons and under the shade of tranquillity. Nevertheless, it was in the bosom of discord and amidst the sound of arms that they were seen to revive and spring up together.

I will not pretend to trace all the circumstances that contributed to this happy event: I will only add, that more was due to the abilities of those great men who at that time enlightened Italy, and among whom Petrarch held the first rank, than has by some been attributed to them. Had it not been for their fine genius, the world would probably have continued much longer buried in darkness; as the valuable art of printing was not discovered till two centuries after this, and manuscripts of any worth were shut up in the cloisters. To Petrarch we are indebted for many of these manuscripts: with infinite pains and difficulty he collected and caused them to be copied; and by his labours, and those of his contemporaries, the way was opened for the reception of those works which the Greeks, about a century after this, brought with them into Italy.

It would be unjust not to name some of those learned men who engaged with Petrarch in this arduous undertaking, and who, while nobles and peasants were destroying one another, helped to lay the foundation on which the superstructure of science was built. Among these was Brunetto Latini[*], a very great man, though little known in the present age; he taught rhetoric, eloquence, and philosophy. Dante[†], his disciple, profited by his lessons, and composed that whimsical poem called the Commedia, full of sublime ideas, cutting strokes of satire, and natural beauties, which make it read to this day with admiration, notwithstanding many defects chargeable on the age in which it was written. Cimabue[‡] and Giotto[§] revived the animated art of painting, and drew pictures of extraordinary merit. A celebrated piece of these masters, now in the Vatican, is a "St. Peter walking on the water." John Villani[‖], the famous historian, gave to posterity the facts that passed under his knowledge, with a fidelity and candour which ought to have served as a model to all succeeding historians.

Richard de Bury of England, in the beginning, and Malpighi of Florence, in the latter end of this century, ought also to be mentioned; but as they are, with Boccaccio and several others, introduced in the following memoirs, which comprehended many of the great characters that flourished and the particular events that passed in this period, I will only add further, in this view of the revival of letters, that the two famous English poets, Gower and Chaucer, were also contemporaries with Petrarch. The merit of the former is little known. The various beauties interspersed in the works of Chaucer, and particularly the master-strokes of character we find in them, though obscured by an obsolete language and mixed with many blemishes, show the powers of a fine imagination, great depth of knowledge, and the perfect conception of men and manners, which is the surest mark of an elevated genius. The picture he has given us of those times is, indeed, so animated, that we seem actually to converse with his characters, and are pleased to consider men like ourselves, even in the nicest resemblances, under the different circumstances of an age so very remote.

The above remarks may serve to illustrate the character of Petrarch, so extraordinary for that time, and so very interesting even in the present. To render it the more so, I have omitted some tedious and minute discussions which appear to me as barren of instruction as destitute of amusement, and all those private observations of my author (except that on the Decameron) which seemed to be suggested to every thinking reader by the facts themselves. And with still more reason I have avoided every reflection which arose in my own mind on the reading and translating these memoirs, except a few remarks with respect to the characters of Petrarch and Laura, particularly at the close of their lives, which I thought myself obliged to make. And I have the rather guarded against all such prolix and intrusive digressions, that I might have room to dwell minutely upon every part of Petrarch's private character, and his admirable letters; thus to exhibit him encircled with his friends, and in the familiar circumstances of life. It is in these situations the heart discloses itself without disguise or reserve, all its intricacies are laid open, and we are enabled to form a true judgment of its character; an object which, next to the great Author of nature, is certainly the most important to contemplate, as a warning, or as a pattern, to the human mind. And, perhaps, few characters have set in a stronger light the advantage of well-regulated dispositions than that of Petrarch's, from the contrast we behold in one particular of his life, and the extreme misery he suffered from the indulgence of an affection which, though noble and delightful when justly placed, becomes a reproach and a torment to its possessor whenever directed to an improper object. For, let us not deceive ourselves or others: though (from the character of Laura) they are acquitted of all guilt in their personal intercourse, yet, as she was a married woman, it is not possible, on the principles of religion and morality, to clear them from that just censure which is due to every defection of the mind from those laws which are the foundation of order and peace in civil society, and which are stamped with the sacred mark of divine authority. In this particular of his character, therefore, it is sincerely hoped that Petrarch will serve as a warning to those unhappy minds who, partaking of the same feelings under the like circumstances, but not yet suffering his misery, may be led, by the contemplation of it, by a generous regard to the honour of human nature, and by a view to the approbation of that all-seeing Judge who penetrates the most secret recesses of the heart, to check every unhappy inclination in its birth, and destroy, while yet in their power, the seeds of those passions which may otherwise destroy them*.

---

[*] Brunetto Latini was born at Florence about the beginning of the thirteenth century, of a noble family. Whilst the disputes between the Guelphs and Ghibellines were at their height in that city, he was sent on the part of the Guelphs, as an envoy to Alphonso, king of Castile, to implore his assistance. On his return, finding the city in the hands of the Ghibellines, who had expelled the Guelphs, he took refuge in France, where he obtained a great reputation. He died at an advanced age, in 1494.

A different account has been given of his reasons for leaving Florence, which, if true, affords a singular instance of professional vanity. Benvenuto d' Imola, who lived about a century after Latini, relates that he was a notary; and having in that capacity committed an error, in recording a certain transaction, which might easily have been corrected, he preferred suffering banishment for fraud, to confessing that he had erred through ignorance.

[†] This celebrated poet was born at Florence, in the month of May, 1265. Latini, his future preceptor, who professed to understand judicial astronomy, predicted at his birth that he would attain the greatest glory by his learning and genius; and he did not falsify the prophecy. Under the care of the learned Latini, he early attained great proficiency in all the branches of learning then taught in the schools, and appears chiefly to have directed his attention to medicine; having enrolled his name in the registers of the city, in the division appointed to physicians and apothecaries; but he never pursued the profession. Engaging with ardour in the political affairs of the city, he frequently bore arms with distinguished success and bravery; but diplomacy seemed most fitted to his genius, and he was several times entrusted with the management of negotiations with other states, which he conducted with great skill and address. After enjoying the highest dignities of the city, he was banished with the rest of his party, during the war between the Bianchi and Neri; and from this time he lived an exile and a wanderer. He died at Ravenna, on the 14th of September, 1321. His "Divina Commedia," which was not published until after his death, scarcely merits the epithet "whimsical," bestowed upon it in the text. It is extravagant, but not absurd.

[‡] Giovanni Cimabue was born of a noble family, at Florence, in 1240. He was undoubtedly the first modern painter who threw a light on the art; and although his works now appear rude in the extreme, yet they contained the germ of excellence, and were so superior to anything that had yet appeared as to excite the admiration of all beholders. It is related, that on finishing a picture of the Virgin for Santa Maria Novella, the people were so delighted, that they carried it to the church in procession, to the sound of trumpets. Very few of his performances are now in existence. He died in 1300, aged sixty.

[§] Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, was born at Vespignano, near Florence, in 1276. He soon excelled his master, exceeding him in grace. He executed a vast number of paintings, chiefly in fresco; he also practised in mosaic, in which style he executed the picture mentioned in the text, which is in the portico of the Basilica of St. Peter's, and is known as the Navicella. It has been repeatedly altered and repaired, and is now in a ruinous state. It was executed by Giotto alone, (for Cimabue had no hand in it,) in 1298, as appears by the original receipt for the price of the work (2200 florins), still in existence. Giotto died on the 8th of January, 1336, aged sixty.

[‖] John Villani was born at Florence, towards the end of the thirteenth century; as he tells us in his "Chronicle," that he was very young when his father took him to Rome in 1300, to witness the ceremonies of the "Jubilee." This visit, and the contrast between Rome in her decline and Florence young and vigorous, inspired him with the design of writing the history of his native city, which he afterwards performed; extending, however, his original plan considerably beyond its original limits. In his youth he spent some years in travel, and returning to his city, took a very active share in public affairs, and was several times chosen one of the *priori*, or chief magistrates of the city. He died of the plague, in 1348. His history is valued for its accuracy; except where, as in the earlier portions, he receives the authority of earlier writers with too little caution. His history was continued by his brother Matthew; and after his death, in 1663, was carried on by his son Philip, who made large additions. The continuations of Matthew and Philip bear equal authority with the work of their predecessor.

As to the cavils or censures of those who, incapable of tenderness themselves, can neither enjoy the view of it when presented in its most perfect form, nor pity its sufferings when, as in this work, they appear unhappily indulged beyond the bounds of judgment and tranquillity; to such minds I make no address; well convinced, that as no callous heart can enjoy, neither will it ever be in danger of being misled by the example of Petrarch, in this tender but unfortunate circumstance of his character. To susceptible and feeling minds alone Petrarch will be ever dear. Such, while they regret his failings, and consider them as warnings to themselves, will love his virtues, and, touched by the glowing piety and heartfelt contrition which often impressed his soul, will ardently desire to partake with him in those pathetic and sublime reflections which are produced in grateful and affectionate hearts on reviewing their own lives and contemplating the works of God.

It is too worthy of our notice here to be omitted, that a man who was the first genius of the age in which he lived, and whose society was sought and delighted in by persons of the highest rank and learning, thought it no derogation to his talents or politeness to introduce sacred and moral observations both in his letters and conversation. There is still another view in which these memoirs will, I trust, be useful and interesting to the world: I mean, in the picture they so affectingly exhibit to mortals of the variation of the human mind, and the vicissitudes of health and fortune to which, in the present state, beings like ourselves are liable in every rank and profession of life; an object so justly humbling to the pride and touching to the heart of man, when he beholds, not in tame precept, but in lively image, the nothingness of all things here, and is led thereby not to rest his view on this little point of time, but to extend it far beyond, and (if I may be allowed so to express myself) to join the line of life to the line of immortality.

As the memoirs from which I collected this work were voluminous and expensive, and no life of Petrarch nor any translation from his writings has ever appeared in English, I was induced to venture this abridged translation. It is taken from a French compilation of the life and writings of Petrarch, collected from his Latin and Italian works, from those of contemporary writers, and some private manuscripts granted to the author by the Abbé Bandini; from the registers of the sovereign pontiffs, who were seated at Avignon, communicated to him by Cardinal Torrigiani; and from the archives of the house of Sade preserved there, in which are Laura's contract of her marriage and her will.

From these sources, some of which were not obtained by the former biographers of Petrarch, who, many of them, were also too pedantic and fond of allegory to write simple facts, the author of these memoirs was enabled to give a more authentic life of Petrarch than had ever appeared before. From Petrarch's letters, also in manuscript, a copy of which was granted to the author from the Royal Library at Paris, he obtained many rich materials for this work. " To these," says he, " was I chiefly attached. The friendships of Petrarch were tender as well as sociable: he had a heart that delighted to expand; and to those he loved he opened its most secret folds with pleasure." These memoirs have been spoken of with the esteem they deserve, and only charged with being rather tedious; but, in truth, this was not so easy for a writer to avoid who had many facts to settle, as for those who should undertake to collect from these facts.

---

* In these strictures on Petrarch's love to Laura, it appears to us that the author has been somewhat too severe. Petrarch was young, a courtly gallant, and a poet; and he dwelt in the land of the troubadours. A mistress who might be the theme of his verse, and one who would do honour to his choice, was requisite to his very reputation. But in such a connexion no scandal was necessarily incurred, although it must be confessed it very often led to it, and a feigned passion frequently ended in a real one. The lady felt herself honoured in the fame of her *servant*, who sung her praises; and the poet received a reflected lustre, from the high birth or other superior qualifications of his *mistress*. Hence we find the troubadours constantly choosing their mistresses from among the high-born of the land, whose very situation, surrounded by ceremony and only seen in public, almost precluded the possibility of intrigue; and so far from resenting such presumption, we find brothers and husbands using their influence in behalf of the innamorato. Thus, the Dauphin of Auvergne was a suitor to his sister, the Baroness of Mercœur, in behalf of the penniless knight, but "valiant troubadour," Peyrols. To be sure, this ended unluckily; and the poor baron feeling very uneasy, Peyrols was sent to seek another "ladye love." Richard Cœur de Lion was delighted to see his sister Helen, afterwards wife of the Duke of Saxony and mother of Otho IV., celebrated by the brave Bertrand de Born; and, says Sismondi, from whom we draw our "instances," that lady "was not insensible to the homage of a man whose talents elevated him above his rank:" but there was no scandal here. Again, Arnaud de Marveil, a troubadour of very low birth, chose for his mistress the countess Adelaide, daughter of Raymond V., count of Toulouse, wife of Roger II., viscount of Beziers: it is true he was at length driven from the court, but not by the jealousy of the husband, but that of a rival lover. To a love of this fantastic kind we would refer Petrarch's passion. His verses are not more passionate than those of the troubadours; nor do they exceed theirs in earnestness and apparent truthfulness of expression.

This strange practice may perhaps be justly considered as a fine although fanciful proof of a high poetic spirit: the imagination alone was taxed in celebrating the passion of love;—a visible object and mere outward homage being made use of, simply as instruments to heighten the effect of the poetry.

In my endeavour to be less minute, I wish I may not have failed in the spirit of the work, which I undertook chiefly with a view to the amusement of the English reader: and, considered in this light, it will, I doubt not, meet with all the candour it will require. I received so much pleasure from the perusal of it, independent of the beautiful Sonnets, that I was desirous of communicating the same satisfaction to those who might choose to partake of it under this disadvantage. As I did not think myself by any means capable of transfusing the spirit and elegance of the Sonnets into any English translation, I have only inserted a few lines from some of them, as they were necessarily connected with the subject, such as appeared from their sentiments best able to bear a prose metamorphosis, might serve to enliven the circumstances to which they refer, or illustrate the character of Petrarch, where they particularly mark the delicacy and justness of his sentiments. If any readers of the Latin and Italian works of Petrarch should condescend to look into this translation, they will not, I hope, be displeased with this presumption, or with the great imperfections they will discover through the whole of the work.

THE

LIFE OF PETRARCH.

BOOK I.

The family of Petrarch was originally of Florence, where his ancestors had distinguished themselves by their probity, and held employments of trust and honour. Garzo, his grandfather, was a notary; a profession in higher repute at that time than the present. He was a man universally respected for his candour, and the integrity of his manners. He had an excellent natural understanding; and was consulted as an oracle not only on affairs that related to his business, but on the sublimest subjects. Philosophers and learned men disdained not to apply to him; and though he had never studied, they admired in his answers the sagacity of his understanding, and the rectitude of his heart. After having passed one hundred and four years in innocence and good works, Garzo died, like Plato, on the day of his birth, and in the same bed in which he was born. He had long before predicted the time of his death, which resembled a sweet and peaceful sleep. Thus he went to rest in the bosom of his family without pain or inquietude, discoursing of God and virtue.

1300. He left three sons, one of whom was the father of our Petrarch, and engaged in the same employment with his ancestors. He had a superior genius and understanding, which would have carried him through every difficulty, to a much higher post, had fortune seconded his talents, and permitted him to give them full scope. As he was active and prudent, he was intrusted by the republic with several important commissions; and would have been appointed to higher offices, had he not been the victim of a faction, which caused him, together with Dante, (who bitterly resents this treatment in his works,) to be banished, and to pay a considerable fine. Petrarco, thus expelled his native city, went to Arezzo, in Tuscany, where he hired a house, and waited for some favourable period to return to Florence.

1304. At the time of Petrarch's birth, his father was exposing his life, without success, to regain his patrimony: and his mother risking hers to bring a son into the world. The physicians and midwives thought her dead for some time: at last however, the child appeared, and was baptized by the name of Francis, and, according to the custom there, called Francis Petrarco, or Petrarch. The pretext for his father's exile being personal, the party which governed Florence permitted the return of his wife; and she chose to retire to a little estate of her husband's at Ancisa, in the valley of Arno, fourteen miles from Florence. She took the child with her, who was then only seven months old; and in passing the river Arno, he was near losing his life. His mother had intrusted him to the care of a lusty man, who, fearing his little body might be injured, held him lapped up in a cloth hung at the end of a great stick; as we see Metabus in the Æneid carry his daughter Camilla. In passing the river, his horse fell down; and the man's eagerness to save the child had like to have destroyed them both.

1311. Petrarch was brought up by his mother at Ancise till he was seven years old. Petrarco, his father, went from place to place, to gain a maintenance; and when fortune gave him the opportunity, came secretly to visit his wife. She had two sons beside Petrarch: the one died young; the other, called Gerard, was bred up with his brother.

1313. Petrarco, after this, losing all hopes of being re-established at Florence, resolved to abandon a country ruined by war, and governed by his enemies. He went to Avignon, a city of France between Lyons and Marseilles, situated on the banks of the Rhone, where a Gascon Pope had fixed the Roman see. All those Italians who were discontented with their present fortunes, or desirous of gaining better, repaired in crowds to this city. Petrarco embarked with his wife and children at Leghorn in the roughest season of the year. He arrived safely at Genoa; but in the passage to Marseilles so furious a tempest arose, that they were shipwrecked in sight of the port. However, by singular good fortune, not a soul perished.

The prince who was lord of Avignon at this time, was Charles II.* king of Naples, whose son Robert proved so great a friend to learning and to Petrarch. The translation of the holy see from Rome to Avignon, was a source of infinite distress to the Italians. Italy was full of discord: the Romans disputed with the pope the sovereignty of Rome: he projected a new crusade; and founded his refusal of returning to Rome on this ground, that at Avignon he could more effectually prosecute this holy design. The French, on their side, complained that the court of Rome had changed their manners, and, in the room of simplicity, had introduced luxury, murder, and every vice. Avignon was no doubt well situated for the establishment of a court; it was in the bosom of France, and, with respect to Europe, the centre of public affairs; and has always been the asylum of the sovereign pontiffs during their misfortunes. Its vicinity to Marseilles, a port of the Mediterranean, afforded an easy intercourse with Rome, which they might revisit at pleasure. The climate is fine, the air wholesome, the country beautiful, and abounding with everything which can contribute to the plenty and delight of life. But the Italians, and particularly Petrarch, looked upon it with different eyes; and their prejudices in favour of their native country, so magnificently distinguished both by nature and art, led them to despise everything they saw beyond the Alps.

---

* Charles of Anjou, the second king of that house, was born in 1248, before his father had succeeded to the sovereignty. His reign was principally distinguished by his Sicilian wars, which he prosecuted with very bad success, being obliged to acknowledge Frederic of Aragon king of that island, under the title of king of Trinacria, His eldest son, Charles Martel, having succeeded in his lifetime to the kingdom of Hungary, and his second son

Among others who came to settle at Avignon was a Genoese called Settimo, who brought thither his wife, and a son of the same age with Petrarch. The parents became acquainted, and the children formed a union which was indissoluble. This friend of Petrarch was called Gui Settimo. The amazing resort of strangers to this small city made accommodations very dear, and not easy to be obtained. This determined several persons to fix themselves in the neighbouring towns, among whom were Petrarco and Settimo; and they gave the preference to Carpentras, a pleasant town, four leagues from Avignon. Petrarch, some time after, in a letter written to a friend, thanks God for this tranquil situation, where he had time to suck in that nourishment which prepares the mind for more solid food.

1314. At this time a Tuscan, whose name was Convenole, quitted Pisa, where he had kept a grammar-school, and came to settle at Carpentras. Petrarch had been under his care when he was eight years of age. He was now very old; a simple, honest man, who, though he had taught rhetoric and grammar for sixty years, possessed only the theory of his profession. He sometimes, however, thought of composing; but scarcely had he conceived the plan, and written the preface, when he changed his design, and began another work. Petrarch compares him to the stone which sharpens knives, but is dull itself. It was from this master, however, he received the first lessons in poetry. Cardinal Colonna, afterwards the great patron of Petrarch, loved to discourse with his schoolmaster, whose simplicity amused him. He said to him one day, "You have had doctors, abbés, bishops, a cardinal, for your scholars! You loved them all! Among so many great persons, was there any place in your heart for our Petrarch?" The good old man could not refrain from tears at this question; declaring always, in a most solemn manner, that, of all the scholars he ever had, Petrarch was the youth he most tenderly loved.

A little time after Petrarch had resumed his studies under this master, Clement V. came to Carpentras with a great number of cardinals. The air of Avignon did not agree with him; or the inquietude of his mind, occasioned by ill health, would not suffer him to rest in any place. The change, however was not successful; on which he resolved to go to Bordeaux, to try his native air; but was obliged to stop at a village near Avignon, where he died. There was a great opposition of interests in the conclave, and disputes and quarrels arose between the Italians and Gascons about a new pope. These tumults, and the obsequies of Clement, were amusing objects to Petrarch, now ten years old: at a riper age they would have penetrated him with the most lively grief. Dante, whom we may consider as the forerunner of Petrarch, wrote on this occasion a fine letter to the dispersed cardinals; in which he exhorts them to reunite immediately; to stop this anarchy, so fatal to the church, and to bring back the holy see to Rome.

1317. After the departure of the cardinals, Carpentras enjoyed tranquillity. Petrarch profited by it, gave himself entirely to study, and made astonishing progress. In the course of five years, he learned as much grammar, rhetoric, and logic, as can be taught in schools to those of his age.

The father of Petrarch and the uncle of Gui Settimo having engaged to go together to the celebrated fountain of Vaucluse, their children were desirous of accompanying them; a curiosity very natural to persons of their age. The mother of Petrarch consented to it with difficulty. She joined to the timidity of her sex that anxiety which is produced by extreme tenderness; the least thing alarmed her; and at that time the shortest journeys were not taken without danger. But how could she resist the requests and caresses of a beloved child! At last she complied, and they set out for this retreat. No sooner were they arrived at the fountain, than Petrarch, enraptured with the charms of this wonderful solitude, felt an emotion which made him cry out, "Here is a situation which suits me marvellously! Was I master of this place, I should prefer it to the finest cities!" These lively impressions were afterwards transfused through many of Petrarch's works, and have immortalised the beauties of Vaucluse.

A mind like Petrarch's could not be confined

---

having entered into Holy Orders, his third son, Robert, succeeded him in 1309.

Robert was much more distinguished by his patronage of letters and learned men, than by capacity for ruling so disturbed a realm as Naples. He himself was accustomed to say, that he gloried more in the titles of poet and philosopher than in that of king. He was continually engaged in war, but preferred discomfiting his enemies by intrigues rather than by force of arms. His only son, Charles, duke of Calabria, dying during his lifetime, he sought to restore the family of his eldest son to the throne of Naples, fearing the evils of a female succession; and with that view he united his eldest daughter, Joan, to his grand-nephew, Andrew, son of Charobert, king of Hungary, the son of Charles Martel. The result of this ill-assorted union is well-known, and Robert, before his death, foresaw too late the evils that were likely to ensue. He died on the 19th of January, 1343.

in the narrow path of study which was followed in that age; he soon left his school-fellows far behind in the career of learning. Prosper and the fables of Esop were the only books the masters gave their scholars to teach them the Latin: and while they were torturing their brains to understand these, Petrarch, to whom they were only a pastime, already devoured the works of Cicero, which he had found among his father's books, who loved and reverenced that celebrated writer. And though he could not penetrate his deep thoughts, he tasted the harmony of his language, compared with which the style of every other author was to him discordant. In short, he conceived such a passion for these writings, that he would have stripped himself of all he had to purchase them.

1318. The time, however, came when his father thought it necessary to seek an establishment for his son. Science and letters were held in contempt even at Avignon, though the residence of the most polite and witty court in Europe. Law was the only study which led to fortune; and Petrarco, observing the talents of his son, hoped he would make a figure in this profession, and sent him, not yet fourteen years of age, to study at Montpelier; a town finely situated for health and pleasure, with a university famous for the skill of its professors, both in physic and law. The Roman law had been taught there from the twelfth century. Petrarch studied here four years; but it was so much lost time, for he could not be brought to fix his attention on such dry subjects. "I could not," says he, "deprave my mind by such a system of chicanery as the present forms of law exhibit." Petrarco, perceiving his slow progress, sent him to Bologna, a place of still higher renown for persons of this profession; but he succeeded no better there than at Montpelier. What a grief to Petrarco to find that, instead of applying to the law, his son passed whole days in reading ancient authors, and, above all, the poets, with whom he was infatuated! He took a journey to Bologna, to remedy, if possible, this evil, which he apprehended would be so fatal to his son. Petrarch, who did not expect his father, ran to hide the manuscripts of Cicero, Virgil, and some other poets, of whose works he had formed a little library; depriving himself of every other enjoyment to become master of these treasures. Petrarco, having discovered the place in which they were concealed, took them out before his face, and cast them all into the fire. Petrarch, in an agony of despair, cried out as if he himself had been precipitated into the flames, which he saw devouring what was most dear to his imagination. Petrarco, who was a good man, moved by the lamentations of a beloved child, snatched Cicero and Virgil out of the fire half burnt; and holding the poet in one hand, and the orator in the other, he presented them to Petrarch, saying, "Take them, my son! Here is Virgil, who shall console you for what you have lost: here is Cicero, who shall prepare you for the study of the laws." Petrarch was touched with so much goodness, and would, if possible, have gratified so kind a father; but nature was always stronger than his endeavours.

By accident he met with two of the best poets of that time among the professors at Bologna; Cino da Pistoia*, who read the code; and Cecco d'Ascoli†, who taught philosophy and astrology. Cino had three disciples who have done him honour — Petrarch, Boccaccio‡, and Bartolo*. These poets soon discovered the talents and the taste for poetry which Petrarch possessed; and, instead of opposing, they cultivated the latter, and assisted their young disciple in the pursuit of it. His desire of knowing everything was insatiable; the surest mark of superior genius in youth.

---

* Cino da Pistoia, a very celebrated jurisconsult and poet, was born at Pistoia, in 1270, of an ancient and illustrious family. The family name was Sinibuldi, or Sinibaldi, and his Christian name was Guittone, whence the diminutive Guittoncino, and by abbreviation, after the manner of the Florentines, Cino. After studying at Pistoia and Bologna, and obtaining his bachelor's degree, he occupied a judicial office at Pistoia till driven thence, in 1307, by the quarrels between the Bianchi and Neri. He retired to the mountains of Lombardy, where he occupied himself with composing amatory verses on the daughter of his host, whose name, Selvaggia, thus became celebrated. She unfortunately died, and Cino, returning to the world, repaired to Paris, where he made some stay, and, in 1314, repairing to Bologna, published there a "Commentary upon the Code," which at once rendered him famous. After proceeding Doctor, rival universities contended for the honour of his presence. He filled the professor's chair for three years at Trevisa, and occupied the like station at Pistoia for a long period, and there, and not at Bologna, Bartolo was his scholar. It has been pretended that he exercised the office of professor at Bologna, Sienna, and even at Paris, but there is no foundation for such an assertion, nor for the statement in the text that Petrarch and Boccacio were among his pupils. He died towards the end of 1336, or the beginning of 1337.

† Cecco d'Ascoli, whose proper name was Francesco de gli Stabili, was born at Ascoli, about 1257. He was distinguished among his contemporaries in poetry, theology, medicine, and mathematics. As a proof of the latter, or rather of mechanics, he is said to have proposed to the people of Ascoli to bring the Adriatic under their walls, from which it is six leagues distant. In 1332 he was made professor of *astrology* and philosophy at Bologna, but extending his lectures on the occult arts rather too far, and teaching that "incantations and many other wonderful things might be effected by means of demons inhabiting the first sphere," to use the words of his accusers,—in short, inculcating the doctrines of the Rosicrucian philosophy, he suffered the censures of the Inquisition, and was deprived of the right of teaching astrology. He retired from Bologna, and sought the court of Charles, duke of Calabria, son of king Robert of Naples. But fresh accusations being brought against him, he was again seized by the Inquisition, and brought to the stake at Florence, in 1327.

‡ Giovanni Boccaccio, the author of the "Decameron," a work which will render his name celebrated for ever, was born in 1313. It has been commonly reported that he was a peasant's son, but that was not the case. His father was a merchant at Florence, where commerce was the occupation of the most noble: his family was originally resident at Certaldo, a village about twenty miles from Florence; and thence Boccaccio always added the words *da Certaldo* to his name. Boccaccio was the illegitimate fruit of an intrigue which his father engaged in at Paris, where his business had called him, and at Paris his son was born. Boccaccio's father removed him early to Florence, where in his youthful studies he discovered a decided inclination to poetry; but at ten years old he was placed in the house of another merchant to be instructed in business, but his inclination to letters was insurmountable. A removal to Paris was tried with little success, and his father then sent him to Naples, where he continued eight years; here he conversed more with the poets and philosophers, who crowded the court of king Robert, than with the merchants with whom his business lay. It does not appear that he participated in the bounties of the learned monarch, but it was otherwise with his illegitimate daughter, whom he has celebrated under the name of Fiammetta. Such a life was not likely to engender a taste for business in a young handsome man, full of life and spirit, and of a sweet and easy disposition. His early

1324. At this time he received a letter from Avignon, informing him of the death of his mother. Petrarch says, "She was a woman of rare merit; and though very handsome, and living where much corruption of manners took place, not only her virtue had never swerved, but even calumny had never reached her. She possessed a solid and rational piety, which she showed in attending to the duties of her station, and the care of her house." Petrarco, who had always lived with her in the most perfect union, felt his loss to be irreparable. He was affected with it in so lively a manner, that he languished from that time; and not being able to survive so dear a companion, died the year after, 1325. As soon as Petrarch received this melancholy news, he quitted Bologna with his brother Gerard: and they went to Avignon, to collect what their parents had left them, and to put their affairs in order. These two orphans, without protection and experience, were much embarrassed in a city which they scarcely knew, having only passed through it occasionally; and where now neither parents nor friends remained. Their domestic affairs were in the greatest disorder, arising from the villany of those to whom Petrarco had given them in trust, and who had appropriated most of the effects to themselves. "To their ignorance, however," says Petrarch, "I owed a manuscript of Cicero: it was the most precious effect my father had left me." Their property being thus alienated, they had recourse to the priest's habit, as the likeliest road to success.

This indifferent situation of affairs did not prevent Petrarch from a good work. Convenole, his old schoolmaster, had given up his school, and dragged out a languishing life at Avignon, overwhelmed with age and poverty. Petrarco had assisted him during his life, and Petrarch was now the sole resource of this poor old man. He never failed to succour him in his need; and when he had no money (which was often the case) he carried his benevolence so far, as to lend him his books to pawn. This exquisite charity proved an irreparable loss to the republic of letters; for among these books were two rare manuscripts of Cicero, in which was his treatise upon Glory. Petrarch asked him some time after where he had placed them, designing to redeem them himself. The old man, ashamed of what he had done, answered only with tears. Petrarch offered him money to recover them. "Ah!" replied he, "what an affront are you putting upon me!" Petrarch, to humour his delicacy, went no further. Some time after, Convenole went from Avignon to Prato, his native village, where he died: and the manuscripts could never be recovered. Petrarch drew up his epitaph, at the request of his countrymen.

1326. The licentiousness of such a city as Avignon was very dangerous for a youth of Petrarch's free disposition and lively passions. He was now twenty-two years of age. He lived, however, with his brother in the strictest union; and their tastes, desires, and projects, were nearly the same. Inclination led them to frequent public places, and the assemblies of the ladies; and the state of their finances put them under the disagreeable necessity of making their court to persons in favour. A considerable part of the day was often employed in dressing, and in all those minute particulars which are requisite to a polished exterior. In a letter which Petrarch wrote to his brother he says, "Recollect the time when we wore white habits, on which the least spot or a plait ill placed would have been a subject of grief; when our shoes were so tight we suffered martyrdom in them: when we walked in the streets, what care to avoid the puffs of wind that would have disordered our hair, and the splashes of water that would have tarnished the gloss of our clothes." A young man so employed could have but little leisure: that little, however, was devoted to study, and counterbalanced his devotion to the gaieties of the world.

---

bent was more and more confirmed, and was increased by his acquaintance with Petrarch, whom he first met at Naples. On leaving that city he spent two years with his father, and, then returning, was favourably received by Queen Joan, and, for the gratification of that princess, or more probably of his Fiammetta, he composed his celebrated "Decameron." On the death of his father he took up his residence at Florence and gave himself up to studies, which were interrupted only by some honourable missions, which were intrusted to him by his fellow-citizens. One of these was to carry to Petrarch, then at Padua, the intelligence of the reversal of the decree of banishment against his father, and the restitution of his estate. This meeting confirmed the friendship between these illustrious men, and when, some years afterwards, Boccaccio had almost ruined himself by purchasing books and other expenses caused by his pursuit of knowledge, he received generous aid from Petrarch. Much of his history, particularly that of the impression produced on him by a Carthusian monk, will be found in the subsequent pages. When Florence was again disturbed by factions he retired to Certaldo, where he composed several historical works, and engaged the celebrated Leontius Pilatus of Thessalonica, who resided in his house three years, and who is hereafter mentioned as Petrarch's instructor, to perfect him in the Greek language. He received a signal honour from the Florentines, who, having instituted a professorship for the express purpose of explaining and commenting on the "Divine" poem of Dante, whom in life they had banished and persecuted, nominated Boccaccio to fill that office. But the effort to perform this noble task worthily, was too much for a frame already enfeebled by long and severe illness. He received a fresh shock on hearing suddenly of the death of his beloved Petrarch, and from that time gradually sinking, he followed his friend to the grave, in little more than a year, dying at Certaldo on the 21st of December, 1375. We have been more diffuse in our account of this celebrated man than we should otherwise have been, since many particulars of his life have been frequently very erroneously stated. We are indebted for our materials to a very excellent sketch of the life of Boccaccio, by M. Guinguené, given in the "Biographie Universelle."

* Bartolo was one of the most celebrated lawyers of his time, and was distinguished by the pompous titles of "Light and Star of Jurisconsults; Master of Truth; Lamp of Right; Guide of the Blind," &c. &c. He was born in 1313, at Sasso-Ferrato, the ancient Sentinum, in the march of Ancona. He was the son of Francis di Buonaccorso, but the legitimacy of his birth has been disputed. After a life of honour and celebrity, and having amassed a considerable fortune, he died in 1359, at the age of forty-six. His works, printed at Lyons in 1545, fill ten folio volumes.

The scarceness of books rendered it difficult for Petrarch to satisfy his desire of knowledge. The manuscripts of Latin authors of the Augustan age were scarce; and of the Greek authors there were only bad translations, which were exceedingly dear; for those who possessed them kept them shut up as a treasure. By courage, patience, and address, he often surmounted these obstacles; and it is to him we are indebted for many ancient authors, which had been lost, had he not collected them with infinite labour. Copies were taken in his presence; and sometimes he transcribed them himself, being out of patience with the tediousness and blunders of the writers he employed.

Nothing was more easy than to err in this road of genius into which Petrarch was entered. He stood in need of an enlightened guide; and he had the happiness to find such a director in John of Florence, canon of Pisa, a man respected for his age and the gravity of his manners. He had been fifty years in the office of apostolic writer, which, though a laborious employment, did not hinder him from improving his understanding by the study of the ancient authors. He had behaved, in a stormy and corrupt court, with such steady virtue as to acquire great reputation. His conversation was agreeable, and he was sought by all for his eloquence and wit. Petrarch felt of what consequence it was to please a man of such merit. Their country was the bond that united them, if we believe Petrarch, whose modesty gave this reason for the affection he was received with by this holy father: "I have felt," says he, "in the course of my life, that the strongest of all bonds with good men is the love of their country, and hatred of it with the wicked." It was no wonder John of Florence took a delight in such a young man as Petrarch. He looked upon him as his own son. Not content with directing him in his studies, he entered into all the particulars of his life, assisted him with his advice, and consoled him in his troubles. He exhorted him to virtue, and the love of God; and praised him in all places, with that warmth which friendship alone can inspire. Petrarch, in return for all this goodness, placed an entire and unreserved confidence in his guide. He delighted to unbosom himself to his father; to confess to him his chagrins; and to acknowledge his faults. After quitting him, he looked into his own heart; he felt it more tranquil, more inspired with the love of study, more disposed to virtue. "One day," says he, "I went to my father, in one of those desponding moods which sometimes take hold of me. He received me with his usual kindness. 'What is the matter with you?' said he. 'You seem thoughtful, and I am deceived if something has not befallen you.' 'You are not mistaken, my father,' replied I; 'but it is nothing new; my old cares oppress me: you know them; my heart has never been hid from you. I hoped to have risen above the crowd, and, animated by your love, to have arrived at something great. You have often told me, I should be obliged to answer before God for the talents which I neglected to cultivate. With such incitements, I applied myself with ardour to study, and suffered not a moment to be lost. Yet, after all I have done to know something, I find I know nothing. Shall I quit study? Shall I enter into another course? Have pity on me, my father. Draw me out of the dreadful state I am fallen into.' In saying this, I burst into tears. 'Cease to afflict yourself, my child,' said he; 'your condition is not so bad as it appears to you. You knew nothing at the time you thought yourself wise; and you have made a great step towards knowledge in discovering your ignorance. The veil is removed; and you now see those errors of the soul, which an excess of presumption had formerly hid from your eyes. In proportion as we ascend an elevated place, we discover many things we did not suspect before. Launch out into the sea, and the further you advance, the more will you be convinced of its immensity, and of the necessity of a vessel to preserve you on that element. Follow the road you have entered by my advice, and be persuaded that God will never abandon you. Those disorders are the most fatal where the evil is not perceived: to know the disease, is the first step towards a cure.' These words, like an oracle, re-established my peace."

Petrarch tells us that his mind, like his body, excelled in activity rather than strength, and in uprightness rather than solidity. Moral philosophy and poetry were his chief delight; he loved also the study of antiquity, to which he was the more inclined from an aversion to the age in which he lived. He loved history, but he could not bear the discord which reigned among historians. In doubtful parts, he determined by the probability of the facts, and the reputation of the authors. He applied himself to philosophy, without espousing any sect; because he found no system which was satisfactory. "I love truth," says he, "and not sects. I am sometimes a Peripatetic, a Stoic, or an Academician, and often none of them; but—ALWAYS A CHRISTIAN. To philosophize is to love wisdom; and the true wisdom is Jesus Christ. Let us read the historians, the poets, and the philosophers; but let us have in our hearts the gospel of Jesus Christ, in which alone is perfect wisdom and perfect happiness." It were to be wished that those who have devoted themselves to letters had always followed this rule.

The time that Petrarch gave up to study retarded the progress of his fortune; he had as yet no patrons who could make him independent. It was necessary, therefore, to seek some more profitable situation; and one presented itself beyond his utmost hopes. He had seen at Bologna James Colonna; but though they pursued the same studies, and were often together in the same schools, they formed at that time no union. It is wonderful that two young men of such similar dispositions, and whom nature seemed to have united, should at that time show so little affection for each other. James Colonna, who remained at Bologna to finish the study of the law after Petrarch quitted that place, returned to Avignon soon after. He discovered Petrarch in the confusion of that tumultuous court; and, having informed himself more particularly about him, he confessed that his countenance had always pleased him, and he soon admitted him into his familiar friendship. To judge of Petrarch's happiness, we must give the picture he has himself drawn of James Colonna.

"He was," says he, "of all men, one of the most amiable; he had a noble and agreeable countenance; and a majestic air, which announced a person of dignity. He was easy in society; gay in conversation; and grave, when such a deportment was proper. He was tender and dutiful to his parents, generous and faithful to his friends, and affable and liberal to all the world. Notwithstanding his great name, and greater talents, he appeared always humble and modest; and, with a very distinguished figure, his manners were irreproachable. No one could resist his eloquence. It might be said, he held the hearts of men in his hand. Full of candour and frankness, his letters, his conversation, discovered to his friends all the movements of his soul. He was born in France during the residence of his father in that country. Nature gave him a taste for the sciences, which he had highly cultivated; but principally those relative to the ecclesiastical state. He had read the fathers, as far as they could be read in an age when manuscripts were rare; and he gave the preference to St. Jerome." This often engaged him in disputes with Petrarch, who was partial to St. Augustin. A man who had so much understanding and discernment, soon discovered the merits of Petrarch, who, on his part, considered it as a singular happiness to have acquired the protection and favour of such a Mæcenas.

James Colonna was desirous of presenting to his parents so amiable a friend. One branch of his family was established at Avignon, and were the greatest ornaments of the court of Rome. In the quarrels of Italy they had been great sufferers; and there is a fine passage related of Stephen, an ancestor of this Colonna. When in the heat of battle, and oppressed with numbers, one of his friends, terrified with the peril in which he saw him, ran to his aid, crying out, "Stephen! where is your fortress?" "Here it is," he replied with a smile, laying his hand upon his heart. And in fact, he had not at that time a single house left: Boniface had taken all.

Petrarch speaks with the greatest freedom of this pope. "We ought not," says he, "to offend the vicar of God; but Boniface had too free a tongue, and too bitter a spirit, for a successor of Christ." This, among other free things, he wrote in a letter addressed to one of the subsequent popes. Benedict XI. revoked the sentence against the Colonnas; and Clement V. restored the hat to the two cardinals, James and Peter Colonna, at the solicitation of the kings of England and France. From the line of Stephen Colonna arose the illustrious family which will so often appear in a very interesting light in the course of these Memoirs.

BOOK II.

1327. We are now to enter upon a very interesting part of the life of Petrarch. About this time he felt the first emotions of that ardent, tender, and constant passion, which was ever after engraved upon his heart. The names of Petrarch and Laura can never be separated.

Petrarch had received from nature a very dangerous present; his figure was so distinguished as to attract universal admiration. He appears in his portraits with large and manly features, eyes full of fire, a blooming complexion, and a countenance that bespoke all the genius and fancy which shone forth in his works. In the flower of his youth, the beauties of his person were so very striking, that wherever he appeared he was the object of attention. He possessed an understanding active and penetrating, a brilliant wit, and a fine imagination. His heart was candid and benevolent, susceptible of the most lively affections, and inspired with the noblest sentiments of liberality. But his failings must not be concealed. His temper was on some occasions violent, and his passions headstrong and unruly. A warmth of constitution hurried him into irregularities, which were followed with repentance and remorse. "I can aver," says he, "that, from the bottom of my soul, I detest such scenes." And in another place, "I sometimes acted with freedom, because Love had not yet become an inhabitant of my breast." No essential reproach, however, could be cast on his manners till after the twenty-third year of his age. The fear of God, the thoughts of death, the love of virtue, and those principles of religion which were inculcated by his mother, preserved him from the surrounding temptations of his earlier life.

After his return from Bologna, he passed a whole year among the numerous beauties of Avignon, in a state of calm indifference. Some of these beauties were ambitious to make a conquest of so accomplished a youth. Their attentions, however, were only matter of amusement; they never reached his heart: and he was at this time, to use his own words, "as free and wild as an untamed stag." But, alas! the moment was fast approaching, when this boasted liberty was to be at an end. "Love," says he, "observing that his former arrows had glanced over my heart, called to his aid a lady against whose power neither wit, strength, nor beauty, was of the least avail."

On Sunday in the holy week, at six in the morning, the time of matins, Petrarch going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire, saw a young lady, whose charms instantly fixed his attention. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her face, her air, her gait, were something more than mortal. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders, whiter than snow; and the ringlets were interwoven by the fingers of Love. Her neck was well formed, and her complexion animated by the tints of nature, which art vainly attempts to imitate. When she opened her mouth, you perceived the beauty of pearls, and the sweetness of roses. She was full of graces Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her, but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue: for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop of the morn. "Such," says Petrarch, "was the amiable Laura;" and he adds: "Till this moment I was a stranger to love; but its brightest flame was now lighted up in my soul. Honour, virtue, and the graces; a thousand attractions, a thousand amiable conversations—These, O, love! are thy tender ties! These are the nets in which thou hast caught me. How was it possible for me to avoid this labyrinth? a labyrinth from which I shall never escape."

In another sonnet: "Hitherto I feared not love. My affections, cold as ice, formed around my heart a crystal rampart. Tears were strangers to my eyes; my sleep was undisturbed; and I saw with astonishment in others what I had never experienced in myself. Such have I been! Alas! what am I now?"

"Nature formed you," says Petrarch, "the most striking model of her own power. When I first beheld you, what emotions! Nothing can efface the impression you then made. When I begin to sing of Laura, my spirits are chilled; when I open my lips, my voice falters and stops. What powers of harmony can equal such a subject?"

Various have been the opinions concerning Laura. From a comparative view of them with the few particulars to be found of her private life, collected from the archives of the house of Sade, and from the writings of Petrarch, it appears she was the daughter of Andibert de Noves, a chevalier, and that her mother's name was Ermessenda. The house of Noves held the first rank at Noves, a town of Provence, two leagues from Avignon; and Laura had a house in that city, where she passed a part of the year. Her father left her a handsome dowry on her marriage, which was made by her mother, when she was very young, with Hugues de Sade, whose family was originally of Avignon, and who held the first offices there. From the whole behaviour of Laura, joined to these and other facts on record, as we shall hereafter see, concerning her family, it is clearly proved she was a married woman when Petrarch first met with her at the church of the monastery of St. Claire. Had it not been so, there seems little reason for her austerity, or his remorse, which arose from the indulgence of a passion too violent (as he owns in his dialogue with St. Augustin) to be caused by a pure affection of mind, as some authors have represented it: one, in particular, who says, that the pope, from his high esteem and love of Petrarch, offered his holding certain offices in the church, in conjunction with his marriage with Laura; which Petrarch refused, saying, that his affection would be sullied by the conjugal tie. One remark alone is sufficient to invalidate this author's authority. He says, that it was Urban V. who would have granted this licence to Petrarch, and Urban was not elected pope till after the death of Laura.

An old picture of Laura was brought in 1642 to Cardinal Barberini, which had a long time been preserved in the house of Sade at Avignon; and Richard de Sade, then bishop of Cavaillon, whose authority in this matter was undeniable, proved that this Laura of the house of Sade was the Laura of Petrarch; and that all the accounts of her as an allegorical person, or of her being at Vaucluse as the mistress of Petrarch, were the invention of romancers, who drew from nothing less than facts, and mixed allegory with everything; and who, upon examination, are found to be as ill informed in many other material circumstances concerning Petrarch, as in this respecting Laura. As so much has been said on the subject by different authors of the life of Petrarch, it seemed necessary to notice it, and mention the authority on which the facts rest relative to the marriage and family of Laura. And this has caused us to digress too long from our history, to which we will now return.

James Colonna, the friend of Petrarch, had nobly distinguished himself in a dispute between the emperor and the pope, and had even exposed his life to the fury of the emperor's troops, which surrounded him, while he was the only man who ventured to read the pope's bull to a thousand persons assembled; and after this he boldly said, "I oppose Lewis of Bavaria; and maintain that Pope John XXII. is the catholic and legitimate pope; and that he who calls himself emperor, is not so." No one replied; and this adventurous step proved successful.

1330. The bishopric of Lombes becoming vacant, John XXII. gave it, with a dispensation on account of age, to James Colonna—a small recompense for so great a service. If the dignity was above his years, its situation in a rude village was little suitable to his rank; however, he determined to go and take possession. This prelate was extremely fond of Petrarch's society, and asked him to accompany him. "He desired me to do that as a favour," says Petrarch, "which he might have commanded, from his superiority, and the ascendancy he had over me." Influenced by the strongest attachment to this friend, Petrarch could not refuse him anything: besides, he had a curiosity which made travelling very agreeable, especially such society, and he accepted with joy the proposal of the bishop of Lombes.

They set out in 1330, to go from Avignon to Lombes. They traversed Languedoc; passed Montpelier, where Petrarch had studied; Narbonne—which Cicero called the bulwark of the Roman empire, and the model of Rome itself—to Toulouse, where they spent some days; for the love of science and letters rendered it worthy the curiosity of the bishop and of Petrarch. Martial calls it the Roman Palladium, from its taste for the polite arts; Ausonius, the famous poet of the fourth century, was brought up there. Provençal poetry was more cultivated in Languedoc than in the other provinces; and Toulouse was considered as the principal seat of the Muses. It was in this residence at Toulouse, and in Gascony, that Petrarch became acquainted with the works of some of their famous poets, from whom he is thought to have gathered many beauties.

In their route from Toulouse to Lombes, our travellers suffered much from bad weather and dreadful roads. The situation of the town, and the pleasures it afforded, did not recompense the fatigue of their journey. Lombes is at the foot of the Pyrenean mountains, near the source of the Garonne; the town is small, dirty, and very ill built; the country about dry, unfruitful, and void of all prospect. The characters, customs and conversation of the inhabitants, like their climate, uncouth, rough, and hardened: nothing could be so opposite to the Italian manners. Petrarch could not reconcile himself to them; and, besides this, he dreaded the continual thunders this country is subject to, and which are occasioned by the neighbouring mountains collecting almost uninterrupted storms. A fine field of pleasantry this for the bishop, who loved raillery, and who often bantered Petrarch for his delicacy; though, in fact, he was astonished to find so much courage, strength, and patience, in a young man softened by the polite arts. He was pleasant also upon some grey hairs which appeared already, though he was scarce twenty-five years old. To this raillery Petrarch answered, "It consoles me that I have this in common with the greatest men of antiquity, Cæsar, Virgil, Domitian, &c." Petrarch found, however, in the mansion of the bishop of Lombes a sufficient recompense for what the rudeness of the climate and the inhabitants caused him to suffer. Among the persons whom his name, his rank, and, above all, the character, of James Colonna attached to him, there were two whom our young poet distinguished from the rest, and with whom he formed a tender friendship.

The first was Lello, the son of Peter Stephani, a Roman gentleman, whose family had been always attached to that of Colonna. Petrarch says of him, "His family is Roman, and noble, but of modern origin: his character, however, and manner of thinking, is that of ancient Rome. He is more ennobled by his virtues than his birth. Nature has endowed him with many talents, which he has cultivated and perfected by study: he is prudent, industrious, discreet, and faithful." So many good qualities rendered him extremely dear to all the Colonnas. Old Stephen Colonna looked upon him as his son; his children, as their brother: and he was attached in a particular manner to the bishop of Lombes. He was much given to study from his youth; but afterwards the unsettled state of his country inclined him to take up arms; which he quitted again in peace, to resume his books and pen. His wisdom and his fidelity determined Petrarch to give him the name of Lelius, the friend of Scipio.

The second was called Lewis: he was born near Bar-le-Duc, in a little country situated on the banks of the Rhine, between Brabant and a part of Holland, called Compigne. Petrarch, in respect to the place of his birth, calls him the Barbarian. "I was astonished," says he, "to find in this Barbarian a cultivated mind, politeness, sweetness, and the most agreeable talents. He makes good verses, and is perfect in music: his imagination is lively, his conversation cheerful and easy. To this he joins a rectitude, and strength of soul, which render him capable of bestowing the best advice." The serenity of his manners, his modesty, and an equality of temper which nothing could disturb, determined Petrarch to give him the name of Socrates.

With these three friends, Lelius, Socrates, and the bishop, Petrarch passed a delicious summer; "almost," says he, "a celestial one. I cannot," he continues afterwards, "recall a season passed so agreeably, without regretting it: those were the most delightful days of my life: such a chosen society was a full compensation for residing in this Gascon village, and could alone console me for the absence of Laura." One of his great pleasures was to see the young prelate in his episcopal office. In the flower of his age, and with an air of youth which promised nothing serious, he acquitted himself with a gravity and exactness that would have been admired in an old pontiff. When he spoke to his people, or to his clergy, he inspired and impressed their souls. From the delicacies of a Roman court, he had passed into the Pyrenean deserts, without showing, by his air and manner, that he had changed his climate. His countenance was always cheerful and serene, his temper always equal; and in a short space of time he so entirely changed the face of the country, that this part of Gascony appeared a little Italy.

A correspondence also between the bishop and John Andre, the famous professor of the canon law at Bologna, contributed very much to the amusement of Petrarch during his residence at Lombes. This man, so celebrated in his own age, and so little known at present, was deeply versed in the civil law, but very superficial in all other knowledge; nevertheless, by a perverseness of nature not uncommon, he wished to appear perfect in all the sciences. In his school, instead of keeping within his subject, he affected to dazzle his scholars with a vain parade of erudition, and quoted with emphasis books whose titles alone he was acquainted with. His scholars, who knew still less than he did, admired his memory, and considered him as a prodigy of learning. The letters which Andre wrote to the bishop of Lombes, the most loved of his disciples, were in the taste of pedantry and false erudition. In them he places Plato and Cicero in the rank of poets, and makes Ennius and Statius contemporaries. The bishop amused himself with them, and desired Petrarch to write the answers. The reputation of John Andre did not impose upon Petrarch; the judgment with which he had studied, enabled him to heighten and set off the errors and anachronisms with which the professor's letters were filled, and he acquitted himself in a very artful and ingenious manner.

After having passed all the summer, and a part of the autumn, at Lombes, the bishop came back to Avignon, to see his father, who was soon expected there from Italy. He brought Petrarch with him, and presented him on his arrival to the cardinal his brother, a man whom he loved and esteemed, and without whom he could not live. Cardinal Colonna had neither the air nor the manners of his brethren: he was the most gentle, unartful, and amiable of men; the most easy to live with: to look at him, you would suppose him ignorant of his birth and rank: his life was innocent and pure; and he was indulgent to those errors in others, from which the superiority of his own mind had kept him free. He spoke to princes, and even to the pope himself, with a liberty and frankness which gave him, during his whole life, the greatest credit and authority. A friend of letters, and of the sciences, it was his pleasure to bring together men of all countries, who had wit and knowledge; and their conversation was his greatest delight. He knew little of Petrarch; but, from the advantageous things the bishop of Lombes said of him, he gave him a very kind reception, and insisted on his coming to reside at his house. The city of Avignon had given to the cardinal, for his use, and that of his household, a large seat, where the hôtel-de-ville, and a part of the monastery of St. Lawrence, now stand.

"What a happiness for me," says Petrarch, "that a man, so superior in every respect, never suffered me to feel that superiority! He behaved to me like a father. A father, did I say? like a tender and indulgent brother: and I lived in his house with the same ease as I could have done in my own." Undoubtedly this was the very situation for Petrarch: none could so perfectly suit a man of his taste. It was the rendezvous of all those strangers distinguished for their talents and learning whom the court of Rome drew to Avignon. There was much improvement in these societies, where they reasoned on all subjects with an agreeable and becoming freedom. This was one of the sources from whence Petrarch drew that prodigious variety of knowledge so astonishing in the age he lived in, and so very difficult to acquire. In these assemblies he became acquainted with the men of learning of all countries, and corresponded with many of them ever after.

1331. One of these was Richard of Bury*, or Aungerville, the wisest man at this time in England, who came to Avignon in this year. He was sent thither by Edward III. his pupil and his king. Edward wrote a letter to the pope, recommending to him in particular Richard of Bury, and Anthony of Besagnes, whom he had sent with an embassy to his court. The pope not knowing where he should find room to lodge these ambassadors as became their dignity, desired the grand master of the knights of St. John to lend him some houses dependent on their commandery. It is probable the motive of this embassy was to justify this prince with the pope for the violent part he had taken in shutting up in a castle his mother Isabella of France, and imprisoning Mortimer, the favourite of that queen. Richard of Bury had a piercing wit, a cultivated understanding, and an eager desire after every kind of knowledge: nothing could satisfy this ardour, no obstacle could stop its progress. He had given himself up to study from his youth. His genius threw light on the darkest, and his penetration fathomed the deepest, subjects. He was passionately fond of books; and laboured all his life to collect the largest library at that time in Europe. A man of such merit, and the minister and favourite of the king of England, was received with every mark of distinction in the society of cardinal Colonna. Petrarch was happy to unite himself to so great a scholar; from whom he might receive much information, especially on the subjects of ancient history and geography, which he was then particularly studying. These two men, equally eager to make new discoveries in science, had several conferences. Petrarch mentions one of them, which relates to the island of Thule. He wished to be informed concerning its real situation, so doubtfully spoken of by the ancients; and which the best geographers placed several days' voyage to the north of England. Richard either could not or did not choose to communicate any material discovery; but told Petrarch he must recur to his books, when he returned home, for an eclaircissement on this subject. His stay at Avignon was short. Edward, who could not do without him, recalled him to England soon after. On his return, he possessed all the confidence and favour of his master, who first made him bishop of Durham, chancellor the year following, then high treasurer, and plenipotentiary for a treaty of peace with France.

Richard of Bury did in England, what Petrarch did all his life in France, Italy, and Germany; he gave much of his attention, and spent a great part of his fortune, to discover the manuscripts of ancient authors, and have them copied under his immediate inspection. Richard, in a treatise he wrote on the love and choice of books, relates the incredible expense he was at to form his famous library, notwithstanding he made use of the authority which his dignity and favour with the king procured him. He mentions the arts he was obliged to use to compass his design, and informs us, that the first Greek and Hebrew grammars that ever appeared were derived from his labours. He had them composed for the English students; persuaded that, without the knowledge of these two languages, and especially the Greek, it was impossible to understand the principles of either the ancient heathen or Christian writers. And, speaking of France in this book, he says, "The superior sciences are neglected in France, and its militia is in a languishing state." Petrarch had not the happiness of seeing this great man again, being absent when he was sent on a second embassy to the court of Avignon, at the time the war between France and England began to break out; and Richard's numerous affairs prevented his answering the letters of Petrarch. He died in 1345; and his character has been enlarged upon, from the great importance it bore in the political, and the great use it was of to the learned, world.

Cardinal Colonna had not only a taste for Petrarch's conversation, but soon became sensible of the truth and candour of his soul; and showed him a confidence and distinction extremely flattering to the self-love of our young poet. There was a great quarrel in the cardinal's household, which was carried so far, that they came to arms. The cardinal wished to know the bottom of the affair; and, that he might be able to act with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to take oath on the gospels that they would declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, was obliged to submit to his determination: even Agapit, bishop of Luna, the brother of the cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch presenting himself, in his turn, to take the oath, the cardinal shut the book, and said, "Oh! as to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." The Athenians behaved in the same manner to Xenocrates the philosopher.

---

* Richard Aungerville, commonly known by the name of Richard de Bury, was born at St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk, in 1281. He was educated with great care by his uncle, John de Willowby, a priest, who sent him to Oxford, where he perfected his studies, and at their conclusion became a monk at Durham. He was appointed tutor to prince Edward, afterwards Edward III., who continued much attached to him all his life, and trusted, honoured, and richly rewarded him. His love of books and learning is recorded in the text. He founded a public library at Oxford, and fixed it in the place where Durham, now Trinity, College was afterwards built, and wrote a treatise, still extant, containing rules for the management of the library, how the books were to be preserved, and upon what conditions lent out to scholars. The title of this book is "Philobiblon, seu de Amore Librorum et Institutione Bibliothecæ." Richard de Bury died at Auckland on the 24th of April, 1345, and was buried in the south part of the cross aisle of the cathedral of Durham.

There lived with the cardinal several of his brothers, who had devoted themselves to the church; and they all seemed to dispute with each other who should show the tenderest affection to Petrarch. An uncle also of the cardinal delighted infinitely in that love of knowledge, and taste for conversation, he perceived in him. He was called Jean de St. Vit. He was lord of Gensano, and maintained the siege of Nepi against the army of crusaders sent there by Boniface VIII., and being constrained to surrender the place, he rambled up and down the world to avoid the fury of Boniface, the most revengeful of men. He travelled into Persia, Arabia, and Egypt: at last, tired of living this wandering life, he came back to enjoy the sweets of repose in the house of the two cardinals, James and Peter Colonna; one of whom was his nephew, the other his brother. To a mind lively and judicious, Jean de St. Vit joined a great variety of knowledge, acquired in his travels, which rendered his conversation as useful as it was agreeable. To dissipate the chagrins of this good old man, Petrarch wrote a comedy in Latin verse, called Philologia, which some years after he suppressed, probably with some reason, as the subject of universal learning seems an improper one for the nature of comedy: but the motive for his writing it ought not to undergo the same fate. Petrarch did not long enjoy the society of Jean de St. Vit. This old man, almost blind, and harassed with the gout, had a restlessness of mind which did not permit him to remain long in the same place; and a keenness of temper, which drew upon him very powerful enemies in the court of Rome. They inveighed against him with fury; and, notwithstanding his name, and the great credit of his family, they got him exiled to Italy, his native country. Though he might probably wish to revisit Italy and Rome, he was chagrined to do it in this manner, and submit to the triumph of his enemies. It was with sincere regret he quitted his friends at Avignon, and above all his dear Petrarch. He wrote frequently to him to express his concern for the separation, and showed great impatience for having been detained by unfavourable winds from his place of destination. Petrarch answered these letters, full of spleen and weakness, in the tone of a philosopher and master who reproves his disciple. We are astonished that a young man of a free and gallant disposition, should address an old lord of the house of Colonna in such terms. Petrarch felt the impropriety, and therefore adds, "Be not offended at the contrast of my life and my lessons: forget who it is that advises you. Have not you sometimes seen a physician, pale and wasted by a disease which had resisted all his art, cure another, though he could not heal himself?"

The concern of the Colonnas for the loss of this friend was succeeded by the greatest joy on the arrival of Stephen Colonna at Avignon; that great man, so famous for his courage and resources in the cruel extremities to which the rage of Boniface had reduced him. The troubles of Rome, which still continued, drew him this year to the court of the pope, with whom he came to concert the means of re-establishing peace in his country; and with joy seized this occasion of again seeing a part of his family. Petrarch longed impatiently to know a hero of whom he had conceived the highest idea from the voice of Fame. It has been said, that heroes lose their consequence when viewed in a familiar light: but the presence of Stephen Colonna only served to increase the admiration and respect of Petrarch, who soon insinuated himself into his heart. This gay and affable old man enjoyed the fire of Petrarch's imagination, and was much amused with his curiosity and inquiries. But the violent love Petrarch had for Rome, which the reading of Livy had confirmed into a sort of idolatry, contributed most of all to fasten the bonds that united him with Stephen Colonna. He delighted to converse with Petrarch on this subject, to speak of the grandeur of ancient Rome, where he held the first rank, and to explain to him the august and precious monuments which still subsisted.

Stephen Colonna did not make a long stay in this court; his love of his country, and his affairs, recalled him soon after to Rome. He had brought with him to Avignon, Agapit, his grandson, designed for the ecclesiastical state, to have him brought up under the inspection of the cardinal, and bishop, his uncle. These prelates joined with the father in entreating Petrarch to undertake his education. As he was fond of liberty above all things, he was much disinclined to this office; but his obligation to friends, who had overwhelmed him with favours, left him not the liberty of a refusal. This young man did not second his endeavours, or answer his great name. It must be allowed, that Petrarch's violent attachment to Laura, which was now extremely increased, rendered him not very equal to such a charge. To this interesting part of his life it is now high time to return.

He says, "I run everywhere after Laura; but she flies from me as Daphne fled from Apollo." In the sonnets of Petrarch concerning Laura, there is a perpetual allusion to the laurel and Daphne. She was the daughter of the river Peneus; the gods changed her into a laurel, to shelter her from the pursuit of Apollo, who ran after her along the banks of this river. "Since you cannot be my wife then," said he, "you shall at least be my laurel:" and from that time the laurel-tree was consecrated to that god. From the laurel being consecrated to Apollo, who was the god of poetry, they afterwards crowned the poets with it. Love had so strangely united in the soul of Petrarch the idea of Laura and the laurel, from a romantic impression allowable to the poets, that, on the system of Pythagoras, he supposed the soul of Daphne, who was changed into the laurel, had passed into the body of Laura after a long succession of transmigrations. Indeed, love associated the idea of Laura with everything he saw: he could not behold the laurel without transports, and he planted it in every place. Petrarch went often, and seated himself at the foot of one of those trees on the side of a river, a place where Laura frequently passed. The situation was delightful; it was her favourite walk. When she was not there herself, everything around presented her image to Petrarch, and his poetical raptures rekindled.

"On this bank, and under the shelter of this charming tree, I sing with transport the praises of Laura. The gentle murmurs of the stream accompany my tender sighs; the refreshing shade tempers the ardour of my passion: these alone are the objects which have power to relieve my soul."

Petrarch, notwithstanding the sufferings he underwent from the natural agitations of a tender love when the object is rarely present, yet owns that Laura behaved to him with kindness so long as he concealed the passion that was labouring in his bosom; but when she discovered it, and that he was captivated with her charms, she treated him with more severity. Not that he had dared as yet to confess his passion: love like his is not capable of declaration; but it is as impossible to hide its power as to express its force. Laura, perceiving that Petrarch followed her everywhere, solicitously avoided him; and when by accident they met in public, if he came up to her, she left the place immediately. The tender looks he cast upon her, determined her never to appear in his presence without a veil; and if by rare accident it was not over her face, as soon as she saw Petrarch, she made haste and covered herself. Many and lamentable were his complaints against this cruel veil, which hid from his view such admirable beauties. These rigours in the conduct of Laura rendered Petrarch still more timid than before; though he was always extremely so—a strong character of true love. Dazzled by the lustre of her beauty, and the magnificence of her dress, for she wore on her head a silver coronet, and tied up her hair with knots of jewels, (a prodigious magnificence for that time!) terrified also with the severity of her looks, he had not courage to speak to her. "Ah!" said he to himself one day, "was I to see the lustre of those bright eyes extinguished by age; those golden locks changed to silver; the flowers painted on that complexion faded away; was I to see Laura without her garland, without her ornamented robe; I feel I should be more courageous. I should speak of my sufferings with confidence, and perhaps I should not then be refused her sighs."

Petrarch, though treated with so much severity, was not disheartened. Occupied constantly with the pleasing hope of seeing his beloved object, to whose house it does not appear he was at this time admitted, he went to all the festivals, and was in every place where ladies assembled. Laura appeared among these beauties who ornamented the city of Avignon, like a fine flower in the middle of a parterre, eclipsing all the rest with its lustre, and the brightness of its colours. What a delight to Petrarch to enjoy so lovely a sight! His affection increased; he applauded himself for so excellent a choice; nothing appeared to him so honourable as his attachment to Laura. The respect he had for her, the admiration that her virtue inspired, led him to self-reflection, and to disengage himself from some connexions little to his honour or advantage.

"I bless the happy moment," says Petrarch, "that directed my heart to Laura. She led me to see the path of virtue, to detach my heart from base and groveling objects: from her I am inspired with that celestial flame which raises my soul to heaven, and directs it to the Supreme Cause, as the only source of happiness."

At this time a lady, who had heard of Petrarch's reputation, consulted him on a subject in which he was much interested. She was an Italian: her father was a man of wit and merit, and had given his daughter an education superior to what was usually bestowed on young women at that time. From her earliest years she was inspired by the Muses. The people of the world made a joke of her, and said, "The business of a woman is to sew and spin: cease to aspire after the poetic laurel: lay down your pen, and take up the needle and distaff." These words discouraged her: she was tempted to renounce poetry, yet could not determine without reluctance. In this situation she addressed herself to Petrarch in a poem, the sense of which is as follows:

"O thou! who, by a noble flight, hast arrived so early at the summit of Parnassus, tell me what part I ought to act. I would fain live after I am dead: and the Muses can alone give me the life I desire. Do you advise me to devote myself to them, or to resume my domestic employments, and shield myself from the censure of vulgar minds, who permit not our sex to aspire after the crowns of laurel or of myrtle?"

Petrarch replied thus:

"Idleness and the pleasures of the table have banished all the virtues: the whole world is changed; we have now no light to direct our way: the man inspired by the Muses is pointed at; the vile populace, who think of nothing but advancing their interest, say, 'Of what use are crowns of laurel or myrtle?' Philosophy is abandoned, and goes quite naked. O thou! whom Heaven has endued with an amiable soul, be not disheartened by such advice! Follow the path you have entered, though it is but little frequented."

1332. In this year John of Luxembourg, king of Bohemia, came to Avignon to unite with the pope in subjecting all Italy, of which in part he had already made himself master. The fear of these powers in union did what the popes had for two centuries vainly attempted; it united the Guelphs and the Ghibelines to defend their country. Robert, king of Naples, of whom we shall have much to say hereafter, was the chief of the Guelph party, and joined with many other Italian princes against the king of Bohemia; and the emperor of Germany also raised up enemies who disconcerted this prince's projects, and obliged him to return, and defend his own kingdom. He left the command of his army to his son Charles, a prince sixteen years old, who had been brought up at Paris, and promised the greatest things: we shall find him, when emperor, honouring Petrarch with singular marks of favour. After the king of Bohemia had established peace in his kingdom, he came to Avignon, where he passed fifteen days in secret conferences with the pope, from whence he went to Paris, to ask assistance of Philip de Valois, with whom he contracted a new alliance by the marriage of his daughter with Philip's eldest son: soon after which he re-entered Italy with the constable of France, and the flower of the French nobility. This redoubled the alarm of the Italians, and the grief of Petrarch, who idolised his native country, and trembled lest it should come under the dominion of slaves; for thus he called the French and the Germans. Things turned out, however, very different from what was expected, and the Italians gained a complete victory, notwithstanding the great valour of the French nobility.

Petrarch at this time formed a design of travelling; he wished to follow the example of Ulysses, Lycurgus, Solon, Plato, and Pythagoras. He thought with Homer, that it was the best plan for forming youth; and, to use his own words, that, "we must expel ignorance by the exercise of the mind and of the body." It was not easy for him to obtain the permission of his patrons. The bishop of Lombes proposed also to go to Rome; some family affairs required his presence, and Petrarch was to follow him. This journey was the object of his most ardent wish; but he was desirous first to survey France and Germany, where he flattered himself with finding many good manuscripts of ancient authors. The prelate who would not go to Rome without him, had the kindness to assure him he would wait for his return; and they shed many tears on this separation.

Petrarch could never have resolved to leave Avignon, had he experienced kinder treatment from Laura; but she had forbade him ever to see or speak to her. Scarcely, however, was he got out of the city, when he repented the step he had taken; for he felt he could not live without Laura; and he was almost determined to return immediately; at last he took courage, and continued his route.

Cardinal Colonna desired Petrarch to send him a very exact account of all he saw and heard, and to give him, without ornament or care, all that came into his mind. Only two of these letters remain. Petrarch confesses that, pushed on by the ardour of youth, he made this journey with too much precipitation, and therefore saw few things in the manner he ought. They show, however, the pen of a master, compared with the writings of this period; and are as follows:

"I ran over France without any business there, from the mere impulse of curiosity. I have seen the famous capital of the Gauls, which boasts it had Julius Cæsar for its founder. When I first entered this city, my feelings were very like those of Apuleius, when he entered for the first time into Hypate, a city of Thessaly, full of magicians, of whom he had heard many wonders. I passed some time there, eager to see and know everything; occupied in distinguishing right and wrong, and often struck with astonishment and admiration. When the days were not long enough, I employed a part of the night in researches concerning the fabulous or true origin of this much-famed place. Paris is without doubt a great city, but much below the reputation the French have given it: for my own part, I have not anywhere met with so nasty a place, except Avignon. When I left Paris, I took the route of Flanders and Brabant, where the people are employed in tapestry and woollen works. I shall only speak of the principal towns, and those in which I have observed anything remarkable. Ghent is one of the largest cities in Flanders: it boasts also of having Julius Cæsar for its founder. Liege is considerable from its wealth, and the number of its clergy: as I had heard there were some good manuscripts to be met with, I stopped there. Is it not singular that in so celebrated a city, I could hardly find ink enough to copy two orations of Cicero? and what I did meet with was yellow as saffron.

"Aix-la-Chapelle is a famous city: it was here Charlemagne established the seat of his empire: he caused a temple to be built, wherein is his mausoleum, which these barbarous people revere. Near this city was a marsh, which he delighted in, where he built, on piles of wood, a palace and a church, which cost immense sums. Here he ended his life; and in this place is the temple where he was buried. He ordered that his successors should be crowned here; a practice still observed. I have profited from this situation by using the bath: the waters have the same degree of heat as those at Bois, and have very nearly the same effects. From-Aix-la Chapelle I went to Cologne, a city celebrated for the beauty of its situation on the banks of the Rhine, and for the number of its inhabitants. I was surprised to find so much urbanity in a city of barbarians, such honest countenances in the men, and so exact a neatness in the women. I got there in the evening. How astonished was I to find friends I had never seen! and whom I owed to a false reputation, rather than real merit. You will be surprised that under this part of heaven one should find souls inspired by the Muses: I do not say that there are Virgils, but I have met with several Ovids. This poet was right when he said, at the end of his Metamorphoses, that he should be read with pleasure wherever the Roman name was known.

"The sun was declining; and scarcely was I alighted, when these unknown friends brought me to the banks of the Rhine, to amuse me with a spectacle which is exhibited every year on the same day, and on the same place. They conducted me to a little hill, from whence I could discover all that passed along the river. An innumerable company of women covered its banks: their air, their faces, their dress, struck me. No one, who had a heart at liberty, could have defended himself from the impression of love. Alas! mine was far from a state of freedom. In the midst of the vast crowd this sight had drawn together, I was surprised to find neither tumult nor confusion; a great joy appeared without licentiousness. How pleasant was it to behold these women! Their heads crowned with flowers, their sleeves tucked up above their elbows, with a sprightly air advancing to wash their hands and arms in the river! They pronounced something in their language, which appeared pleasing, but I did not understand it. Happily I found an interpreter at hand: I desired one who came with me to explain to me this ceremony. He told me it was an ancient opinion spread among the people, and particularly the women, that this lustration was necessary to remove all the calamities with which human beings are threatened in the course of the year; and when this was done, they had nothing to fear till the following year, at which time the ceremony must be renewed. 'Happy,' replied I, 'the people who inhabit the borders of the Rhine, since this river runs away with all their miseries! How happy should we be in Italy, if the Tiber and the Po possessed the same virtue! You embark your misfortunes on the Rhine, which carries them to the English; we should willingly make the same present to the Africans, and to slaves, if our rivers would be burdened with the load.' After a great deal of laughing, the ceremony concluded, and we retired.

"I was five or six days in this city, remarking its antiquities and wonders. I came next to Lyons, which is a Roman colony, more ancient than Cologne. There we saw two noted rivers, the Rhone and the Saone, unite their waters to carry them with the greater expedition into our sea. They run together to wash the banks of that city where the Roman pontiff holds in his hand the whole human race.

"When I arrived here this morning, I found a man of your retinue, who informed me of your brother's departure for Rome. This news, which I did not expect, has made me feel for the first time the fatigue of my journey. I shall rest here some time, and wait till the great heats are a little abated. I write to you in a hurry, because I wish to take the opportunity of a courier who is going from hence to inform you where I am. I write to your brother, to complain of his having left me in the lurch. He was formerly my guide: I would now call him, if I dared, my deserter. Have the goodness to forward this letter to him as soon as possible."

In this relation of Petrarch's journey, we see that the inhabitants of modern, as well as of ancient Rome, considered all the people beyond the Alps as barbarians. And he adds, in a postscript to the cardinal—

"I have seen fine things, it must be allowed, in the course of my journey: I have examined the manners and the customs of the countries through which I have passed; I have compared them with ours, and found nothing which gave me cause to repent that I was born in Italy: on the contrary, the more I travel, the more I love and admire my own country."

Petrarch departed from Cologne the last day of June. He went to Lyons, where he designed to embark on the Rhone to return to Avignon. In this route he was so incommoded with heat and dust, that he several times wished for the snows of the Alps, and the ice of the Rhine, of which Virgil speaks in his tenth Eclogue. Nevertheless, he passed through a great part of the forest of Ardenne, which at that time extended over the greatest part of Flanders. No one dared to pass this forest without a guard; it was full of thieves and banditti, who set themselves in ambuscade behind the trees, from whence they shot their arrows at passengers without being perceived. And the war between the duke of Brabant and the count of Flanders, who disputed with one another the sovereignty of Malines, rendered the passage of the Ardenne still more perilous, by the inroads of soldiers from both their armies. Petrarch, however, took no guard. Alone, and without arms, he dared to traverse these gloomy forests, which no one, as he himself says, could enter without a secret horror. As he could not see a knot of trees without a poetic inspiration, it is not to be wondered at that he should be inspired in the midst of the greatest forest in Europe; and, as he himself says, "that love should enlighten the shades of Ardenne, where Laura appeared in every object, and was heard in every breeze." What was his delight when, approaching Lyons, he discovered the Rhone, which, in carrying its tribute to the sea, washes the walls of that city which was ornamented by the object of his love!

Cardinal Colonna was charmed to see Petrarch again, and informed him of the reason of the bishop's unexpected departure for Rome; which was occasioned by a quarrel in Italy, in which the family of the Colonnas had great concern. This relieved the anxiety of Petrarch, whose tender love for the bishop of Lombes could not easily brook the disappointment of this separation.

1334. Petrarch, who, during the whole course of his journey, was constantly possessed with the image of Laura, had no sooner returned to Avignon than he watched an opportunity of seeing her, flattering himself she would be more sensible of his attention. But she was still the same, and continued to treat him with that rigour of which he before so bitterly complained. He compares Laura to the snow which has never seen the sun for years. "If I am not deceived in my calculation," adds he, "it is now seven years that I have sighed night and day for Laura, and have no hope of being ever able to touch her heart." The coolness of the fountain of Vaucluse, the shade of the wood which surrounded the little valley that leads to it, appeared to him the most proper situation to moderate the ardour of his mind: he went there sometimes. The most frightful deserts, the blackest forests, the most inaccessible mountains, were to him delightful abodes; but they could not shelter him from love, which followed him everywhere, and penetrated through the hardest rocks. "The more desert and savage the scene around me, the more lively is the form in which Laura presents herself to my view. The mountains, the woods, and the streams, all see and witness my anguish: no place is so wild or savage where I am not pursued by love."

Sometimes he called death to his succour. His health altered visibly. The idea of death, and the uncertainty of what might be his state hereafter, filled his soul with trouble. He saw all the misery of his condition: he made strong resolutions to overcome his passion; but love was always victorious. In vain he represented to himself, that time flew swiftly over his head, that his hopes were vain and frail, and his body decaying apace; that the source of his joy and of his grief, of his disgust and of his fears, would with that be soon destroyed; and that the eye of truth would then clearly discern how little such foolish pursuits, and such frivolous pleasures, merited the attention and anxiety of human beings. In a situation so mournful and critical, Petrarch had recourse to an Augustine monk, called Dennis de Robertis, born in the village of St. Sepulchre, near Florence.

This monk entered early into that order, in which he distinguished himself by his understanding and his talents. He took a journey to Avignon, where he attached himself to cardinal Colonna, to whom he dedicated one of his works, entitled, Commentaries on Valerius Maximus. His reputation gained him an invitation to Paris, where he read lectures on philosophy and theology with great success, and shone in the principal pulpits there. He passed for a universal genius. In reality, he was an orator, a poet, a philosopher, a theologist, and a teacher. It was at Paris that Petrarch became acquainted with this monk, and discoursed with him on the state of his soul. Father Dennis said everything that an able adviser could say to a young man to cure him of a passion which so cruelly oppressed him. Petrarch had conceived the greatest veneration for this father; he continued to write to him to implore his advice, and to solicit remedies for the cure of his passion. Most of these letters are lost, which is greatly to be lamented: there are only a few of Petrarch's remaining, which will be dispersed through these memoirs. We shall soon see the little success of father Dennis's advice, notwithstanding his skill and his extensive knowledge. But who does not know, that one look from a beloved mistress is sufficient to destroy whole years of counsel from a ghostly father?

The city of Avignon underwent this year a very singular kind of plague. The heat and drought were so violent, that persons of every age and sex changed their skins like serpents: it fell in scales from the face, the neck, and the hands. The populace, seized as with madness, ran half naked about the streets, with whips in their hands, scourging their flesh, supplicating with the most dreadful outcries for rain, and that a stop might be put to this terrible calamity. Those who escaped this disorder, which were very few, were thought to have bodies of iron. Nothing like it had ever been remembered. The constitution of Laura was too delicate to sustain so great an intemperature in the air; she was attacked with a violent disorder, which alarmed Petrarch in a most lively manner: he asked the physician who attended her, how she was; he replied, Extremely ill; and there was everything to fear for her. Laura recovered, however, and Petrarch was relieved from his distress.

On his return from Germany, Petrarch found the pope seriously employed, at the age of four-score and ten years, on two great projects which required all the vigour of youth. The one was the crusade; the other was the re-establishment of the holy see at Rome. The unhappy consequences of former wars undertaken against the infidels, to dispossess them of the holy places they were masters of, had cooled the pious fury which had depopulated Europe to ravage Asia. It is difficult to comprehend how a pontiff so enlightened and experienced could seriously enter on a project which, in the present situation of Europe, was so chimerical. Petrarch himself, though full of outrageous zeal for these holy enterprises, knew all the difficulties that attended them. Philip of Valois, king of France, sent ambassadors to the pope, to concert proper measures for this great undertaking; and they promised on oath, in the name of this prince, that he should embark in three years for the Levant, at the head of an army. The pope declared Philip the chief of this enterprise, and granted him for six years the tenths of his clergy: and after the return of the ambassadors, Philip took the cross with the greatest demonstrations of piety. This example, which was followed by almost all the princes and barons of the kingdom, and a great number of prelates, set all Europe in motion. The kings of Bohemia, Arragon, and Navarre, likewise took the cross; and the king of France promised that twenty thousand horse, and thirty thousand foot, should pass into the East, on board Venetian, Genoese, and Pisan vessels.

The family of the Colonnas were more zealous than any other for the success of the holy war. In 1218 cardinal John Colonna headed the crusade, distinguished himself by his great valour, and contributed to the taking of Damietta, though he was made prisoner by the Saracens, who condemned him to be sawed asunder; but at the moment of execution, surprised with the fortitude he discovered, they gave him his life and liberty.

The second project, of translating the holy see to Rome, was as important as the former, and more easy to be executed: but the death of the pope, which happened in 1334, put an end to this design; and the troubles that agitated Europe put an end likewise to the other. John XXII. had governed the church eighteen years: he was a man of understanding and knowledge; had prodigious activity, and great constancy in pursuing what he once undertook; and was possessed of an immense treasure. But, notwithstanding all these resources, he could not bring to perfection any one of the projects he aimed at in the course of his long pontificate. The first was the crusade; the second, the deposition of the emperor Lewis of Bavaria; the third, the destruction of the Ghibelines in Italy, and of the imperial authority, on the ruins of which he meant to establish his own; and the fourth, though of a very different nature, was as vigorously pursued by him as the rest.

John believed that the souls of the just would not enjoy the vision of God till after the universal judgment, and the resurrection of their bodies. "They are," said he, "while waiting for this judgment, under the altar and protection of the humanity of Jesus Christ." Astonished at the opposition made to this doctrine, he employed his authority to prove the truth of it, punishing with severity those who openly contradicted it. He put a Dominican into prison on this account; and cited Durand de St. Portain, bishop of Meaux, one of the greatest theologists of his time, to appear and answer for his faith. These acts of violence incensed all the world against him. The insurrection of the cardinals, and a great part of the court of Rome, the decision of the doctors in theology at Paris, and the exhortation of the kings of France and Naples, obliged the pope to make a solemn retractation of this doctrine before his death. Petrarch, speaking on this subject, says, "Beatitude is a state to which nothing can be added; it is conformable to nature that the spirit should be always in motion, till there remains nothing for it to desire. How then can the dead enjoy the vision of God, in which consists the blessedness of man, while they are desiring with ardour the re-union of their bodies?" In a letter to cardinal Colonna, some years after, "Permit me," says he, "to speak freely of a pope of whom you were fond, though not of his errors. His doctrine concerning the vision of God, however probable at the bottom, was condemned by the greatest number, and those of the best judgment, and lies buried with its author."

After the death of John, James Fournier was elected pope, to the astonishment of all the world; and this cardinal himself, when they came to adorn him, said to those around him, "Your choice has fallen upon an ass." If we may believe Petrarch, he did himself justice; and the acknowledgment of his incapacity was the greatest proof he ever gave of his judgment. He was a baker's son, and took the name of Benedict XII. His figure, his shape, his voice, his manners, were entirely opposite to those of his predecessor, whose doctrine concerning the vision of God he publicly condemned. They looked upon him at the court of Avignon as a man of no consequence, and incapable of governing the church.

1335. Petrarch was at this time chaplain and official to cardinal Colonna, but he had no living: the pope gave him the canonry of Lombes, with the promise of the first vacant prebend; and in his letter speaks highly of the knowledge of Petrarch, and of the goodness of his life. It must be remarked here, that this pope left a great number of benefices unsupplied; not finding, he said, any person capable of filling them.

The troubles of Italy drew this year to Avignon Azzo da Correggio*, a character that soon engaged the attention and friendship of Petrarch: at fifteen years of age he had entered into holy orders, but took up arms afterwards in defence of his country, and came to Avignon on a public negotiation: he had the best constitution in the world; his strength was astonishing, and his body hard as iron. He was called Iron-foot, because he was indefatigable. His mind was full of ardour, and eager after all kinds of knowledge; he read a great deal, and forgot nothing: he sought earnestly the society of those who could give him any instruction; and in the hurry of the greatest affairs, he always reserved some hours to enrich his mind with study. It is easy to imagine that a man of this character would be desirous of being admitted into the assembly of cardinal Colonna, and would be well received there. Azzo da Correggio had heard of Petrarch's reputation, and earnestly desired his acquaintance. As they were of the same age, and the same turn of mind, they soon entered into a very intimate friendship; and Petrarch was so happy as to have an opportunity of giving Azzo a singular proof of his affection soon after his arrival at Avignon. The Correggios were deeply engaged in the public quarrels in Italy. Azzo at this time had it upon his hands to defend the cause of the nobles of Verona, by whom he was sent to Avignon, to assert the rights of his family, which had been invaded; and to guard the safety of his own person, which had been assaulted. Enchanted with the genius of Petrarch, and his irresistible eloquence, he thought he could not confide his cause to an orator more able to defend it; and besought Petrarch to be his advocate. Petrarch had never taken upon him the profession of the law.

"My reputation," said he, "has never been so blemished as to constrain me to defend it. My profession does not oblige me to take up the vindication of others. I love solitude; I detest the bar; I despise money; and I could never be prevailed upon to let out my tongue for hire. It is repugnant to my nature."

What Petrarch could not do from inclination, or for interest, he did from friendship. He charged himself with the cause of Azzo, and of the house of Correggio. It was a very interesting one, and opened a vast field for eloquence. Petrarch, inspired by friendship, displayed his oratory with success; and, which was still more surprising, with a temper fiery and passionate like his, he avoided with care those digressions against the adverse party, those cutting sallies of wit, which lawyers are so apt to run into, in order to shine themselves, rather than to strengthen their cause. Azzo gained his suit. The lords of Verona were confirmed in the sovereignty of Parma; and Petrarch convinced the pope and the cardinals, who assisted at this assembly, that he would have been the greatest orator of his age, if he had not rather chosen to be the greatest poet.

Petrarch on this occasion gained also another distinguished friend, who was colleague with Azzo in this affair: his name was William de Pastrengo*, born at Pastrengo, a town a few leagues distant from Verona. He had studied the law at Padua, under the celebrated professor Oldradi. Having found out the secret of reconciling this study with that of the belles-lettres, he was an orator, a poet, and a civilian. The nobles of Verona had great confidence in Pastrengo, and committed to him the most important negotiations. We have at this day a book written by him, rare, and little known, full of matter on all subjects, and which shows a great fund of erudition. It was printed at Venice: the first part is on sacred and profane history; the second, an historical and geographical dictionary, which treats of the origin of things. He was, with all his learning, a man of gallantry, and well versed in the methods of making himself agreeable in conversation. His love of the belles-lettres united him with Petrarch in a very sincere friendship.

---

* Azzo da Correggio was not so very blameless a character as he is represented to have been in the text. His father, Ghiberto, had been lord of Parma, but, by his ambitious intrigues, lost that city, and also Reggio and Cremona, which he had brought under his command. At his death in 1321, his son, Azzo da Correggio, was, with his brothers, recalled to Parma, where, succeeding at length in driving out the Ghibelines (for the Correggios adhered to the party of the Guelphs), Azzo became master of the city in 1328. But the chief power passed the next year into the hands of Mastino de la Scala, lord of Verona, the nephew of Azzo, who confided the government of the city to his uncle. Correggio abused this confidence, and sought to render himself independent; but after having successively betrayed the Guelphs, the Ghibelines, his kindred, his friends and his allies, finding it impossible to retain the sovereignty, he sold the city, in 1344, to Nicholas, Marquis of Esté, for 70,000 florins.

† William de Pastrengo was born early in the fourteenth century; after studying the law, as mentioned in the text, he became first a notary and afterwards a judge, at Verona, where he was held in high esteem. He was the first who attempted to compile a work in the nature of an historical dictionary. This curious work, which, in spite of the errors and omissions inseparable from such an undertaking, exhibits vast erudition, is preserved, in two volumes folio, in the library of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice. The first part contains a catalogue of all the ancient and modern writers, classed according to their professions. The second forms a species of historical and geographical dictionary, in which the author pays particular attention to the origin of the several matters treated of. This second part was published at Venice in 1547, in 8vo, of 262 pages, by Michel Angelo Biondo, under the title of "De originibus rerum," and is excessively scarce.

The bishop of Lombes, whom family affairs retained at Rome, desired extremely to see his dear Petrarch in that great city, and never ceased pressing him in his letters to undertake the journey. It cannot be doubted that Petrarch wished much to go; many objects attracted him; but he was prevented by his passion for Laura on the one hand, and his attachment to the cardinal on the other, who would not suffer him to leave Avignon. He excused himself on these accounts to the bishop of Lombes, assuring him, these were the only reasons why he did not comply with his tender and pressing invitations. He adds, in his letter to the bishop, who had wrote with pleasantry on Laura, "Would to God that my Laura was an imaginary person! and that my passion for her was only a jest! Alas! it is a frenzy! We may counterfeit sickness by voice and gesture, but we cannot give ourselves the air and colour of a sick person. How many times have you witnessed the paleness of my countenance, and the agonies of my heart! I feel you speak ironically; irony is your favourite figure; but I hope I shall be cured of my disorder, and that time will close up my wound." He adds, "Your kind attentions flatter my self-love! I do not know from whence the high ideas have been taken which certain persons have conceived of me. But this favourable prejudice has been my happy destiny from my cradle. I have been always more known than I desired; many things bad and good have been said of me; I was not elated by the one, or depressed by the other; for I have been long convinced, that the world is false and deceitful, and that my life is but a dream. I have been torn to pieces by the pleasantries of my friends on my passion for Laura; to put balm into the wound, you exhort me to love you. Alas! you well know that in love I require a rein rather than a spur. I should be more tranquil had I less sensibility."

1336. This year, at the end of April, Petrarch, always curious and eager to see new objects, took a journey to Mount Ventoux*. This is one of the highest mountains in Europe, and having few hills near it so lofty as to intercept the prospect, it presents from its summit a more extensive view than can be seen from the Alps or the Pyrenees. Petrarch gives this account of his journey in a letter to father Dennis: "Having passed my youth in the province of Venaisson, I have always had a desire to visit a mountain which is descried from all parts, and which is so properly called the Mountain of the Winds. I sought a companion for this expedition; and what will appear singular, among the number of friends that I had, I met with none quite suited to my mind: so true is it, that it is rare to find, even among persons who love one another the best, a perfect conformity in taste, inclination, and manner of thinking. One appeared to me too quick, another too slow; I found this man too lively, the other too dull. There is one, said I to myself, too tender, and too delicate, to sustain the fatigue; there is another too fat, and too heavy, he can never get up so high: in fine, this is too petulant and noisy, the other too silent and melancholy. All these defects, which friendship can support in a town, and in a house, would be intolerable on a journey. I weighed this matter, and finding that those whose society would have pleased me, either had affairs which prevented them, or had not the same curiosity as myself, I would not put their complaisance to the proof. I determined to take with me my brother Gerard, whom you know. He was very glad to accompany me, and felt a sensible joy in supplying the place of a friend as well as a brother.

"We went from Avignon to Malaucene, which is at the foot of the mountain on the north side, where we slept at night, and reposed ourselves the whole of the next day. The day after, my brother and myself, followed by two domestics, ascended the mountain with much trouble and fatigue, though the weather was mild, and the day very fine. We had agility, strength, and courage; nothing was wanting; but this mass of rocks is of a steepness almost inaccessible. Towards the middle of the mountain we found an old shepherd, who did all he could to divert us from our project. 'It is about fifty years ago,' said he, 'that I had the same humour with yourselves; I climbed to the top of the mountain, and what did I get by it?—My body and my clothes torn to pieces by the briars, much fatigue and repentance, with a firm resolution never to go thither again. Since that time I have not heard it said that any one has been guilty of the same folly.' Young people are not to be talked out of their schemes. The more the shepherd exaggerated the difficulties of the enterprise, the stronger desire we felt to conquer them. When he saw that what he said had no effect, he showed us a steep path along the rocks: 'That is the way you must go,' said he.

"After leaving our clothes, and all that could embarrass us, we began to climb with inconceivable ardour. Our first efforts, which is not uncommon, were followed with extreme weakness: we found a rock, on which we rested some time; after which we resumed our march, but it was not with the same agility; mine slackened very much. While my brother followed a very steep path which appeared to lead to the top, I took another which was more upon the declivity. 'Where are you going?' cried my brother with all his might; 'that is not the way, follow me.' 'Let me alone,' said I; 'I prefer the path that is longest and easiest.' This was an excuse for my weakness. I wandered for some time at the bottom; at last shame took hold of me, and I rejoined my brother, who had sat down to wait for me. We marched one before another some time, but I became weary again, and sought an easier path; and at last, overwhelmed with shame and fatigue, I stopped again to take breath. Then, abandoning myself to reflection, I compared the state of my soul, which desires to gain heaven, but walks not in the way to it, to that of my body, which had so much difficulty in attaining the top of Mount Ventoux, notwithstanding the curiosity which caused me to attempt it. These reflections inspired me with more strength and courage.

---

* Mount Ventoux is visible from Avignon, where, says Malte-Brun, "it appears upon the horizon like an immense barrier, behind which the Alps are indistinctly seen." It lies to the north of the department of Vaucluse, as that district was termed, as an imperial homage to the memory of the poet, and is covered with snow for eight months in the year.

"Mount Ventoux is divided into several hills, which rise one above the other; on the top of the highest is a little plain, where we seated ourselves on our arrival. Struck with the clearness of the air, and the immense space I had before my eyes, I remained for some time motionless and astonished. At last, waking from my reverie, my eyes were insensibly directed toward that fine country to which my inclination always drew me. I saw those mountains covered with snow, where the proud enemy of the Romans opened himself a passage with vinegar, if we may believe the voice of Fame. Though they are at a great distance from Mount Ventoux, they seemed so near that one might touch them. I felt instantly a vehement desire to behold again this dear country, which I saw rather with the eyes of the soul than those of the body: some sighs escaped me, which I could not prevent, and I reproached myself for a weakness I could have justified by many great examples. Returning to myself again, and examining more closely the state of my soul, I said, 'It is near ten years, Petrarch, since thou hast quitted Bologna: what a change in thy manners since that time!' Not yet safe in port, I dare not view those tempests of the mind with which I feel myself continually agitated. The time will perhaps come, when I may be able to say with St. Augustin, 'If I retrace my past errors, those unhappy passions that overwhelmed me, it is now because they are still dear, it is because I will devote myself to none but thee, my God.' But I have yet much to do. I love, but it is a melancholy love. My state is desperate. It is that which Ovid paints so strongly in that well-known line,

'I cannot hate, and I am forced to love!'

"'If,' said I, 'thou shouldst live ten years longer, and in that time make as much progress in virtue, wouldst thou not be able to die with a more assured hope?' Abandoned to these reflections, I deplored the imperfection of my conduct, and the instability of all things human.

"The sun was now going to rest, and I perceived that it would soon be time for me to descend the mountain. I then turned towards the west, when I sought in vain that long chain of mountains which separates France and Spain. Nothing, that I knew of, hid them from my sight; but Nature has not given us organs capable of such extensive views. To the right I discovered the mountains of the Lyonnoise, and to the left the surges of the Mediterranean, which bathe Marseilles on one side, and on the other dash themselves in pieces against the rocky shore. I saw them very distinctly, though at the distance of several days' journey. The Rhone glided under my eyes; the clouds were at my feet. Never was there a more extensive, variegated, and enchanting prospect! What I saw rendered me less incredulous of the accounts of Olympus and Mount Athos, which they assert to be higher than the region of the clouds from whence descend the showers of rain.

"After having satisfied my eyes for some time with those delightful objects, which elevated my mind, and inspired it with pious reflections, I took the book of St. Augustin's Confessions, which I had from you, and which I always carry about me. It is dear to me for its own value; and the hands from whence I received it render it dearer still. On opening it, I accidentally fell on this passage in the tenth book: 'Men go far to observe the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginnings and the courses of rivers, the immensity of the ocean; *but they neglect themselves.*' I take God and my brother to witness that what I say is true. I was struck with the singularity of an accident, the application of which it was so easy for me to make.

"After having shut the book, I recollected what happened to St. Augustin and St. Anthony on the like occasion, and believing I could not do better than imitate these great saints, I left off reading, and gave myself up to the crowd of ideas which presented themselves, on the folly of mortals, who, neglecting their most noble part, confuse themselves with vain objects, and go to seek that with difficulty abroad, which they might easily meet with at home. 'If,' said I, 'I have undergone so much labour and fatigue, that my body may be nearer heaven; what ought I not to do and to suffer, that my soul may come there also!' In the midst of these contemplations, I had got, without perceiving it, to the bottom of the hill, with the same safety, and less fatigue, than I went up. A fine clear moon favoured our return. While they were preparing our supper, I shut myself up in a corner of the house to give you this account, and the reflections it produced in my mind. You see, my father, that I hide nothing from you. I wish I was always able to tell you not only what I do, but even what I think. Pray to God that my thoughts, now, alas! vain and wandering, may be immoveably fixed on the only true and solid good."

Petrarch often retired into the most desert places; and if by accident he met with Laura in the streets of Avignon, he avoided her, and passed swiftly to the other side. This affectation displeased her. Meeting him one day, she looked at him with more kindness than usual. Perhaps she wished to preserve a lover of such reputation; or could not be insensible to the constancy of his affection. A favour so unhoped for from Laura restored Petrarch to happiness, and put an end to all his boasted resolution. When he passed a few days without seeing her, he felt an irresistible desire to see her in those places she frequented. She behaved to him with more ease: he wished to assure her of his love by the most tender expressions, or at least by his sighs and tears; but the dignity of Laura's countenance and behaviour rendered him motionless: his senses were suspended, his tears dried up, and his words expired upon his lips. His eyes could alone express the feelings of his soul. In a sonnet he says, "You could not, without compassion, behold the image of death stamped on my face. A kind regard, a word dictated by friendship, has restored me to life. That I yet breathe, is your precious gift. Dispose of me, for you are the reviver of my soul! You alone, beautiful Laura, possess both the keys to my heart." The poets imagined their heart to have two doors: the one leading to pleasure, the other to pain. It is to this poetic fiction that Petrarch alludes.

Laura wished to be beloved by Petrarch, but with such refinement that he should never speak of his love. Whenever he attempted the most distant expression of this kind, she treated him with excessive rigour; but when she saw him in despair, his countenance languishing, and his spirits drooping, she then reanimated him by some trifling kindness: a look, a gesture, or a word, was sufficient. This mixture of severity and compassion, so strongly marked in the lines of Petrarch, is the key to a right judgment of Laura's character. It was thus she held for twenty years the affections of a man the most ardent and impetuous, without the smallest stain to her honour; this was the method she thought best adapted to the temper and disposition of Petrarch.

Whenever Laura had reason to complain of him, it was easy to perceive her displeasure: her hair was disturbed, she cast down her eyes, turned away her head, and made haste out of his sight. One day, more courageous than usual, Petrarch ventured to speak of his love and constancy, notwithstanding the rigour with which she treated him, and reproved her for the manner in which she behaved to the most faithful and discreet of lovers. "As soon as I appear, you turn away your eyes; you recline your head; and your countenance is troubled. *Alas! I perceive you suffer.* O, Laura! why these cruel manners? Could you tear yourself from a heart where you have taken such deep root, I should commend your severity. In a barren and uncultivated soil, the plant that languishes requires a kinder sun; but you must for ever live in my heart. Since then it is your destiny, render your situation less disagreeable."

There are two stages of Petrarch's love: the one when Laura was in that age of innocence in which there is no suspicion; when she treated him with politeness, and with kindness, because she saw nothing in his manner that opposed such treatment. On his part, he behaved with tenderness and esteem, and she enjoyed at ease the pleasures of his conversation. The confidence with which this inspired him, and the delight he felt in her presence, encouraged him, though with a trembling voice, to express his love. Laura replied with an agitated countenance, "I am not, Petrarch, I am not the person you suppose me." Petrarch was thunder-struck, and could not open his mouth. Laura forbids him to appear before her; he writes to her to beseech her pardon: she is still more offended, and avoids all occasions of seeing him. Petrarch weeps and sighs incessantly; and Laura deprives him of her society for a long time; but, on his falling sick, permits him at last to see and to speak to her. He again hazards something about his affection, and she treats him with more severity than ever. He becomes outrageous, and in despair calls death to his succour, and goes wandering about in the most frightful and solitary deserts: love follows him everywhere. A philosophical curiosity leads Petrarch to travel to France and Germany; but scarcely has he set out, when he repents, and desires to return. He feels that he cannot live without Laura. In traversing the forest of Ardenne, he believes her to be in every object he sees, and in every echo he hears. When he is near Lyons, his transports are inexpressible at the sight of the Rhone, because that river washes the walls of the city where Laura resides. When he arrives at Avignon, he finds her in the same disposition he left her, as austere and intractable on the subject of love; and he complains that he could discover nothing in her eyes but anger and disdain.

This was his first state. He had yet never felt remorse; on the contrary, the modesty of Laura, her virtue, the innocence of her life, the graces of her conversation, had given him so high an idea of her, that he thought he could do nothing so honourable as to cultivate his love. "What a felicity is it for thee," he would say to himself, "to have dared thus high to raise thy vows of love! She has kindled in thy heart a flame, that, in disengaging thee from licentious pleasures, sought by unthinking mortals, directs thee to that sovereign good which is the reward of virtue."

But when Petrarch returned from his journey, he began to feel some remorse for ascribing so much to any created being, though perfect as Laura herself. He reflected that his heart was formed for his Creator, and could never be happy till fixed on God. The exhortations of father Dennis were probably the cause of this remorse. In his letters he says, "How much time have you wasted on that Laura! How many useless steps have you taken in those woods!"

But the smallest incident was sufficient to unhinge his philosophy, and stagger every resolution he had formed to calm his mind. One day he observed a country girl washing the veil of Laura. A sudden trembling seized him; and, though the dog-star raged, he shivered as in the depth of winter. Every other object was concentrated in this passion. It was not possible for him to apply to study or the conduct of his affairs. His soul was like a field of battle, where his heart and reason held continual engagements. "It was this," says he, "that overspread with the clouds of grief those delightful years of life which by nature seemed consecrated to joy and pleasure." After contemplating his past and present state: "Ten years," says he, "has grief preyed upon me: a slow poison consumes my body: hardly have I strength to drag along my weakened limbs. I must get out of this dreadful situation; I must recover my liberty."

He determined, therefore, again to travel, and try the effects of absence. We have already mentioned the desire he had to visit Rome, and perform his promise to the bishop of Lombes. He had likewise a strong temptation to go to Paris, having promised some friends he left there he would soon return. At the head of these friends were father Dennis, and Robert de Bordi, whom the pope had just made chancellor of the church of Paris, with the canonry of Notre Dame.

Robert de Bordi was descended from one of the richest and most considerable families in Florence. He came when very young to pursue his studies at Paris, according to the custom of the Florentines, who have great emulation. He made so rapid a progress, that the doctors of this celebrated university had a sort of veneration for his genius. In truth, he was a man of extraordinary merit, a great philosopher, and a sound divine. He appeared with distinction in the council of Vincennes, where the opinion of John XXII. concerning the vision of God*, was condemned. We are obliged to him for having preserved to us the discourses of St. Augustin, which would probably have been lost, if he had not taken the pains to collect them.

Before we speak of Petrarch's journey, which he at last determined should be to Italy, we must insert a circumstance of reproach to his character. In the early part of his life he had a mistress who behaved to him with less rigour than Laura, and by whom he had a son called John, and a daughter a few years after : they will both appear in the course of these Memoirs.

After having obtained with difficulty the permission of cardinal Colonna, and taken leave of his friends, Petrarch set out from Avignon in the beginning of December, 1336, to go to Marseilles, where he embarked in a ship which was just setting sail to Civita-Vecchia. He concealed his name, and gave himself out for a pilgrim going to worship at Rome. Who can express the joy he felt, when from the deck he could discover the coast of Italy? that dear country, after which he had so long sighed! When he had landed, he perceived a laurel-tree. In his first emotion he ran towards it; and too much beside himself to observe his steps, he fell into a brook, which he must cross to arrive at the wished-for object. This fall caused him to swoon. Always occupied with Laura, he says, "On those shores, washed by the Tyrrhene sea, I beheld that stately laurel which always warms my imagination. Love impelled me towards it. I flew, and through my impatience fell breathless in the intervening stream. I was alone, and in the woods, yet I blushed at my heedlessness; for, to the reflecting mind, no witness is requisite to excite the emotions of shame."

It was not easy for Petrarch to pass from the coast of Tuscany to Rome; for the war between the Orsini and the Colonnas, which was renewed with more fury than ever, filled all the surrounding places with armed men. As he had no escort, he went to the castle of Capranica, at ten leagues' distance from Rome. He was well received by Orso, count of Anguillora, who had espoused Agnes Colonna, sister of the cardinal and of the bishop. He was a man of understanding, and fond of letters. The description of this castle and its environs is contained in the following letter of Petrarch's to cardinal Colonna: "Capranica is the very situation I could wish for, consumed as I am by anxiety. It was formerly an uncultivated place, full of thickets and wild trees, where the goats came to browse, and from whence it took its name. The beauty of the situation, and the natural fertility of the soil, drew men by degrees to settle there. They built a fortress on the most elevated part, and as many houses as the compass of a narrow hill could admit. From the top of this hill they discover mount Soracte, celebrated in this line of Horace:

'See how Soracte stands, white with deep snows!'

The lake Cimirus, of which Virgil speaks, and Sutri, a town of Ceres, are but two thousand paces distant. The air of Capranica is very clear. Around it are a great number of little hills, which are not difficult of access; several spacious caverns; and to the south a thick wood, which is a shelter from the burning heats of noon. The hill reclines on the north side, and discovers fields in full bloom, where the bees delight to dwell. Several fountains of sweet water glide along the valleys; and in the woods, and on the hills, deer, stags, kids, and all sorts of tame cattle, are seen to wander and graze. Birds of all kinds are heard to sing; and in general, all things are found here which belong to the finest and most cultivated countries, without reckoning the lakes, the rivers, and a neighbouring sea, which are among the richest presents of nature.

"Peace was the only thing which I could not meet with in this delightful situation. I know not whether fate, or some crime of the nation, has drawn on them the scourge of war. The shepherd, instead of guarding against the wolves, goes armed into the woods to defend himself from the enemy. The labourer, in a coat of mail, uses a lance instead of a goad to drive along his cattle. The fowler draws his nets covered with his shield. The fisherman carries a sword, instead of a line to hook his fish. And, what is still more extraordinary, the native draws water from the wells in an old rusty helmet instead of a pail. In a word, arms here are used as tools and implements for all the labours of the field, and all the wants of men. In the night are heard dreadful howlings round the walls; in the day, terrible voices, which cry out, without ceasing, 'To arms! to arms!' What music, compared with those soft and harmonious sounds that I drew from my lute at Avignon! This country is the image of hell; it breathes nothing but hatred, war, and carnage. From this picture, who could believe that Capranica was the residence of the mildest and most amiable of men? Orso, count of Anguillora, tranquil in the midst of this confusion, lives with his wife in the happiest union, gives the most obliging reception to his guests, governs his vassals with a strictness tempered with love, cultivates the Muses, and seeks the society of men of learning. Agnes Colonna, his wife, is one of those women who can only be praised by a silent admiration, so much does she rise above all that can be said to her honour.

---

* In some public discourses he had advanced the doctrine, "that the souls of the faithful, in their intermediate state, see not, nor will they see, the Divine essence, or God face to face, till the day of the general resurrection; and that none are or will be admitted till that day to the beatific vision, but will only see the human nature of Christ." This doctrine gave great offence, and was unanimously condemned by an assembly of divines, whom Philip VI. of France, convened at the castle of Vincennes. John afterwards endeavoured to soften down what he had said, and on his death-bed owned to the cardinals and bishops then at Avignon, "that the unembodied souls of the righteous beheld the Divine Essence, *as far as their separate state and condition would permit*;" and added, "that he submitted to the judgment of the church whatever he had said, preached, or written on the subject, *that he might not be deemed a heretic after his decease*." He died in 1334, in the ninety-first year of his age, having filled the papal see eighteen years and nearly four months. He was a man of considerable ability, and was a great patron of learning, but he was disgraced by the basest avarice. It is singular to find a pope among the alchymists, yet John left a treatise behind him, "On the Transmutation of Metals," a French translation of which was published at Lyons, in 1557.

"These charming hosts make that place delightful, which would else be terrible from the horrors of war. Though I greatly desire the sight of Rome, and the friends I know there, I feel not that inquietude men experience as they approach nearer the object of their desires. I am as tranquil in this house as I could be even in the temple of Peace herself. And, as we accustom ourselves insensibly to all things, I walk without arms, and without dread, on those hills which are the scenes of war. I hear them sound the charge; I see armed troops engage with one another: the clashing of swords, and the cries of the combatants, do not prevent my meditating as in my closet, and labouring to amuse posterity."

When Petrarch was arrived at Capranica, he despatched a courier to the bishop of Lombes, to inform him where he was, and that he knew no method of getting to him in the midst of so many dangers; all the roads which led to Rome being occupied by the enemy. The bishop expressed great joy on hearing of his arrival, and ordered him to wait his coming. This prelate came to Capranica with Stephen Colonna, his brother, senator of Rome. They had with them only a troop of a hundred horse; and as the enemy kept possession of the country with more than five hundred, it was wonderful they met with no difficulty on their route; but the name and reputation of the Colonnas had spread the alarm in the enemy's camp, and by this means made their way free and safe.

What a joy was it for the bishop of Lombes to see that friend again whom he so tenderly loved, whose works he read with pleasure, and whose conversation had a thousand charms! The senator was likewise delighted to see Petrarch, whose reputation had already spread far and wide. It is impossible to express Petrarch's joy on beholding the prelate who was so dear to him, and the hero for the sight of whom he had so impatiently longed. They departed all together from Capranica with their little escort, and arrived at Rome without any skirmish, notwithstanding the measures taken by their enemies to intercept them.

1337. Stephen Colonna, in quality of senator, resided in the Capitol, where he lodged Petrarch, who could not contain his transports to find himself in a place which had been the theatre of those great events always present in his mind. It is much to be regretted that the letters which Petrarch wrote from Rome to Cardinal Colonna are lost. There remains only a fragment of one, dated from the Capitol, as follows: "After having read the long account I gave you of Capranica, what will you not expect of me concerning Rome? The subject is inexhaustible. I am struck with the wonders I everywhere behold. Their variety confounds me, and I know not where to begin. I recall to mind what you said to me one day at Avignon: 'Petrarch, do not go to Rome: that city will not answer the idea you have conceived of it; you will find nothing but ruins.' These words impressed my mind, and cooled my ardour. I had experienced that great objects are often diminished by their presence: but here I found it otherwise. My ideas of Rome are enlarged, not diminished; its ruins have something grand and majestic, which impress me with veneration. And, far from being surprised that Rome should have subdued the world, I rather wonder that the conquest was not earlier accomplished."

Petrarch was received and treated in the house of the Colonnas as one of the family; and they contended which should show him the most friendship. Old Colonna, who knew him at Avignon, loaded him with favours, and with eagerness pointed out to him all the curiosities in Rome. But of all the family, Jean de St. Vit, the brother of Stephen Colonna, was the most happy in Petrarch. This old man, who had been exiled from Avignon by his enemies, found more charms than ever in his wit and conversation, and was useful to him in his researches after Roman antiquities, about which our poet was very inquisitive. Jean de St. Vit had made them his study from his childhood, and was perhaps the only Roman of that time well acquainted with them, if we except Nicholas Rienzi, of whom I shall soon speak. Nothing appeared more astonishing to Petrarch, than the indifference of the Romans to these precious remains of antiquity. They had them continually before their eyes, but vouchsafed them not the least observation. "The magnificence of Rome," says he, "and all that can heighten its glory, are nowhere less known than at Rome." Jean de St. Vit took him every day to walk within and around this great city. It had a waste and desolate appearance, though it contained a vast number of inhabitants. They took scarcely a step without finding something to excite their admiration, and furnish them with a subject of discourse. At the end of their walk, they generally sat down to rest themselves on the baths of Dioclesian, some vestiges of which are still remaining. Sometimes they went upon the roof of this fine monument, where there was a clear air, a very extensive view, and no one to interrupt them.

Rome was at this time in a deplorable situation. The Colonnas, at war with the Orsini, could not re-establish the peace of this city, or restore its ancient lustre. It was continually a prey to the evils of war. Nothing was to be seen in the streets but ruins; the churches falling to pieces; the altars spoiled of their ornaments. The priests were interrupted in the performance of their offices. Strangers could not resort thither; for the highways were infested with robbers, to whom the city, and even the churches, served for a retreat. Nothing was heard of but rapes, murders, adulteries, and assassinations. Audaciousness reigned; justice was dumb; indulgence rendered the guilty more presumptuous; and the nobles, divided among themselves, only agreed in oppressing the people. If Petrarch was touched to observe the wretched state of Rome, and the decay of its ancient monuments, he was repaid by viewing the amiable and distinguished behaviour of the Roman ladies. "It is with reason," says he, "that they are renowned above their sex; for they have the tenderness and modesty of women, with the courage and constancy of men." In the two sisters of cardinal Colonna, he assures us, were united the virtues and good qualities of the Greek and Roman heroines. As to the men, "They are," says he, "a good sort of people, and affable when treated with civility; but they can bear no raillery in one particular; I mean that which respects the honour of their wives. Far from being as tractable as the Avignons, who suffer their wives to be taken from them without the least murmur, the Romans have always this sentence in their mouths : ' Smite us where you will, so we may but preserve the honour of our wives.' The Romans," adds Petrarch, " are not greedy of gain. I was astonished, in so great a city, to find so few merchants and usurers." A very different representation of them from one given in the twelfth century. " Beware of the Romans," says St. Bernard ; " they are seditious, jealous of their neighbours, and cruel towards strangers. They love nobody, and nobody loves them." Their manners must have undergone a great change in the space of two centuries, or Petrarch must have been strangely partial to them. Hildebert, archbishop of Tours, speaking of them in the same century, says, " Rome would be happy if it had no lords, or if its nobles were honest men."

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of the bishop of Lombes, he could not terminate the quarrel between the Orsini and his family. This was the principal object of his long residence at Rome. He was displeased that his father had engaged in a war which might have such fatal consequences ; and he took the liberty one day to speak with freedom, and some severity, on this subject. Old Stephen, who, notwithstanding his great age, had yet much fire remaining, was hurt by these representations. He could not forgive the bishop, and would not admit him into his presence. Petrarch used the strongest solicitations to engage him to renew his usual kindness to his son, and at last was so happy as to succeed.

In a conversation with the venerable old man, soon after this union, there happened a singular prediction, which Petrarch refers to afterwards in a letter to Stephen Colonna. " Call to mind," says he, " that, walking together one evening in the street which leads from your palace to the Capitol, we stopped; and leaning on an old marble monument fronting the street that goes from the hills to the Tiber, we conversed on the state of your family. I had just obtained a favour from you, which you had refused to all your relations ; it was to pardon the freedom of a son against whom you had conceived a violent displeasure. ' My son is your friend,' said you ; ' but he has not respected my age. You would have me pardon and restore him to my love : I can refuse you nothing : I will pass it entirely over ; but I take this occasion to justify myself. They pretend that, contrary to what beseems my age, I have engaged in a war which will descend to my family after my death ; an inheritance of hatreds, quarrels, and dangers, with which it will be always agitated. I take God to witness, that it was only with a view to peace I entered into war. The weakness of age, a certain degree of insensibility which is spread over my soul and all my senses, and, above all, long experience, have given me a love of repose, and make me sigh for tranquillity. But I refuse no difficulties when they are necessary ; and would rather confront death in battle, than drag out a shameful old age in slavery. As to what regards my inheritance, alas !' said you, looking earnestly at me, your eyes bathed in tears, ' I would, and I ought, to leave one to my children ; but the fates have ordered it otherwise, by the overthrow of order, and the reign of confusion. It is myself—it is the decrepid old man before you, who will be the heir of all his children.' At these words grief bound up your heart, and you could proceed no further. I am not ignorant," says Petrarch, " that God permits princes sometimes to foresee what will happen to their children : witness the emperor Vespasian, and many others. Nevertheless, I gave little attention at that time to this prediction; but when it was verified, I recollected and mentioned it to my friends."

It is not certain how long Petrarch continued at Rome, probably his stay was but short. It appears from a Latin epistle of his to the bishop of Lombes, that his route was towards the west, and that he passed the Pyrenean mountains. I doubt not he went to take possession of his canonry at Lombes, which the pope had given him, with the expectation of the first vacant prebend. He says, in the same epistle, that he travelled along the coast of Spain by Cadiz, and from thence to the shores of the British sea. The true motive of these journeys was probably the disgust and weariness of life which he felt in the city of Avignon, and that love of liberty which would have carried him to the extremities of the earth.

" One of the most disagreeable things," says he, " in the course of my journey, was, that when I went from my own habitation I met with none who spoke Latin ; and when I came home again, I had not my books, my constant companions, so that I was obliged to have recourse to my memory for amusement." All the journeys of Petrarch only served to increase the idea he had always formed of the superiority of Italy over France, England, Germany, and all the rest of the world. In another letter to a friend, he explains himself more particularly. " Formerly," says Petrarch, " France possessed neither the gifts of Bacchus, nor those of Minerva. It is to Rome they owe the wine and the oil they gather ; but the olive-tree is still scarce in this kingdom ; and they do not cultivate those golden fruits which scatter so delightful a perfume. Their sheep yield not so fine a wool. The stubborn soil opens not its bosom to give out the treasures it contains. It sends not forth its salutary waters which, running from the minerals, Nature has placed as the remedy for the greatest part of our diseases. In England they drink nothing but beer and cider. The beverage of Flanders is metheglin. As wine cannot be transported but at a great price, few people can afford to drink it. I shall not speak of those frozen climates which are watered by the Danube, the Bog, and the Tanais. They know neither Bacchus nor Minerva, and are little favoured by Ceres. Nature seems to have acted the part of a step-mother to all these countries ; she has refused something to every one of them. To some she has given no forests ; they can only warm themselves with turf. Others are full of marshes, which, exhaling corrupted vapours, the inhabitants have no water fit to drink. Some there are where the land, covered with a barren sand, with heath and bushes, produces nothing useful : and others which tigers, leopards, lions, and serpents, render almost uninhabitable. Italy is the only country that Nature has treated like a mother. She has given to it universal empire, talents, arts, all the advantages of genius ; and, above all, that lyre which caused the Latins to triumph over the Greeks. In a word, it wants nothing but a lasting peace."

Petrarch assures us, that exercise and absence had produced a happy effect upon his mind, that his soul became tranquil, and he was no longer agitated with those inward conflicts which destroyed his health and his peace. "The idea of Laura," says he, "less frequently presents itself; and when it does, it has less power." Instead of passing whole nights in tears, he slept quietly; he was gay; everything amused him. He thought he was cured, and smiled at the follies of love.

Petrarch returned to Avignon in August 1337. No sooner did he arrive than he saw Laura; no sooner had he seen her, than his wound, so newly closed, burst open again, and his passion seized him with more violence than ever. "I desired death," says he. "I was even tempted to seek it in the violence of my anguish. As a pilot at sea dreads the rock on which he has been cast, so did I dread the meeting with Laura. She was sick; but the near approach of death had not diminished the lustre of her eyes. I trembled at her shadow. The sound of her voice deprived me of motion." In this dreadful state, Petrarch saw he had no other resource but flight. He determined to leave the city of Avignon, which in other respects also was insupportable to him. He assures us, the manners of its inhabitants, and the corruption of the court of Rome, were the true motives of his departure. Perhaps, also, a secret chagrin that he was not advanced to a superior post, while many worthless persons were raised to the highest dignities. "To obtain such advantages," says Petrarch, "it is necessary to frequent the palaces of the great, to flatter, promise, lie, dissemble, and deceive; qualities to which I was a stranger. I have no aversion to honours, but to the methods of gaining them." He speaks in the same manner of riches. It is probable also that the desire of fame in the pursuit of letters, as well as his sufferings from love, induced him to leave Avignon.

Having determined this matter, he could think of no situation so favourable to these views as Vaucluse*: that delightful solitude which he went to see when a school-boy at Carpentras, and which made at that age so lively an impression upon his mind. Petrarch tells us, he sometimes went there to moderate the ardour of his mind, by a view of the cool waters of that marvellous fountain, and the delightful shades of the woods with which it was surrounded. Resolving to fix his residence there, he bought a little cottage, with a small field adjoining, and went with no other companions than his books. Vaucluse is one of those places in which nature delights to appear under a form the most singular and romantic. Towards the coast of the Mediterranean, and on a plain beautiful as the vale of Tempe, you discover a little valley, enclosed by a barrier of rocks, in the form of a horse-shoe. The rocks are high, bold, and grotesque; and the valley is divided by a river, along the banks of which are extended meadows and pastures of a perpetual verdure. A path, which is on the left side of the river, leads in gentle windings to the head of this vast amphitheatre. There, at the foot of an enormous rock, and directly in front, you behold a prodigious cavern, hollowed by the hand of Nature; and in this cavern arises a spring as celebrated almost as that of Helicon.

When the waters of the fountain are low, you may enter the cavern, the gloom of which is tremendous. It is a double cavern. The opening into the exterior is an arch sixty feet high; that of the interior, thirty. Near the middle of the cavern you see an oval basin, the longest diameter of which is one hundred and eight feet; and into this basin, without jet or bubble, rises that copious stream which forms the river Sorgia. There is a common report that this fountain has never been fathomed. May not this proceed from the water's issuing with great impetuosity at the bottom, and thus forcing back the lead and line? However this may be, you see nothing but an expanse of waters, smooth and tranquil. The surface of the fountain is black. This appearance is produced by the depth of the spring, the colour of the rocks, and the obscurity of the cavern; for, in reality, nothing can be more perfectly clear and limpid than the water of this spring. It stains not the rocks over which it passes, nor does it produce either weeds or mud. But, what is very extraordinary, though so beautiful to the eye, it is harsh to the taste, crude, heavy, and difficult to digest. It is excellent, however, for tanning and dyeing;

---

* The celebrated fountain of Vaucluse is situated midway between Avignon and Carpentras; it is one of the most beautiful springs in Europe. It issues from a vast and profound cavern, which opens in an arch at the foot of a peaked mountain, forming the southern extremity of a narrow winding valley, and hence its name, *vallée close* (*vallis closa*). Below, about the centre of the vault of the cavern, a figure, the age of which is unknown, is erected, as it would seem, for the purpose of measuring the height of the waters of the fountain. When they are at their greatest elevation, which takes place at the vernal equinox, when the snow melts, they wash the roots of the trees; the vault disappears, and a smooth surface of water occupies a large reservoir, whose almost circular boundary is about sixty feet in diameter. On the other hand, in the month of October, when the waters are at the lowest, the sides of the basin rise forty feet above them. The vault of the cavern is displayed in all its majesty, and enables us to distinguish the lake beyond, whose extent is lost in the most profound obscurity. The slope of the reservoir permits us to descend, using great precaution, to the brink of this mass of limpid water, which occupies an abyss whose depth has never yet been fathomed. Vast subterranean passages show us the path by which the waters produced by the melting of the snows find an exit. Below the basin twenty torrents precipitate themselves with fury in a double cascade, whose foaming waves boil and roar among the rocks with a thundering sound, and form the river Sorgues, which, within a short distance, becoming deep enough to be navigable by boats, is made use of to turn several paper-mills. On the side of the basin of the fountain, the academy of Vaucluse caused a majestic column to be erected in 1809, with this simple inscription in letters of gold, "To Petrarch." The naked rocks which encircle the cascade; the pyramidal masses which rise on the right and on the left; the soft green turf which covers the sloping banks; the old tower, considered as the dwelling of Petrarch, built on the summit of a rock on the left bank of the river; the beautiful verdure of the trees that adorn the borders of the Sorgues; the pretty village of Vaucluse; the echoes ready to repeat the names of Petrarch and Laura to the voice of lovers, who delight, by thus reuniting them, to console the shade of the poet for the severity of his mistress; everything in this valley invites us to wander through all its romantic paths.—MALTE BRUN.

and is said to promote the growth of a plant which fattens oxen, and hatches chickens. Strabo, and Pliny the naturalist, speak of this peculiarity.

In the ordinary state of the fountain, the water falls away through some cavities under the rocks, and afterwards returns to the day, and commences its course as a river. But during the swell about the spring equinox, and sometimes also after heavy rains, there is an astonishing accumulation. The waters roll on with a lofty head to the opening of the cavern, and are precipitated and dashed along the rocks with the noise of thunder. The tumult, however, soon ceases ; the waters are peaceably received into a deep and commodious channel, and form a most delightful river, navigable to its very source. This river is, in its progress, divided into various branches, waters many parts of Provence, receives several other streams, re-unites its branches, and falls into the Rhone near Avignon.

Petrarch thus beautifully moralises on this uncommon subject ; " Seneca observes, that ' the sources of great rivers inspire us with a kind of veneration :' and that ' where a river bursts out at once, altars should be erected.' And I call Heaven to witness," adds he, " it is my firm resolution to dedicate one to the fountain of Vaucluse, as soon as my scattered faculties are a little collected. This altar shall be raised in the garden which hangs over the fountain. It shall not, however, be dedicated, like those of Seneca, to the gods of the rivers, or the nymphs of the fountains, but to the Virgin Mother of that God who has destroyed the altars, and demolished the temples, of all other gods." Such was the language of Petrarch ten years after his first retirement to Vaucluse. But it was not the language of a heart as yet freed from the charms of love. The history of his mind during this solitude is best collected from his own works.

In one of his letters written about this time, he says, " Here I make war upon my senses, and treat them as my enemies. My eyes, which have drawn me into a thousand difficulties, see no longer either gold or precious stones, or ivory or purple ; they behold nothing, save the firmament, the water, and the rocks. The only female who comes within their sight, is a swarthy old woman, dry and parched as the Lybian deserts. My ears are no longer courted by those harmonies of instruments or voices which have often transported my soul ; they hear nothing but the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, the warbling of birds, and the murmurs of the stream. I keep silence from morn to night. There is no one to converse with ; for people constantly employed, either in spreading their nets, or taking care of their vines and orchards, have no knowledge of the intercourses of the world, or the conversations of society. I often content myself with the brown bread of my old fisherman, and even eat it with pleasure ; and when I am served with white, I almost always return it.

" This old fisherman, who is as hard as iron, earnestly remonstrates against my manner of life ; says it is too hardy, and assures me I cannot long hold out. I am, on the contrary, convinced, that it is more easy to accustom one's self to a plain diet, than to the luxuries of a feast. Figs, raisins, nuts, and almonds, these are my delicacies. I am fond of the fish with which this river abounds ; it is an entertainment to see them caught, and I sometimes employ myself in spreading the nets. As to my dress, here is an entire change ; you would take me for a labourer or a shepherd. My mansion resembles that of Cato, or Fabricius ; my whole household consists of a dog and my old fisherman. His cottage is contiguous to mine. When I want him, I call ; when I no longer stand in need of him, he returns to his cottage. I have made myself two gardens, which please me marvellously ; I do not think they are to be equalled in all the world. And must I confess to you a more than female weakness with which I am haunted ? I am positively angry that there is anything so beautiful out of Italy. They are my Transalpine Parnassus.

" One of these gardens is shady, formed for contemplation, and sacred to Apollo. It hangs over the source of the river, and is terminated by rocks or places accessible only to birds. The other is nearer my cottage, of an aspect less severe, and devoted to Bacchus ; and, what is extremely singular, it is in the middle of a rapid river. The approach to it is over a ridge of rocks which communicates with the garden ; and there is a natural grotto under the rock, which gives it the appearance of a rustic bridge. Into this grotto the rays of the sun never penetrate. I am confident it much resembles the place where Cicero sometimes went to declaim. It invites to study. Hither I retreat during the noon-tide hours. My mornings are engaged upon the hills, and my evenings either in the meadows, or in the garden sacred to Apollo. It is small, but most happily suited to rouse the most sluggish spirit, and elevate it to the skies. Here would I most willingly pass my days, was I not too near Avignon, and too far from Italy. For why should I conceal this weakness of my soul ? I love Italy, and I hate Avignon. The pestilential influence of this horrid place empoisons the pure air of Vaucluse, and will compel me to quit my retirement."

To another friend he writes this eloquent invitation : " Here is no tyrant to intimidate, no proud citizen to insult, no wicked tongue to calumniate. Neither quarrels, clamours, law-suits, nor the din of war. We are strangers to avarice, ambition, and envy ; and have no great lords, to whom court must be paid. Everything breathes joy, freedom, and simplicity. Our lot is neither that of poverty nor riches ; but a sweet, modest, and sober rusticity. The inhabitants are innocent, tractable, and unacquainted with arms. Our chief, good, affable, and a lover of honest folks. The air healthy, the winds soft, the country open, the springs pure, and the river full of fish. We have shady woods, cool grottos, green lawns, enamelled pastures, and hills sacred to Bacchus and Minerva. As to what respects the mere body, no one takes less trouble about it than myself. But I can tell you, in one word, that everything that liveth upon the earth, or that moveth in the waters, is here as in the terrestrial Paradise, to speak in the language of the divines ; or as in the fields of Elysium, to speak in that of the poets. A voluptuary, who was in search of the greatest dainties, would be easily accommodated in this neighbourhood."

In another letter to a friend we have a picture in a very different style; "Oft in the midst of summer, when I had ended my midnight prayers, and the moon shone bright, have I been irresistibly impelled to wander over the fields, or ascend the hills. Oft, at this silent hour, have I walked alone into the cavern, where no one, even in the day, and in company, can enter without emotion. I feel a kind of pleasure in doing this: but it is a pleasure mixed with horror."

Petrarch retired to this delightful spot to cure himself of his passion, and indulge his taste for letters; but in vain. "I may hide myself," says he, "among the rocks, and in the woods; but there are no places so wild or solitary whither the torments of love do not pursue me. Thrice, in that dark and lonely hour when nought but ghastly shades are seen or heard, Laura with steadfast look approached my bed, and claimed her slave. My limbs were frozen with fear; my blood fled from my veins, and rushed upon my heart. Trembling I rose ere morn, and left a house where all I saw alarmed me. I climbed the rocks, I ran into the woods, watching with fearful eyes this dreadful vision. I may not be believed, but still it followed. Here I perceived it starting from a tree—there rising from a fountain.—now it descended from the rocks, or floated on the clouds. Surrounded thus, I stood transfixed with horror."

1338. Petrarch passed near a year in this retreat. The domestics who served him at Avignon desired their dismission, for they could not bear to lead such recluse lives. He gives this character of his fisherman, who was his domestic at Vaucluse. "He was," says he, "an aquatic animal, brought up among the fountains and rivers, and seeking his livelihood in the rocks; but a very good man; merry, docile, and obedient. To say simply that he was faithful, would be too little; for he was fidelity itself. He understood agriculture, and everything relative to a country life. It was a maxim with him, that whatever was sown the eighth of the ides of February, in the soil of Vaucluse, could not fail of being fruitful."

He had a wife, of whom Petrarch has given this description in a letter to one of his friends: "Her face is so withered, so scorched by the sun, that were you to see her, you would think you beheld the deserts of Lybia, or Ethiopia. If Helen, Lucretia, or Virginia, had possessed faces like hers, Troy would have existed still; Tarquin would not have been driven from his kingdom; nor Appius have died in prison. But though the face of my farmer's wife is black, nothing can be whiter than her soul. She does not feel the want of beauty; and to look on her, one would even say, it became her to be ugly. No creature was ever so faithful, humble, and laborious. At the season when the grasshoppers can scarcely support the heat of the sun, she passes her life in the fields; her hardy skin defies even the fury of the dog-days. At night, when she returns, she works in her house like a young person just risen from sleep. Never any complaints, never the least murmur; nothing that shows the smallest variation of temper escapes her. She lies on a bed of leaves. All her food is a black gritty bread; her drink a sharp wine, which tastes like vinegar, and with which she mixes a great deal of water. If any one presents her with more delicate food, she rejects it, because it is not what she has been accustomed to."

Petrarch had hired this house from a peasant: it was an uncomfortable dwelling, but he rebuilt it in the most simple manner. His best friends came seldom to see him; and, when they did, made but a short stay. Others went only from the mere principle of charity, and as we should go to see sick people or prisoners. Gui Settimo himself, that companion, that faithful friend, who had never left him from his childhood, had not the courage to follow him into this solitude. He was in the bustle of the world, and, soliciting a place at court, was called to the bar. But when he could steal a few moments from the hurry of business, he went to pass them in this retreat with his friend, and said with him, "This is a port where I came to shelter myself from the tempests of the world." The other friends of Petrarch wrote to him sometimes, to excuse themselves for not seeing him more frequently. "It is not possible to live as you do," said they to him. "The life you lead is contrary to nature. In the winter you sit like an owl in the corner of your chimney. In the summer you roam about the fields without ceasing; or, if by chance you are found, it is reposing yourself under the shade of a tree."

"These friends of mine," says Petrarch, "regard the pleasures of the world as the supreme good; they do not comprehend that it is possible to renounce these pleasures. They are ignorant of my resources. I have friends whose society is delightful to me; they are persons of all countries, and of all ages; distinguished in war, in council, and in letters; easy to live with, always at my command. They come at my call, and return when I desire them: they are never out of humour, and they answer all my questions with readiness. Some present in review before me the events of past ages; others reveal to me the secrets of nature: these teach me how to live, and those how to die: these dispel my melancholy by their mirth, and amuse me by their sallies of wit: and some there are who prepare my soul to suffer everything, to desire nothing, and to become thoroughly acquainted with itself. In a word, they open a door to all the arts and sciences. As a reward for such great services, they require only a corner of my little house, where they may be safely sheltered from the depredations of their enemies. In fine, I carry them with me into the fields, the silence of which suits them better than the business and tumults of cities."

The village of Vaucluse is in the diocese of Cavaillon, and is subject to it in spirituals and temporals; the bishop is sovereign. Cavaillon is a little neat town, delightfully situated at the foot of a mountain near Durance, four leagues from Avignon, and two from the fountain of Vaucluse. Petrarch gives this account of it: "This town is neither large, well peopled, nor well built. It has only name and antiquity; it is spoken of as an ancient city, in some authentic memoirs about fifty years before Christ, at the time that Julius Cæsar conquered Britain. It was formerly built on the mountain, and was a Roman colony, as appears from the medals of Lepidus. My friend Socrates said pleasantly enough, that it was like the little town which according to some writers, king Agbarus offered to Jesus Christ. The bishopric resembles its possessor ; it is equal to the greatest in dignity, and enjoys the freedom of the least. Philip of Cabassole has possessed it three years. He was of an ancient and noble family, divided into two branches ; one of them resided at Avignon, the other at Cavaillon : he was of the second branch, and not arrived at the age prescribed by the canons when he was made bishop. One of his brothers, called John Elzeor, was at that time sent from the king of Naples to the court of the pope. This family have always been attached to the house of Anjou, which has loaded them with benefits. Philip received his education at Cavaillon, the place of his birth : he was made canon before he was twelve years old, thirteen years after archdeacon, and provost the year following. Three years after he had the bishopric vacant by the death of Godfridi, who had been apothecary, physician, and favourite, of John XXII."

All contemporary authors speak of Philip of Cabassole as a man of distinguished merit. In the government of his diocese, he was just and impartial : the popes employed him in several nice and important offices, in which he conducted himself with wisdom and dexterity. His mind was well cultivated, and enriched with a variety of knowledge ; he gave all those moments to study which were not employed in public affairs. In the library of St. Victor, at Paris, there are some works of his in manuscript, which have never been printed. Petrarch gives his eulogium in two words : "He was," says he, "a great man, with a little bishopric." His merit afterwards raised him to the highest dignities in the church. Petrarch knew this prelate only by sight when he took the resolution to fix at Vaucluse : as soon as he got there, he went to pay his duty to him as his bishop and his lord. Philip of Cabassole loved men of wit and letters : he was acquainted with Petrarch's high reputation, gave him the most obliging reception, and expressed great joy to see him fixed in his diocese. "He received me," said Petrarch, "as of old St. Ambrose received St. Augustin, as a father and a bishop. He afterwards vouchsafed to admit me to the strictest intimacy, and came sometimes to Vaucluse with no other view than to see me."

The bishop of Cavaillon had a castle at Vaucluse, placed on the top of a rock, of which there remain now only the ruins. Its approach appears inaccessible, and it is difficult to comprehend how it could ever be inhabited : we shall see, however, that Philip de Cabassole went there frequently. The people of that country show these ruins as the remains of the house of Petrarch ; but they are mistaken, for it was much lower, and nearer the river and the village. It was not long after this prelate became acquainted with Petrarch, that he had the misfortune to lose one of his brothers, called Isnord : he was a knight of St. John of Jerusalem, and died in the flower of his age during a voyage on the Red Sea. As soon as our poet heard this melancholy news, he went to Cavaillon to condole with the bishop on his loss. He found him extremely affected, but calm, as became a man of his dignity.

When Petrarch returned to Vaucluse, he wrote the bishop a letter, in which he places before him every motive which could soften his grief ; and at the same time mentions with admiration, the becoming manner in which he received the compliments made him on this occasion. In the answer this prelate returned to Petrarch, he appeared most touched with the manner of his brother's death, and bitterly laments that, as he lost his life on the sea, his body had not received the honours of burial. Petrarch took up the pen again, and taxed Philip with a weakness more natural to a woman than a bishop. He proves that the place of interment can never have any influence on our happiness in the other world ; and he takes this occasion to speak of ancient customs with respect to the burial of the dead. He asserts, that the custom of reducing the body to ashes was not an ancient one among the Romans : that Lucius Sylla, the dictator, was the first of the Cornelian family who ordered his body to be burnt after his death, from the fear they should treat him as he had treated Marius. His example was followed, though without the same reason, by those who came after him. Petrarch shows, in this letter, that there are errors which proceed from habit ; that certain things, which give us horror, are nothing to people accustomed to them ; and that a man of understanding should shake off vulgar prejudices, and seek the truth in the nature of things themselves.

Petrarch had the happiness to find another friend in the provost of Cavaillon. Pons Samson obtained that dignity by the promotion of Philip de Cabassole to the episcopacy. Petrarch knew him from his childhood, and they had studied together. "He is justly called Samson," says Petrarch ; "for he has as much strength of mind as that scourge of the Philistines had of body." The provost of Cavaillon joined to this a great knowledge of letters, and a sweetness of manners, which rendered his society delightful. The bishop loved him extremely. Petrarch, who had not seen him for some time, was charmed to find him so near, and to renew his former friendship.

We learn that Petrarch often received visits in this solitude, which he had no reason to expect, or hope for, from persons of rank and genius, who came from Italy, and the remotest parts of France, with no other view than to see and converse with him. "Some there were," says he, "who sent before them magnificent presents, persuaded that liberality clears the way, and opens the doors." They assured him they came only to see him ; and if they did not find him at Avignon, they set out immediately for Vaucluse. He names only Peter de Poitiers, a man respectable for his piety and his knowledge. He entered very young into the order of the Cordeliers ; and was afterwards promoted by the popes John and Clement to the priory of Clisson, and the abbey of St. Javin de Poitiers. His genius, or rather the taste of the age he lived in, led him to view every subject in a moral light, which made his works deficient in variety.

All Europe was at this time in motion, expecting France to be invaded by the English. Edward III., at this time king of England, was a young prince full of fire, valour, and ambition, and possessed all the qualities that form a hero and a conqueror. He disputed the crown with Philip of Valois, under pretext that, being nephew of the deceased king, by Isabella, his mother, he was a degree nearer than Philip, who was only his cousin-german. Philip opposed the Salic law, which excluded females from the succession. The English lawyers of this time, who acknowledged this law in France, maintained they had excluded females, because of their weak capacities, from wearing, though they might transmit, the crown. But in the assembly of the nobles, it was universally decided, that women could not give a right of which they were not in possession. This decision appeared unjust to Edward, and confirmed his enmity to France. It began by little animosities. Edward received Robert of Artois with open arms, who had been banished from France for a falsehood he was guilty of in a process at law; and Philip returned the compliment, by receiving David de Bruce, king of Scotland, dethroned by Edward Baliol, whom the king of England supported.

The emperor Lewis of Bavaria took the side of the English, and declared war against France. He summoned Humbert, the dauphin of Vienne, who held his titles from the emperor, to aid him in this war. Philip, on his part, invited Humbert, as a vassal of the crown to which his father had rendered homage, to come and join him at Amiens. Humbert, who was by no means of a warlike disposition, found himself very critically situated; and he thought he might come off by standing neuter. Petrarch knew the dauphin well; he had seen him often at cardinal Colonna's, when this prince was at Avignon. He had expressed a friendship for Petrarch, who was concerned to see him act a part contrary to his honour; and he undertook to write to him, to draw him out of this lethargy, and to show him the fatal consequences which must ensue from it. It is probable that cardinal Colonna, who loved Humbert, and was interested in his glory, engaged Petrarch to write this letter, as follows: "My attachment to you forces me to break silence, and to write you a letter, which, if it is read with the same disposition in which it was written, may contribute to your glory, and ought to increase your kindness towards me. If the name of friend, with which you have honoured me, is not an empty title, I think it is my duty to rouse you from sleep, and to set before you the great perils with which you are threatened. You perceive what a war is kindling between the kings of France and England; your ancestors have beheld nothing like it. All the princes and the nations of Europe are set in motion. Never has a wider field of glory been opened for the bravery of warriors. Already have those people taken up arms who inhabit the country between the Alps and the ocean. You alone live in peace in the midst of that whirlwind which encircles all.

"Listen to Virgil, who asks, Can you sleep in the situation you are in? Do you not see the dangers that threaten you? Shame alone should have drawn you out of your lethargy. While all the warriors in Europe are armed, and exposed to the heat of the dog-days, can you remain buried in the bosom of luxury and ease? You are young, noble, robust, and powerful. You appeared formerly eager after glory; what restrains this desire at present? You love sloth; you fly from labour; but learn from Sallust, that luxury and idleness suit none but women, and that labour is the lot of men. You fear death: but what is death? — A sort of sleep. What difference is there between the day in which we begin, and that in which we end, our lives? The first introduces us to pain and trouble; the last delivers us from both. Hence the custom drawn from the maxims of sound philosophy, to weep at the birth, and rejoice at the death, of their friends. But even supposing death to be an evil, do you believe you can shelter yourself from it by a soft and effeminate life? Are you ignorant of that proverb which says, "The palate kills more than the sword?" Death seeks us, and finds us everywhere. Would you then be so much attached to life, as to wish to prolong it at the expense of your honour? Many, had they died sooner, would have preserved the names they afterwards lost; witness Tarquin, Claudius, and Pompey. Shall the fear of death then prevent you going where your duty calls? Or can you think yourself in safety at home?

"Open your eyes and you will see an enormous mass, moved by the efforts of a thousand nations, ready to fall wherever fortune shall decree. Your enemies surround the king; you know he is not prejudiced in your favour. If he should prove conqueror, do you think he will take your indolence in good part? If he is vanquished, do you hope to rest secure from those dangers victory draws after it? Do not you fear being overwhelmed in the common ruin? They will say you remained neuter from fear, and not from good-will. They will oblige you to be a spectator of the combat, however it may be decided. Call to mind what happened to Metius, the Alban chief, who, retiring to an eminence with the design of declaring himself for the victor, was dragged to pieces between four horses by the order of Tullus Hostilius. Take my advice, awake from your drowsiness, and, before it is too late, perform your duty. To remain inactive, when all the world is in motion, resembles death rather than sleep." This letter had no effect upon the dauphin. He passed the winter at Avignon, and went not to Paris till July following, where some business called him.

Petrarch speaks of a little journey that he took about this time with a man whose rank was superior to his judgment; and in a letter, written thirty years after to Philip of Cabassole, he gives this account of it: "This great person, whose society was displeasing to me, invited me to go with him to St. Beaume. I constantly opposed his entreaties; but cardinal Colonna, to whom I could refuse nothing, joined in them. I was obliged to comply, and suffered myself to be dragged thither. We passed three days and three nights in that sacred and horrible cavern. Weary of the society I came with against my will, I wandered frequently into the neighbouring forests. I had sometimes recourse to my usual method of dispelling the vexation one feels in disagreeable society. My imagination brought to my view my absent friends, and I conversed with them in my thoughts as if present. I had not long had the happiness of knowing you; but you came to my aid on this occasion. I thought I saw you seated near and conversing with me in my grotto." Gerard, the brother of Petrarch, who was with him in this journey, took this opportunity to visit the monastery of the Carthusians, which is only two leagues from St. Beaume, and confirmed himself in the project he had already conceived of becoming a Carthusian.

Italy was still in commotion, and all the rest of Europe. The bishop of Verona was murdered in a fray, and Azon de Correge and William de Pastrengo were sent to Avignon to represent this affair to the pope. Petrarch, who was then at Vaucluse, no sooner heard of their arrival, than he flew to Avignon, eager to see his dear friends. But hardly had he set foot in that city, when he felt his wound open again. Convinced that he had no resource but in flight, and that he had not a moment to lose, he returned that very night to his retreat, without seeing those dear friends whom he sought with so much ardour. After Petrarch was settled at Vaucluse, whenever he made a journey to Avignon he lodged in a little house belonging to Lelius, who was at Rome with the bishop of Lombes. As soon as William de Pastrengo heard that Petrarch was come to see him, he went immediately to this house; but finding no one there, he left the following billet: "Where are you, my dear Petrarch? I knocked at the door of my friend Lelius; I called; no one made answer. Come out of your den, I beseech you, and show yourself to a friend who longs to behold you." Petrarch returned this answer: "You were astonished not to find me at Avignon, where I formerly was so happy to see you. But you ought to be still more surprised that, having quitted the country at the season when it is most agreeable to me, I should return again in so much haste without having embraced you. Listen to my reasons for a conduct so very singular. The sun is going to set, and your courier hastens me. I have not time to inform you of my sufferings in the city you are in: perceiving that the only means of recovering my health was to leave it, I took this step, notwithstanding the efforts of all my friends to detain me. Alas! their friendship serves only to my destruction. I came into this solitude, to seek a shelter from the tempest; and to live a little for myself, before I was called to die. I was near the mark I aimed at; I felt, with extreme joy, my mind was more at ease; the life which I led seemed to me to approach to that of the blessed in heaven. But behold the force of habit and of passion; I return often, though led by no business, into that odious city. I cast myself into the nets in which I was before ensnared. I know not what wind drives me from the port into that stormy sea where I have been so often shipwrecked. I am no sooner there, than I feel I am in a vessel tossed on every side. I see the firmament on fire, the sea rage, and the rocks ready to dash me in pieces. Death presents itself to my eyes; and, what is worse than death, I am weary of my present life, and dread that which is to come. This is all the apology I can make at present for not having had the pleasure of seeing you. The cares which consume my heart, seized upon me as soon as I set foot in Avignon. They threatened me as a rebellious slave who had broken his fetters. To avoid the new ones they were preparing, I fled with precipitation. I departed at night, not daring to attempt it by day. Touched with my condition, you will pardon me for not seeing you. You will plead my cause in the world, where they consider it as madness, my quitting the town to live in solitude."

William de Pastrengo made this answer: "Your precipitate flight, my dear Petrarch, displeased me extremely; with grief I found myself deprived of your conversation. Is it easy to bear the absence of a friend whose presence is so delightful? Your letter came very seasonably to dissipate my chagrins, and refresh my mind after the fatigues of business. I learn with pleasure, that you have forced open the door of your prison, and burst the chains that bound you: that, after having weathered the violent storm, you are at last arrived at the port you aimed at, and lead in it a life of reflection and tranquillity. I see from hence all you do at Vaucluse in the course of the day. At sun-rise, awakened by the concert of the woods, and the murmurs of your fountains, you climb up the dewy hills, from whence you see under you beautiful and well-cultivated fields, and perhaps the sea covered over with sails. You have always your table-book with you, to which you commit every moment some new production of your mind. When the sun shines on the horizon, you go into your little house, to a repast simple as those of Curius and Fabricius. This is soon followed by a short sleep; after which, to avoid the heat, you enter into the valley, where, when the sun begins to decline, the shadows of the mountains lengthen towards the east. I think I see that marvellous fountain which seems to spring out of the rock, from whence, gushing forth in shining waves, it flows in a beautiful river which waters the valley.

"I discover that tremendous cavern which you enter when the water is low, and breathe a cool air in the burning heats of summer; that grotto suspended on waters more transparent than glass; and I behold you seated in the shade, feasting your eyes on those delightful prospects. From hence viewing the things of the world as a shadow that is passing away, you renounce them to employ your time in such productions as the Nymphs and the Muses applaud. When you leave these contemplations, your hands are empty, but your tables are full. But think not to possess alone the treasures of your mind. Mine is never absent, but partakes with you an enjoyment as useful as it is agreeable. Adieu, my dear Petrarch. Forget not your other self."

1339. William de Pastrengo remained a year at Avignon, occupied with the negociation he was charged with, and in which he succeeded. He went to Vaucluse whenever he could steal a few hours from his business, and assisted Petrarch in the cultivation of his garden. Petrarch, after this, made several journeys to Avignon. He sometimes fancied himself cured; but, like Virgil's hind, he always carried about with him the fatal arrow. "I am weary," says he, "of my tears, which I shed day and night, and of feeling that I am the wretched object of my own aversion. At my sepulchre I would not have your name engraved upon my tomb; a testimony to future ages, that by the darts of Laura I was bereft of life. Accept rather this tender and faithful heart; treat it with more kindness; dry up my tears, and speak peace to my soul!"

Petrarch was in the unhappy state peculiar to a love tender like his, when directed to an improper object, and whose society he could therefore obtain very rarely, and for short intervals only: he knew not how to think, or how to act; he was irresolute and miserable: when he found himself more at liberty, he wished for his chains; when oppressed by their weight, he sighed for liberty. This, it must be owned, is a melancholy situation of the human mind, and the dreadful consequence of a misplaced affection; and, whatever palliations may be drawn in excuse for Petrarch, who lived in a dark age, under the clouds of superstition, which at that time covered the world, no apology can be made with justice at present for those whose characters resemble his in this unhappy point of view, since the light both of sacred and moral truth, now clearly conveyed to all, rejects all sophistry in respect to the internal disposition, as well as the outward conduct; and condemns as certainly the inward encouragement of the passion, as the outward commission of the crime. Even Petrarch himself seems to have felt this truth, and censured his own conduct on these principles, as well as bitterly lamented the sufferings it caused him, in the dialogue he draws between himself and St. Augustin. The following sentiments, drawn from some sonnets he wrote about this time, addressed to the eyes of Laura, do also fully prove these sufferings, and are too descriptive of Laura to be omitted.

"Bright eyes! where Love has established his empire! it is to you I address myself. My Muse is cold and languid, but the subject I am upon will cherish and inspire it. To those who sing your praise you give the wings of love, which elevates them far above all that is gross and terrestrial. Borne upon these wings, I dare express the feelings which have long been concealed in my heart. Ye faithful witnesses of the life I lead; ye fields and flowers, ye mountains, woods, and valleys which surround me; how often have ye heard me call death to my succour! for she who wounds is not touched with my distress."

"Bright eyes! serene beyond expression! I complain not of you, though transfixed by your darts, from which I cannot fly: behold the paleness of my visage, and then judge the condition to which you have reduced me! But grief makes me wander; rather would I die in their presence, than live deprived of their influence.

"Yes, charming Laura! I discover in your eyes a light which points out the path, and guides me in the road to Heaven. By a long and delightful study, I read in them all that passes in your soul. It is this view excites me to virtue, raises me above the joys of sense, and leads me to true glory: it spreads over my heart that inexpressible repose which fills it with delight, and renders it insensible to every other object. In this state of enjoyment, my thoughts, my words, and my actions, bear the stamp of immortality!

"The happiest lovers, the brightest minions of fortune, have never felt my joy, when indulged with those tender regards bestowed by love and Laura. I see it with grief; nature has not formed me worthy of these heavenly regards; but it is my ambition to become so. If I can purify my heart, if I can detach it from every inferior impulse, perhaps a good name will compensate for my want of endowments. This is certain, that I shall never find consolation, but in those transporting emotions which are the most exquisite gratifications to a chaste and tender heart. In past ages, men, filled with a noble emulation, traversed the seas and the mountains, to seek, from a distant soil, things that were rare and excellent. As for me, I need not travel far, for I find every good thing in the eyes I adore.

"As a pilot who, in the obscurity of the night, tossed by the tempest, raises his eyes towards the heavens to direct him in his course, so I, in the storms of my passions, turn towards my bright and polar stars. These are my directors; they are my guides in every step that I take. O Laura! I am nothing without you. If, cultivated by your kind hand, I should produce any fruit, the glory, the felicity, will be yours."

We will now return to the affairs of Italy. Benedict XII. drew to Avignon the best artists, to assist in raising that enormous edifice which he had planned for himself and his successors. Painting began at this time to revive. Giotto, the pupil of Cimabue, who raised this art from its ashes, died in 1336. He left a pupil who followed his style of painting, and who had worked with him in Rome, at that famous mosaic picture representing the bark of St. Peter tossed by the tempest. This pupil of Giotto was called Simon Martini, and sometimes Simon de Sienna, because he was born in that city. He attached himself to his master, and followed him to Rome, where he executed some pictures that established his reputation. He worked afterwards with success in Tuscany, always in the manner of Giotto. After his death, Benedict invited him in a very pressing manner, says Vasari, to Avignon. He intended to have the history of the martyrs painted by him, for the ornament of his palace.

Simon was not famous for design, as is evident from some pictures of his at Pisa, the subjects of which are taken from the life of St. Renier; but he had invention, and succeeded admirably in portraits. When he came to Avignon, his behaviour gained him the love and esteem of all the prelates, and he soon became acquainted with Petrarch. He loved his countrymen, and, above all, men of genius; and he attached himself very sincerely to the Siennese poet: a certain affinity which subsists between poetry and painting, contributed to strengthen the band of their union. Simon held the same rank among the painters as Petrarch among the poets. Petrarch desired his friend to draw a small picture of Laura, so small as to be portable. Simon, who was delighted to exercise his talents on so celebrated a beauty, gave Petrarch this mark of his friendship with the greatest readiness. There is yet at Avignon, in the house of Sade, an old picture of Laura, which was probably a copy of this given to Petrarch. Laura appears in it dressed in red, holding a flower in her hand, with a sweet and modest countenance, rather inclining to tenderness.

Petrarch complimented Simon on this occasion in one of his poems. "What a happiness," says Vasari, (who was himself an eminent painter in the sixteenth century), "for a painter to be united with a great poet! He shall draw a little picture, which can only last a certain number of years, because painting is subject to all sorts of accidents, and for his reward he shall be immortalized by verses which are beyond the reach of time!" Whether the imagination of Simon was so filled with Laura, that it was ever present when he proposed to paint a beautiful woman, or whether he meant by this to oblige and express his acknowledgments to Petrarch, it is certain he drew her figure on many occasions in which she had no concern.

On a painting in fresco she is dressed in green at the feet of St. George on horseback, who delivers her from the dragon. This piece is under the portico of Notre-Dame de Dons, and is much damaged by the injuries of the weather. Laura is placed in another of his pictures in the church of St. Marie Novella at Florence. Among the females who represent the pleasures of the world, we see Laura dressed in green, with a little flame rising out of her breast, her gown strewed over with flowers. In another picture in the same church, Petrarch is drawn standing by a knight of Rhodes. At Sienna also they show a picture of the Virgin drawn by Simon, which is a portrait of Laura; she is there dressed in green, with her eyes fixed on the ground, which was her common attitude. All these pictures of Laura were not thought sufficient by Simon to express his love for Petrarch. There was a manuscript of Virgil upon vellum, with the commentaries of Servius, which he greatly prized. Simon painted on the first leaf of this manuscript very elegant figures, which represented all the subjects of the Æneid. This is to be seen at Milan, in the Ambrosian library.

1340. The first years of Petrarch's residence at Vaucluse were employed in a deep study of the Roman history, and he undertook to write it from Romulus to Titus: an immense work in an age when manuscripts were rare, and the subject still buried in obscurity. His imagination was warmed with the fine passages in the life of Scipio Africanus. By a sort of instinct, he had from childhood given Scipio the preference to the heroes of ancient, as Stephen Colonna to all those of modern, Rome. He wished to write an epic poem on this subject. At that time this was the utmost effort of the human mind, and the most probable means of gaining him the laurel crown, for which honour he had long sighed. He was not discouraged by difficulties. He set about and prosecuted this work with so much ardour, that in the space of a year the poem was far advanced. He gave it the name of Africa, because it recited the victories of Scipio over the Carthaginians in the second Punic war. If Petrarch had known the poem of Silius Italicus on this subject, he would hardly have undertaken it; but that being concealed in a monastery, was not found till 1415: that of Ennius he was acquainted with. "Ennius," says he, "has sung fully of Scipio; but, in the opinion of Valerius Maximus, his style is harsh and vulgar. There is no elegant poem which has for its subject the glorious actions of that conqueror of Hannibal. I am resolved to celebrate his victories in the best manner I am able." The bishop of Cavaillon, fearing that his close application to this work would destroy his health, which appeared to him already injured, came one day and asked him for the key of his library. Petrarch, not aware of his intention, gave it him immediately. The bishop, after having locked up his books and his papers, said to him, "I command you to remain ten days without reading or writing." Petrarch obeyed, but it was with extreme reluctance. The first day that he passed after this interdiction, appeared to him longer than a year; the second he had a violent head-ache from morning to night; and on the third he felt some symptoms of a fever. The bishop, touched with his condition, restored to him in the same moment his key and his health.

Notwithstanding his enthusiasm for Scipio, Petrarch was not so absorbed but that he found time for other studies. He had long desired to learn the Greek language, that he might read Homer and Plato, of whose works there were at that time no tolerable translations. "The name of Homer," says he, "is hardly known to those barbarians from whom we are only separated by the Alps. Would to God we were divided from them by the ocean itself! The book which passes under the name of Homer is only an abridgment of the Iliad, done by a schoolboy whose name is unknown."

The Greek language was never totally lost in Italy; but at the time I am speaking of, there were hardly six persons who were acquainted with the rudiments of it; and though Dante, in his famous poem, cites several Greek authors, Manetti* and Philelphus † assure us that he was ignorant of that language.

---

* Gianozzo Manetti was one of the most learned men of his age, and among the foremost of those who contributed to the revival of letters. He was born at Florence, of a noble family, on the 5th of June, 1396. He was destined for a commercial life, but this he early showed a repugnance to, and applying himself wholly to letters, made such progress as in a few years to surpass his masters. Besides the usual course of education in the schools, he studied Greek, then much neglected, and Hebrew; and to perfect himself in these languages, he kept two servants in his house, one of whom spoke Greek and the other Hebrew, and thus familiarised himself with the peculiar terms of expression of these languages, and by this means completely mastered them. Being at length persuaded to give public lessons in philosophy, his chair was surrounded by men distinguished by their birth and talents, who crowded to hear him. Being employed on a mission to Alfonso, king of Naples, in 1445, that prince was desirous of conferring on him the honour of knighthood, but it was declined by Manetti, who too well knew the fickle and envious character of his fellow-citizens. It was, however, forced on him a few years after by Pope Nicholas, to whom he had been sent on an embassy; and the consequence was as he had foreseen. He could obtain no compensation for the expenses of his embassy, and was threatened with ruin by the exorbitant assessment which was made on him on the occasion of a public tax. He took refuge with the pope, who gladly received him, and made him one of his secretaries. Being ordered back to Florence, on pain of banishment, the pope protected him by sending him as his legate. He was received with great respect, and elected one of the Council of Ten, but as soon as he could lay down this charge, he returned to Rome, where he was continued in his office of secretary, by Pope Calixtus III. Having occasion to visit Naples in 1455, Alphonso persuaded him to remain at his court, where he died on the 26th of October, 1459, aged 63 years. He left a valuable library behind him, which he had intended to throw open to the public, but after his death it was dispersed. He composed a variety of works, many of which have been printed.

† Francis Philelphus was one of the most learned and most unamiable men of his day. He was born at Tolentino, in the march of Ancona, in 1398. He studied at Padua with such success, that at eighteen he became professor of eloquence. His fame procured him an invitation to Venice, and he was sent, as secretary, with an embassy from that state to Constantinople, where he availed himself of the opportunities he enjoyed to study the Greek language. He there married Theodora, daughter of the learned Emmanuel Chrysoloras, about 1419. He was employed by the emperor, John Palæologus, on a mission to Germany, and afterwards taught at Venice, Florence,

Petrarch was so happy this year as to have an opportunity of learning it at Avignon ; and this engaged him to make a longer stay in this city than he had ever done since his establishment at Vaucluse. Barnard Borlaam, a Greek by descent, but born at Calabria, a monk of St. Basil, and abbe of St. Sauveur at Constantinople, came to Avignon on an embassy from Andronicus, the young Greek emperor, to the pope, to procure a council for the re-union of the Greek and Roman churches, which had separated in the ninth century. The pretext for this schism was, that the Greeks believed the Holy Ghost proceeded immediately from the Father ; the Latins, from the Father and the Son : and some dispute about the consecration of the holy bread. Borlaam brought letters of recommendation from Philip, king of France, and Robert, king of Naples, to facilitate the success of the negociation. Boccaccio thus describes this Greek envoy, whom he knew at Naples : "Borlaam was a little man, with great knowledge and understanding. Greece has not, for many years, produced so wise a man. He was profoundly versed in all that relates to history, in philosophy, and the Greek language ; and from the princes and learned men in Constantinople, he received certificates which attested the superiority of his abilities. He had a subtle and penetrating mind, and perfectly understood Euclid, Aristotle, and Plato. But he expressed with difficulty what he conceived with amazing ease and quickness."

Petrarch was very solicitous to be acquainted with such a man as Borlaam, and sought with eagerness to be instructed in the Greek language. Borlaam, on his side, wished as much to be acquainted with the Latin tongue, which he knew only a little of, not having been educated by masters who spoke that language. These views soon united them. They began by reading Plato. From this philosopher Petrarch drew many refined sentiments on the nature of love, the origin of souls, their transmigration, and their passage into the planets when disencumbered from the body. Petrarch would soon have become perfect in the Greek language, under this able master, had he continued at Avignon ; but the bad success of his negociation hastened his departure. Petrarch was in despair at losing his tutor ; and Borlaam generously owned, that in this commerce he had learnt much more than he was able to teach.

The loss of one friend, however, was made up to Petrarch by the arrival of another, who was as necessary to regulate the motions of his heart, as this Greek master was to increase the riches of his mind. This was father Dennis, whom Petrarch had so often consulted about his passion. He could not have arrived at a more fortunate moment ; his patient wanted more than ever the exertion of his skill, for relapses are the rocks most to be feared, as well by the physician of the soul as the physician of the body. This wise Augustin, being advanced in years, thought it time to quit the pulpit, and the university of Paris, where he had appeared with great honour, to enjoy the sweets of repose in the bosom of his country, and came to Avignon with the intention of going by sea to Florence. Petrarch did all he could to engage him to visit Vaucluse, and finding him reluctant, he seconded his solicitations with a billet, as follows : "Can nothing induce you, my dear master, to come to my solitude ? Neither the beauties of the place, nor the friendship you have always expressed for me ? Will nothing tempt you to come to a friend solitary and abandoned ? Will not my ardent request, and the pity you must have for my condition, determine you to pass some days with your disciple, and honour his retreat with your presence ? If these motives are not sufficient, permit me to employ others, which appear to me irresistible. There is in this place a poplar tree of so immense a size, that it covers, with its shade, not only the river and its banks, but also a considerable extent beyond them. They tell us, that king Robert of Naples, invited by the beauty of this spot, came here to unburden his mind from the weight of public affairs, and enjoy in this delightful shade the sweets of repose. He brought with him his queen, as famous for her beauty as her birth ; Clemence, his niece, the widow of a great king ; and a prodigious train of lords and ladies.

"While this brilliant court amused themselves in wandering over the meadows, hunting in the woods, drawing the ponds, and contriving a thousand rural games on the banks of the river, the king, seated on the enamelled lawn under the shade of this fine tree, was buried in deep thought. His penetrating mind, accustomed to pry into the bowels of the earth, sought, perhaps, some secret of nature ; or perhaps he was conversing with Fortune, and saying, 'You may continue to overwhelm me with favours, but I am not to be blinded by your deceitful caresses ; for I know that death pursues, and will soon raise me beyond the circle of them all.' He might, perhaps, be meditating some great project, to punish the perfidious prince who so unjustly withheld a part of his kingdom. Whatever were the reflections which occupied the mind of this great man, they were certainly sublime, and worthy of him. And will not you, my dear master, come with transport to a place so honoured ? Will not you revere the tree that covered him, and kiss with transports the sacred footsteps of a prince, who will be held in veneration by posterity ?"

The king of whom Petrarch gives so high an eulogium, in which flattery had no part, was Robert, son of Charles II. and grandson of Charles I. He was the third king of Naples of the house of Anjou ; and was crowned at Avignon the same year that pope Clement V. established the holy see in that city, of which Robert was the lord in his own right, as count of Provence. "He was," says Petrarch, "the only true king of his time ; for I call none kings but those who rule themselves. In him every virtue was united ; he was a good master, a good father, a good husband : religious from principle, courageous from nature,

---

Sienna, Bologna, and Milan, with astonishing success. His temper was very bad, and his arrogance excessive. He would dispute on the most trivial points ; and once wagered a hundred crowns, on some minute question of grammar, against the beard of a Greek philosopher named Timotheus. Having won, no solicitation could prevail upon him to remit the fine, and he most unmercifully shaved his antagonist, in spite of very ample offers. He died at Florence, on the 31st of July, 1481, being then 83 years old.

pacific for the good of his people. He was the only prince who loved letters, and encouraged men of learning. He received them with kindness, and attended with pleasure to their works. He loved to communicate what he knew, and he blushed not to learn even in his advanced age. One of his favourite sayings was, 'We acquire knowledge by giving and receiving instruction.' Neither the capriciousness of fortune, whose favours and whose cruelties he had alternately experienced, the ignorance of his time, nor the contempt in which science was held, could detach him from study. In the midst of the most important affairs, in the tumult of war, day and night, he would always have his books about him. He became, by this means, a philosopher, theologian, mathematician, astronomer, and even a physician; and was besides, well versed in history, belles lettres, and all the sciences."

Boccaccio, who was soon after this united with Petrarch, being at Naples before he produced those works which have since rendered him so celebrated, obtained from this prince the most gracious reception, and knew him well. "He is," says he, "the wisest king that has reigned since Solomon." All the world was of the same opinion. He was, however, a believer in judicial astrology, which was the folly of the age he lived in. This prince made a voyage into Provence in 1319, and resided at Avignon four years, in the court of John XXII., who owed his elevation to Robert, and had a sincere regard for him. And it was at this time he went to visit Vaucluse, the account of which Petrarch gave in the above letter.

Father Dennis yielded at last to the solicitations of Petrarch, who had addressed this monk with great skill, as he had a singular attachment and veneration for king Robert. Their union began at Avignon, and was founded upon a great similarity of taste and knowledge, and had been kept up ever since by an interchange of letters, in which the most important questions were discussed. Unhappily for Petrarch, father Dennis, who was in haste to return to his country, made but a short stay at Avignon. On his arrival at Florence, he found that city more agitated than ever by the intestine commotions already mentioned. In July of the same year, there was an eclipse of the sun in the sign of Cancer, "which happens," says Villani, "only once in a hundred years; and announces, according to the ancient astrologers, very heavy calamities." On this occasion their judgment proved true; a great deal of mischief was done by violent storms, and by the plague and famine, at Florence. These calamities determined father Dennis to yield to the invitations of king Robert, who had pressed him a long time to come and end his days in his court. The king received him with open arms, and gave him an apartment in his own palace, that he might enjoy more of his society. By a public act, he bestowed on him houses for the foundation of a convent and a church at Carbonora, which is a suburb of Naples.

In the first conversations which father Dennis had with this prince, he spoke to him of Petrarch as of a man whom he highly loved and esteemed. Robert already knew Petrarch by reputation, and the eulogy of father Dennis augmented the good opinion he had conceived of his character, and determined him to send him a letter. It is much to be lamented that this letter is lost. He enclosed in it an epitaph for the judgment of Petrarch, on the niece we have mentioned; and "who was," says Villani, "a queen of great virtue and knowledge." He takes the occasion to lament, as a Christian and a philosopher, the miseries of life, and the necessity of death; opposed to which, there is no consolation but in the hopes of immortality. It is easy to imagine the joy of Petrarch, when he received this mark of goodness from a prince of whom he had a long time conceived the highest idea, and whose favour and approbation he passionately desired. This was the answer he returned:

"I know not which I ought most to admire in the letter I have received, the justness and dignity of the thoughts, or the graces of the style. I did not imagine the human mind capable of expressing its ideas on so sublime a subject, with so much variety, strength, and precision. The beginning of your letter, in which you paint in so lively a manner the misfortunes of human life, made so strong an impression on me, that I almost repented I ever came into the world: but the hand which made the wound contributed to heal it. What you say of the immortality of the soul relieved my drooping spirits, and I then felt a kind of joy that I was born mortal. After having broken the chains which imprison the soul, and cast off the outward covering, how delightful to be clothed with that immortal robe which will render our bodies pure and incorruptible! This expectation, which our faith presents to us, was unknown to the heathen philosophers: but they felt that the soul was not to die. Pherecydes was the first among them who openly maintained this truth; Epicurus the only one who denied it. From Pherecydes it passed to Pythagoras, from Pythagoras to Socrates, and then to Plato, who composed a treatise on that subject, which Cato of Utica studied, to prepare himself for death. And Cicero established this doctrine in his discourses on friendship, old age, and many other parts of his works. But to whom do I say these things? fool that I am! Not only to the greatest of kings, but to the greatest of philosophers. Deign to pardon me, illustrious prince, if, carried away by my zeal for the subject, I sought to confirm, by foreign testimonies, a truth which verifies itself, and makes me sigh for that day so generally dreaded by mortals. I envy the fate of that niece whose epitaph you vouchsafed to send me; whose humble and courteous manners, though a sovereign princess, rendered her truly worthy of the name she bore. Though taken from hence in the bloom of youth and beauty, universally regretted, as well in the kingdom where she was born, as in that to which she succeeded, she yet appears to me the most happy, because you have immortalised her here, and she is enjoying a felicity that is everlasting. How then can any one call that princess dead who lives in fame on earth, and is exalted to bliss in Heaven? Your epitaph will transmit the memory of your niece with your own to posterity: and it will be said of her, as Alexander said of Achilles, 'How happy is she to be celebrated by so great a poet!' But I fear I shall weary you by the length of my letter. The elegant conciseness of yours warns me to conclude. I pray haveen to preserve a life crowned equally with the laurels of Mars and of Apollo."

Some time after this, Petrarch received a letter from father Dennis, inviting him to come and enjoy with him the tranquillity and bounty he possessed; to which Petrarch made this reply: "Since the time I have ceased to hear your friendly voice, nothing has given me so much pleasure as the report spread at Avignon, that you were gone to Naples to the court of king Robert. Nothing, in my opinion, contributes so much to the delight and tranquillity of life, as the intercourse and conversation of wise men. You understand me; but I will speak with more clearness. Cicero said, 'Who was greater than Themistocles in Greece?' And I say, with still more truth, 'Who is greater than king Robert, not only in Italy, but even throughout Europe?' In this view, it is not the lustre of his crown that dazzles, or his power that weighs with me; it is his mind, his manners, that I admire. True kings are more rarely met with than we imagine: we should see fewer sceptres and crowns, if these alone were honoured with them. It is a folly to give that name to the slaves of passion, who live like brutes rather than men. I think Robert the only one who deserves that title; for he has shown, by a thousand instances of patience and moderation, that he knows how to govern himself.

"This prince has sent for you, and you have obeyed his summons. A perfect conformity in your studies and dispositions unites you: this is quite natural. If I was speaking to any other but yourself, I should say that the king could not procure himself a greater relief under the fatigues of government. As to you, you will obtain at Naples that inward peace which you could not have possessed amidst the disorders in Tuscany. When I heard you were there, 'How happy,' cried I, 'is father Dennis! He will now lead a peaceful life.' I will soon follow you! You know that I aspire to the poetic laurel; and I would owe it only to king Robert. If I am so happy to be summoned by him, I will fly immediately, and consecrate to him my talents and my studies."

From time immemorial, the laurel had been the reward of valour, merit, and genius. Virgil speaks of it in the Æneid, where they crowned the victors in the Pythian games. The Romans early adopted this practice. The laurel being consecrated to Apollo, the god of poetry, it was natural to crown poets with it as well as conquerors. Petrarch says in his Africa, speaking in the character of Ennius to Scipio, "Permit us to partake with you in the honour of this crown. If glory belongs to the talents of the mind as well as to military prowess, it is but just to adorn with laurel the brows of poets as well as the brows of heroes. This tree, by its perpetual and beautiful verdure, announces immortality both to the one and the other." It may be added, the passion which Petrarch had for Laura rendered him still more desirous of this honour. This custom had, however, been abolished at Rome more than a 1000 years.

At last the moment came when he arrived at the height of his wishes; and the manner of obtaining this honour was still more flattering than the honour itself. In August of the year 1340, being at Vaucluse, occupied with the thoughts of Laura and his poem, at the third hour, that is to say, about nine in the morning, Petrarch received a letter from the Roman senate, who urged him with many pressing entreaties to come to Rome to receive the crown of laurel. On the same day arrived a courier from Robert Bordi, chancellor of the university of Paris, in which this friend and countryman joined every motive which was capable of inducing him to give the preference to Paris for the performance of this ceremony. Nothing could be more flattering to Petrarch than this honourable concurrence of the two greatest cities in the world, disputing which should have the glory of crowning him. This was the brightest period of his life.

In the first moments of his intoxication, being uncertain how to determine, he wrote thus to Avignon to cardinal Colonna: "Who would have guessed that such honours would have pursued me amidst my rocks? I know there is nothing solid in this world, and that we run after shadows. But I cannot help comparing my situation to that of Syphax, the most powerful king in Africa, who received, at the same time, the ambassadors of Rome and Carthage contending for his alliance. I own to you I know not which to prefer: I am agitated by powerful motives on both sides. At Paris there never was a poet crowned; I shall be the first; this novelty pleases me, and disposes me to that side. But the veneration I have for Rome, where the greatest poets have received the laurel, inclines the balance to the other. Friendship draws me to Paris; but Rome has king Robert for its neighbour, and I know no person more capable of judging of my abilities. You see my perplexity. I fear lest, in my joy, I should decide improperly. Deign to advise me. To whom but you can I address myself? You, who are my pilot, my support, and my glory!"

We see in this letter, that Petrarch inclined towards Rome; and the answer of the cardinal was conformable to this inclination; to which Petrarch thus replies: "I receive with gratitude, and I embrace with pleasure, the advice you have given me. You love your country, but you prefer truth above all. I shall go where you command; and if any censure the choice I have made, I will shield myself under your name."

1341. Petrarch went to Rome in the beginning of the spring; but as he had not such an opinion of his works as to believe they merited this great honor, he determined to submit to a public examination, which is never exacted of one so established in reputation. He had a mind also to pay this literary homage to the king of Naples; and he requested the permission to present himself at his tribunal, to undergo this examination. Robert was pleased with the preference given him on this occasion. The joy of Petrarch would have been complete, if he could have flattered himself with finding at Rome the bishop of Lombes, and to have had this dear friend witness of his glory. But as soon as he had extinguished the fire of discord, and established peace in his family, he returned to his church, which had been seven years deprived of its pastor. His soul, which was without ceasing occupied in weighing the importance of his duties, always determined in favour of those which were the most serviceable to mankind. The grief of the Romans was extreme to lose this tutelary angel, who had re-established harmony and peace among them, and several times preserved their city from fire and pillage. This worthy prelate was so eager to return to those sheep that Providence had committed to his care in a barbarous country, that he only passed through Avignon, and stopped but a moment to embrace his brother the cardinal; nor did he see Petrarch, who was at that time at Vaucluse; from whence, hearing of his departure from Rome, he wrote these lines:

"I am going to Rome, where I shall need you above all others; you, who are my delight and glory, must at least be with me in mind. You will say, perhaps, 'Why this ardour, this labour, this fatigue? What is the end of it all? Will it render you more wise or virtuous? No. This crown will only serve to expose you to public view, and in consequence to the darts of envy. Science and virtue, are they birds which require branches of trees on which to fix their nests? What use will you make of those laurels with which your brow is to be encircled?' To all these I shall content myself with replying in the words of the wise Hebrew, 'Vanity of vanities, all is but vanity.' Such are the follies of men. Take care of yourself, and be favourable to me." After having written this letter, Petrarch set out for Marseilles, and embarked from thence for Naples, notwithstanding his dread of the sea.

Robert learned with pleasure that he was arrived in his kingdom; he gave him the most honourable reception in the presence of all his court; and in the conversations he had with him, Robert found that the friends of this poet had not imposed upon him. Petrarch, on his side, admired the depth of this prince's mind, and the variety of his knowledge. He was extremely pleased with the situation of Naples, on account of the softness of the climate, and the delightful verdure of the country around it. The tomb of Virgil is near Naples; and it is said a laurel sprung up round it, and flourished for several ages.

Robert was curious to see the poem called Africa; it had made much noise, though the draught of it was barely sketched out. Petrarch with difficulty confided so unformed a work to this prince. Robert was so pleased with it, that he hinted a wish to have it dedicated to him when it should be made public. Petrarch engaged, and kept his word after the death of that prince; a singular mark of respect. This poem was the most indifferent of Petrarch's works; and he blushed for it some years after. But Robert was no poet. "I did not think," says he, after he had conversed with Petrarch, "that, under the frivolous appearance of poetic fiction, such sublime ideas could be contained." This Prince, to give more weight to his own approbation, appointed a day to examine Petrarch in form; when questions were proposed to him by Robert, on all subjects of learning; and this examination was continued the two following days. Then Robert, after a great eulogy on Petrarch, declared that he merited the laurel crown, and had letters patent drawn up, by which he certified that, after a severe examination, he was judged worthy to receive that honour in the Capitol. Robert wished Petrarch to receive this crown at Naples; but he represented to this prince, that he was desirous of obtaining it on the same theatre where Virgil, Horace, and so many other poets of the first order, had before been crowned. This prince had the complaisance to enter into his reasons; and to complete his kindness, he testified his regret that his advanced age would not permit him to go to Rome, and crown Petrarch himself, repeating several times, that his dignity as a king should have been no obstacle.

As Robert could not himself accompany Petrarch, he named John Borrili, one of his first courtiers, to be his proxy upon this occasion. Boccacio speaks of Borrili as a man of great abilities, and a good poet. Petrarch compares him to Ovid. He was well descended; his family had been highly honoured by Charles I. of Naples, and he was the favourite of king Robert. Petrarch, a little time before his departure from Naples, had a conversation with Robert, which proves the great taste this prince had for letters, and the honour in which he held them. He asked Petrarch why he thought so late of paying him a visit? "Great king," replied our poet, "I have long wished for this happiness, but fortune has always opposed me. I own to my shame, that the perils I had to encounter by sea and by land deterred me. The conversation after this falling upon Philip of Valois, king of France, Robert said to Petrarch, "Have you never been at his court?" "I have not even had the least desire to go," replied Petrarch. "And why so?" said the prince, smiling. "Because," replied Petrarch, "it seems to me, that I could only be a useless and a troublesome person to an ignorant king. I would much rather live in an honest mediocrity than drag a useless life in a court where no one spoke my language." "It occurs to me," said the king, "that the eldest son of Philip loves study." "I have also heard it," replied Petrarch; "but it does not please the father; they even say he looks upon the preceptors of his son as his enemies." At these words Robert, seized with horror and indignation, after a short silence, cried out, raising his eyes to heaven, "How different are the tastes of men! For my own part, I swear that letters are dearer to me than my crown; and if I must renounce one or the other, I would immediately sacrifice my diadem."

When Petrarch went to take leave of king Robert, this prince, after engaging his promise that he would visit him again very soon, took off the robe he wore that day, and begged he would accept it, and wear it at his coronation; and, that he might express his affection by every possible means, he had a breviate drawn up, and given to Petrarch, by which he conferred on him the place of general almoner. Great interest was always made for this post on account of the privileges attached to it; the principal of which were, exemption from paying the tithes of benefices to the king, and a dispensation from residence.

There was at this time at Naples, 1341, a man of extraordinary learning, to whom Boccacio gives singular commendation; this was Paul de Perouse, who had many years been librarian to king Robert. As he was very curious, and possessed of all sorts of knowledge, he had collected by order of his master, a great number of foreign books in history and poetry. His search after these books had united him very strongly with Borlaam the wise Grecian, who has already been mentioned. It was by his means he obtained from Greece those books he could not meet with among the Latins. He composed an immense work, entitled "Collections," which was full of erudition, and comprehended all that had been said by the Greeks and the Latins on the Pagan divinities.

BOOK III.

Orso, count of Anguillara, was senator of Rome when Petrarch arrived there, and was to continue in office but a few weeks longer. We have seen that Petrarch passed some time in his castle at Capranica. Orso, who was very desirous of crowning Petrarch himself, wrote to inform him he must begin his journey immediately, if he would give him this satisfaction. Petrarch set out from Naples in April with John Borrili, who having some affairs to transact in the way, took another road, promising to meet him at Rome. The day after Petrarch got there, not finding Borrili, he despatched a courier to hasten him, the day of the ceremony being fixed. But he came back without him, and the count of Anguillara would not permit any delay.

The assembly was convoked early in the morning on Easter-day, which happened to be very serene, and favourable to the solemnity. The trumpets sounded ; and the people, eager to view a ceremony which had been discontinued for so many years, ran in crowds to behold it. The streets were strewed with flowers, and the windows filled with ladies dressed in the most sumptuous manner, who sprinkled as much perfumed waters on the poet as would serve for a year in the kingdom of Spain.

Petrarch appeared at last at the Capitol, preceded by twelve young men in scarlet habits. These were chosen out of the first families of Rome, and recited his verses ; while he, adorned with the robe of state which the king of Naples had given him, followed, in the midst of six of the principal citizens, clothed in green, with crowns of flowers on their heads ; after whom came the senator, accompanied by the first men of the council. When he was seated in his place, Petrarch made a short harangue upon a verse drawn from Virgil : after which, having cried three times, "Long live the people of Rome ! Long live the senator ! God preserve them in liberty !" he kneeled down before the senator, who, after a short discourse, took from his head a crown of laurel, and put it upon Petrarch's, saying, "This crown is the reward of merit." Then Petrarch recited a fine sonnet on the heroes of Rome ; but this sonnet is not in his works.

The people showed their joy and approbation by loud and repeated shouts; by clapping their hands ; and crying out several times, "Long flourish the Capitol ! Long live the Poet !" Stephen Colonna then spoke ; and, as he truly loved Petrarch, he gave him that praise which comes from the heart. Petrarch's friends at Rome shed tears of joy ; and, though he was himself in a sort of intoxication, he felt at the bottom of his soul, that such honours were incapable of conferring true happiness, and far exceeded his desert. "I blushed," says he, "at the applauses of the people, and the unmerited commendations with which I was overwhelmed." When the ceremony in the Capitol was ended, Petrarch was conducted in pomp with the same retinue to the church of St. Peter, where, after a solemn mass, and returning thanks to God for the honour he had received, he took off his crown to place it among the offerings, and hung it up on the arch of the temple.

The same day the count of Anguillara had letters patent drawn up, by which the senators, after a very flattering preface, declare Petrarch to have merited the title of a great poet and historian ; and that at Rome, and in every other place, by the authority of king Robert, the Roman senate, and the people of Rome, he should have full liberty to read and comment on poetry and history, or on any of the works of the ancients, and to publish any of his own productions, and to wear on all solemn occasions the crown of laurel, beech, or myrtle, and the poetic dress. In fine, they declare him a citizen of Rome, with all the privileges thereof, as a reward for the affection he has always expressed for the city and republic. Petrarch was then brought to the palace of the Colonnas, where a magnificent feast was prepared for him, at which were assembled all the nobility and men of letters in Rome.

It cannot, after this view, be uninteresting to join with it what Petrarch thought of this event in his maturer life. "These laurels," says he, "which encircled my head, were too green ; had I been of riper age and understanding, I should not have sought them. Old men love only what is useful ; young men run after appearances, without regarding their end. This crown rendered me neither more wise nor eloquent ; it only served to raise envy, and deprive me of the repose I enjoyed. From that time tongues and pens were sharpened against me : my friends became my enemies, and I suffered the just effects of my confidence and presumption." It was not the fault of Borrili that he came not to Rome to assist at the coronation of Petrarch. He fell into an ambuscade of the Hernici, from whom he at last with difficulty escaped.

Petrarch, desirous of avoiding the visits and compliments which follow such a ceremony, departed a few days after. Fortune thought proper to remind him, that pleasure and pain are closely allied in this life. Hardly was he got out of Rome with his train, when he fell into the hands of some banditti, with which the high roads were then infested. He escaped alive by a kind of miracle and returned to Rome, where the peril he had been in caused a great disturbance : they gave him an escort, and he set out again the following day.

He arrived at Pisa the 20th of April, from whence he wrote an account of what had passed to King Robert and his friends at Avignon. He did not stay long there. Eager to display his crown at Avignon, and above all to the eyes of Laura, and then to lay it at the feet of the bishop of Lombes, he set out in the beginning of May, and went by land, choosing rather to pass the Alps, than trust his life to the mercy of the sea. In crossing Lombardy, he turned out of the road to make a visit to Azzo da Correggio at Parma.

Azzo, with his brothers, had just gained a victory over the party that opposed them in Parma, and besought Petrarch to stay, and enjoy with them the peace and felicity they had obtained. He excused himself, from the ties he had to cardinal Colonna; but they were so pressing, that he wrote the following letter to the cardinal: "Returning from Rome with my crown, I come to visit your friends at Parma, who have defeated their enemies, and are now in peaceable possession of this city. I was solicitous to give you this information, from which I know you will derive much pleasure. This city has changed its face; peace, liberty, and justice, which were banished, are returned, and the joy of the people is inconceivable. I could not resist the entreaties of your friends, who insisted I should pass the summer with them. Their politeness and goodness urge the impossibility of parting from me sooner; but in what can I be useful to them? Born as I am for solitude, and fond of leisure, I fly the noise of cities, and seek the silence of the fields. Your friends, who know my sentiments, assure me of perfect tranquillity, when time shall have calmed the present emotions of joy. You will see me again in the beginning of winter; sooner, if you command; later, if Fortune will have it so."

Nothing could be happier than the first year of the government of the Correggios at Parma; they acted as fathers, not masters, and administered justice with great wisdom; they suppressed all exorbitant taxes, and enriched those families whom the avarice of their enemies had reduced to beggary. Petrarch was in a manner associated with Azzo and his brothers; and they did nothing without consulting him, which not a little flattered his self-love. And soon after his arrival at Parma, there happened a singular circumstance which did not contribute to lessen it. A schoolmaster of Pontremoli, old and blind, who knew Petrarch only by fame, was desirous to *see* him, as he expressed it; and being informed he was at Naples, he set out on foot for that place, supporting himself on his son's shoulder. But he got there too late, for Petrarch was already set out for Rome. The king being acquainted with the motive of his journey, had a mind to see him. He appeared a sort of monster; his face resembled one which was in bronze at Naples. The king said to him, "If you have so much ambition to behold Petrarch, you must make haste and seek him in Italy, for he will not make a long stay; and if you miss him there, you will be obliged to go to France to satisfy your curiosity." "I must absolutely *see* him before I die," replied the old man: "I would go and seek him in the furthest East, if it was necessary, and death would give me time for so long a journey." The king, admiring his enthusiasm, gave him money to defray his expenses.

He went immediately to Rome, and not finding Petrarch there, he came back to Pontremoli; but when he heard he had stopped at Parma, he resolved to set out again, and seek him there: to do this he must cross the Appenines. The snows with which these mountains were entirely covered did not deter him. He thought it necessary to announce himself by some verses, which he sent to Petrarch, and they were not bad ones. When he arrived at Parma, he was led to Petrarch's house, and as soon as he was near him, he gave himself up to the most excessive transports. He was lifted up by his son, and one of his scholars, that he might embrace a head which, he said, had conceived such noble ideas. He then took the hand of Petrarch, and said, "Let me kiss that hand which has written such delightful things." He passed three days at Parma, full of this enthusiasm: this singularity excited the curiosity of the inhabitants of that city. As the blind man had always a crowd about him, he said one day to Petrarch, "I fear I am a burden to you; but I could not satisfy myself without beholding you, and it is but just you should suffer me to enjoy a pleasure for which I have travelled so far." The word *behold*, in the mouth of a blind man, having raised peals of laughter in the people around him, he turned towards Petrarch, and said, "I take you for my witness; is it not true that, blind as I am, I see you better than all those laughers who look at you with both their eyes?" Azzo, the most generous of men, enchanted with the discourse of this good old man, and with his passion for Petrarch, overwhelmed him with presents, and he returned to Pontremoli, highly gratified.

Petrarch, though extremely flattered by the friendship shown him, was glad to steal from public life as often as he could, and to wander in the fields and woods, which were his greatest delight. One day, led on by his love of exercise, he passed the river of Lenza, which is three leagues from Parma, and found himself in the territory of Reggio, in a great forest, which is called the Silva Piana, or low wood, though it is situated upon a hill, from whence are discovered the Alps, and all Cisalpine Gaul. He gives this description of the place in a letter to a friend: "Aged oaks, whose heads seem to touch the clouds, shelter the avenues to this forest from the rays of the sun. The fresh breezes which descend from the neighbouring mountains, and many little rivulets which wind along, temper the violent heats. In the greatest droughts, the earth is always covered with a soft verdure, and enamelled with flowers. Here all kinds of birds warble out their songs, and deer of every sort run sporting about. Nature has raised in the middle of this forest a theatre, which she seems to have formed expressly for poets. The rustling of the leaves, the singing of the birds, and the murmurs of the stream, invite to repose. The earth exhales a delicious odour. It is the theatre of Elysium. Even the shepherds and labourers revere this sacred place. Its beauty struck me: I felt myself all at once inspired by the Muses; and I made some verses with a facility I had never before experienced."

This fine situation revived so strongly in the mind of Petrarch his taste for solitude, that he was obliged, at his return to Parma, to seek a little house in a remote place, where he might be at ease, and sheltered from the ceremonies of public life. He found one at the end of the city, near the abbey of St. Anthony, which perfectly suited him. It had a garden watered by a little river. "I have," says he, "a country in the middle of the town; and a town in the midst of the fields. When I am tired with being alone, I have only to step out, and I find society immediately: when I am weary of the world, I re-enter my house, and again possess the delight of solitude. I enjoy here a repose, which the philosophers at Athens, the poets on Parnassus, and the anchorites in the deserts of Egypt, never knew. O Fortune! leave in peace a man who wishes to lie concealed. Go out of his little house, and attack the palaces of kings."

He was so pleased with this cottage, that he determined to purchase and rebuild it, as we see in a letter of his to William de Pastrengo:—"Are you curious to know what I think, what I wish, what I do? The life which I lead at present is a search after repose; and not flattering myself I shall find it on earth, I feel without fear that I am taking hasty steps towards the mansions of death. I would leave the prison in which my soul is confined. I dwell at Parma, and pass my life in the church, or in my garden; tired of the city, I wander oft into the woods. Though Fortune treats me more favourably, I have not changed my manner of living. I work with ardour at my Africa, without expecting any other reward but a vain and transitory glory. True glory, I know it well, is the reward of virtue alone. I have built a small house, such as suits the mediocrity of my station. There is little marble to be seen in it; I wish I was nearer your fine quarries, or that at least the Adige came to bathe our walls. The verses of Horace have cooled my ardour for building; they present to me my bust and my last dwelling; and I reserve my stones for my monument.

"If I perceive a little chink in my new walls, I find fault with the masons, and they reply, that all the art of man cannot render them firmer; that it is not astonishing new foundations should give way a little; that mortal hands can build nothing that will be everlasting; and, in fine, that my house will be of longer duration than myself and my successors. Penetrated with the truth of their observations, I blushed, and said to myself, 'Foolish man! make sure the foundations of thy earthly tabernacle, which is falling into decay! Render that firm while it is yet in thy power. Thy body will fall before thy building, and soon shalt thou be forced to quit both dwellings.' These reflections would make me renounce my design, if shame did not retain me: would not the passengers laugh at me, when they observed my walls hanging in the air? I proceed therefore, and hasten my work: but I am undetermined. Sometimes I content myself with a little house, like that in the garden of Curius, or that in the field of the old man of whom Virgil speaks in his Georgics. Sometimes I give way to the idle fancy of raising my house to the clouds, and surpassing even the buildings of Babylon and Rome. The moment after I become modest again, and hate every idea that savours of luxury and pride. Thus does my soul float in perpetual uncertainties, and knows not where to fix. To see others agitated in the same manner is all my consolation; and I laugh at them, at myself, and at the world."

After having viewed Petrarch for a long time surrounded with agreeable objects, and flattering events, we must now turn to a less pleasing picture, and see him bewailing the death of several of his best friends. The first of these was Thomas de Caloria, with whom he had studied at Bologna, and always kept up a correspondence. He died at Messina, his native place, on his return from a journey he made to Lombes, to pass some time with James Colonna. It was this journey which prevented his being at Rome at the coronation of Petrarch, who learned this melancholy news by letters from the brothers of Thomas. They wrote to him to beg him to write his epitaph. This was Petrarch's answer:—"We were of the same age, and the same opinions: we pursued the same studies, had the same dispositions, and aimed at the same end. Never was there a stricter union, or greater similarity. When I learned that I had lost the better part of myself, life became a burthen to me; I wished to die, but could not. I had a violent fever, which brought my end in view; but it was only a glimmering of futurity. I was at the gate of death, and found written thereon, 'Return! thy hour is not yet come.' I came back to life with this consolation, that I could not be detained long. I know that Seneca says, it is absurd to desire what it is in our power to obtain; but though I admire the genius of this philosopher, I think often very differently from him, and above all on this subject, where his sentiments are ill-founded, and carry no weight."

The bishop of Lombes wrote at this time to Petrarch, to compliment him upon his coronation, in the following singular style:—"If all the parts of my body were so many tongues, if all the voices which have ever existed were to cry out together, they would not express the joy I felt when I learned that the young Florentine poet had been crowned with laurel in the Capitol."

This prelate pressed Petrarch in the most earnest manner to come and see him at Lombes, and officiate as canon in his church. Petrarch had promised to go the beginning of the year following; and he looked forward with joy to that time when he should have finished his Africa, and should lay that and his crown together at the feet of the man whom he adored. He had even formed a project of settling entirely near this amiable friend, when he received the melancholy news that the bishop was dangerously ill at Lombes. This information alarmed him exceedingly: he fluctuated between fear and hope. "One night in my sleep," says Petrarch, "I thought I saw the bishop walking alone, and crossing the stream that watered my garden. I ran to him, and asked him a thousand questions at once. 'From whence came you? Where are you going so fast? Why are you alone?' The bishop replied with a smile, 'Do you recollect the summer you passed with me on the other side the Garonne? The climate and the manners of Gascony displeased you, and you found the storms of the Pyrenees insupportable. I now think as you did: I am weary of it myself. I have bid adieu to this barbarous country, and am returning to Rome.' He had continued to walk on while he spake these words, and was got to the end of the garden. I attempted to join him, and begged that I might at least be permitted the honour of accompanying him. The bishop gently put me back with his hand, and changing his countenance, and the tone of his voice; 'No,' said he, 'you must not come with me at present.' After having said this, he looked stedfastly at me; and then it was that I saw on his face all the signs of death. The sudden shock of this sight caused me to cry aloud, and awaked me from my sleep. I marked the day, and related the circumstances to the friends I had at Parma, and wrote an account of it to my other friends in many different places. Five-and-twenty days after this, I received the mournful news that the bishop of Lombes was dead, and found that he died on the very day that I had seen him in vision in my garden." "This singular accident," says he to John Andre, "gives me no more faith in dreams than Cicero, who, as well as myself, had a dream confirmed by the event."

How heavy was this loss to Petrarch! How many others likewise were sufferers on this occasion! The house of Colonna, of whom the bishop was the support, the joy, the consolation: the city of Rome, which looked upon him as its guardian and tutelar angel: the court of Avignon, where he had many relations, admirers, and friends: in fine, his episcopal town, where he was universally loved and respected. He had behaved in this desert place with so much dignity and condescension, that every person of consequence, except himself, was ashamed to see him fixed there. He was contented with his lot, and inaccessible to ambition: he considered the honours of this world as the precipices of virtue, and shunned them with as much care as others pursue them. The patriarchate of Aquilea becoming vacant at the time he was at Rome, he was named for it by the nobility and the people. But he wrote to his brother the cardinal, that they must not think of him for that place, for he would not accept of it. The jealousy and avarice of the Gascons, who filled the court of Rome, and disturbed the Italians, had at first suspended his elevation; but his virtue and merit rose so high, that he would certainly have been raised to the purple, if death had not stopped him in the midst of his career. A little time before he died, he wrote to the cardinal his brother, concerning reports which had been spread of his approaching elevation. The cardinal sent this letter to Petrarch, who could not read it without shedding a torrent of tears. "Every line of it," says he, "breathes modesty; the love of moderation; freedom from ambition; and contentment with his lot. In it are the principles of the soundest philosophy, expressed in the most noble and exact manner. What a man! And must such men, who ought to live for ever, die sooner than others!"

"We have lived too long," says he to Lelius, who had received the last breath of this amiable prelate. "We have lost the best of all masters, the tenderest of all fathers. What shall I do? What will become of me? I am at Parma only a bird of passage. Shall I go to Lombes, where I am a canon? It is an odious climate, a barbarous country, and I have lost the only person that could render that situation agreeable. How can I look upon that tomb where all my hopes lie buried? How shall I ever bring myself to kiss the hands of a proud prelate, a barbarian, instead of those of the amiable master I have lost? Shall I go to Avignon, and resume my place in the court of our cardinal? How mournful will that situation be, now it is deprived of its greatest ornament!" Lelius had inherited from his ancestors an attachment to the house of the Colonnas, but he went beyond them in this attachment, and had devoted himself particularly to the bishop, whom he attended everywhere, and could find no consolation for the loss of such a friend.

A rumour was spread, that cardinal Colonna intended to remove the body of his brother from Lombes to Rome. On this matter Petrarch says to him, "Divided between a city of which I am a citizen, and a church in which I am a canon, I know not what counsel to give you." Three years after this, the remains of this great prelate were carried to Rome, and received with a great deal of veneration.

In a letter to the cardinal, Petrarch declaims very much against a superstitious custom which reigned at that time, and above all in the court of the pope, and which he wished to banish from the house of the cardinal. In speaking of a man lately dead, they pronounced only the first syllables of his name, and made use of some epithet before them, as unhappy, unfortunate. "Show no such weakness!" says he to the cardinal; "support this loss with courage: you are exposed to public view, you ought to be more observant of your own conduct than another; and as your name, your rank, and your actions, have set you up for an example, become also, in this instance, a model worthy the imitation of all the world."

No one will suppose that, after the death of the bishop, Petrarch had any difficulty in renouncing his canonry at Lombes. He parted with it entirely, and was well recompensed by the archdeaconry of Parma, which just then became vacant. As it was the first dignity of the church at Parma next to the mitre, it connected him much with the bishop. Hugolin de Rossi had governed this church eighteen years; and, as he was of that illustrious family which had so long disputed the lordship of Parma with the house of Correggio, Petrarch feared this prelate would be displeased to see at the head of his chapter a man whom he believed devoted to his enemies, and who had pleaded their cause against his family in 1335, as has been before observed. But Hugolin, who was full of sweetness and equity, not only did not express the least resentment towards Petrarch, but gave him a very favourable reception the first time he saw him, and afterwards the most flattering distinction. It was remarked, in speaking of that cause, that Petrarch had avoided with great circumspection saying anything against this prelate, who was present, and whose birth and virtues he respected.

Petrarch's tears were scarcely dried up for the bishop of Lombes, when they were again called forth for another dear friend.

1342. At the beginning of this year death deprived him of that wise man, who had been his director and his friend, the good father Dennis, whom king Robert had drawn to Naples. This prince conferred upon him, by leave of the pope, the bishopric of Monopoli, which became vacant soon after his arrival at Naples. He did not long enjoy this dignity; he died at Naples the 14th of January, in the palace of king Robert. "I would weep," says Petrarch, in a letter to king Robert, "but shame and grief prevent me. I knew before that there is no security against death. Of this truth we have now a melancholy proof! He has taken from Italy a man over whom he ought to have had no power, and whose name will live for ever. This learned man, who so well understood both nature and the world, must think this life of little moment. He has lost nothing by death; and, though happy on earth, because he possessed your love, he will be much happier in Heaven, whither he is translated. It is I who suffer; it is Italy, it is his country, that is deprived of so great an ornament. It is the world whom death has robbed of an abundant source of truth and knowledge. But it is you, oh, best of princes! who are the most deeply affected with this loss. The society of father Dennis was the charm and comfort of your life. Whose conversations were more entertaining, mild, and useful? Whom could you find so worthy to listen to you, or so capable of comprehending the mysteries of Heaven, when you vouchsafed to display your eloquence and extensive knowledge? If great princes may be allowed to indulge their tears, you cannot refuse them to father Dennis. Muses! join your tears to mine! and weep with me the loss of a favourite so dear, a favourite who did you so much honour! Let all Parnassus mourn, and resound with your lamentations! Inspire me with some verses to engrave upon his tomb!

EPITAPH ON FATHER DENNIS.

"Here lies father Dennis; the flower of poets; the searcher of futurity; the glory of Italy. A faithful friend; mild and amiable in society; his soul and his countenance were always serene; and, notwithstanding the elevation of his mind, and the lustre of his eloquence, he was always modest and condescending. Among the ancients he would have been a rare, among the moderns he was an unequalled, character."

These accumulated losses made so strong an impression upon Petrarch, that he could not open a letter without apprehension and fear. Had it not been for these distresses, he would have led at Parma a tranquil and agreeable life. This city is finely situated on the Po, in a valley which lies between the Alps and the Appenines, below the cascades of the one, and the thunders and torrents of the other. It is surrounded with a rich and fruitful plain, where, cherished by the influence of the sun and the waters, the vine, the elm, and all sorts of fruits and grain, flourish together. Petrarch divided his time between his church, where he filled with honour his office of archdeacon, and his closet, where he principally worked at his Africa. He seldom went to make his court to his lords, who nevertheless treated him with great respect. He had not been a year in this city, when the orders of his superiors obliged him to quit this situation, and return to Avignon. It is not clear from whence these orders came, or what could be the foundation of them. It is probable that cardinal Colonna, with whom Petrarch had promised to pass the winter, summoned him to keep his word.

It appears, however, that he complied much against his will, by the bitter complaints he makes to Barbatus of Sulmone. "I am forced," says he, "to cross the Alps before the sun has melted the snows which cover them. I must return to the banks of the Rhone, and to those infamous places which are the receptacle of every evil. What a destiny! If Fortune envies me a grave in my own country, let me be permitted to seek one under the Pole! I consent to live and to die in Africa, among its serpents; upon Caucasus, or Atlas; if, while I live, I may be allowed to breathe a pure air, and, after my death, a little corner of the earth, where I may bestow my body: this is all I ask; but this I cannot obtain. Doomed always to wander, and to be a stranger everywhere, oh, Fortune! Fortune! fix me at last to some spot. I do not covet thy favours; let me enjoy a tranquil poverty; let me pass in this retreat the few days that remain to me. How miserable are we! Nothing is certain in this world. The wheel of fortune is for ever in motion; we tremble on its summit; in the middle we are suspended; and at the bottom we are trampled upon. I have pleased myself below: yet am agitated as if in the clouds. To no end have I avoided elevations; this is what I have a long time complained of; but my complaints have been in vain. When we sail upon the ocean, tempests and shipwrecks are to be expected: but to be exposed to hurricanes on the land, to be swallowed up by the waves of a brook, this is monstrous indeed. I am again obliged to quit my country, and those friends who are dear to me. I am ordered to take a safe route; but the enemy occupies every road. I must go through the Tridentum of the Alps, cross the lakes of Germany, and pass the Danube and the Rhine near their sources. Alas! I must obey, and submit to the yoke. Fortune had forgot me, and I passed a year in tranquillity. It is her pleasure now to force me from a sweet repose, and plunge me again into a frightful chaos! How happy are you, my dear Barbatus! Take my advice, and never quit your nest."

Petrarch set out for Avignon in 1342; and it was a great joy to him when he arrived there, to find his two friends, Lelius and Socrates, who came to live with the cardinal after the death of the bishop of Lombes. The union of these three friends became stronger than ever. Socrates, in particular, gave himself entirely to Petrarch, and never quitted him even when he went to Vaucluse, where few of his other friends had the courage to follow him.

Soon after his return to Avignon, Petrarch was witness to a great event. Benedict XII. had for some years had a fistula in his leg, which obliged him to keep his chamber. At the petition of the cardinals, he held some consistories seated on his bed, according to the custom of that age. The discharge being more than common, the physicians attempted to stop it, and threw it back into the blood, where it made such havoc as to threaten a very speedy death. Petrarch perceiving that Benedict's last moments were coming on, wrote the following letter to the bishop of Cavaillon:

"What are you doing, my father? And what think you will be the end of the present tempest? Shall we gain the port, or be swallowed up by the waves? The vessel cannot withstand the billows. The wind is violent; the rowers are without experience; and the pilot, despising the rules of his art, makes too fast towards the land, which is the rock of navigators. He confides too much in a deceitful calm, and steers his course by wandering planets, instead of adhering to the faithful Pole. Full of wine, weighed down by age, overpowered with drowsiness, he staggers, he sleeps, and is falling into the sea. And would to Heaven he fell alone: would to God that our heavenly Father, seeing us erring without a pilot, in an agitated sea, would himself conduct the bark which he has purchased with so great a price! Such is the condition we are thrown into by the ignorance of our pilot. What do I say? His indolence, his blindness, his shameful stupidity, and his passion for a vile and stormy country. Ah! why did they take him from his father's plough, to commit to him a government of which he was so incapable? But he is going to receive the recompense he merits. This man, the jest of all parties, the object of incessant ridicule, will soon become the prey of sea-wolves. What will become of us? We may seek a plank that may save us in our shipwreck. Our consolation is, we can scarcely find such another pilot; if we could, we should be lost for ever. If you ask what is my opinion, I think we ought to come and settle in your country, and thus shelter ourselves from the approaching tempest. Reflect upon these things."

This pontiff despised Italy, and was therefore detested by Petrarch. Benedict carried this contempt to such a height, that one day some eels being sent him from the lake of Bolsena, of a prodigious size, and exquisite flavour, he distributed most of them among the cardinals, reserving for himself but a very small portion. Some days after this, the cardinals going, according to custom, to attend upon him at dinner, he said to them in a jeering manner, "Gentlemen, if I had tasted the eels before I sent them, you would not have had so large a share; but I confess I did not believe that Italy produced anything that was good." Cardinal Colonna, who was present, reddened with anger, and could not help replying, that he was astonished one who had read so many books as his holiness, should be ignorant that Italy was the mother of everything that was excellent. Benedict died the 25th of April, 1342, and was interred at Notre-Dame, where his monument is now to be seen. A contemporary author assures us, that a monk, who had been a brother in the same convent with Benedict, said to him some time before his death, "You will die soon if you do not amend your life."

The holy see was vacant only thirteen days. All the suffrages were united in Pierre Roger, cardinal of Aquilea, who took the name of Clement VI. He was of an ancient family*, and had passed through many honours, as the provisor of the Sorbonne, the archbishoprics of Sens and Rouen, and the chancellorship of Paris, having the seals conferred on him by Philip of Valois; after which Benedict XII. made him cardinal in the promotion that took place in 1338. The coronation of this pope was conducted with great pomp, and was performed the 19th of May, in the church of the Dominicans. John, duke of Normandy, eldest son of the king of France, James, duke of Bourbon, Philip, duke of Burgundy, Humbert, dauphin of Vienne, and several other great lords, assisted at the ceremony.

The court of Rome immediately changed its appearance, and there was a magnificence and luxury unknown in the preceding pontificates. Clement VI. was condescending, frank, noble, and generous. He had the taste and manners of a nobleman who had always lived in the courts of princes. No sovereign of his time appeared with more eclat, or diffused his favours with more grace or liberality. Nothing equalled the sumptuousness of his furniture, the delicacies of his table, or the splendour of his court, which was filled with lords and gentlemen of ancient nobility. Accustomed to live among ladies, whose society amused him, he did not think the papacy obliged him to alter his manner of life. They continued to visit him as usual. In truth, this did not add to the decorum of his court, but it rendered it very agreeable and brilliant. This pope had great qualities, but an excessive luxury of character, which caused him to be spoken of by many authors with great bitterness. His reputation for generosity and benevolence, together with a bull of invitation that he published, drew to Avignon this year more than a hundred thousand scholars, who all returned with some favour shown them. It would be hard to give credit to this, if we did not recollect that his predecessor left a great number of benefices vacant, because, as he said, he found no person worthy to fill them. Clement VI. thought and acted in a very different manner. His hands were ever open; and his favourite maxim was, "That no one should depart unsatisfied from the palace of a prince."

As soon as they were informed at Rome of the election of Clement, they sent a solemn embassy to make him three principal requests. The first, that he would vouchsafe to accept the office of senator; as disputes on this head had often made that city a prey to civil wars. The second, that he would hasten the re-establishment of the holy see at Rome. And the third, that he would be pleased to reduce to fifty years the indulgence which pope Boniface VIII. had granted to the church, and fixed at a hundred years, and that the reason for this their prayer was, that all the faithful might partake of it, the time appointed by Boniface exceeding the ordinary term of life. After two months' consideration, the pope returned this answer: That, as to the first, it belonged to him as sovereign of Rome; that he would however accept the municipal government in his right as cardinal, without derogating from his sovereignty: that, as to the second request, no one could be more desirous than himself of the return of the holy see to Rome; but he could not fix the time till the affairs of France and England were in a more tranquil state: and that with respect to the jubilee, he granted with pleasure the reduction they asked, and fixed his indulgence to return every fifty years.

Petrarch, who had obtained the dignity of a Roman citizen by letters patent at his coronation, was one of the ambassadors sent from Rome to pope Clement: he was joined with Nicholas Gabrini, called Rienzi, and appointed to make an oration before the pope. In this speech he uses his favourite figure when speaking of Rome: he describes an old woman, bowing down with grief and misfortune, who comes to throw herself at the feet of her husband. "You desired to see me," says she, "when I was in bondage to another;

---

* He was the son of William lord of Roziers, in the Limousin.

and I fear not being as dear to you now I am again become yours. You judge not like the vulgar, who desire ardently what they have not, and are easily disgusted with what they have." The reward of this oration, which was a long one, and very dry, was the priory of St. Nicholas, in the diocese of Pisa, which the pope gave to Petrarch the sixth of October, 1342.

The pope granted two small favours this year to two of Laura's children. Her daughter Ermessenda was received into the convent of St. Laurence, where she professed herself some time after; and Audibert, her son, was appointed to the canonry of Notre-Dame de Dons. These children were about twelve or thirteen years of age.

We are now come to Rienzi, Petrarch's colleague, who was soon after this very singularly distinguished in the revolutions of Rome. His origin and character were as follows. His father kept a public-house, and his mother was a washerwoman. But he made up for the lowness of his birth by the elevation of his wit and understanding; his imagination was lively and brilliant; he had a prodigious memory, and a natural eloquence, which drew after him the whole world. His parents, though so meanly situated, spared nothing in the course of his education. When the first studies of grammar and rhetoric had polished his mind, and improved his natural eloquence, he applied himself to the study of the Roman history, and the search into its antiquities, to which he joined a great knowledge of the civil law, and the rights of the people. The Commentaries of Cæsar were much read, and much esteemed by him. Rienzi's enthusiasm for Rome united him firmly with Petrarch, and could be the only foundation of a connexion between men of such different characters. He succeeded also with Clement, who admired his eloquence, and was never weary of his conversation. He had likewise at first the good graces of cardinal Colonna, probably through the favour of Petrarch, but which he afterwards lost by inveighing bitterly against some great lords in Rome. The pope conferred upon Rienzi the place of notary at Rome, which was a very lucrative post. These honours paved the way for the extraordinary situation in which we shall soon behold him.

Clement VI. had a fine natural understanding, which he had enriched and improved by study. Petrarch says, he forgot nothing that he read; and if he wished to do it, he had it not in his power. He had gained, in his conversation with the female sex, and in the courts of princes, a softness and politeness of manner which endeared him to every one. When he reserved to himself the nomination of the greater prelacies, to satisfy the desire he had of bestowing favours, it was represented to him, that such reserves would produce great inconveniences, and that his predecessors had not dared to make them. He replied, "My predecessors knew not what it was to be popes." It was in the pontificate of this pope that the city of Avignon, where debauchery had long reigned, came at last to the greatest excess of luxury and dissoluteness. The accounts which Petrarch gives of the licentiousness and neglect of all decency in this city are fully confirmed by other writers.

On the return of Petrarch to Avignon, Laura behaved to him in a kinder manner. Perhaps a long absence made her feel more sensibly that she was not indifferent to him; perhaps, too, his reputation made some impression on her mind. However this was, the favour of the pope, and the kindness of Laura, rendered Avignon more agreeable than usual to Petrarch. He passed the greatest part of this year there, and went to Vaucluse but seldom, and for a short time; and when he was in that solitude, he owns that his soul was always at Avignon with Laura. Petrarch was one day seated in a public place, to which he knew Laura would come, and meditating on his usual subject, with his eyes fixed on the ground, when she appeared suddenly before him. As soon as he perceived her, he rose, and making her a low bow, was going to speak. She cast upon him a kind look, returned him the same salutation, and passed along, saying something he did not perfectly hear. These obliging manners filled Petrarch with extreme joy.

At this time Petrarch made a connexion with Sennucio Delbene, a Florentine of noble birth, and who favoured the party of the Ghibellines. There is an anecdote relating to him which the people of Florence speak of with indignation. Charles of Valois being sent to Florence by pope Boniface VIII. on public affairs, was much delighted with the diversion of hawking. Sennucio had a country house near the city, where Charles often went to refresh himself on these occasions. Sennucio accommodated him in the best manner he could, and as suited a gentleman of his rank. This hospitality did not prevent the prince from imprisoning him, because he was of the party opposite to that he favoured, and condemning him to pay a fine of four thousand livres: his estate also was confiscated. But by the favour of John XXII., Sennucio was re-established in all his rights in the year 1326. He was attached to the Colonnas, and above all to cardinal John Colonna, which gave rise to the friendship between him and Petrarch. Sennucio was fond of the arts. He had a tender heart, and was attached to the fair sex. He was also a poet; but his lyre was strung to lighter measures; not sad and plaintive, like that of Petrarch.

I do not know how it was that Sennucio was admitted to the house of Laura, but it appears that he saw her often, and that Petrarch often conversed with him on the subject of his love. The praises Petrarch had bestowed on Laura rendered her celebrated everywhere. All who came to Avignon had a strong desire to see her. But, though she was not yet thirty years of age, she was somewhat altered. Whether this was owing to her having had many children, to illness, or to domestic chagrins, she had no longer her former clear and brilliant complexion. Petrarch also, by a kind of sympathy, lost that beautiful complexion which had been so universally admired. In a letter written to a friend, whom he had not seen for some time, he says, "I am not what I was; the perpetual discord between my soul and my body, has changed me so much that you would hardly know me again."

This year, 1342, died at Avignon a lady who was greatly beloved by Gerard, the brother of Petrarch. "The object," says Petrarch to him, "of your tender love has left us, to enjoy celestial glory. I hope it at least, and I believe it. The sweetness of her manners, and the virtues of her life, will not fail to insure her this felicity. Take back, therefore, for it is high time, the two keys of thy heart. Thus relieved from anxiety, and thy path clear before thee, follow this beloved object in the surest road. Nothing ought now to retard thy progress. Thou resemblest a pilgrim, who wants only a staff to take a long journey. You see, my dear brother, we hasten fast towards death; when, in the awful passage, our souls are released from mortal ties, they will take their flight with more freedom and ease."

Gerard, touched in the most sensible manner with this loss, followed the advice of his brother, and determined to employ himself wholly for the future in the great work of his salvation: he quitted the world, and placed himself in the monastery of the Carthusians, which he went to visit when at St. Baume with Petrarch, in 1339. The heavenly life which these monks led in that awful solitude had made an impression upon him which had never been effaced.

The origin of the order of the Carthusians is thus related by Petrarch. Two brothers, from Genoa, set out on a trading voyage; the one sailed toward the east, the other toward the west. After a number of years, one of them arriving at Genoa, being informed his brother was at Marseilles, wrote to him, to desire his return to Genoa; but receiving no answer, he went to Marseilles, and, finding his brother there, he asked him, why he did not come to Genoa? His brother replied, "I am weary of navigation and trade: I will no longer trust my life to the mercy of the winds; do as you please; my resolution is fixed. I have found a port on the borders of Paradise, where I will rest, and wait in tranquillity the moment of my death." The other, who did not comprehend this language, asked him to explain himself: he returned no answer, but took him to Montrieu, into a deep valley, in the middle of a wood, and pointed to a house he had there just built. Struck with the awfulness of the surrounding scene, the other Genoese felt a sudden compunction, and determined immediately to erect a building like that of his brother, on a neighbouring hill. They bade adieu to the world, and founded, with their estates and houses, the new order of the Carthusians; an order famous for its piety and austerity of manners: and in this solitude they consecrated the remainder of their days to God. This monastery of Montrieu is situated between Aix and Toulon, in the middle of the woods, and surrounded with mountains, from whence issue several rivers. Hence the name of Montrieu.

Though Petrarch loved his brother with tenderness, he was not sorry for this change. Gerard was fond of pleasure, and of an unsteady temper; he knew not how to moderate any of his inclinations; and this gave Petrarch a great deal of trouble and uneasiness, especially in a city like Avignon. "I acknowledge," says Petrarch, "the hand of God in this conversion. None but himself could work so great a change." Petrarch had conceived a very high idea of the Carthusians. "This order does not," says he, "resemble others: none enter into it by force or seduction." Gerard was no sooner fixed in this monastery, than he wrote to his brother, to induce him to take the same resolution. Petrarch, filled with piety and remorse, was staggered; but he did not comply. Pope Clement VI. gave Gerard an absolution when in the article of death.

The bishop of Rhodes, whose name was Bernard Albi, and who had been appointed cardinal after the exaltation of Clement, came at this time to Avignon, and was much delighted with the conversation of Petrarch. After his return to Italy, he sent him a letter full of sublime questions on the most abstracted subjects of philosophy. Petrarch replies thus:—"Your questions are an ample proof of your great penetration. To question and to doubt with judgment is a great part of our knowledge. The manner in which you confess your ignorance consoles me for my own; and, was not this the case, my occupations, the excessive heats, and the tumult of this crowded city, leave me little time for writing. You would have me measure the heavens, the earth, and the seas. I, who know not of what kind of clay my own body is formed, or the nature of the soul which is confined in it as in a prison, shall I dive into the systems of Ptolemy, or decipher the characters which the Sicilian geometrician drew on the unfortunate soil? Alas! death pursues me with eager steps; and all my aim is to steal a few moments from his grasp. I shall, therefore, only say, in answer to your questions, that there are seven planets, and that the sun holds the first rank: his rays reanimate the world: he begins his course in the east, and when he sets, a cold shade is spread over the earth. The fixed stars make their revolutions also by a motion not visible to us. It is disputed whether the sun is placed in the centre of the world; but would it not be better to seek this centre where virtue dwells? Men form calculations how much larger it is than the earth; and they neglect to examine how much more noble the soul is than the body.

"The moon shines with the light it borrows from the sun; its motions are periodical. Mercury is an inconstant planet, and its influences are various: we know all this, but we neglect to inquire whether prosperity is a good or evil; by whom, and in what cases, death is to be desired or feared. Your courier is in haste; and I would rather send him back with nothing, than give him many lines of which I should be ashamed. I cannot explain to you my astonishment when I saw that deluge of verses which your letter poured in upon me. I undertook to count them, but in vain. What a pity that Virgil possessed not this happy faculty! He would not have passed his whole life in composing a poem which at last he left imperfect. Your questions resemble the enigma of the Sphinx; and you must seek another Œdipus to answer them."

1343. Borlaam, the Greek monk, of whom mention has been already made, came this year to Avignon. He had been much chagrined by a decision given against him by the patriarch of Constantinople, in a dispute he had held with the monks of Mount Athos. These monks maintained that the light which appeared on Mount Tabor, at the transfiguration of Jesus Christ, was uncreated; and that it was God himself. The Greeks made a serious affair of this fanciful opinion; and were contending for the truth of it with vehemence while the Turks were at their gates, and had formed, as it were, a barrier round Constantinople of the cities they had taken in Asia. Petrarch was glad to see his Greek master again: and as Borlaam desired an establishment in Italy, Petrarch, by his solicitations and his credit, procured him the bishopric of Geraci, which being a suffragan, or sudsidiary bishopric, depending on Rheggio, the revenue was small; but it suited Borlaam, because it settled him at the close of life in his native country, where he died ten years after, in 1353.

At the end of January, 1343, there arrived an extraordinary courier at Avignon, who brought the melancholy news of the death of Robert, king of Naples. This caused a general consternation in that city, and throughout all Provence. This prince was sixty years old, when, without terror, he saw his flesh waste away, his body decaying, and death taking possession of his whole fabric. One thing alone troubled his last moments; this was the state in which he must leave his family and his kingdom. Robert had had two children by his queen. The eldest died young; and the second, named Charles, duke of Calabria, left only two daughters, Joan and Mary. Charobert, king of Hungary, who had some pretensions to the kingdom of Naples, as the heir of Charles Martel, Robert's eldest brother, had two sons. Pope John XXII., who had decided in favour of Robert, proposed a double marriage between these royal houses: the princess Joan, who was the eldest, with Andrew, the second son; and the eldest son, Lewis, with Mary, the second daughter. These marriages were celebrated with astonishing magnificence in 1333. Andrew was six, and Joan nine years old; and it was thought their being brought up together would cement this union: but, as it might rather have been expected, it happened otherwise. The antipathy that Joan showed for Andrew was soon remarked; the difference of their educations alone would have produced this effect.

The Neapolitans were polite, voluptuous, gallant, and magnificent. The Hungarians, on the contrary, were vulgar, churlish, and enemies to magnificence and pleasure; and were looked upon at Naples as barbarians, who could scarcely be treated with sufficient contempt. Add to this, Andrew and his courtiers exaggerated in a haughty manner their rights to the kingdom of Naples; while at the court of Joan they ridiculed their pride, and maintained that Andrew could only reign as husband of his queen. Robert saw with grief these contests; and the presentiments they raised in his heart clouded his last moments, which would otherwise have been the calm evening of a bright day.

Perceiving that he drew near his end, he assembled his nobles, and dictated his will in their presence. By this will, he made Joan, his grand-daughter, his heir; and her sister Mary was to succeed her. Saiche of Arragon, the second wife of Robert, by whom he had no children, was a woman of capacity and virtue, to whom he would have confided the regency, and the education of his grand-daughters, had she not formed a resolution, on his death, to finish her days in a monastery. She had always so strong an inclination for the cloister, that in 1317 she attempted to set aside her marriage, to throw herself into a convent. But pope John XXII., to whom she applied, told her this intention was a snare of the devil. Robert named her, however, at the head of a council for the administration, till the princesses were twenty-five years old; and Philip de Cabassole was one of this council.

After this, Robert desired they would bring to him the two young persons he had named for his successors. He addressed himself to them with the greatest dignity and tenderness; discovered to them the dangers which threatened them; and informed them in what manner they ought to conduct themselves towards their enemies, their friends, and their subjects. At a moment when other men can scarcely support themselves, this great king seemed wholly interested in the good of his family; and the wisdom, strength, and presence of mind, he showed on this occasion, surprised and overwhelmed with grief those who were present. Observing those who stood round his bed melted into tears, he reproached them for it in a gentle manner. "What is the reason of your grief?" said he. "My death has nothing in it mournful or unhappy; on the contrary, it is greatly for my advantage. I leave a frail throne for an everlasting kingdom. Have I not lived long enough? I have almost attained the period that Nature herself seems to have fixed to the life of man. Instead of afflicting yourselves, my children, rejoice with me in my felicity." After having said this, he discoursed to them upon death with so much eloquence and philosophy, he painted it in such soft and agreeable colours, that those who were present confessed it no longer appeared so terrible an event; and that the end of a dying sage, like Robert, was preferable to the school of the greatest philosopher. After having settled all his affairs with the same calm deliberation as if he was just going to set out for the country, he addressed himself to God, and delivered up his soul into the hands of its Maker, without one sigh or tear, or showing the least mark of weakness on account of its separation from his body. "He died," says Petrarch, "as he lived, acting and speaking like himself." He chose to die in the habit of the third order of St. Francis, an act of zeal at that time in fashion.

Petrarch was at Avignon when he received the news of king Robert's death. He set out immediately for Vaucluse, to lament in silence and solitude so irreparable a loss. Some time after he writes thus to Barbatus of Sulmone:—"Alas! nothing can equal my loss! Who now shall be my adviser, my protector, my support? To whom shall I devote my genius and my studies? Who shall revive my hopes, and draw my soul out of its lethargy? I had two guides, two protectors; and death has deprived me of both in the course of one year. For my first and dearest friend, I shed the tears of affection on the bosom of Lelius. For the second, I weep with you, and shall for ever weep. I, who have been accustomed to console others, know not how to console myself. I send you these few lines from that retreat where my soul seeks refuge in all its troubles."

Petrarch, some time after this, at the desire of a

Neapolitan nobleman, made the following epitaph on king Robert:—

"Here lies the body of king Robert; his soul is in heaven. He was the glory of kings; the honour of his age; the chief of warriors; and the best of men. Skilful in the art of war, he loved peace. If he had lived longer, Jerusalem and Sicily, under his standard, would have shaken off the yoke of the Barbarians, and driven out the tyrants. These two kingdoms have lost their hope in losing their king. His genius equalled his valour: he unravelled the holy mysteries; he read the events of heaven; he understood the virtues of plants; all nature was open before him. The Muses and the Arts mourn their protector. Nothing was kinder than his manners: his heart was the temple of Patience. All the virtues lie buried in his tomb. No one can praise him as he deserves: but Fame shall make him immortal."

Petrarch had reason to regret a prince who had conferred upon him so many favours, and who had so great a relish for his works, that, stealing sometimes from his serious occupations, he passed many hours of the night in reading them, without thinking either of food or sleep. Petrarch, after lamenting this friend many days in the silence and gloom of his retreat, came back to Avignon, where he passed a great part of the winter, making only now and then short visits to Vaucluse.

1344. Petrarch being at Avignon some time after this, met with Laura at a public assembly. Her dress was magnificent; but in particular she had silk gloves, brocaded with gold; a rare ornament at that time, when silk was so scarce in Languedoc, and in Provence, that the seneschal of Beaucaue, two years after this, sent twelve pounds to queen Joan of Burgundy, which cost him seventy-six French livres a pound. Laura happened to drop one of these gloves. Petrarch, whose eyes were ever bent towards her, immediately picked it up. Laura perceiving it in his hands, took it from him instantly; and, though Petrarch had the strongest desire to retain this precious ornament, he had not the power. If the nobility of Laura had not been proved by the contract of her marriage, it would have been by these embroidered gloves; for in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, none but persons of quality in France were allowed to wear silk, gold, furs, pearls, and precious jewels. This was observed at Avignon; and none of the relations of the pope, the wives and daughters of the marshals, barons, viguiers, and the ladies of noble birth in this city, were exempted from this sumptuary law. Avignon, however, by its commerce with strangers, had long lost the simplicity of its manners, which till then it had been famous for; their extravagance increased with their wealth; and the wives of citizens aimed as much as possible to vie with the ladies of noble rank in their luxury and expense.

Under the pontificate of Clement VI. profusion and debauchery were carried to the utmost height at Avignon. The generosity of this pontiff was unbounded; and he had the strongest attachment to the fair sex, who had free access at all hours to his palace. At the head of those ladies who formed a court in the palace of Clement, was the viscountess of Turenne. As she acted a considerable part in the pontificate of Clement, and was the particular object of Petrarch's aversion, a short description of her may not be disagreeable.

The name of this lady was Cicily. She was the daughter of the count de Commenges, who had espoused the daughter and heiress of Reymond, viscount of Turenne. She married the son of Alphonso IV. king of Arragon, and became viscountess of Turenne by the death of her brother, in the year 1340. She was a woman of infinite cunning, and proud and imperious to excess. It was easy for such a character to influence the mind of Clement, who was a man of the most gentle temper, and the easiest to govern. The empire she obtained over him, and the authority with which she disposed of everything in his court, have caused many to suspect that she was his mistress. It is certain she made herself very agreeable to him as a companion, accumulated a great deal of wealth, and dishonoured herself by the avidity with which she received money from all hands without distinction.

It is not surprising that, under the government of a woman who thought of nothing but amassing wealth, and in a court filled with young persons of both sexes who held the first places there, and had no curb to their desires, debauchery should wholly prevail, and become universal. Petrarch draws two pictures of this terrible licentiousness. In his letters called the Mysteries, one of these descriptions is as follows:

"All that they say of Assyrian and Egyptian Babylon, of the four Labyrinths, of the Avernian and Tartarian lakes, are nothing in comparison with this hell. We have here a Nimrod powerful on the earth, and a mighty hunter before the Lord, who attempts to scale heaven with raising his superb towers; a Semiramis with her quiver; a Cambyses more extravagant than the Cambyses of old. You may here behold the inflexible Minos; Rhadamanthus; the greedy Cerberus; Pasiphae, and the Minotaur. All that is vile and execrable is assembled in this place. There is no clue to lead you out of this labyrinth, neither that of Dædalus nor Ariadne: the only means of escaping is by the influence of gold. Gold pacifies the most savage monsters, softens the hardest hearts, pierces through the flinty rock, and opens every door, even that of heaven: for, to say all in one word, even Jesus Christ is here bought with gold.

"In this place reign the successors of poor fishermen, who have forgotten their origin. They march covered with gold and purple, proud of the spoils of princes and of the people. Instead of those little boats in which they gained their living on the lake of Genesareth, they inhabit superb palaces. They have likewise their parchments, to which are hung pieces of lead; and these they use as nets to catch the innocent and unwary, whom they fleece and burn to satisfy their gluttony. To the most simple repasts have succeeded the most sumptuous feasts; and where the apostles went on foot covered only with sandals, are now seen insolent satraps mounted on horses ornamented with gold, and champing golden bits. They appear like the kings of Persia, or the Parthian princes, to whom all must pay adoration.

"Poor old fishermen! For whom have you laboured? For whom have you cultivated the field of the Lord? For whom have you shed so much of your blood? Neither piety, charity, nor truth, is here. God is despised, the laws trampled upon, and wickedness is esteemed wisdom. O times! Oh manners!"

Petrarch did not satirize the vices of others alone; he composed some reflections at this time which unfold his own character, and the failings to which it was subject. These reflections are put in the form of dialogues, in imitation of the Confessions of St. Augustin. Augustin was Petrarch's favourite saint. "When I read his Confessions," says Petrarch, "I think I read my own, for I find in them the history of my life. At night, when my soul is freed from care, I lay myself down in bed as in a tomb, and summon my heart before me. Its restlessness and distraction, its fear of death, its hatred of vice, and yet unequal progress in virtue and purity; from whence come all these things?

"They arise," replies Augustin, "from your light and careless disposition. You perceive your errors, but you do not seek a better path to walk in: you behold your peril, but take no pains to avoid it. How absurd is that vanity of mind produced by your wit, knowledge, eloquence, and beauty! What is there in these things on which to build your pride? How many times has your wit failed you? In the arts, how much more skilful than you are the most vulgar of mankind, and the smallest animals in the creation? Compare your knowledge with your ignorance, and it will appear like a small brook by the side of the ocean. Your eloquence, what is it? A wind, a puff, an empty noise! Did you feel in the midst of the loudest praises, that you wanted the greatest of all, the applause of your own mind? What folly, to neglect the most important things in life, to occupy yourself in arranging syllables! Under this restraint, how many objects are there in nature to which you cannot do justice? How many sentiments of philosophy you are not able to express, because you are tied down to measures, and fail in the number of your words! The Greeks and the Latins, have they not mutually reproached each other for this poverty of language?

"As to your body, your health, your complexion, your features, can anything be more frail, or less to be depended on? The smallest accident, the sting of a gnat, a breath of corrupted air, will cause them to wither and decay. Beauty is a flower which often fades before noon: and was not this the case, only represent to yourself how that body will appear a few years hence, when committed to the silent grave.

"As to your avarice: while you lived in your solitude, content with a plain garb, the fruits of your trees, and the herbs of your garden, you wanted nothing, and passed a sweet and tranquil life. Now example has altered your taste, and you have the disturbed air of those who are always seeking after what they can never obtain. It is commendable to be active in procuring a comfortable livelihood, but bounds should be fixed to our desires. What are yours?" "I ask nothing superfluous," replied Petrarch, astonished that avarice should be laid to his charge; "but I would want for nothing. I have no ambition to command, but I would not choose to obey." "This," says St. Augustin, "is the object of the greatest kings, but they have failed in the accomplishing it; and those who command whole nations, have themselves been forced to obey. Virtue alone can procure that independence which is the end of human wishes."

"As to your ambition."—"How!" interrupted Petrarch: "to flee courts and cities, to bury one's self among rocks and woods, to combat vulgar opinions, to hate and despise honours, to laugh at those who seek, and all their methods of obtaining them, is this to be ambitious?" "You are not, I will grant," replied St. Augustin, "born ambitious, and nature is not to be forced: but examine your own heart. It is not honours that you hate, but the steps necessary in this age to obtain them. Your route to them is more secret, but has the same end. You must own that this is the real aim of all your studies. The man who sets out on a journey to Rome, but turns back intimidated by the length of the way, it is not Rome that displeases him, but the road that leads to it.

"Envy, gluttony, and wrath," continued St. Augustin, "I cannot seriously reproach you with; but you cannot vindicate yourself from the charge of incontinence: and when you have prayed to be delivered from every licentious passion, you have prayed, as too many do, in this manner: 'Lord, make me chaste, but not too soon. Wait a little, I beseech thee, till my youth is passed, and the season of pleasure is over. The time will come when I shall have no inclination to vice, and when satiety and disgust will prevent all danger of a relapse.' To ask in such a manner, is, indeed, to ask in vain."

St. Augustin next speaks of that unsettled and discordant humour to which Petrarch was subject, and which delights to dwell on the dark side, and is always disturbing and tormenting itself. "Men are lost to peace," continues he, "because they know not the difficulties which attend the situations of others, or feel the advantages of their own. Hence arise the complaints of the whole world." "I know well," replied Petrarch, "that in elevated stations, we in vain seek for peace and tranquillity of soul. I am satisfied with my fortune; but I am obliged to live for others, and comply with their humours: this dependence is my misery." "And who then," said St. Augustin, "in this world, lives only for himself? Even Cæsar, after he had subdued the universe, did not he live for others? With all his art, he could not satisfy the desires, or overrule the power, of those who conspired against him. Nothing but wisdom can insure an independence like this."

Petrarch next complains to St. Augustin of the life he leads at Avignon. "I am fatigued," says he, "beyond all expression, with this noisy, dirty city; it is the gulf of all nastiness and vice; a collection of narrow, ill-built streets, where one cannot take a single step without meeting with filthy pigs, barking dogs; chariots which stun one with the rattling of their wheels; sets of horses in caparison, which block up the way; disfigured beggars, terrible to look at; strange faces from all the countries upon earth; insolent nobles, drunk with pleasure and debauch; and an unruly populace, always quarrelling and fighting." To this the saint answers, "If the tumult of your soul would subside, you would no longer complain of these outward noises, which affect only the senses. When the mind is calm, the confusion of objects around us is no more to our ear than the murmurs of a running stream. In this happy state of soul, neither the clouds which fly around her, nor even the thunder that rolls over her head, is able to disturb her serenity. Safe in the port, she beholds, but feels not, the shipwreck.

"But I have yet only attacked the disorders you are willing to confess; more delicate and deeper wounds lie behind. When I consider your extreme sensibility, I dare hardly attempt to probe them. Petrarch! you are bound with two golden chains; and your greatest unhappiness is, you are so dazzled by the lustre of them both, that you do not perceive your fetters. These chains are love and glory; these are your treasures, your delights. Let us examine this matter, and first treat of love. Do you not allow that it is a great folly?"

"The object of our love," replied Petrarch, "must decide this. Love is the most noble or the most despicable of all the passions: misery, if the object is unamiable: but to be attached to a virtuous woman, who deserves both love and respect, this appears to me a great felicity. If you think otherwise, I am sorry for it. Every one has his own opinion. If this is an error, it is dear to me, and I should be sorry to be deprived of it. You know not the object of this love!" "Indeed I do," replied St. Augustin. "A mortal, a woman is the cause. I know you have passed a great part of your life in admiring and adoring her. A folly so long persisted in astonishes me."

"I beseech you," returned Petrarch, "no invectives. Thais and Livia were women; but what a difference between them and the person of whom you speak! Know that her manners are a perfect model of the purest virtue. Little attracted by the pleasures of the world, she sighs after heaven as her only reward." "What a madness!" returned the saint. "You have nourished this flame in your heart sixteen years. The war of Hannibal in Italy was not so long, nor the flames he kindled more violent than yours. He was driven out at last; but who shall drive away that Hannibal who lays waste your soul? Blind as you are, you love your disease, and you feed it. But listen to me: when death shall extinguish those eyes which delight you now, when you shall behold that beautiful face disfigured and pale, and those perfect limbs motionless and livid, then will you blush for having attached an immortal soul to a decayed and perishable body."

"God preserve me," resumed Petrarch, "from beholding so terrible a disaster; it would be reversing the order of nature. I came first into the world, and it would be unjust I should go out of it the last." "It is not, however," said St. Augustin, "an impossible event, inasmuch as this beautiful person, which is the object of your love, and which is worn out by frequent confinements, has already lost much of its strength and brilliancy." "Learn," replied Petrarch, "that it is not the person of Laura I adore, but that soul so superior to all others. Her conduct and her manners are an image of the life the blessed lead in heaven. If I should ever lose her, (the very idea makes me tremble!) I would say, what Lelius, the wisest of the Romans, said on the death of Scipio; 'I loved her virtue, and that shall ever live.'"

"It is not easy," returned the saint, "to force you out of your entrenchment: for a moment I will therefore allow that this woman for whom you languish is a saint, a goddess; the goddess of virtue herself, if you will have it so. You are then the more culpable, if your inclinations toward her are not pure and honest." "I take Heaven to witness," replied Petrarch, "that there was never anything dishonest in my affections for Laura, never anything reprehensible in them, but their excess. I wish all the world could see my love with as much clearness as they can her face. It resembles it: it is like that face, pure and without spot. I am going to say a thing that will perhaps astonish you.

"It is to Laura I owe what I am. Never should I have obtained my present reputation and glory, if the sentiments with which she inspired me, had not raised those seeds of virtue which nature had planted in my soul. She drew me out of those snares and precipices into which the ardour of youth had plunged me. In fine, she pointed out my road to heaven, and served me as a guide to pursue it. The effect of love is to transform the lover, and to assimilate him to the object beloved. What then more virtuous, more perfect, than Laura? In a city where no one is respected, where no character is held sacred, has calumny dared to assault her? Have they found anything reprehensible, I say, not only in her actions, but even in her words, in her countenance, or in her gestures? Those bad mouths which poison all, have they dared to taint her life with their pestiferous breath? No; they could not even forbear respecting and admiring it. Inflamed with the desire of enjoying, like her, a great reputation, I have forced through all the obstacles that opposed it. In the flower of my age, I loved her alone; I wished to please her alone. You know all that I have done, and all that I have suffered, to accomplish this end. To her I have sacrificed those pleasures for which I felt the greatest inclination, and you would have me forget and renounce her. No, nothing can ever determine me to such a sacrifice: it is to no purpose for you to attempt it."

"How many errors!" said the saint, "how many illusions! You say you owe to Laura what you are; that she has caused you to quit the world, and has elevated you to the contemplation of celestial things. But the truth is this: full of confidence, and a good opinion of yourself, entirely occupied with one person in whom your whole soul is absorbed, you despise the rest of the world, and the world, in return, despises you. It is true she has drawn you out of some vices; but she has also prevented the growth of many virtues. In tears and complaints, you have spent that time which should have been devoted to God. The best effect of this affection is, perhaps, to have rendered you eager after glory: we shall presently examine how much you are indebted to her on this account. As to everything else, I venture to declare, that she has been your destruction, in nourishing a passion she ought to have suppressed. She has filled you with the love of the creature rather than the Creator; and this is the death of the soul. You say she has raised you to the love of God. It may be so. But in this you have inverted the order of nature. The Creator is to be first loved for his own sake, for his infinite goodness and perfection; and then the creature as his work, and in proportion to its resemblance to him. You have done the contrary. You have loved God as a good artificer, who has made what you thought the finest object in the world."

"I take Heaven to witness," again replied Petrarch, "of what I before advanced, that it is the soul of Laura, and not her person, that I love. Of this I can give you the most incontestible proof. The older she grows, the more does my affection for her increase. Even in her spring her charms began to fade; but the beauties of her mind, and my passion, increased together." "If that soul," resumed St. Augustin, "had inhabited a vile and ugly body, would you have loved it then?" "The body," said Petrarch, "is the image and the mirror of the soul. If the beauty of the soul could be immediately perceived without the interposition of the body, I should love a beautiful soul, though placed in a disfigured person."

"If," replied St. Augustin, "you love what falls under your senses only, it is still the body which you love. I do not deny that it was the beauty of the soul which nourished and kept up your passion, but it did not give birth to it. You loved the body with the soul, and the heat of youth led you to inclinations even for Laura, which her virtue alone subdued. Did she not herself tell you, in one of those excesses, 'I am not, Petrarch, the person you take me for?' In your commendations of Laura, you have often condemned yourself." "I will with joy acknowledge," returned Petrarch, "her virtue and my own folly; but if my desires have ever passed the bounds which honour prescribes, it is no longer so; those limits are now sacred. With respect to Laura, let me ever do her this justice: I never saw her virtue stagger in the most interesting moments of our connexion; and in the gayest hours of her life, her conduct was always uniform, always pure. How admirable is a constancy, a resolution, so superior to the generality of her sex!"

"You cannot deny," said the saint, "and have, indeed, confessed, that this love of yours has made you unhappy, and was near drawing on you a fatal crime. This admirable woman was the cause of all this: and ought she not rather to have suppressed than encouraged an inclination so fatal to your peace? She ought to have known and impressed this truth upon you; that, of all the passions to which human nature is subject, love is the most to be feared. It makes us forget ourselves, and it leads us to forget our God. Everything serves to nourish and increase it; and those wretched mortals whom it holds in bondage, carry a fire within them, which will finally consume both soul and body. It is unnecessary to say more: those who have experienced this passion, will feel I speak truth; those who have never known it, will give me no credit. But you are not one of these." "Alas!" returned Petrarch, "I am not able to answer you, and I must give myself up to despair!"

"No," said the saint; "before you do this, you must make every effort. Consult the best poets and philosophers. Cicero advises to change the object of love, or divide it; like a king of Persia, who, to weaken the current of the Ganges, cut this river into several streams. But I would not have you take this method. It is better to die an honest death, than to live an infamous life; to be devoted to one honourable than many disgraceful objects. You have tried absence, but it was liberty and curiosity that were your chief motives. These sent you to the north and the south, and to the extremities of the ocean; these were the foundation of your retreat at Vaucluse. But travelling does more harm than good to those who carry their diseases along with them; and one might apply to you, in this situation, the answer of Socrates to a young man who complained of the little use he had derived from his travels: 'That is,' said Socrates, 'because you travelled with yourself. For those who would travel with success, must have the mind rightly prepared; and, without this preparation, in vain will be its course, though extended from pole to pole.' As Horace says, it will change its climate, but never alter its sentiments. To exchange your situation to advantage, you must lay down the burden that oppresses you, nor, like Orpheus, ever look behind you.

"You love Italy: it was there you received your life. No situation can suit you better; no situation is so delightful. Recollect the beauty of the skies, the sea, and the mountains; call to mind the agreeable manners of its inhabitants. You have been too long absent from this your native country: it is growing late; the night of life is coming on. Above all things remember that solitude is fatal to you, and that the rocks and woods of Vaucluse are so many snares to your soul. Enter into yourself. Be not disgusted with age, which is approaching: or afraid of death, that will succeed it. Time passes away, and the body decays; but the mind is incorruptible, and its maturity can never be determined. With reason has it been said, that one soul required many bodies. Consider then the nobleness of this your soul, the frailty of your body, the shortness of life, and the certainty of death. Recall the torments you have suffered, the useless tears you have shed, and the short pleasures you have obtained, which may be compared to those light zephyrs of the summer which refresh the air but for a moment. Reflect on the duties you have neglected, and the works you have begun, and yet never completed. Finally, let your prayers be fervent and sincere, that God would hear you, that he would strengthen your mind, and assist you with his grace.

"This is all I have to say upon the head of love. As to glory, which is founded upon fame, what is it? Words which pass through the mouths of mortals, and vanish into air! What is it, but a wind blown up by their frail breath! How many obstacles are there to an immortal name! Fashion, which changes every day, and gives to the moderns the preference over the ancients; envy, which pursues the greatest men, even after death; the humour of the vulgar, who neither love men of genius, nor Truth herself; the ignorance and inconstancy of men's judgments; in fine, the ruin of sepulchres and monuments, which you elegantly call the second death. And can this be glory, which depends upon the duration of marble? Even books, more durable than monuments, are they not subject to a thousand accidents? They have, like us, their old age and death; and with this oblivion are the most celebrated men threatened. In reality, the true honour of man is virtue; and glory is only her shadow: it follows her everywhere; and the less it is sought, the more certainly is it obtained. If the earth is but a speck, and if God fills both space and time, why do vain mortals waste their short moments in such an empty pursuit? Was you assured but of one more year of life, would you not manage it with extreme economy? Alas! men are avaricious of a certain, and prodigal of an uncertain, time. They are not sure of a day, an hour, a minute, yet they set about employments of great extent, and little use. Thousands, intoxicated with this folly, die in the flower of their age, and in the midst of their projects. With one foot in heaven, and the other upon the earth, they fall into the grave. Thus do you consume your time in making books, and neglect important duties to run after vain desires. Thus you pursue a shadow, and neglect your soul.

"Abandon these things. The exploits of the Romans have been sufficiently celebrated; they do not need your praise. Leave Africa and your Scipio; you can add nothing to his glory. Be yourself once again; prepare for death, and for the life that is to come."

Thus end these excellent dialogues.

In September, 1343, the pope, who had formed a high idea of Petrarch's abilities, entrusted him with a negociation, the execution of which required both judgment and penetration. It has been observed, that Robert, king of Naples, had established a regency till his grand-daughter attained the age of twenty-five years. The pope, on his side, claimed the government of Naples during this minority; and on this account sent Petrarch to assert his right, and inform himself of what was passing in that court. The influence of cardinal Colonna, no doubt, contributed to the obtaining this commission for Petrarch. The cardinal had friends who were unjustly detained in prison at Naples, and whose freedom he had solicited; and he flattered himself that Petrarch's eloquence and intercession would obtain their enlargement.

Petrarch went by land to Nice, where he embarked, and in his passage was near being lost. He wrote to cardinal Colonna the following account of his voyage:

"I embarked at Nice, the first maritime town in Italy. At night I got to Monaco; and the bad weather obliged me to pass a whole day there: this did not put me into humour. The next morning we re-embarked, and, after being tossed all day by the tempest, we arrived very late at Port Maurice. The night was dreadful: it was not possible to get to the castle; and I was obliged to put up at a village ale-house, where my bed and supper appeared tolerable, from extreme weariness and hunger. I determined to proceed by land; the perils of the road were less dreadful to me than those of the sea. I left my servants and baggage in the ship, which set sail, and I remained with only one domestic on shore.

"By accident, among the rocks, towards the coast of Genoa, I found some German horses, which were for sale: they were strong and serviceable. I bought them; but I was soon after obliged to take ship again, for war was renewed between the Pisans and the people of Milan. Nature has placed limits to these states; the Po on one side, and the Appenines on the other; but pride and avarice know no bounds. I must have passed between their two armies if I had gone by land; and this obliged me to re-embark at Lerici. I passed by Corvo, that famous rock, the ruins of the city Luna, and I landed at Mutrona. From thence I went the next day on horseback to Pisa, Sienna, and Rome. My eagerness to execute your orders has made me a night-traveller, contrary to my character and disposition. I would not sleep till I paid my duty to your illustrious father, who is always my hero. I found him just the same I left him seven years ago; nay, even as hale and sprightly as when I first saw him at Avignon, which is now twelve years. What a surprising man! What majesty! What strength of mind and body! How firm his voice! How beautiful his face! Had he been a few years younger, I should have taken him for Julius Cæsar, or Scipio Africanus. Rome grows old, but not its hero. He was half undressed, and going into bed. I staid then only a moment, but I passed the whole of the next day with him. He asked me a thousand questions about you; and was much pleased I was going to Naples. He would accompany me when I set out from Rome beyond its walls. I went to Palestrina that night, and was kindly received there by John Colonna. This is a young man of very great hopes, who follows the steps of his ancestors.

"I arrived at Naples the 11th of October. Heavens! what a change has the death of one man produced in this place! No one would know it now. Religion, justice, truth, are banished. I think I am at Memphis, Babylon, or Mecca. In the place of a king so good, so just, and so pious, a little monk, fat, rosy, bare-footed, with a shorn head, and half-covered with a dirty mantle; bent by hypocrisy more than age; lost in debauchery; proud of his poverty, and still prouder of the gold he has amassed: this man holds the reins of this staggering empire. His cruelty and his debaucheries go beyond even those of Dionysius, Agathocles, and Phalaris. The name of this monk is brother Robert: he was an Hungarian Cordelier, and preceptor of prince Andrew, whom he entirely governed. This monster oppresses the weak, despises the great, tramples justice under foot, and treats the two queens with the greatest insolence. The court and the city tremble before him. A mournful silence reigns in the public assemblies; and in private houses they converse by whispers. The least gesture is punished; and to think is imputed a crime.

"How terrible for me to negociate with such a man! I have presented to him the orders of the sovereign pontiff, and your just demands: he behaved with an insolence I cannot describe:

Susa, or Damascus, the capital of the Saracens, would have received with more respect an envoy from the holy see. The great lords imitate his pride and tyranny. The bishop of Cavaillon is the only one who opposes this torrent: but what can one lamb do in the midst of so many wolves? It is the request of a dying king alone that makes him endure so wretched a situation. How small are the hopes of my negotiation! But I shall wait with patience, though I know beforehand the answer they will give me.''

Petrarch represents queen Joan as a woman of weak understanding, and disposed to gallantry, but incapable, from her weakness, of greater crimes. She was at this time eighteen years old, and governed by an old woman, whose origin was from the dregs of the people. She was wife to a poor fisherman of Catana, a town of Sicily, and was nurse to a child of king Robert, of which his first wife was delivered when she followed him to the siege of Trapani in Sicily. This woman was handsome, insinuating, and had found out the art of pleasing both the wives of king Robert, and the duchess of Calabria, the mother of Joan, who entrusted her with the education of her daughter. She was consummate in the art of address, and the intrigues of a court, and soon gained the heart of a young princess who sought after nothing but love and pleasure. This woman had married for her second husband a Turkish slave whom the seneschal of Naples had bought of a Corsair. The seneschal took a liking to him, and gave him his freedom; from thence he became keeper of the king's wardrobe, in which post he amassed prodigious wealth. When he married the Catanese, he was made a chevalier, and by her credit obtained the place of seneschal, which became vacant by the death of his master. She had a son called Robert, for whom she obtained his father's place after his death. His person was handsome and agreeable, and it was thought she very early procured him the good graces of the princess Joan. These people used every means to oppose the coronation of prince Andrew, that his authority, and that of the Hungarians, might not be confirmed; and they, on their part, aimed at the destruction of the Catanese and her cabal. Such was the situation of this divided court, and it was easy to foresee it must end in some tragical event.

Petrarch, wearied out with the pretended considerations they pleaded to retard and amuse him, formed the project of visiting the mount Gargano, the port of Brindisi, and the upper coast of that sea. But the queen dowager begged he would not go so far from Naples, always saying to him, "We must wait a little; perhaps the face of things may change." She permitted him, however, to visit some places near, which he gives an account of in the following letter to cardinal Colonna:

"I went to Baiæ with my friends Barbatus and John Barrili. Everything concurred to render this jaunt agreeable; good company, the beauty of the scenes, and my extreme weariness of the city I quitted. This climate, which, as far as I can judge, must be insupportable in summer, is delightful in winter. I was rejoiced to behold places described by Virgil, and, which is more surprising, by Homer before him. I have seen the Lucrine lake, famous for its fine oysters; the lake Avernus, the waters of which are as black as pitch, with fish swimming in it of the same colour: marshes formed by the standing water of Acheron, and that mountain whose roots go down to hell. The horrible aspect of this place, the thick shades with which it is covered by a surrounding wood, and the pestilential smell that this water exhales, characterise it very justly as the hell of the poets. There wants only the bark of Charon, which would indeed be unnecessary, as there is only a shallow ford to pass over. The Styx, and the kingdom of Pluto, are now hid from our sight. Awed by what I had heard and read of the mournful approaches to the dwellings of the dead, I was contented to view them at my feet from the top of a high mountain. The labourer, the shepherd, and the sailor, dare not approach them nearer. There are profound caverns, where some pretend much gold is concealed; covetous men, they say, have been to seek it, but they never returned; whether they lost their way in the dark valleys, or whether they had a fancy to visit the dead, being so near their habitation.

"I have seen the ruins of the grotto of the famous Cumæan Sybil; it is a hideous rock, suspended in the Avernian lake. Its situation strikes the mind with horror. There still remain the hundred mouths by which the Gods conveyed their oracles. They are dumb at present; and there is only one God, who speaks in heaven and in the earth. These uninhabited ruins serve for the nests of birds of unlucky omen. Not far from hence is that horrible cavern which leads, say they, to hell.

"Who would believe that, close to the mansions of the dead, nature should have placed powerful remedies for the preservation of life? Near Avernus, however, and Acheron, is that barren land from whence rises continually a salutary vapour, a cure for several diseases; and those hot springs which sound like the boiling of an iron pot: there are some which vomit cinders, hot and sulphureous. I have seen the baths which nature has prepared, but the avarice of the physicians hath rendered them of doubtful use. This does not, however, prevent them from being visited by all the neighbouring towns. These hollowed mountains dazzle with the lustre of their marble arches, on which are engraved figures that point out, by the position of their hands, the part of the body each fountain is proper to cure.

"I saw the foundations of that admirable reservoir of Nero, which was to go from mount Misenum to the Avernian lake, and enclose all the hot waters of Baiæ.

"At Puzzuoli I saw the mountain of Falernus, celebrated for its grapes, whence the famous Falernian wine. I saw likewise those enraged waves that Virgil speaks of in his Georgics, on which Cæsar put a bridle by the mole which he raised there, and which Augustus finished: it is now called the Dead Sea. I am surprised at the prodigious expense the Romans were at to build houses in the most exposed situations, to shelter them from the severities of winter; for in the heats of summer the valleys of the Appenines, the mountains of Viterbo, the woods of Ombria, Tivoli, Frescate, &c., furnished them with charming shades: even the ruins of those houses are superb. But this magnificence was little suited to the

Roman manners; and on this account Marius, Cæsar, and Pompey, were praised for having dwelt upon the mountains, where they were not disturbed by the foaming of the sea, and where they trod under foot those darling pleasures which destroy mankind, by rendering them effeminate. This it was that determined Scipio Africanus to seek a retreat at Linterno; this unparalleled hero rather chose to flee from voluptuousness than trample it under foot. I could see nothing that would delight me more than his abode, but I had no guide that was acquainted with its situation.

"Of all the wonders I saw in my little journey, nothing surprised me more than the prodigious strength and extraordinary courage of a young woman called Mary, whom we saw at Puzzuoli. She passed her life among soldiers; and it was a common opinion that she was so much feared, no one dared attack her honour. No warrior but envied her prowess and skill. From the flower of her age she lived in camps, and adopted the military rules and dress. Her body is that of a hardy soldier, rather than a woman, and seamed all over with the scars of honour. She is always at war with her neighbours: sometimes she attacks them with a little troop, sometimes alone; and several have died by her hand. She is perfect in all the stratagems of the military art; and suffers, with incredible patience, hunger, thirst, cold, heat, and fatigue. In fine, she lies on the bare ground; her shield serves for a pillow, and she sleeps armed in the open air.

"I had seen her in my first voyage to Naples about three years ago; but as she was very much altered, I did not know her again. She came forward to salute me. I returned it as to a person I was not acquainted with: but, by her laugh, and the gestures of those about me, I suspected something; and, observing her with more attention, I found under the helmet the face of this formidable virgin. Was I to inform you of half the things they relate of her, you would take them for fables: I will therefore confine myself to a few facts, to which I was witness. By accident, several strangers, who came to Puzzuoli to see this wonder, were all assembled at the citadel to make trial of her strength. We found her alone, walking before the portico of the church, and not surprised at the concourse of the people. We begged she would give us a proof of her strength. She excused herself at first, as having a wound in her arm; but afterwards she took up an enormous block of stone, and a piece of wood loaded with iron. 'Upon these,' said she, 'you may try your strength if you will.' After every one had attempted to move them with more or less success, she took and threw them with so much ease over our heads, that we remained confounded, and could hardly believe our eyes. At first some deceit was suspected, but there could be none. This has rendered credible what the ancients relate of the Amazons; and Virgil of the heriones of Italy, who were headed by Camilla."

Petrarch was but just returned from this little journey, when the city of Naples underwent a horrible tempest, which was felt all along the coasts of the Mediterranean.

"A monk, who was the bishop of a neighbouring island, and held in great esteem for his sanctity, and skill in astrology, had foretold that Naples was to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 25th of November. This prophecy spread such terror through the city, that the inhabitants abandoned their affairs to prepare themselves for death. Some hardy spirits, indeed, ridiculed those who betrayed marks of fear on the approach of a thunder storm; and, as soon as the storm was over, jestingly cried out, 'See, the prophecy has failed!' As to myself, I was in a state between fear and hope; but I must confess that fear sometimes got the ascendant. Accustomed to a colder climate, and in which a thunder-storm in winter was a rare phenomenon, I considered what I now saw as a threatening from heaven.

"On the eve of the night in which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, a number of females, more attentive to the impending evil than to the decorum of their sex, ran half naked through the streets, pressing their children to their bosoms. They hastened to prostrate themselves in the churches, which they deluged with their tears, crying out, with all their might, 'Have mercy, O Lord! have mercy upon us!'

"Moved, distressed with the general consternation, I retired early to the convent of St. Laurence. The monks went to rest at the usual hour. It was the seventh day of the moon: and, as I was anxious to observe in what manner she would set, I stood looking at my window till she was hid from my sight by a neighbouring mountain. This was a little before midnight. The moon was gloomy, and overcast; nevertheless, I felt myself tolerably composed, and went to bed. But scarce had I closed my eyes, when I was awakened by the loud rattling of my chamber windows. I felt the walls of the convent violently shaken from their foundations. The lamp, which I always keep lighted through the night, was extinguished. The fear of death laid fast hold upon me.

"The whole city was in commotion, and you heard nothing but lamentations, and confused exhortations to make ready for the dreadful event. The monks, who had risen to sing their matins, terrified by the movements of the earth, ran into my chamber, armed with crosses and relics, imploring the mercy of Heaven. A prior, whose name was David, and who was considered as a saint, was at their head. The sight of these inspired us with a little courage. We proceeded to the church, which was already crowded; and here we remained during the rest of the night, expecting every moment the completion of the prophecy.

"It is impossible to describe the horrors of that night. The elements were let loose. The noise of the thunder, the winds and the rain, the roarings of the enraged sea, the convulsions of the heaving earth, and the distracted cries of those who felt themselves staggering on the brink of death, were dreadful beyond imagination. Never was there such a night! As soon as we apprehended that day was at hand, the altars were prepared, and the priests dressed themselves for mass. Trembling we lifted up our eyes to heaven, and then fell prostrate upon the earth.

"The day at length appeared. But what a day! Its horrors were much more terrible than those of the night. No sooner were the higher parts of the city a little more calm, than we were struck with the outcries which we heard towards the sea. Anxious to discover what passed there, and still expecting nothing but death, we became desperate, and instantly mounting our horses, rode down to the shore. Heaven! what a sight! Vessels wrecked in the harbour. The strand covered with bodies which had been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Here you saw the brains of some, and the entrails of others; there the palpitating struggles of yet remaining life. You might distinguish the groans of the men, and the shrieks of the women, even through the noise of the thunder, the roaring of the billows, and the crash of the falling houses. The sea regarded not either the restraints of men, or the barriers of nature. She no longer knew the bounds which had been set by the Almighty. That immense mole, which, stretching itself out on each hand, forms the port, was buried under the tumult of the waves; and the lower parts of the city were so much deluged, that you could not pass along the streets without danger of being drowned.

"We found near the shore above a thousand Neapolitan knights, who had assembled, as it were, to attend the funeral obsequies of their country. This splendid troop gave me a little courage. 'If I die,' said I to myself, 'it will be at least in good company.' Scarce had I made this reflection, when I heard a dreadful clamour everywhere around me. The sea had sapped the foundations of the place where we stood, and it was at this instant giving way. We fled therefore immediately to a more elevated ground. Hence we beheld a most tremendous sight! The sea between Naples and Capræa was covered with moving mountains: they were neither green, as in the ordinary state of the ocean, nor black, as in common storms, but white.

"The young queen rushed out of the palace bare-footed, her hair dishevelled, and her dress in the greatest disorder. She was followed by a train of females, whose dress was as loose and disorderly as her own. They went to throw themselves at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, crying aloud, 'Mercy! Mercy!'

"Towards the close of the day the storm abated, the sea was calm, and the heavens serene. Those who were upon the land suffered only the pains of fear; but it was otherwise with those who were upon the water. Some Marseilles galleys, last from Cyprus, and now ready to weigh anchor, were sunk before our eyes; nor could we give them the least assistance. Larger vessels from other nations met with the same fate in the midst of the harbour. Not a soul was saved! There was a very large vessel, which had on board four hundred criminals under sentence of death. The mode of their punishment had been changed, and they were reserved as a forlorn hope to be exposed in the first expedition against Sicily. This ship, which was stout and well built, sustained the shocks of the waves till sunset: but now she began to loosen, and to fill with water. The criminals, who were a hardy set of men, and less dismayed by death, as they had lately seen him so near at hand, struggled with the storm, and, by a bold and vigorous defence, kept death at bay till the approach of night. But their efforts were in vain. The ship began to sink. Determined, however, to put off as far as possible the moment of dissolution, they ran aloft, and hung upon the masts and rigging. At this moment the tempest was appeased, and these poor convicts were the only persons whose lives were saved in the port of Naples. Lucan says, 'Fortune preserves the guilty.' And do we not find, by daily experience, that lives of little moment easily escape the perils to which they are exposed."

Petrarch wrote this letter the day after the earthquake, and concludes with the following reflections:

"I trust that this storm will be a sufficient security against all solicitations to make me risk my life upon the ocean. This is the only thing in which I shall dare to be a rebel; but in this I would not obey either the pope, or even my father himself, was he again to return upon the earth. I will leave the air to the birds, and the sea to the fish; for I am a land animal, and to the land will I confide myself. Send me whither you please; I will go to the furthest east, or even round the world, provided I never quit my footing upon the earth. I know very well the divines insist there is as much danger by land as by sea. It may be so. But I beseech you to permit me there to give up my life where I first received it. I like that saying of one of the ancients, 'He who is shipwrecked a second time, cannot lay the fault upon Neptune.'"

Petrarch, in another letter to cardinal Colonna, speaks of the continual murders in the city of Naples. "The streets," says he, "at night are filled by young men of rank, who are armed, and attack all who pass without distinction: they must fight or die. This evil is without remedy: neither the authority of parents, the severity of the magistrates, nor the power of kings themselves, has been able to suppress it: but it is not surprising that such actions are committed at night, when they kill one another for diversion in open day. To these barbarous spectacles the people run in crowds, and shout and rejoice at the sight of human blood: even kings and princes are amused by it. Young men are seen expiring under the eyes of their parents; and it is reckoned a shame not to die with a good grace, as if it was to serve God or their country. The place destined to this butchery is near the city. One day they dragged me thither. The King and Queen, with all the nobility of Naples, were assembled. I was dazzled by the magnificence of this assembly, but ignorant of the sight I was to behold; when on a sudden I heard a great noise and shouting of the people. I looked toward the place from whence it came, and saw a young man, of a very interesting figure, covered with blood, who fell down and expired at my feet. Seized with horror, I set spurs to my horse, and fled with haste from this infernal spectacle; cursing those who brought me there, and the spectators who could be pleased with such a horrid sight. You will not be surprised they retain your friends in irons, when they can amuse themselves with the death of an innocent and amiable young man. I am tempted instantly to quit this barbarous place; and in three days, perhaps, its sun will no longer shine upon me. I shall go into Cisalpine, and then to Transalpine, Gaul, eager to return to a master who can render everything agreeable to me but the sea."

Petrarch employed all his eloquence to make the Neapolitans feel the cruelty of these games, but in vain: it was not till fifty years after this that they were abolished by Charles de la Poise, king of Naples. The situation of Naples was insupportable to Petrarch: he was, however, much honoured by queen Joan, who loved letters, and wished to attach him to her. She made him her chaplain, and clerk in writing, as king Robert had done. Petrarch passed a whole day, before his departure, with his friends John Barrili and Barbatus of Sulmone, whom he calls his second Ovid, drunk with the nectar of Hippocrene. "They live," says he, "a tranquil life; neither troubled with the noise of children, the contentions of servants, nor the fatigues of business."

The part of his negotiation which respected the release of prisoners Petrarch succeeded in. This was afterwards the occasion of prince Andrew's death: they were released by his interest; and he took them into the most intimate friendship, which rendered them insolent, and caused their ruin: and Petrarch was concerned he had meddled with this affair, which proved so fatal in the end to the persons concerned, as well as the prince himself.

Before Petrarch set out from Naples, there was a report spread of his death in that part of Italy between the Alps and the Appenines, and they even mourned for him at Venice. Antonio de Beccari, in rather too much haste, wrote some verses on the occasion. A sketch of this poem will serve to show the superiority of Petrarch's genius to that of the poets who were his contemporaries. The poem is allegorical, as were most of the writings in that age. It represents a funeral procession, composed of several ladies followed by a numerous train.

Among these Grammar appears the first, supported by Priscian, and other masters famed in its rules. She celebrates the pains with which Petrarch cultivated her regard from his tenderest youth, laments extremely his loss, and seems to fear there is not one grammarian left able to fill his place. After her comes Rhetoric, followed by Cicero, Geoffroy de Vinesouve, and Alain de Lisle, two Gothic authors of the twelfth and thirteenth century, who must be very much surprised to see themselves at the side of Cicero. Next comes a train of historians: Livy, Suetonius, Florus, and Eutropius with his hands joined, and his face covered, followed by the nine Muses, rending their garments, tearing their hair, and showing all the signs of a most lively grief. Philosophy appears the next in a black robe, as a widow who laments for a husband she most tenderly loved. Plato, Aristotle, Cato, and Seneca, make up her train.

Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, Statius, Horace, Lucretius, Persius, Gallus, and Lucan, support the bier, and deposit the body in the mausoleum of Parnassus, which had not been opened for several centuries. Minerva closes this procession, bringing from heaven the crown of Petrarch, which she had in her possession, and which she places in a sacred wood of pines, where it may be sheltered from the wind, the thunder, and the rain.

The poet, by a sort of envoy, addresses his own poem, and says, "This is from Antonio de Beccari, who knows little, but would willingly learn more." Petrarch sent this poet a few lines rather than a sonnet, in which he testifies his gratitude, and proves it by avoiding to answer him in such a manner as would have confessed his own superiority.

Petrarch set out from Naples at the end of December, and went directly to Parma, which he found in a very unhappy situation. The brothers of the family of Correggio were disunited; the city was blocked up by their enemies, and suffered all the distresses that war, famine, and internal divisions, produce. This redoubled Petrarch's desire to return to his friends at Avignon, to Laura, and to his Transalpine Parnassus, as he called his retreat at Vaucluse. The difficulty was to get out of Parma with safety. He could not pass on the western side, which was his shortest road to France; that road was shut up entirely; and if he went towards the east, he must go by the army of the enemy. There are certain uneasy situations of the mind, which cause persons of the least intrepidity to brave the greatest dangers; and such was Petrarch's. He set out in February, at sun-set, with a small number of persons, who agreed to run the same risk as himself. About midnight, near Reggio, a troop of robbers rushed from their ambuscade, and came down upon them, crying, "Kill! kill!" All their resource was in flight, favoured by the darkness of the night. Petrarch, in his precipitate retreat, was thrown from his horse, which had stumbled against something in the road; and the fall was so violent that he swooned. When he came to himself, he was so bruised he could scarcely move; but fear giving him strength, he remounted his horse, and was joined by his companions. They had not gone far, when a violent storm of rain and hail, with thunder and lightning, rendered their situation almost as bad as that they had escaped from, and presented them with the image of death in another shape. They passed a dreadful night, without finding a tree, or the hollow of a rock, to shelter them. Necessity sharpens the invention, and they contrived an expedient which guarded them in some measure from the injuries of the weather. They set the backs of their horses together on the side from whence the storm drove, and thus they made a sort of tent to cover them.

When the dawn of day permitted, Petrarch and his companions set out on their journey, and got safely to Scandiano, a castle occupied by the Gonzagas, friends to the lords of Parma. They learned there, that if the storm had not detained them, they would have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that they owed their safety to an accident they had considered as very unfortunate. Petrarch now felt the consequence of his fall. He wanted rest and assistance, and, with great pain and difficulty, after a few hours' refreshment, got to Modena, where he slept, and the next day arrived at Bologna. He stopped there for advice: the physicians assured him that the warm weather would alone restore him to health. He was, however so much disgusted with Italy in its present situation, or he was so eager to see Laura, without whom he felt life was insupportable, that the moment he could sit his horse, he took the road to Avignon. On approaching that city, "I feel," says he, "a greater softness in the air, and I see with delight the flowers that adorn the neighbouring woods. Everything announces the presence of Laura. I have fled from tempests and war, to seek a happy asylum in the temple of love, and behold her who can calm the winds, and clear the air from all obscuring clouds."

Soon after his return, Petrarch went to pass some days at Vaucluse. He was charmed to see his house again, and his books. But the absence of Philip de Cabassole rendered this spot less agreeable. He was still at Naples, detained there by his attachment to the memory of the deceased king, and the desire of serving his family. Petrarch wrote the bishop this letter :

"I fled from the fury of civil war, and have taken refuge in my old retreat. Here I find many things that please me, woods, rivers, and peace ; but I find not my friend, and this place no longer charms me without his society. I am, however, well satisfied. I am here ; and I am determined to pass the rest of my life in this place, if affairs do not change in Italy. This is my Parnassus. The Muses, driven out of Italy, enjoy here the tranquillity they love. You may enjoy it too ; and will find yourself much happier than at Naples, as I have experienced an agreeable contrast between this place and Parma. Let others run after riches and honours ; let them be marquisses, princes, kings ; I consent : for my own part, I am content with being a poet. But on yours, will you be always wandering ? You know the courts of princes, the snares they contain, the cares that devour, the perils that are run, the tempests to which they expose. Believe me. Come back, and repose yourself in your diocese, while fortune yet smiles upon you. You have all you want : let us leave superfluity to misers. We shall have no fine tapestries, but our hangings will be decent. Our tables will not be sumptuous, and loaded with many courses, but we shall have enough to suffice us. Our beds will not be covered with gold or purple, nor our chimneys or stairs be of marble ; but we shall only sleep the easier. The hour of death approaches, and warns me to limit my desires. I confine myself to the cultivation of my gardens. I am going to plant in them fruit-trees, which shall refresh me with their shade when I go to fish under my rocks. The trees I have are old, they want to be renewed. I beg of you to order your people to procure some pear and peach trees for me at Naples. I work for my old age, which I beseech you favour and protect. This is written to you in the midst of the woods from your hermit of the Sorgia."

About this time there was a great contention with respect to those islands we call the Canaries, and which the Romans named the Fortunate Isles. They are situated in the Atlantic Ocean, near the kingdom of Morocco. They were called fortunate from the fruitfulness of the land, and the softness of the air. In effect, they have a perpetual spring. The rigours of winter are not felt in this climate, and the heats of summer are softened by the zephyrs which continually arise to temper and refresh the air. These islands were lost, as it were, in the decline of the Roman empire ; but the Genoese found them out again in the thirteenth century. Lewis of Spain, the eldest son of Alphonso, king of Castile, and Blanche, daughter of St. Lewis, who was charged with a negociation to the pope from the king of France, took it into his head to ask Clement to bestow on him the government of these islands. Clement, who claimed the right of giving kingdoms, and reigning over kings, and who, naturally generous and benevolent, gave a kingdom with the same ease as he would bestow a benefice, granted this request ; crowned Lewis at Avignon with all possible magnificence, and made a fine discourse himself upon the occasion : Lewis agreeing to sacrifice his life and wealth to drive the infidels out of these islands, to establish the true faith, to hold his kingdom from the holy see, and pay an annual tribute. These things settled, the pope put the crown on his head, and the sceptre in his hand, and ordered him to walk in procession through the streets of Avignon with this fine regalia, and a most splendid train. Unfortunately, this pompous march was disturbed by a thunder shower, which turned this most august ceremony into a jest.

The new king, abandoned by all his court, arrived at his palace wet to the skin : a true prognestic that he would reign over nothing but fogs. In truth, Lewis gained nothing by this election but the golden crown, and the pretty name of Prince of the Fortunates, just suited to the hero of a romance. But as to Clement, he enjoyed two very sensible pleasures ; the giving an entertainment, and the making of a king. "It was said," continues Petrarch, who gave this detail to the bishop of Cavaillon, "that the English, who looked upon the islands that formed their kingdom as the most fortunate of all others, were alarmed when they learned that the pope had given them away. Nothing can better paint the ridiculous fear of a proud and barbarous people, who were persuaded that nature had treated them better than all others, and that their superiority in all things was never to be called in question." There is a bon-mot related of Don Sancho, the brother of this Lewis, with which I shall close this account, as it is very similar to it. Don Sancho having been proclaimed king of Egypt by the pope, who expected great things from his bravery, experience, and excellent education, asked the interpreter who accompanied him (for he understood not the Latin tongue) what was the reason of those shouts of applause. "Sire," replied he, "the pope has created you king of Egypt." "We must not be ungrateful," replied the prince, "Go thou, and proclaim the holy father caliph of Bagdat." "This," concludes Petrarch, "is what I call a pleasantry well worthy of a king. They give to Don Sancho an ideal kingdom : he returns the favour with a chimerical pontificate."

One day Petrarch went to walk in a delightful place near Avignon, where he often met Laura : or, if she was not there, the objects around enchanted him, and recalled a thousand pleasing sensations. As he was meditating in this delightful situation, he wrote the following lines :

"Stream, ever limpid, fresh, and clear,
Where Laura's charms appear renew'd !
Ye flowers that touch her gentle breast !
Ye happy trees on which she leans !
Ye scenes embellish'd by her steps !
If grief shall close these wretched eyes,
May some kind hand, when I am dead,
Cover me with this happy earth,
And lightly spread it round my tomb ;
'Twill shed delight on my abode ;
'Twill make me fearless of its gloom.
And when my fair majestic nymph
Shall visit this delightful spot ;
When she shall view my silent dust,
And mark the change her love has wrought ;
Then will she waft a gentle sigh ;

Then will she drop a tender tear;
And, like an infant at the breast,
Who cannot speak its soft distress,
So will the heart of gentle Laura bleed,
And in sad silence treasure up its woe."

1345. After the departure of Petrarch from Italy, the commotions of Parma increased. Azzo da Correggio, who had expressed the highest regard for Petrarch, and had loaded him with benefits, gave him the most pressing invitation to come to Verona, whither he had retired, and taken up his abode. William de Pastrengo, and other of his friends, joined in this entreaty. Petrarch was tenderly attached to Azzo, whose disposition and manner of thinking suited him in all respects. And these kind invitations staggered the resolutions he had formed, to which some other motives were added for his quitting Avignon. He had been now fourteen years attached to cardinal Colonna, who had done very little for him, and his fortune was very moderate. This master, who loved Petrarch tenderly, and had always behaved to him like a brother, was become difficult to please, unsatisfied, exacting; at least he appeared so in the eyes of Petrarch, whose free and independent spirit could not brook the least authority. The love of his country was always uppermost in his mind, and perhaps he flattered himself he should be able to promote its peace. To these motives were joined some secret reasons he did not think proper to divulge. And on these accounts he formed the resolution to quit Avignon, Laura, and Vaucluse. He went to disclose his design to cardinal Colonna, who was much displeased at it.

"What whim has taken you," said he, "to go and settle in Italy? You are inured to this country; you have passed your youth in it; you are known, loved, and esteemed; you have many ties here; why should you think of leaving it?"

"My master," replied Petrarch, "new times, new cares! This country is become odious to me. The land produces nothing but aconite. It is desolated by hail and the northern winds, and its waters are corrupted with lead. I am displeased with everything here, even with the air I breathe. I came poor, and I leave it still poorer. There is a pride or arrogance in this court to which I cannot submit. Even you who were so good, so gentle, so easy to live with formerly, permit me to say it, you are become restless, difficult, unsociable, and there is no living with you. When we are young, we can bear these things; but I feel that my humour changes with my years, and that I cannot support this life. I know nothing more ridiculous or melancholy than to grow old in slavery. Permit me to die free, and continue to indulge me with your favour."

"Ungrateful!" said the cardinal with vivacity; and is it thus you acknowledge the goodness you speak of? If I have not done for you all I wished, I have loved you sincerely, and set aside every distinction that birth had created between us."

"Love is repaid by love," replied Petrarch. "I have loved you ever since I had the honour of knowing you, and I shall never cease to love you. Here then we are equal."

"But, replied the cardinal, "what obliges you to determine with so much precipitation? All that you say of Avignon, have not you known it long, or is it a discovery that you have just made?"

"I confess," replied Petrarch, "that I have known it long. But I have been detained by habit, by my attachment to you, and my love for Laura. Everything alters with time. My hair, which is become grey, warns me to change my manner of thinking, and my life. Love suits not with one of my age. My friend Azzo has given me a higher relish for the beauties of Italy, our country. The air is purer, the water is clearer, the flowers more beautiful. The roses have a finer perfume; the fruits and herbs a finer taste. It is time I should go there to enjoy my liberty, and take possession of my father's sepulchre. There is not a moment to lose: I ask your permission to depart."

"Go!" said the cardinal with indignation. "You are an inconstant. You will be soon weary of the life you are going to lead: you will regret that you have left; and I prophesy you will wish to return to it. I formed your youth; you have learned all that you know in my house. It is very disagreeable to me that another should reap the advantage. I am like the labourer who beholds a stranger gather the fruit of his pains; like the merchant who seeks from afar those merchandises he is deprived of enjoying. I do not hide from you my grief for your loss; but know I can make a shift to live without you. I foresee you will be always poor."

The representations of the cardinal, and the solicitations of his friends, could not alter the resolution of Petrarch. He went to take leave of Laura. As she was ignorant of the motive of his visit, she received him with a smiling face: but when he had explained himself, and she found he was to leave Avignon, she changed colour, cast her eyes to the ground, and kept silence. "There was something so touching in her manner," says Petrarch, "no words could describe it. It seemed to say, 'Alas you are going, Petrarch! Ah! who will rob me of my faithful friend?'"

When Petrarch had bid adieu to Laura, and his two dearest friends in Avignon, the cardinal and Socrates, he set out by land, and went across Piedmont to Parma. He staid there only a few days to settle his affairs, the city being still in commotion, and then embarked upon the Po to go to Verona, where he was impatiently expected.

The son of Petrarch, whom he had brought up secretly at Avignon, was now eight years old. Petrarch was determined to entrust his education with Renaud de Villefranche, who was esteemed an excellent master. This, no doubt, was one of Petrarch's secret motives for removing to Italy. He had not been long there before he repented; and, as cardinal Colonna had foretold, wished himself at Avignon again. In leaving Laura, he had left the half of himself; and the delightful hills and charming valleys she frequented, were ever present to his mind. Petrarch was informed by Sennucio d'Elbene, that the cardinal was extremely desirous of his return, and that Laura suffered, too, much. It was certain she was in very great affliction for the loss of Petrarch. His friend Socrates also did all he could to engage him to return to Avignon, and wrote him the following letter: "What demon has taken possession of you? How could you bring yourself to abandon a country where you spent your youth so agreeably, and with so much success? How can you live so far from Laura, whom you tenderly love, and who is so much grieved at your absence? If these things cannot touch you, reflect on the friends you have left here, who languish for want of your society, and ardently beseech you to return. Think of your Socrates, who cannot live without you. The sovereign pontiff asks continually where you are, what you are doing, and why you do not return. What charms can that country have for you which is a prey to the fury of war? Your protector, your friend Azzo, also is mortal. Your fortune depends on his single life; and who knows whether his affection will last? Alas! upon whom can we depend in this world?"

Petrarch made this reply: "You lose your time, my dear Socrates: my resolution is taken. I have cast anchor in the place where I am. The Rhone with all its rapidity, nor even Laura herself, can draw me from hence. To stagger my resolution, you set before me the errors of my youth, and my fatal passion. Alas! I was when young too much engrossed by perishable attractions, too much tormented all my life with a fatal passion. I have left these things behind me, and I am making hasty advances to the end of my career. The friends I have left, above all yourself, my dear Socrates, would be the strongest motives for my return. But is it not just you should come once to me in Italy, who have been so often for your sake at Avignon? The sovereign pontiff flatters me by the honour of his regard; but shall a thirst after riches and honours make me wander for ever? Is it not better to enjoy with tranquillity the little that I possess? If that friend thinks I want more, the distance of my situation need not prevent his goodwill. Whose influence is more extensive than his who with one hand opens the gates of heaven and with the other shuts those of hell? But I am content with my lot, and I desire nothing beyond it. Alas! I know it; Italy is torn to pieces by intestine divisions, and threatened with foreign wars: but where can we live without peril, or find glory in the midst of peace? My friend, it is true, is mortal: but should he die, his glory and his virtues will survive. I can never suspect his affection and fidelity. If probity and candour have any habitation upon earth, they dwell in his heart. We live in the most perfect union, and this union promises to continue. Our time is divided by various employments; and the freedom and cheerfulness of our conversations make our days and nights pass insensibly away. When my passion for solitude comes on, I fly the city, and go wandering about the country without care or fear. In the summer, seated in the shade on a green lawn, or reclining on the bank of a river, I defy the heat of the dog-days. The autumn approaches, and I shall repair to the woods followed by the Muses. How much to be preferred is this life to that we lead in a court, where envy and ambition reign! I tread with delight upon the dust of Italy. Its air appears more pure and serene, and my eyes contemplate with joy the stars which shine over it. When death shall terminate my labours, it will be a great consolation for me to repose myself in the arms of this tender friend, who will close my eyes, and deposit my remains in its mother earth. And when time, which nothing can resist, shall have mouldered away my tomb, the air of this beloved country shall gently agitate the ashes it enclosed."

One should have supposed Petrarch well resolved, from this letter, to take up his future abode in Italy; yet such was the irresolution of his character, that soon after this he returned to Avignon. Some great business, he said, occasioned him to depart with precipitation. This business was doubtless his love of Laura, and that inquietude of mind which attended him everywhere.

He set out from Verona about the end of November, 1345. The troubles of Lombardy obliged him to take his route through Switzerland. William de Pastrengo would accompany him. They slept at Peschiera, a little town on the lake of Garda, the prettiest situation one can behold. They passed the greatest part of the night in conversation. The next morning, when they arrived at the confines of Brescia and the Veronese, where they were to separate, Petrarch, in a fit of grief, fell upon the neck of his friend, and, with a flood of tears, said to him, "Dear friend, it is with extreme concern I leave you to return into a foreign land. Perhaps I shall never see you again, but I shall love you while my life remains. Neither time nor distance can ever efface these feelings, which are deeply engraved on my heart. Take care of yourself, and never forget your Petrarch." William de Pastrengo was in too much distress to be capable either of speech or motion: he held his friend in his arms, and it was not without difficulty they were separated. This account is in a letter of William de Pastrengo, in which, after expressing his uneasiness for a journey undertaken in so inclement a season, across mountains buffetted by the winds, and covered with snow, he speaks with pleasantry of his life at Avignon.

"You have passed the Alps," says he to him: "I have no longer any uneasiness about that. From hence I see you paying homage to our lords, the cardinals. You make way for the first; you bow to a second; a third gives you his hand; and you are embraced by a fourth. You pay to each of them the most profound obeisance. I see you performing duty at your church of St. Agneol, and from thence returning through the Elysian fields. You attach yourself to your Colonna, cultivate your laurel, and rejoice under the shadow of your Delphic crown. I felicitate your happiness; it gives me less envy than pleasure. Adieu, my dear Petrarch."

Petrarch went on horseback from Lyons to Avignon along the banks of the Rhone. So impatient was he for the sight of Laura, he wished to follow the current of that rapid stream, which in the lofty mountains takes its source, and runs to pay its tribute to the ocean. "Nor sleep nor hunger stops thy happy course; while I, though love attracts, must linger far behind. If thou shouldst pass a beauteous vale, and feel the air more calm and pure, suspend thy course; for there sometimes the object I adore graces thy banks. Perhaps (shall I indulge the flattering thought?) she waits me there, and chides my long delay. Be thou my messenger of love: salute my fair one, and announce my presence."

Nothing could be more flattering to Petrarch's self-love than the reception given him on his return. He was received by the pope and all the court with joy, and the highest marks of favour.

The place of apostolic secretary was vacant at that time. It was a post of great honour, and led to an intimate connexion and confidence with the pope. It was laborious; but, to compensate for that, the revenue was very considerable. Clement, who loved Petrarch, and who wished to fix him in his court, offered him this place; his friends also intreated him to accept of it; but nothing could prevail upon him: he was constant and unshaken, always answering, that he would be free, and that he hated even golden chains. The same motive had engaged Horace to refuse the place of secretary to Augustus. Upon his refusal, it was given to a Neapolitan, named Francis. Petrarch knew and had corresponded with him. "He is a good man," says he, "and my friend, as he says; but illiterate, and without reputation."

The melancholy event that happened at this time at Naples affected Petrarch extremely. We have seen the dreadful commotions in that court. Prince Andrew had never yet been crowned in that kingdom, though acknowledged king in some foreign courts. The disgust and contempt of queen Joan towards him increased every day. She could not support those rough and vulgar manners which his unpolished education had given him, and which were so contrary to the gallantry and magnificence which reigned at Naples. Fond of her cousin, the prince of Tarentum, and governed by the Catanese and her cabal, she would never allow her husband the smallest share in the government, or express the least attachment towards him; and, it was thought, hated him for his weakness of constitution. In the midst of these dissentions, however, she proved with child. This event, and the solicitations of the Hungarians, above all, the monk Robert, awakened Andrew from his lethargy, and determined him on revenge. The pope, long solicited by the Hungarian party, could no longer defer this coronation; and he fixed a day for it, on the condition that prince Andrew should claim no right to the kingdom, which at his death was to succeed according to the will of king Robert. Everything was settled, when the Catanese and her cabal, seeing no other means to prevent the triumph of their enemies, conspired against the life of prince Andrew. To render the execution of this plot more easy, they engaged the court to go and pass the month of September at Aversa, a little town between Naples and Capua, very delightfully situated.

On the eighteenth of this month, at night, Andrew, almost entirely undressed, and stepping into the queen's bed, was summoned as for affairs of great consequence, and was told a courier was arrived from Naples in haste with despatches for him. Scarcely was the prince got out of the chamber to go through the adjoining gallery, than the conspirators, after the door of the queen's apartment was shut, fell upon him with fury. One of them muffled him with gloves to smother his cries: others threw a cord with a running knot round his neck, and hung him by it upon a balcony which looked into the garden: and some, who were in the garden, pulled him with so much force by the feet, that the blood streamed out of his nose and eyes. In fine, having exercised all sorts of cruelty and abuse on his body, they let him fall into the garden, where they were going to bury him, when a Hungarian woman, nurse to the prince, put them to flight by the violence of her cries.

Queen Joan was suspected of being concerned in this shocking assassination. Her antipathy to her husband, her love for Lewis, prince of Tarentum, her union with the conspirators, who were either her lovers or her domestics, were strong suspicions, which she confirmed by marrying the prince she loved before the time of mourning for her husband was expired, and by her negligence in attempting to discover the accomplices in his murder. Some historians, however, justify her from having any hand in this black crime, and she was unanimously cleared from it by the court of Rome: also Petrarch, and his friend Boccacio, did not believe her culpable. It is to be wished a young queen to whom Petrarch was attached, and who was a descendant of the great king Robert, could be justified; but it is hardly to be doubted that she knew of the plot, which was executed, at the very door of her chamber, by her lovers, her confidants, and her servants; and to know, and not prevent it, certainly made her partaker of the crime. It is not, however, surprising she should be acquitted, for she was only eighteen years of age, and extremely beautiful.

The bishop of Cavaillon was almost a witness of this catastrophe. He had been made a cardinal by Clement since his residence at Naples. In indignation for so horrible an outrage, and disgusted with everything in this debauched court, which he had not authority enough to remedy, he requested his dismission, and embarked in a galley the 23rd of December to return to Avignon. The next day, which was Christmas eve, a violent tempest cast him on the coast of Herculano, where they landed with difficulty. At midnight there came a courier from the queen, desiring him to come back to Naples, to baptize the child she had just brought into the world. The pope, whom she had requested to stand godfather, had left to her choice the person that should represent him on this occasion, and she gave the preference to the bishop of Cavaillon. This prelate, though fatigued by the tempest, set out immediately for Naples, and, as soon as the ceremony was over, returned to his ship, which sailed immediately. The queen having no hopes of ever seeing him again, named for her chancellor, in his place, the bishop of Montcassin, sent by the pope with the bishop of Padua to take care of the little child, and preside over its education. The bishop of Cavaillon suffered in his second navigation a more dreadful tempest than in the former, from which he was miraculously delivered by the intercession of St. Magdalen, which he assures us of himself in a life he wrote of that saint; and which he dedicated to the archbishop of Lyons, who had a great zeal for her, and founded a chapel to her honour in that metropolis. This life is in the library of St. Victor at Paris. The bishop, thus delivered from the peril with which he was threatened, arrived safely at Avignon in January, 1346. What a joy for Petrarch again to see so dear a friend! He wished to have a particular account of the events at Naples from so good a judge. Writing some time after on this subject, to Barbatus of Sulmone, he says, "I foresaw that some dreadful calamities threatened this unhappy kingdom; but I own I did not imagine that a young and innocent prince would be the first victim sacrificed to barbarity. I recollect no action like this in the tragedies of old: but our age, fruitful in crimes, produces scenes of horror unknown to the ancients, and which will prove the astonishment of posterity. O, unhappy Aversa! the common rights of humanity have been violated within thy walls, and thy subjects turned from their sacred allegiance to their king. How could a prince of such hopes, the most innocent of men, how could he deserve such cruel treatment! Had he died by the sword, or by poison, (the common fate of kings,) it would have been less affecting: but he was strangled like a thief, and torn to pieces with the fury of wild beasts. I forbear to mention the outrages on his body: why may I not by silence conceal all such horrors as these from posterity?"

We will now return to a more agreeable subject. From the situation of Laura, when Petrarch went to take leave of her, we may imagine the joy she felt at the sight of that faithful friend, who, she feared, was gone from her for ever. She did not, however, express outwardly all that passed in her soul, but she mixed nothing that was severe in her behaviour to him. Laura had this year some deep subject of grief. Petrarch does not say what; but it is probable it was the death of Ermessenda, her mother. She was penetrated with the most lively sorrow. It appears that Petrarch had now free access to her house, and that he went to console her on this occasion. "I went," says he, "to express my tender interest in Laura's grief. Love, who was my guide, has engraved for ever on my heart her looks and expressions. Her sighs would have stopped a river's course, and calmed the rage of Jupiter. Tears stood in her eyes; those eyes radiant as the sun. She joined patience with sorrow, and the divine harmony of virtue with every burst of woe. Were there ever, said Love, so many charms before united with such sentiment and truth?"

A very celebrated author says, "Grief never appeared so lovely and divine as is this picture of Laura drawn by the pen of Petrarch."

This year (1346) Petrarch passed almost wholly at Avignon, and was witness to a violent quarrel between two of the principal cardinals about the election of an emperor; cardinal Taillerand and cardinal de Commenges. They disputed the matter in full council, each supported by the cardinals, who were also divided into two parties. Taillerand and his side insisted that Charles of Luxemburg should be emperor, which the Gascon cardinals opposed. Petrarch says these two cardinals resembled two bulls grazing in the pastures of St. Peter, who threaten each other with their horns, and make the forests resound with their bellowings. In the heat of their dispute, they declaimed in the most injurious manner, and without any regard to the presence of the pope. The cardinal de Commenges reproached the cardinal de Taillerand with having imbrued his hands in the blood of king Andrew. Provoked beyond measure at such a reproach, the cardinal de Taillerand rose from his seat to strike the cardinal de Commenges, who had got up with the same design on his part; and they would certainly have fought, if the pope and their brethren had not separated them. This indecent behaviour caused a great cabal in the court of the pope. The courtiers and servants of both parties went always armed; their palaces were barricaded; and, if they had not been brought to a reconciliation at last, in all probability much blood would have been shed. "This comes," says Villani, a historian of that time, "from the fault of those popes who admit into the sacred college such proud and powerful lords. This is the example they give us poor laity; and thus they imitate the humility of the apostles, whose representatives they are."

Among the feasts that the pope gave this year to honour the presence of the king of Bohemia, and Charles, prince of Moravia, his son, who was designed by his father for the empire, and came to concert the measures with the pope for his election, the city of Avignon gave a magnificent ball in a hall finely illuminated, at which were collected all the beauties of that city and of Provence. Charles, who was a gallant prince, having heard much of Laura, whom her beauty, and the love of Petrarch, had rendered so celebrated, sought her everywhere in this assembly, and having discovered her in the crowd, he passed by all the ladies whose age or rank gave them the right of superior homage, and, when he was near her, he cast down his eyes, and bowed his head after the French fashion. Every body was pleased with so great a mark of distinction given to Laura, to whom it was so justly due. This gave Petrarch a high idea of this prince's discernment, and a sympathy for him, which caused him afterwards to take a singular interest in his fame and happiness.

Petrarch went according to custom to keep his Lent at Vaucluse. The bishop of Cavaillon, desirous to enjoy with him the delights of solitude, went for fifteen days to the castle I have mentioned built on the top of the rock, which seemed a fitter habitation for birds than for men. From what they had seen at Avignon and Naples, they were both disgusted with great cities, and the intrigues and cabals of courts; and returned to a country life with double relish, the charms of which they delighted to dwell upon and describe in their general conversations. Philip had so much pleasure in all Petrarch's works, that one day, when he went to see him at Vaucluse, and finding him in his library, he asked him for something to read. Petrarch presented to him the works of Cicero and of Plato. "These are not the things I want," said the bishop, bowing his head: "give me something of your own."

Soon after this Petrarch sent to cardinal Colonna the account of his war with the Naiads, written in Latin verse. "You have heard me speak," says Petrarch, "of my war with the Naiads. The contest is about our boundaries; and the merits of the contest may be easily understood. Near the source of the Sorgia there are some huge rocks, which rise aloft on each side, and, projecting into the air, receive the winds and the clouds. The streams run at the feet of those rocks, and form the kingdom of the Naiads. The Sorgia issues from a cavern, and rolls her fresh and glassy waves over a variegated bed of pebbles, which resemble emeralds. I am possessed of a little rocky district in the midst of these waves; and here it is that I have endeavoured to make an establishment for the Muses, who are driven almost from every part of the world. Hence this formidable war. The Naiads take it very ill that I introduce foreigners into their dominions, and that I prefer nine old maids to a thousand young virgins.

"By levelling the rocks with considerable labour, I had formed a little territory, which began to be covered with verdure; when, lo! a troop of enraged Naiads rushed with fury from the rocks, and ravaged my infant settlement! Alarmed with this sudden irruption, I instantly mounted the rocks, to observe the havoc which was made. As soon as the storm was over, I came down, much ashamed to have been thus vanquished, and immediately re-established my little state. Scarce, however, had the sun made his circuit round the world, when the Naiads returned again to the charge, carried everything before them, and made deep lodgments in the hollows of my rocks. Filled with resentment, I resumed my operations, determined to accomplish my design. But I was obliged soon after to go into other countries, and was under the necessity of abandoning the enterprise. I had the good fortune, however, to restore the Muses to the Roman state, where they were become in a great measure strangers, and fixed them in the Capitol. Six years had elapsed, during which time I had often crossed the sea, and had passed and re-passed the Alps. At length I returned to the seat of war, and found not the least remains of my labours. The enemy had taken advantage of my absence, and had again ravaged my little kingdom. Nay, they had even established a colony of fish, which I observed swimming about much at their ease. Roused with indignation, I again take arms. I enlist under my banner the shepherd, the farmer, and the fisherman. The sun likewise, the moon, and the dog-star, appear as my auxiliaries. We attack the rocks with iron, and rend away prodigious masses. We open the bowels of the earth, and tear out her bones. In fine, the Naiads are a second time driven from the territory, and the Muses are once more established.

"The Naiads, as they roll their waves along my shores, see with regret their own defeat and my triumph. At present they utter only some vain murmurs, and ineffectual threats, but I foresee their intentions, and am well aware of their wiles. They are waiting till Aquarius shall pour out his streams, and till the mountains shall be covered with snow and ice; and then they expect that the cavern will send forth her swelling billows to their aid. But I am guarded on every side. Some immense rocks, which have with difficulty been ranged about my territory, are a sufficient barrier against their utmost efforts. And I am not dismayed, though I should be attacked by all the waters of the Po and the Araxes. The Muses are now securely fixed on their new Parnassus; you see the mountain with the double summit, the springs of Hippocrene, the woods of the poets, &c. &c.

"If you prefer the repose of the country to the bustle of the town, come and enjoy it here. Be not frighted with the homeliness of my fare, or the hardness of my beds. Even kings themselves are sometimes cloyed with their luxuries, and seek out a plainer diet: the variety delights, and they return to their former pleasures with more exquisite relish. But if you think otherwise, bring with you the richest dainties, and the viands of Vesuvius; your vessels of silver, and everything which can court the sense. Leave the rest to me. You shall have a bed upon the green turf, under the shade of the trees; a concert of nightingales; figs, raisins, and water fresh drawn from the coolest springs. In one word, you shall have everything which can be supplied by the hand of Nature, the only source of true pleasure."

The war with the Naiads was finally terminated the following year; and Petrarch gives the cardinal an account of this accommodation in another Latin epistle. "It is now ten years since this war commenced. The siege of Troy and the conquest of Gaul by our forefathers, were not of longer duration. Every effort was ineffectual. The Naiads were victorious. I threw down my arms and my territory was subdued. I raised no more banks, no more rocks to check their progress; henceforward they moved at liberty; and, like a cautious pilot, I adapted my sails to the course of the wind.

"It was a great pleasure to me to drive the Naiads from their empire; but then the war was to be renewed every year. The summer was favourable to my projects, but the winter restored again to the enemy all my conquests. Might I be allowed to draw a parallel between the labours of a poet and those of the greatest princes, I should compare my enterprise to that of Xerxes, who threw a bridge over the Hellespont; to that of Cæsar, who attempted to bind with chains the horns of Brundusium; or to that of Caligula, who exhibited on the sea of Baiæ the third example of a mad and unbounded pride. My plan is now changed. I find it is impossible to conquer nature, or subdue the elements. I have given, therefore, a free course to the Naiads, and have placed the Muses in a little nook towards the bottom of the rocks. They are secured by a kind of rampart, which the Naiads can never overthrow without sapping the foundations of the mountain. The habitation is very small, but it is sufficient; for the Muses have few visitors, and are not at all beloved by the vulgar."

It appears that cardinal Colonna accepted this invitation of Petrarch's, and that he passed no year without visiting his hermitage. We will now return again to Laura.

She had a friend who was wise and amiable, and who was in the interests of Petrarch as much as virtue and honour permitted. She wished him to be loved, but with a pure and tender friendship. When she saw him dejected, and almost in despair, she encouraged him, and re-animated his spirits; but she restrained him also when he required it. On the other side, she did all she could to engage Laura to treat Petrarch with less rigour. One day, when she represented to him the tender expressions of love in Laura's countenance and behaviour when he deserved them; "Incredulous!" adds she; "and can you, after all this, have any doubt of her affection?" This friend appears in the vision of the death of Laura, where she is described as a soft voice speaking to Petrarch.

The constitution of Laura was very delicate; her frequent confinements in childbed, and some domestic chagrins, had exhausted her so much, that, though still young, her health began to decline, and she drooped apace, which touched Petrarch to the soul. "Virtue," says he, "would disappear with Laura; the world would be another chaos, and no sun would enlighten its dark mansion. O, Heaven! grant me to die before Laura, that I may never see so dreadful an event." Laura had a complaint in her eyes this year, which was extremely painful; she was even threatened with the loss of sight. "My tears," says Petrarch, "were dried up; my state peaceful and happy; when a thick cloud threatened with a total eclipse the sun of my life. Oh, Nature, thou wise and tender mother, canst thou have the heart to destroy the finest of thy works?"

Petrarch went often to see Laura in her confinement: he found her one day cured of her complaint; and by a sort of sympathy, the cause of which lovers can better explain than physicians, the defluxion passed immediately from the eyes of Laura to those of Petrarch. He looked upon this passage, this communication, as the greatest favour he had received at the hands of Love. "I fixed my eyes on Laura's," says he, "and that moment a something inexpressible, like a shooting star, darted from them to mine. This is a present from Love in which I rejoice. How delightful it is thus to cure the darling object of one's soul!"

Petrarch would have been too happy in so much kindness from Laura, if a little quarrel had not happened between them, which for a time gave him the most sensible concern. One of those meddling envious people, who are found in every place, and who delight in troubling the peace of families with their false and idle tales, and above all, aim at dividing those hearts which are united in the bonds of love or friendship, got it reported to Laura, that Petrarch imposed upon her; that she was not the real object of his love and of his verses; but that, under her borrowed name, he hid from the public a passion he had for another lady, to whom his poetry was secretly addressed. Laura, too much like her sex in this particular, gave ear to a report so destitute of all probability; she deprived Petrarch of her presence and conversation, and took every precaution to prevent the possibility of his seeing her. He, on his part, watched for her everywhere, and by these little stratagems he sometimes obtained a sight of her. "My joys," says he, "are like the bright days of winter, of flattering aspect, but short duration."

This little anecdote, with many others, may serve to remove the doubt some have unjustly entertained of the strength of Laura's affection for Petrarch, representing her as a coquette, pleased only with his praises and admiration. But how different does her character appear to those who study it attentively; and, in particular, how undivided and constant was her love! Sure characteristics of a perfect affection, and directly opposite to the behaviour of those women who are famed for coquetry. I doubt not that as her ruined constitution was owing to many private chagrins, only hinted at by Petrarch, (such as an unkind husband, and the perceiving in some of her children dispositions that were unpromising,) so the decay of her health might arise also from her anxiety in her frequent separations from Petrarch; especially the last, which she had so tenderly lamented; and that attention in all her conduct towards him, which will wear out a mind formed with the sensibility of Laura's. And to this we ought to impute her weakness in crediting so absurd a report; the only weakness, except her love itself, that appears in her character. She was, however, too reasonable to continue for any time so unjust a quarrel. She was convinced of the innocence of Petrarch, and received him as usual. Our poet, re-established in the good graces of Laura, recovered his lost tranquillity.

It may be recollected that Petrarch was made archdeacon of Parma, and kindly treated by Hugolin de Rossi, the bishop. An occasion offering to add a prebend to it, the pope did not let it slip, but gave it to Petrarch. The other canons, who looked upon him with envy, did all they could to embroil him with the bishop. The character of Hugolin was too easily wrought upon; that softness of manners, and that good-nature which rendered him so amiable in society, occasioned great defects in his public character. He was apt to believe all that was said to him, and flatterers turned him which way they pleased. The enemies of Petrarch persuaded this bishop, that Petrarch was gone to Avignon to calumniate his character, and that he only stayed there to gain this end. Petrarch, informed of these false reports, and solicitous to preserve the good opinion of the bishop, wrote him the following letter:

"I can hold no longer. Permit me to disburthen my heart to you. Nature has endued you with a sincere, kind, and equitable disposition. I am attached to you; but you have conceived unjust suspicions of me, which have no foundation. I know not what serpents have breathed their venom around you. Permit me to debate this matter. We are in the month of December, when slaves among the ancients were allowed to say everything to their masters. There are a set of envious spirits, who delight to separate friends. Let such be put away: I have no contest with them; I despise them from my soul. I will have you only, my father, for my witness and my judge; if you condemn me, I will appeal from you to your conscience; that shall absolve me. They tell you I am come to this court to do you a mischief. I seek to hurt any one! I! who from my childhood have suffered with patience all the wrongs done to me from those who owed me service? Have I ever returned evil for evil? Have I ever set a snare even for my enemies? Have I attacked the reputation of any one, his property, or his person? Let my life be examined with the strictest severity, nothing of this sort will be found in it. Attacked by those who hated me, I have often contained my anger in my breast, to the hazard of being thought a coward. Sometimes I have lamented and complained: the dove and the lamb do so too. There is not a single person whose reputation is wounded by my tongue. I have only to accuse myself of some letters, in which I answer my censurers without naming them. I never in any justification have passed the bounds of decency and humanity. I have rather imitated the moderation of Scipio, who would never revenge any affront he had received from his countrymen. I think with the Satirist, that vengeance should be left to women; and when grieved to the bottom of my soul, I trust my cause to God.

Having thus treated my enemies with gentleness, am I capable of attacking my friends? A lamb among wolves, shall I become a wolf among lambs? Of what use would it be to me to fly cities and public affairs, to seek solitude, repose, and silence, if my place was among the wicked?

"I now experience the truth of what was told me, that to learn to live well is the most difficult of all arts. The event of our conduct seldom answers the intention. I have in my life passed for a magician and sorcerer, because I loved to be alone, and to read Virgil. Apuleius merited this accusation better than myself, which he refuted by his elegant work called the Golden Ass. How difficult is it to save the bark of reputation from the rocks of ignorance! Exercise your genius, pass whole nights in labour, give to the public a good book; if there is anything in it (as there must be many things) which the ignorant do not understand, they will say immediately you are a sorcerer. But this is a trifle. I would rather they should attack my understanding than my heart: I would rather pass for a magician than a knave. But even into this precipice am I fallen, which I have always avoided with care. Envy pursues me to my most secret retreats. Persius had reason for this exclamation, 'How vain are the cries of men, how frivolous their occupations!' The only motives which induce men to do evil, to wrong one another, are hatred, wrath, envy, fear, or hope. I hate you, my father! You have never done me any evil: on the contrary, before I had the honour of filling up the first place after yours in your church, you treated me with an unmerited distinction. As to wrath, that could have no place; our conversations were always peaceful and friendly. As to envy, I take God and my conscience to witness, I never envied any man; I wish I could say as much of contempt. Content with my lot, I have more reason to fear the envy of others towards me. My father, if I might speak with so much freedom, I would add, I pity your fate, and that of your brethren, who have the weight of a diocese to support. But trouble and perplexity is the lot of all who play a first part on the stage of this world. And lastly, as to hope, would that cause me to injure you? Your fall would never be my rise. And allow me to assure you, I would not exchange my repose for your labours, my poverty for your riches. It is not that I despise your fortune; but, if I was offered the same rank, nothing would persuade me to accept of it. I should not speak in this manner, perhaps, if I had not known the sovereign pontiff, and those men who shine around him in the Roman purple. But the connexion I have had with them has convinced me that their felicity is a shadow without a reality. Pope Adrian IV. says, in his Philosophical Trifles, 'I know no person more unhappy than the sovereign pontiff. Labour alone, were that his only evil, would destroy him in a short time. His seat is full of thorns, his robe stuck with points, and of an overwhelming weight. His crown and tiara shine, but it is with a fire that will consume him. I have risen by degrees *,' adds he, 'from the lowest to the highest dignity in this world, and have never found that any of these elevations made the least addition to my happiness. On the contrary, I feel it impossible to bear the load with which I am charged.'

"I will add, in vanity, that, had I emulated your dignity, I might have possessed a more valuable situation than yours; but I have always preferred a modest liberty to a brilliant slavery. If the person who would so highly have honoured me was not still alive, I would not have made this boast: and it should rather appear that my heart was disposed towards you, when I accepted the archdeaconry of your church, after refusing more considerable benefices. What, say my enemies, then, does he absent himself for? What is he doing at court? I will tell you. I languish, I suffer, I lose my time; the greatest loss we can sustain in this world; but I cannot resist some friends who detain me. It would be easier for me to tell you what I do not do, than the business I am employed in. I hurt no one but myself. Instead of injuring you, I would be of service to you, if possible. To suspect a man who thinks this, is an error: to hate him, will be a cruelty. I conjure you, by all that is most sacred, banish suspicion; it is the bane of friendship. Vouchsafe to receive me among the number of your friends. I have long trusted in this indulgence. If you doubt my fidelity, put it to the proof. If you judge me unworthy of your kindness, cast me off without harshness. You will lose nothing by rejecting me; but your reputation would suffer, and that would be a great loss to you."

Petrarch had a friend at Parma, called Luke Christien. He was born at Rome, and possessed a benefice at Placentia. He was attached to the house of Colonna, and was often at the cardinal's. Petrarch had lately resigned to him a canonry of Modena, which the pope had conferred on him, and which, according to the custom of that age, he might have held with his archdeaconry. To this friend he gave his letter for the bishop of Parma, charging him to second it with all that friendship could suggest. "You know better than any one," said Petrarch, "what I think of our bishop, when he is not surrounded by flatterers, who are the pest of the great. We shall see what will be his answer to my long letter. Examine him with attention: the pen alone will not pourtray the heart; the air, the gesture, the colour, the voice, the forehead, the foot, the hand, the eyes, the eye-brows, all speak. But to those who are absent, this language is lost. Be very observant of these things, and suffer me not to be deceived. I have done all that I could to dissipate unjust suspicions. I have kindled the lamp of truth, if he will open his eyes to behold it. If not, I have discharged my conscience, and shall use no further arguments. Constraint will never produce conviction."

Some days after this Petrarch went to Vaucluse with his friend Socrates. The bishop of Cavaillon

---

* Adrian IV., the only Englishman who ever sat on the papal throne, was the son of a domestic servitor, who afterwards became a brother, of the Abbey of St. Alban's. He was himself refused admission there for want of sufficient learning. Finding his way abroad, he became a servitor in the monastery of St. Rufus, near Avignon, where his pleasing countenance, obliging behaviour, ready talents, and diligence in study, recommended him to the favour of the monks, and he was, in due time, admitted into their fraternity, and, on the death of the superior, was chosen to succeed him, and finally attained the tiara. He died in 1159.—Ed.

sent a message to them immediately on their arrival, inviting them both to come and see him, without any ceremony, in the same dress they were in. Petrarch replied by the following billet: "Yesterday we quitted the city of storms, to come and take refuge in this port, and taste the sweetness of repose. We have only coarse garments, such as suit the season of the year, and the place we inhabit. We will come to you in this rustic fashion, since you will have it so. We do not scruple appearing thus in your town; and the desire we have to see you is so strong, as to rise above all other considerations. Of little consequence is our outward appearance before a friend who can read the most secret thoughts of our hearts. If you wish to see us often, you will not refuse the indulgence we ask, that you will always prove your friendship by treating us with the utmost freedom."

These journeys of Petrarch to Vaucluse were short. It appears that his affairs at Avignon detained him. Sometimes he passed only a day to prune his trees, and look round his garden. He gives a pleasing description of one of these days in a letter to William de Pastrengo:

"My disgust to the city, and the love of the country, has brought me to this fountain, which has the virtue of giving wings to the imagination. You recollect that field formerly covered with stones: at present it is become a garden enamelled with flowers. The river Sorgia refreshes it on one side: I have enclosed it with a wall to the south, and high rocks on the other side shade it from the morning sun. On these rocks the birds make their nests; some deck them with moss, others with the leaves of trees. It is a charming sight to see these tender animals just peeping from their eggs, and soon after with fear and quaking trying their little wings, and seizing with their timid beaks the food that is brought them. When I walk in the meadows on the banks of my river, when I examine the trees I ingrafted myself, and the laurels I have transplanted from foreign countries, the image of my dear William appears to me on every side; the hillock on which we sat, the bank on which we reposed, the ducks and drakes we diverted ourselves with making in the water that was running at our feet. Here we entertained ourselves with recalling the Muses from their long exile, with comparing the Greek and Latin poets: here we gave ourselves up to the delights of unrestrained conversation, and should have forgotten our evening refreshment, had we not been reminded by the shades of night.

"In the midst of such agreeable ideas time passes imperceptibly; the day wears; and I found I must depart. I had scarcely got out of the narrow passage which encloses this valley, when the wings of darkness came over me, and I redoubled my steps. Descending along the side of the river, I perceived a group of men and women, who were coming towards me. The French luxury, which has confounded the dress of the sexes, prevented me at first from distinguishing them; but, as they approached nearer, their faces became plain, and the ambiguity disappeared: I discovered ribands, necklaces of pearls, ornaments on the head, rings, and gowns edged with purple. We saluted each other. What an agreeable surprise, my dear William! I discovered the object of your love, the beauty whom I observed you so enchanted with. What a countenance! What features! With her bow and quiver, I should have taken her for Diana. I see my friend with pleasure in the eyes of this nymph. After saluting me, she took hold of my hand, and we entered into conversation. But first I addressed myself to the company. 'May I ask,' said I, 'without impertinence, what is the intention of your walk?' 'We are going,' they answered, 'to see that fountain so much spoken of.' But I was not thus to be deceived. Your beautiful mistress was not ignorant of your situation here; and this journey was a good excuse to seek your image, and retrace your steps. I read this in her face; and all those who know by experience the ready stratagems of love, would have been of the same opinion. Her steps were quick: she had an ardour, a gaiety, a satisfaction in viewing these places, which could arise from nothing but this passion. I would return with her to the fountain. I thought I was with you, that I saw and heard you. The eyes of your nymph sparkled with that vivid flame, the warmth of which is so delightful to lovers. We conversed about you, and I should have been there still, if night had not separated us."

1347. Petrarch had not seen his brother since he had taken the habit, which was five years. He went thither in the beginning of February, and was received by them as a messenger from heaven. What was his joy to see that brother whom he so tenderly loved, and whose taste for the world had given him so much anxiety, content with the state he had embraced, and not regretting that he had forsaken! The Carthusians, who had heard Petrarch spoken of as the finest genius and the most eloquent man of the age, flattered themselves he would give them some discourses suited to their condition. He stayed only one day and night with them; but, at his departure, he promised to send them a treatise on the happiness of a monastic life, and he kept his word. The intention of this work was to compare the peace and harmony of their state with the uneasy and turbulent lives led by the people of the world. In his letter he writes thus:

"My desires are fulfilled. I have been in paradise, and seen the angels of heaven in the form of men. Happy family of Jesus Christ! How was I ravished in the contemplation of that sacred hermitage, that pious temple, which resounded with celestial psalmody! In the midst of these transports, in the pleasure of embracing the dear deposit I confided to your care, and in discoursing with him, and with you, time ran so rapidly that I scarcely perceived its progress. I never spent a shorter day or night. I came to seek one brother, and I found a hundred. You did not treat me as a common guest. The activity and the ardour with which you rendered me all sorts of services, the agreeable conversations I had with you in general and particular, made me fear I should interrupt the course of your devout exercises. I felt it was my duty to leave you, but it was with extreme pain I deprived myself of hearing those sacred oracles you deliver. I did propose to have made you a short discourse; but I was so absorbed, I could not find a moment to think of it. In my solitude I ruminate over that precious balm which I gathered, like the bee, from the flowers of your holy retreat. I shall write to you the things I ought to have said. I believe myself always with you."

Petrarch composed this treatise in the year 1347. He passed the Lent of this year at Vaucluse, according to custom. His friend Lelius, who came with him, was obliged to leave him before the end of April; and, not being able to bid him adieu, went away without saying a word. A little event, which happened at Thor, furnished Petrarch with an occasion to write to this friend soon after his return to Avignon. Thor is a little town two leagues from Vaucluse. The duke of Ancesune, a descendant from Laura by the mother's side, is the present lord of Thor. Gerard Amic possessed it at this time. He was a man given up to debauchery. Persuaded that everything upon earth ought to contribute to his pleasures, he looked upon the whole world as his seraglio. A young man, fond of a girl who lived near him, obtained her person under the promise of marriage. The girl, who was very pretty, was so unfortunate as to please this lord, who used every stratagem to seduce her, but in vain. Love to this youth prevailed over vanity and interest. Gerard, not enduring the pre-eminence given to another, had him accused before his tribunal of violating this maiden, and he was cast into prison. When the girl was interrogated, she denied the violation, and frankly confessed she had consented to all that passed, and only demanded from her lover, that he should perform his promise of marrying her. The young man wished nothing so much. "Let them take off my irons," said he, "and I am ready to do what she asks of me." They were both free, and of a suitable age and station. This affair, which was very plain, took an unhappy turn, because the rival was also the judge, and determined on revenge. He therefore threatened the young man that he should be hanged for this offence. So great an injustice raised all the neighbourhood of Thor against him. The touching situation of these young persons, who loved one another, and were desirous of being united, interested everybody in their behalf. Some friends of Petrarch came to beg him, with tears in their eyes, to employ his credit in the court of Avignon to save this unfortunate youth, whose life was in such imminent peril. Petrarch sent express to Avignon his faithful fisherman with this letter for Lelius:

"It happened with us as with Pompey and Cornelia, who had not the power when they parted to bid one another adieu. Words are, in fact, but the shadows of our thoughts. Of what use are long discourses between friends whose souls are diffused into each other? I have a good work to propose to you, and I hope you will co-operate with me in it." Petrarch then mentions the fact, and says, "My friend, both you and I have experienced the distresses of love, and it is but just we should lend our aid to those who suffer from this passion. It is true, the great soul of our master is exempt from these weaknesses; but he is not the less sensible to human misery. Let them not say, that in the country they feel not the flames of love: it is a mistake; that little god extends his empire over all nature: everything that breathes is subject to his laws. Virgil says, the follies he occasions ought to be pardoned; but he adds, if the gods of hell know how to pardon. I doubt that Bellerophon, who has no humanity, will be as inexorable as these gods themselves. Heated by jealousy, he thirsts after the blood of a rival preferred to himself. Beg our master to write to him, to demand the liberty of this unhappy prisoner. The courier who brings you my letter is the young man's friend: he will tell you his name, and add every minute circumstance. Whatever be the event, you and I have done all that depends on us to succour these unfortunate lovers, whose situation is more affecting than can be expressed."

Three days after this, the letter from cardinal Colonna to the lord of Thor not being arrived, Petrarch was obliged to send the same courier again to Avignon. The report was spread abroad that the young man was to be condemned and executed immediately, and that his irritated judge had shut his ears against every solicitation. Petrarch was again besought to write to Lelius; and with his letter he sent him some virgin oil from Vaucluse, (so they call the oil which runs from the olive without being pressed;) and he adds, "I should think that Minerva, who discovered the olive-tree, had quitted Athens for Vaucluse, if in my Africa I had not placed her at Lerici and Porto Venere." Petrarch does not tell us what was the event of this affair. It marks the despotism of the lords of provinces, and the humanity and public spirit of Petrarch, who could not bear tyrants of any sort, either great or small, or anything that tended to encroach on the liberty of human nature. This manner of thinking caused him, however, to favour Rienzi's usurpation, which he repented of afterwards, and for which he has been bitterly reproached. This extraordinary affair was as follows:

Nicholas de Rienzi, whom the reader will recollect, on an embassy from Rome, had long conceived the project of drawing the Roman people out of their lethargy, and the slavery they were held in. His conversations with Petrarch, who was persuaded Rome ought to govern the world, no doubt confirmed him in this astonishing enterprise. He discharged his office of apostolic notary, given him by the pope, with great appearance of honour, justice, and disinterestedness; and went about declaiming everywhere against the injustice of the great. After he had thus prepared the minds of the people for a revolution, he caused little emblematical pictures to be stuck up everywhere, which expressed the misery of the Romans in their present state, compared with their past grandeur and felicity. These emblems he explained, and took the occasion to harangue the assembly with sighs, groans, tears, and expressions of indignation. He then assembled in secret those who appeared best prepared for his confidence. Stephen Colonna, who would never have suffered such meetings, was absent. When he had worked up the Romans to the disposition he wished, he assured them of sufficient means to re-establish the good state of Rome; which was a phrase of raillery with its present great men. "In the funds of the apostolic chamber," adds he, "I have all that is necessary for this enterprise. But God forbid I should touch it without the will of the sovereign pontiff." This was a cunning turn to rest his conduct on the pleasure of the pope; and though the Romans were much disgusted with the holy father for enriching the city of Avignon with their spoils, they did not choose openly to oppose him, and were pleased with Rienzi, who had found a pretext to retain this money at Rome without offending the pope. They unanimously, therefore, proclaimed Rienzi their chief, and devoted themselves to his will. He made them sign an oath, to which he first put his own name, to procure the good state of Rome.

In May, 1347, he had it cried in the streets by sound of trumpet, that each citizen should come without arms the next night to the church of the castle of St. Angelo, at the ringing of the great bell. It was inconceivable how a man without name, support, or dignity, should think of convoking an assembly of conspirators by the sound of trumpet. It succeeded, however, and the Roman people ran in crowds to the church at the time appointed, where Rienzi had thirty masses for the Holy Spirit repeated almost together, at which he himself assisted from midnight till nine in the morning, which was the day of Pentecost, when he chose that it might be believed he was inspired by the Holy Ghost. He then went out of the church with his head bare, but armed, and a hundred men to escort him, armed likewise. The people followed him in crowds, without any knowledge of what he was going about. He walked at the side of Raimond, bishop of Orvietta, the pope's vicar. He was a good man, a great canonist, but little suited to represent the sovereign pontiff, as his assisting on this occasion is a proof, which he ought with all his power to have opposed. In the midst of this train, who redoubled their acclamations, Rienzi marched straight to the capitol, and then mounted the tribunal, from whence he harangued the people, and proposed all the regulations they wished for; freedom from oppression, peace and plenty, which were to be accomplished at the pope's expense, and on pretence of serving him. The presence of his vicar appeared to justify him in all, and to give a sanction to his authority. Rienzi was declared by the people, as Vespasian was by the senate, sovereign of Rome with unbounded authority. Rienzi, at the summit of his wishes, consented to accept their offer only on two conditions: the first, that they should give him the pope's vicar for a colleague; the second, that the pope should approve what they had done. The good bishop supported a very ridiculous part in this scene. It is not known whether he approved it, or found it of no use to oppose his single authority. Rienzi, after having dismissed the people, took possession of the palace, from whence he drove out the senators, and dictated his laws from the capitol.

There never was an example of a revolution so quick, so tranquil, and so singular in all its circumstances. The great lords of Rome had regarded Rienzi as a buffoon, who diverted the people by his wit; and even the Colonnas invited him to their palace for their amusement, and looked upon him as a fool. What was the astonishment of old Stephen Colonna when he learned what had passed! He came to Rome, and expressed his discontent. Rienzi, by a writing, ordered him to leave Rome directly. Stephen took the writing, and tore it, saying, "I will have that fool thrown from the windows of the Capitol." But, perceiving that the commotion was general, and they were going to surround his palace, he mounted his horse, and retired to Palestrina, where his family resided. He had scarcely time to stop at St. Laurent to eat a morsel of bread.

Rienzi in the meanwhile published the strictest orders for the punishment of all the public malefactors, and all known villains; and this necessary severity gained him the hearts of the people, to which he joined an exact justice in the regulation of public affairs. The noise of this transaction soon spread over Europe. The court of Avignon was seized with a panic terror: but when they read the letters sent by Rienzi and the bishop of Orvietta, whom they had obliged to write in concert with him, they were a little reassured. These letters breathed nothing but zeal for the church, disinterestedness, and the deliverance of Rome from misery and oppression; and concluded by requesting the confirmation of an authority he had only accepted at the will of his Holiness, and which he meant to exercise in conjunction with his vicar. The court of the pope, though extremely shocked at this enterprise, thought it best to dissemble, and appear to approve what they could not prevent.

The pope confirmed Rienzi with the bishop in their rights, exhorting them to merit the continuance of his protection and regard. Rienzi then required the people to invest him with an authority that should render him independent of any but themselves, under the title of tribune, and to associate the pope's vicar with him. The people assented to this, and proclaimed both of them with the greatest acclamations. Rienzi, informed by his spies that the nobles he had banished to their castles held secret assemblies, cited them to his tribunal, and they were forced to obey. Stephen Colonna the younger was the first, and appeared extremely moved. He obliged him and the other lords to take an oath, that they would never take up arms against him or the Roman people. After this he determined to make an example of terror of a young nobleman, who was immersed in vice, and detested for his acts of violence. He was the nephew of two cardinals, and had been himself a senator. Rienzi had him taken by force out of his palace. They tore him from the arms of a young widow to whom he was just married, and dragged him to the capitol, where he was judged, condemned, and executed the same day, almost under the eyes of his wife. From her window she could see the body of her husband hanging at the post, where he remained two days. He cut off the head of another lord, who had done something against his orders; and then dragged to prison, in open day, Peter Agapit Colonna, who had been senator that year. These examples rendered the nobles more circumspect and complying.

After these transactions, Rienzi reformed all the public abuses: the success of his endeavours was incredible; the highways became sure; the people resumed the cultivation of their lands; pilgrims came and went in safety; commerce revived; and even the markets and shops became schools of sincerity and truth. A Bolognese returning from Babylon, where he had been a slave to the sultan, said, that this prince, having heard there had appeared an extraordinary man at Rome, who did justice, and protected the people, cried out in disorder, "that Mahomet and Elias were come to succour Jerusalem." Rienzi now sent couriers to all the states of Italy: his view was to unite and form them into one great republic under Rome. Many of them entered into his views; and, what was more flattering, the king of Hungary sent a solemn embassy to him, to decide the affair of his brother Andrew's death. It was solemnly pleaded before Rienzi, who was seated on his throne, having his crown on his head, and in his hand a silver apple with a cross; but he deferred giving judgment on a matter which must have armed against him one of the powers in dispute. Philip of Valois, king of France, was almost the only power who was not dazzled by the sudden elevation of the tribune, and who formed a just idea of his character.

The letters of Petrarch to Rienzi prove their union, and Petrarch's detestation of the insupportable tyranny exercised by the nobility over the people. Most of these nobles were strangers, who came from the borders of the Rhine, the Rhone, from Spoletta, &c., to settle at Rome, and had taken from those who had a right to them, the public offices and honours. Their palaces in that city, and their castles in the country, were so many fortresses, where they shut themselves up, and from whence they only made excursions to commit all sorts of violence and robbery; and Rienzi acted at first in the best manner, and took the wisest methods to destroy their tyranny.

An enterprise so hardy as Rienzi's, could not be executed without envy, and drawing a great number of enemies upon its author. He appeared often in a magnificent chapel, surrounded with iron bars, which he had built in the capitol, where divine service was celebrated with all imaginable pomp, being seated on a sort of throne; the barons of Rome standing before him with their arms crossed upon their breasts, and their cowls let down on their backs; and they were often seen in this humiliating situation. In the progress of these memoirs, we shall find the dreadful consequences of this transaction of Rienzi's. We shall here only subjoin Petrarch's first letter to him, and Rienzi's answer.

After having exhorted the Romans to unite against the tyrants who oppressed them, and pillaged from the public treasure to enrich themselves, and to concur with their tribune in the re-establishment of the republic, Petrarch thus addresses himself to Rienzi:

"Intrepid man! who dost alone support the heavy weight of the republic, watch with more care over its bad citizens than over its declared enemies. Modern Brutus! let the example of the ancient be ever before you. He was a consul: you are a tribune. Let history be consulted, and it will be seen, that the consuls have sometimes done atrocious things against the people. The tribunes, on the contrary, have always been their most zealous defenders. If the first consul sacrificed his own children to the liberty of his country, what ought we not to expect from a tribune? Be advised by me, and yield nothing to friendship or to blood; but hold as your worst enemy whoever is the enemy of the public freedom. Illustrious man! the Romans, and their posterity, will owe to you the great happiness, of living and of dying free.

"I had two requests to make you. The first of them I learn you have already fulfilled, and that you undertake nothing without first strengthening your soul in receiving the body of the Lord with the requisite dispositions of mind. I cannot enough commend this devout practice, which I meant to propose to you. My second desire was, that you should imitate Augustus, who employed that small portion of time which he could gain from his public occupations, in reading or hearing the history of those great men whose characters might serve as models for himself.

"Why can I not unite with you to procure so great a good? But my situation will not permit me: by my pen alone can I discharge my duty as a citizen. If you persevere as you have begun, you will hear me sing your praise in a higher key, and spread your fame throughout the world. You have laid excellent foundations; justice, truth, peace, and liberty. In your letters are seen the greatness of your courage, and the dignity of the Roman people, without invading the respect due to the sovereign pontiff. Your expressions, though firm, are modest; they have nothing in them either of a slavish fear, or a foolish presumption; and it is doubtful whether your actions or style are most to be admired. They say you speak like Cicero, while you act like Brutus. You ought to consider yourself as a man placed on an eminence, from whence he is exposed not only to the discourses and criticisms of men who now exist, but of all those who shall succeed them. If I am not deceived, you will be always spoken of, but in a very different manner, according to the variety of human opinion. But I am persuaded nothing can make you abandon so glorious a cause. The edifice that you raise will be solid, and those who attempt to overthrow it will be overthrown themselves. I approve your method of preserving minutes of your letters, that you may avoid all contradiction in what you are saying, and what you have said. Write as if all the world were to read.

"Adieu! deliverer of Rome."

Rienzi sent this answer to Petrarch:

"Nicholas, severe and clement, tribune of liberty, peace, and justice, and the illustrious deliverer of the sacred republic of Rome, to the noble and virtuous signior Francis Petrarch, worthily crowned poet, and our very dear fellow-citizen, health, honour, and perfect joy.

"Your amiable letter, full of rhetorical flowers and just reasoning, has enchanted all those who have read or heard it. Your exhortations, founded on solid motives, and the examples of the greatest men of antiquity, delight and animate to virtue. We know you too well not to render justice to your prudence and goodness, or to doubt the sincerity of your sentiments for us, and for the city. We see clearly in your letter, your attachment and your zeal for the good state of Rome. We love you, and so do all the Romans; and we wish we were able to contribute to your advancement and happiness. Would to God you were at Rome; your presence would decorate that city, as a precious stone adorns the ring of gold in which it is set. The soul of this people is liberty, the sweetness of which they begin to taste.

"Things will naturally return to their former state. This city, after having suffered for several ages the most cruel bondage, beholds, praise be to God, its chains at present broken. There is no peril, no death, to which the Romans would not expose themselves, to preserve the precious good in which they now rejoice. Be persuaded that you will find us always ready to do everything that can contribute to your satisfaction.

"Given in the capitol, where justice reigns, and where we live with uprightness of heart, the 28th of July, the first year of the deliverance of the republic."

Rienzi after this wrote to the pope, that all he did was by the command of God, and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. "It would have been impossible for me," says he, "to have reduced to submission the power of the greatest of tyrants, of princes, in so short a time, or even to have conceived the idea of so noble a work, but from a divine operation."

Rienzi then informed the pope, that he had raised three hundred thousand florins in a tax on salt, which paid nothing before. This news would not have displeased a court where luxury and magnificence rendered money so necessary, had not the tribune applied this augmentation of the revenue to supply the troops whom he held in pay for the maintenance of his own power, under the specious pretext of the public safety. In this letter he makes the strongest protestations of respect, attachment, and obedience, to the pope, whom he acknowledges for his sovereign. Whenever he speaks of the city of Rome, or the Roman people, he says always, "your city;" "your people." It is to this letter Petrarch alludes when he praises the style and sentiments of Rienzi, who covered, under this artful veil of submission, his usurpation of the pope's authority.

Petrarch passed the month of September at Avignon. The ninth of that month he obtained letters of legitimation for his son John, who was about ten years of age. He is called in these letters a scholar of Florence, and qualified by them to possess any benefice without the necessity of mentioning this blot on his birth, or the dispensation obtained from the pope. We see by these letters, that the mother of John was not a married woman, which justifies Petrarch from adultery.

Nothing was now talked of at Avignon but the follies of Rienzi: with his increase of power and success, he became vain and insolent: his head was not strong enough to bear so quick a rise from the moderate to the most elevated fortune: he was blinded by power, intoxicated with wealth, and passed all at once from the greatest simplicity to an excess of magnificence and ostentation little suited to his former declarations, and the part he had undertaken to support: he affected the airs of a sovereign, an extreme luxury in his clothes and in his furniture; and his table was covered with dainties sought from distant climates, and the most rare and exquisite wines. His wife, who was young and handsome, never appeared in the streets without the most splendid train: a chosen band of youths formed her guard; ladies of the first quality attended her; and young damsels walked before her, fanning off the flies, and cooling the air. All the relations of Rienzi forgot their original, and imitated this parade. His uncle, who was brought up a barber, never walked abroad without a cavalcade of the principal citizens. To complete all, Rienzi took it into his head he would be made a knight, without reflecting that this affected title of nobility clashed with his oath as tribune; and he gave orders that the pomp of this ceremony should equal the triumphs of ancient Rome.

No spectacle before was ever more sumptuous; it drew to Rome an incredible multitude of spectators, who confessed nothing equal to it had ever been seen; and, above all, they admired the order that reigned through the whole. It was a custom for those who would be made knights, to bathe themselves the preceding evening. Rienzi, who would do everything in a new manner, took it into his head to bathe himself in a bason of porphyry in the church of St. John de Lateran, in which it was thought the Emperor Constantine bathed after being cured of his leprosy by pope Sylvester: he would have his bed also placed in that part of the church surrounded with columns of St. John. As he was stepping into this bed, a circumstance happened which appeared ominous. The bed, though new, sunk under him. The day after he was made knight, he went to hear mass in the chapel of pope Boniface, seated upon a throne surrounded with all the nobility of Rome. They observed in this mass the solemnities used at the consecration of kings. In the midst of these sacred mysteries, Rienzi advanced toward the people, and said, with a loud voice, "We cite to our tribunal, Lewis, Duke of Bavaria, and Charles, King of Bohemia, to judge of their pretensions to the empire; and the princes, who call themselves electors, to produce the titles of their right to such election, which, as I find in the archives, belongs to the people of Rome." The pope's vicar, who was present, and did not expect such an extravagance as this, remained for a time confounded; but, recollecting himself, he thought it his duty to make his protestations against it by a notary. While they were reading them, the tribune ordered the instruments to sound, that they might not be heard. Fifteen days after this, Rienzi was crowned again with seven crowns, and with the same pomp, in the church of St. John de Lateran. These seven crowns were allusions to the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost. When these feasts were over, the people's eyes were opened, and they reflected with concern on the profanation of the churches, the insolent citation of the emperors and electors, and the insupportable pride and luxury of Rienzi and his relations.

Petrarch was at Avignon while these things passed; and he either did not hear of them, or his enthusiasm for the liberty of Rome, the period of which he flattered himself was hastening under the government of Rienzi, did not suffer him to believe them. He was engaged also at this time in the news received from the kingdom of Naples, which was in great commotion.

Lewis, king of Hungary, was determined to pursue and punish the murderers of his brother. Clement VI. fulminated against them the most terrible bulls, and appointed Bertrand de Bouse, great justiciary of the kingdom, to proceed openly against them; but in private letters he ordered him to keep secret the informations he should gain, that, in case the queen or the princes of the blood should be found guilty, he might acquaint the pope, who should reserve to himself their judgment, to save the troubles it might cause to that kingdom. The greatest part of those guilty were discovered and punished. Queen Joan could not save the three principal persons, the Catanese, Robert de Cabones, Soncia, and their cabal. They gave them the torture in a place by the sea, in sight of all the people ; but a rail prevented their depositions being heard. The Catanese could not support the agonies of the torture ; she died before she got to the place of execution. Robert and Soncia had their flesh torn off with red-hot irons ; they had put gags in their mouths to prevent their speaking. This was not enough to satisfy the king of Hungary. He considered the queen and the two princes, who were his cousins, as the real authors of his brother's murder ; and, finding that neither the pope nor the tribune would act in this affair, he determined to transport himself with an army to Naples. To impress the more terror, he had a black standard carried before him, on which was painted the strangled figure of his brother Andrew. He sent a natural brother of his before him to besiege the city of Sulmone. Petrarch was still at Avignon, when he was informed that the Hungarians had entered Italy, and were set down before Sulmone. This made him very uneasy for the fate of his friend Barbatus, who resided at Sulmone since the death of king Robert, and he wrote him the following letter :—

" In the midst of the cares which overwhelm me, your situation is my greatest uneasiness. I love no one more than my dear Barbatus ; I feel this strongly at present. Love is credulous, timid, and restless ; it fears every thing. What I long predicted is now come to pass. I always said a crime so horrid could not remain unpunished. But what have the people of Italy done, who are going to be the victim ? God, who revenges the guilty, will not punish the innocent. But I need not fear for Italy. The rebels, on the contrary, will be treated as they merit, while the tribunal now established shall be in vigour. My apprehensions are for Naples, that queen of cities, and Capua, formerly so powerful. Torrents from the shores of the Danube are coming down on that flourishing country. A tempest from the north always covers it with thick clouds. I learn hostilities are begun, and that Sulmone, your country, and the country also of Ovid, is to be the first victim. What would Ovid say, if he was to behold the barbarians he despised and hated govern that city which gave him birth ? Would it not have been better that his bones had been covered with their earth, than his monument insulted in the middle of his country ? But grief makes me wander. I tremble for you. I do not see wherein I can succour you ; but sometimes more can be done than is perceived. Command me as you have a right : I have some influence with the Roman people and the tribune. If I can be of any use to you with them, dispose of my mind and of my pen ; both the one and the other are at your service.

" I have a house in a distant and tranquil corner of Italy : it is small, but large enough for two persons who have only one heart and one soul. Riches and poverty are both banished from this mansion, and the door of it is shut against licentiousness : it is filled with good books, and wants my presence : I have been absent from it two years. Come, and seek in it an asylum. Whatever happens, I shall never be easy till I know your life to be in safety."

Petrarch thought of quitting Avignon again, and returning to Italy. " I am prevented," says he, " by my old comrades, who would drag me for ever to assemblies. In vain I tell them such places no longer amuse me : a thousand paths of ambition or avarice are pointed out to me. When I say I am content with my lot, and desire nothing beyond it, they maintain that I am playing a farce. I cannot even obtain from my tailor that my clothes should be wider, or from my shoemaker an easy pair of shoes. I find but one remedy for all my evils—a little corner of the earth, where I may live as I please, and be no longer what I have been. Change of air is of use to the sick ; ingrafting softens the sap of the tree ; roots are perfected by transplanting ; and I think, contrary to the opinion of the world, we ought not to become old where we have been young." The love of his country, and his dislike to Avignon, were the motives which induced Petrarch to return to Italy, and balanced in his heart his love for Laura. All the lords of Italy had written to desire he would come among them ; and, among these, James de Carrore, who was become governor of Padua, a man of great merit, invited Petrarch in the most obliging manner to come and settle at Padua.

Lewis of Gonzaga *, the lord of Mantua, had sent also to Petrarch a man in his confidence, with a sum of money, to engage him to come to him at Mantua, to whom Petrarch wrote this answer :—

" I would have brought you my thanks for your letter, but it is not in my power. I grow old in this place, and am the sport of fortune. I return your money by Peter de Creme, your gentleman, because I am not at liberty to comply with your desire. I am hastening to my goal, unable to bear the fatigues of a long journey. My soul, wounded by love, cannot tear itself from Avignon. Was I to come to you, so far from being of any use, I should be only a burden. Frequent indispositions, and an habitual melancholy, require relief from others, and allow not the attention necessary for a courtier. However, you may chance to see me in the spring, if cardinal Colonna will permit. In the meantime, let not your benefits go beyond my wishes or deserts : your generosity would not justify your imprudence."

Petrarch had friends at Florence, who invited him to return to his country, and gave him hopes that the estate of his family, which had been confiscated when his father was exiled, would be restored to him again. He had left his son John at Verona, and he wished to see him, and judge of the progress he had made in his studies : he was now above ten years of age, and his education became very interesting to Petrarch. Though Rienzi had lost much of his glory, Petrarch was not entirely cured of his enthusiasm towards him,

---

* The founder of the powerful house of the Gonzagas, who were lords of Mantua from 1328 to 1707.

and he had even thoughts of going to Rome, to encourage him in his pursuit of liberty. All these motives united having determined Petrarch to quit France, and settle in Italy, he went to communicate his design to the pope, and to know his commands.

Clement loved Petrarch. He looked upon him as an ornament to his court, and wished to fix him there. He had offered him, with this view, several considerable benefices, which he had always refused, saying, he was not worthy of them ; and the pope had condescended so far as to entreat him earnestly to accept them. But it was to no purpose ; Petrarch would take no employment which should deprive him of liberty. "You refuse all my offers," said the pope. "Ask what you will, and you shall obtain it." "Holy father," replied Petrarch, "since you are determined to serve me, I resign myself to your pleasure, and leave it to you to choose for me. You know better than I do what will suit my disposition and your liberality. When any place of that kind shall become vacant, vouchsafe to remember your servant."

This constant refusal of all the dignities offered him will appear to many persons incredible. But a letter he wrote to Socrates, from whom he hid no secret of his heart, proves the truth of this beyond a doubt.

"I continue unshaken in my resolution. Whether it is modesty or meanness, or whether it is courage and strength of mind, as some persons of merit have thought, I have never desired a great fortune. All the world knows this, and you can witness it more perfectly than any one. You have sometimes praised, and sometimes blamed me for it, according to circumstances. You have said to me, 'Do not you fear that your firmness will be esteemed obstinacy ?' I have not yet, however, repented my conduct. Every elevated situation is a suspicious one ; there is a fall beneath it. If I am indulged with that mediocrity preferable to gold, of which Horace speaks, and which has been promised me, I will accept it with pleasure and gratitude. But if they will give me a heavy charge, I will persist in refusing it, and shake off the yoke. I prefer poverty to slavery, but I need not fear the former as things go at present. You are fully informed of my determination ; speak of it to our friends, and to the lord of lords, when you shall find occasion. I have never hid my thoughts ; but there are people who must be told the same thing often to understand it. Your eloquence will reach them. One speaks with more force, and is listened to more favourably, for a friend than for oneself. Make them feel that true liberality is neither slow, crabbed, nor unwilling, and thinks only of the person it would oblige ; and that it bends to their desires, instead of limiting them. The offer of treasures to a man who asks a small sum, is a decent method of refusing him." The moderation of Petrarch was not greater than the bounty and condescension of the pope. He must have heard his declamations against the court of Avignon, and free expressions concerning himself, and the interest he took in the enterprise of Rienzi for the Roman liberty. It must be owned that Clement deserved the name he bore.

Petrarch spent a good part of the autumn at Vaucluse, to prepare for his departure to Italy, and to re-establish his health, which had been much disordered. Before he left Avignon, he went to take leave of Laura. He found her at an assembly she often frequented. "She was seated," says he, "in the midst of those ladies who are her general companions, and appeared like a beautiful rose in a parterre, surrounded with flowers smaller and less blooming. Her air was more touching than usual. She was dressed perfectly plain, and without pearls, garlands, or any gay colours. Though she was not melancholy, she did not appear with her usual cheerfulness. She was serious and thoughtful. She did not sing as usual, nor speak with that sweetness which charmed every one. She had the air of a person who fears an evil not yet arrived. In taking leave, I sought in her looks a consolation for my own sufferings. Her eyes had an expression I had never seen before in them. I deposited to their keeping my heart and my thoughts, as to faithful friends on whom I could with safety depend. Her altered clothes and air, her countenance, a certain concern mixed with grief, which I saw in her face, predicted the sorrows that threatened me." When Petrarch saw Laura in this situation, he could hardly restrain his tears. Laura knew not how to bear a separation from this friend of her heart, whom she was to lose, perhaps, for ever. When the hour of this separation came, she cast upon him a look so soft, tender, and pure, that he confesses he had never been so touched before. "Must I never," says Petrarch, "never see again that beautiful face, those kind looks which relieve the tender heart ?"

While these were passing at Avignon, and Petrarch was re-establishing his health at Vaucluse, Rienzi no longer kept any measures with the court of Rome. Intoxicated more and more, he undertook to exterminate the great lords of Rome. Some historians say he bribed a person to assassinate them, who afterwards avowed the plot. However this was, he invited a great number of them to dine with him, under the pretence of asking their advice ; and had some of them taken by force, and put into the Capitol prisons. Among these were old Stephen Colonna, and John, his grandson ; Peter Agapit Colonna, the Orsini, and other great barons of Rome. They passed the night in agonies, uncertain what would be the fate prepared for them. Old Stephen, shut up in an empty hall, where there was no bed, walked backward and forward with a quick step all night, knocking often, and beseeching the guard, in vain, either to open the door, or to kill him. What a night for such a hero ! who, after having escaped a glorious death in battle, sees himself on the point of ending his days by the scrivener and the hangman !

The next day the tribune had the bell of the Capitol sounded, which assembled the people. The great hall was hung with red and white silk, the common signal of Rienzi's executions. He sent to each baron a cordelier, to confess and give them the sacrament. Their consternation was so extreme, when they found the tribune had condemned them to death, and that they must prepare for it, that they lost the power of speech. The greatest part of them, however, submitted, and received the communion ; but Stephen Colonna refused, saying, he was not in a proper situation.

Some Romans, however, persuaded Rienzi not to put these nobles to death. He brought them, therefore, before the people, and mounting the tribunal, said it was owing to the favour of the people, to whom he made them bow, and swear future fidelity. The next day he made them dine with him, and loaded them with presents ; and after dinner they attended him as in cavalcade through the streets of Rome.

When these nobles were at liberty, they retired into their castles, and meditated the means of revenge. The people, who revolted against Rienzi's proceedings, joined by degrees with these lords, and promised to let them into the town when a proper occasion should offer ; for Rienzi, having heard of the revolt, had ordered the gates to be shut. In a too precipitate attempt to force an entrance, young John Colonna, not followed, as he imagined, by his party, was pulled off his horse, and had a sword plunged three times into his breast, so that he died upon the spot. His birth, youth, and beauty, could not touch these barbarians. This was the youth who received Petrarch at Palestrina, and was newly married to a very amiable and beautiful woman. He was only twenty years of age. Stephen Colonna, his father, who was at the head of the rear-guard, being come to the gate of the city, and seeing the populace assembled, as if he had a presentiment of his misfortune, asked where his son was. As no one replied, he pushed his horse under the gateway, where, by the side of the wall, lay the body of this young man so dear to him, covered over with blood. Seized with horror at this mournful sight, he turned about in haste, and was going away ; but paternal tenderness brought him back again, to see if his son had any remains of life. Perceiving him without motion, trembling with grief and rage, he was returning, when an enormous machine fell upon him from a tower, and he was surrounded by the enemy, who pierced him with wounds. Encouraged by the death of these two persons, they came out of the city without order, and fell upon the troops who were filing off. Peter Agapit Colonna was their next victim. He had fallen from his horse, and sought his safety in flight ; but the rain, which had made the ground slippery, and the weight of his arms, which he wore for the first time, were great hindrances to his design, and he was taken among some vines under which he lay concealed. His prayers and tears could not save his life ; they massacred him in cold blood. Two others of this family perished on this fatal day.

The tribune went to the church of St. Mary to thank God for this success, and, alluding to the death of the Colonnas, he said, " I have this day cut off an ear which neither the pope nor emperor was ever able to accomplish." The bodies of the Colonnas were carried to the church of the monastery of St. Mary d'Ara Celi, wherein was their chapel. That of Stephen was so disfigured, it could not have been known, but for some signs of life still remaining. Several ladies, related to them, ran in grief to the chapel, to pay their last duty, and attend their funeral rites. Rienzi ordered his guards to drive them out of the church, and would not allow these illustrious persons any obsequies : he even threatened to have their bodies dragged to the place allotted for those of malefactors. This obliged them to convey them secretly to the church of St. Sylvester ; and the nuns of that house (which was founded by the Colonnas for those relations who chose to take the veil) buried them there without the usual rites. When old Stephen Colonna, who was more than fourscore and ten years old, was informed of these dreadful losses, he did not shed a tear, or suffer a sigh to escape him ; he only said, with his eyes fixed on the earth, " The will of God be done. Is it not better to die, than groan under the yoke of a madman ?"

It is Petrarch that relates this, to whom we will now return. He set out from Vaucluse the 20th of November, 1347, leaving his friend Socrates in his little house. Their separation was extremely affecting. Petrarch took the road to Genoa, because it was the nearest way to Florence, where some friends waited for him. The evening before his departure he received a letter from Lelius, who informed him of the news received at Avignon concerning Rienzi's misconduct and follies. At a town where he stopped before he reached Genoa, Petrarch returned this answer to Lelius :

" I am so fatigued, I cannot write you a long letter. This is the third night I have passed without sleep. My employments, and the bustle of removing, have scarcely suffered me to breathe. My rest will never be composed, till I can bring my mind to see every thing with an equal eye. I am now far upon my road. Nothing is so painful as a long deliberation on the conduct we shall pursue. On the contrary, nothing is more delightful than the state of that soul which, after having been long restless and uneasy, is come at last to a fixed determination. The end of doubt is the beginning of repose.

" It was a thunder-stroke to me to receive your account of the tribune. I have nothing to reply. I feel the destiny of my country : on whatever side I turn there is cause to mourn. Rome torn to pieces, Italy disfigured : what will become of me in these public disorders ? Others may contribute their strength, their riches, their power, or their counsel ; I can offer nothing but my tears."

When Petrarch arrived at Genoa, he wrote a letter to Rienzi, reproaching him with his change of conduct :

" I have often applied to you the words of Scipio Africanus in Cicero, ' Who is it that flatters my ears with such agreeable news ?' Oblige me not to say at present, who is it wounds my ears by such unhappy rumours ? You alone can tarnish the lustre of your reputation ; the foundation of your glory can only be destroyed by yourself. You know the path you have taken to rise ; it is by the opposite path you must fall. You are not ignorant that it is more easy to incur the one than to accomplish the other. You had arrived at the summit of virtue and glory ; stand firm, and suffer not your enemies to exult, or your friends to grieve, at your destruction. It is not easy long to preserve a great reputation. I wrote an ode in your praise ; constrain me not to place a satire in its room. I should not address you thus without good reason. But I learn things that oblige me to change my opinion concerning you, and that force me to say what Cicero said to Brutus, ' I blush for you ! You were the protector and support of the good ; you are now becoming the chief of vagabonds.' What a sudden, what an unforeseen change! God is incensed against us! What is become of the good genius which inspired you? or, to speak the language of the people, that familiar spirit with whom you had so many secret conversations, and who enabled you to do things above the strength of man? But about what am I tormenting myself? I cannot over-rule the destinies: the things of this world will be determined by the decrees of the Eternal. God grant, however, I may not live to see this change.

"I was hastening to you; but I shall change my route. Rome, dear country, adieu! I shall see you no more. I would sooner go to the furthest east, if what I have learned is true. But ought I to believe it? Is it possible that so good a beginning should be followed by so bad an end? Ah! would to Heaven I may have been deceived: with what pleasure should I retract my error! You see I seek to solace my grief by doubt: was it not for this, I should speak to you with still more severity. Falsehood is become a common and a venial sin; but nothing can expiate his crime who betrays his country. If you regard not your own reputation, (which I can scarcely believe,) have yet some consideration for mine. You see what a storm threatens, what a crowd of censurers are gathering round me: be again yourself while you may; examine what you have been; what you are; from whence you arose; whither your actions tend; what are the offices you should fill up; and you will find that you are the minister, not the master, of the republic."

Instead of going to Florence, as Petrarch intended, he went to Parma: there he received the account of the dreadful catastrophe that had befallen the house of the Colonnas. We do not readily believe afflicting news; but when he saw the letters that confirmed it, he was overwhelmed with grief. He had ever a tender friendship for young Stephen, and compared him to Marcellus, the grandson of Augustus, whom Virgil has so finely praised, and who was the delight of the Romans. He wrote on this occasion a long letter to cardinal Colonna, in the style of Seneca, full of dry sentences and perplexed periods, according to the fashion of those times for letters of condolence. News was now brought to Parma, that the tribune, abandoning himself to all kinds of injustice, the people rose against him, and hung him up in effigy on the walls of his palace. He went from Rome to Naples to seek the protection of the king of Hungary: his wife escaped in the habit of a nun, and went to him there. The terror of him was so great, that the lords, who were absent from Rome in their own castles, did not venture, till three days were passed after his departure, to return again into the city.

1348. Petrarch went in January to Verona, where his friends and his son impatiently expected him. On the twenty-fifth day of this month, being in his library, he felt the ground tremble under him, and heard a hollow noise: the walls shook, and the books were thrown from the shelves. He went out of his room terribly alarmed, and saw his servants, and the people of Verona, running here and there in the greatest consternation. They cried out aloud, persuaded that the world was at an end. All contemporary historians speak of this earthquake; they agree that it began in the Alps. It did great mischief at Pisa, Bologna, Padua, and Venice, but still more in Tyrol and Bavaria, where whole towns were buried in ruins. More than sixty villages in one canton were destroyed by the fall of two mountains. A comet preceded, and the plague came after this dreadful earthquake. It is generally agreed that the plague came originally from Cathay (so they then called China) and from Tartary: in the space of a year it desolated Asia; from Asia it passed to Africa, where it made great havoc. It was reported of Albucazar, who was lord of almost all Barbary, that being on a journey to look at a road which he was making through the deserts of Babylon to pass to the Indies, they came to inform him the plague was in his kingdom, that fourscore of his wives were already dead of it, and a great number of his courtiers. The idea struck him, that this plague was a punishment from heaven because he was not a Christian; and he sent his admiral to notify it throughout his kingdom, that he would be baptised. A little after this a European vessel landing on his coast, he asked what was the condition of the Christian world? They told him that the plague destroyed a great many; and he altered his mind about baptism, when he found that Christians died as well as Saracens. The contagion was brought into Europe by some Genoese and Catalonian merchants, who came from Syria, and traded to the Indies: they disembarked with their infected merchandise in Sicily, and from thence at Pisa and Genoa, from whence the mortality spread all over Europe. From Marseilles and Catalonia it came into Spain and France; and in 1348 and 1349 it ravaged the borders of the ocean and the islands. In 1350, it extended to Germany and all the north; so that in three years it spread universally.

Since the Deluge, history furnishes no example of so dreadful a scourge. Various, but chimerical, have been the causes to which it was ascribed, as from fire coming out of the earth, from whence issued a corruption that infected the air, and insects rained from heaven. "And some ascribed it to the operation of the heavenly bodies," says Boccaccio, "when they ought to have imputed it to the anger of God for our enormous iniquities." With some it began by bleeding at the nose, a sign of inevitable death: with others, by swellings of the size of an egg or apple under their arms, which soon after mortified, and dispersed over the body in black or blue spots. Few lived beyond the third day; some died on the first, commonly without any fever. It proved beyond the art of the wisest physician to cure this desperate malady. In France and Germany, where the Jews were mortally hated, they accused them of having poisoned the fountains, and some of them of having gone to the Indies on purpose to bring the plague to the Christians, and they were cruelly persecuted on this account. Some suspected the poor eunuchs, and others the nobles, of this evil. Clement VI. whose understanding and knowledge raised him above all vulgar prejudices, and particularly those of that age, took the part of the Jews with great warmth; and he published two bulls, by which, after vindicating them from this enormous crime, he forbade any one to persecute, or force them to be baptised.

When Petrarch returned to Parma, in March, 1348, this contagion was got into Italy, but not spread far. He brought with him his son John, to place him under Gilbert de Parme, an excellent grammarian, and to have him under his own eye. Luchino Visconti, lord of Milan *, and who had obtained the lordship of Parma, wrote a very obliging letter at this time to Petrarch. He was valiant, and governed his states with wisdom. It appears that he was the most powerful lord in Italy, and even in Europe. He reigned over seventeen great cities, and had always in pay four or five thousand troopers. His nephews, and some of the Milanese nobles, having conspired against him, it had alarmed him so much, that he had always two mastiff-dogs to follow him, who, at the least sign from their master, devoured those he pointed to ; and they always slept at the door of his chamber. His wife was of the illustrious family of Fiesco. She was the most beautiful woman of her age. Her love of dress and pleasure was extreme ; but she had not that modesty which heightens female charms. Proud of her rank, and fond of parade, she delighted in nothing but feasts and noisy diversions. Her love of intrigue was not for some time discovered by her husband, who prevented even her desires, by procuring her a succession of brilliant entertainments. And on a vow she had made to St. Mark, which she went to fulfil at Venice, he prepared the ceremony for her ; and she embarked upon the Po, with a train of ships ornamented in so superb a manner, that it resembled the navigation of Cleopatra to meet Antony. The handsomest lords and ladies of the court attended her. After traversing the states near the Po, she passed Mantua, Verona, and Padua. They paid her the greatest honours everywhere.

It is easy to imagine what must result from such a medley of persons of both sexes, governed by a princess of so much gallantry. Isabella kept no bounds ; and most of her ladies followed her example ; so that this was called the voluptuous navigation. Those ladies who were more prudent than the rest, revealed, on their return, the most secret anecdotes of this expedition ; and the husbands had nothing to do but to console each other. Luchino Visconti was not the last informed of his wife's amours with Gonzaga, the lord of Mantua, and Dandolo, the doge of Venice. He was more affected with this account than so great a man ought to have been ; and, though he was so fond of his wife, he resolved to get rid of her, and exterminate the house of Gonzaga. He was naturally melancholy, and became more gloomy than usual. He was often seen with his brow bent, his looks wild, and biting his nails. Isabella, who soon perceived, by his outward manner, what passed within, prepared for him a slow poison. Such was his situation when Petrarch came to Parma ; to which was added a body tormented by the gout, and by the poison which circulated in his veins.

This unfortunate prince sought consolation in the commerce of the Muses, and the innocent pleasures of his garden. When he heard of Petrarch's arrival in his state, he wrote to ask him for some plants from his garden, and some verses from his muse, which flattered our poet, who returned the following answer :—" Your letter exceeds my hopes. I render thanks to fortune for the correspondence of a great prince, who is willing to forget the inequality between us. While my gardener is collecting the plants, my muse shall produce the lines you ask for. The pleasure of serving you will render my labour easy. Your great soul, without ceasing occupied in the most important affairs, will, perhaps, disdain such trifles. I know it is the manner of thinking in our age. But I know also that Cæsar and Augustus, those masters of the world, loved to repose in the bosom of the muses, and preferred their soft sounds to that of drums and trumpets. I speak not of Nero ; the name of that monster would sully my tongue, and chase away the muses. The emperor Adrian was so devoted to them, that the approach of death did not prevent his composing ; and even at the instant of separation between his soul and body, he produced some very fine verses. What shall I say of Antoninus, who obtained the empire by his merit, and would not quit the name of philosopher for the title of emperor, persuaded that the first was much superior to the last ? Formerly letters were thought necessary, not only to be a king, but to be a man. Times are sadly changed, and kings now make war against letters.

" God forbid I should name the ignorant kings of this age. Pollio said, speaking of Augustus, ' It is not safe to write against those who can proscribe. We must attack the dead alone, they cannot forbid us.' As to me, I accuse in general, and name no particular person. But the princes I speak of copy the emperor Licinius, who said that letters were a public pest. Marius, though of a base origin, thought otherwise, and preferred the poets because they would celebrate his exploits. And where is the man so base as not to love glory ? Glory is acquired by virtue, but preserved by letters. The memory fails, pictures are effaced, and statues are broken : letters alone are a durable treasure, which the people have taken from their princes, who have ceded to them the empire of wit. Wise men must therefore be sought from the people, and not from those kings who, as a Roman emperor calls them, writing to

---

* Luchino Visconti was, before he succeeded his nephew, Azzo Visconti, in the sovereignty of Milan, distinguished as a brave and successful warrior, and his skilful conduct in the battle of Paribiago, fought in Feb., 1339, against Lodvisio Visconti, who, at the head of a band of adventurers, sought the destruction of Azzo, alone preserved Milan to his branch of the family. But, although generally successful, he had the singular ill-fortune never to come out of a battle without a wound. When, after his nephew's death, in August, 1339, he was acknowledged as the ruler of Milan, he abandoned the conduct of wars to his lieutenants, and sought successfully to extend his dominions by the arts of policy. He acquired the city of Parma in 1346, by purchase from Obizzo d'Este ; Asti, Bobbio, Tortona, and Alexandria, voluntarily submitted themselves to his government. The conduct of his wife, Isabella of Fiesco, a most abandoned woman, embittered his life. She had the effrontery to declare openly that three sons and a daughter, whom she had born since her marriage with Luchino, were the children of his nephew Galeas; her intrigues became so open and scandalous, that she only saved herself from the punishment she so well merited, by poisoning her husband, who perished on the 24th of January, 1349. His children, bastardized by their own mother, were excluded from the succession, and imprisoned or exiled, and the sovereignty of Milan was assumed by John Visconti, the brother of Luchino.—Ed.

a king of France, are only crowned asses. As for you, sir, to whom nothing is wanting but the title of king, I hope everything from you. If my verses should please you, you will find me more liberal of them than you may imagine, or my occupations seem to promise."

In these verses Petrarch addresses himself to the trees from which suckers had been taken, in this manner:

"Happy trees! never forget the honour done you by a great prince, in demanding some branches from your stem? Who knows? perhaps he will hereafter vouchsafe to gather, with his kind hand, the fruits these your children shall produce. All Italy admires and respects this prince. The Alps obey, the farther Apennine labours for him. The Po, with its foamy waves, divides his rich estates, and beholding, on each side of their course, crowned serpents on elevated towers, bend before their sovereign. His empire spreads over both seas. The transalpine kingdoms fear, and would have him for their master. He entraps crimes in his nets, and represses them by the rein of his laws. He has revived in Hesperia the golden age; and made known at Milan the great art of the Romans, to pardon those who submit, and subdue all those who refuse submission."

Luchino was of a severe character; but, excepting that blemish, a great prince, and worthy of the praises of Petrarch. He made excellent laws, and understood how to enforce the practice of them. He protected the people against the oppression of the great, pursued crimes with vigour, maintained plenty, and always carried on war out of his states. He had great virtues, and great faults. His commerce with Petrarch did not last long. He died a martyr to jealousy, and the poison his wife had given him, the 23d of January, 1349.

While Petrarch was at Parma, he meditated a journey to Padua, to visit James de Carrore, lord of that city, who had expressed so great a desire to see him. He was just got there, when he received a letter from his friend Socrates, which informed him of the arrival of a young Florentine, his relation, called Francischin, whose father was one of the greatest captains of his age. Francischin was a young man of an amiable heart: he was of a tender and affectionate temper, full of wit and poetic talents. He had presented himself to Petrarch in 1345 as a relation and countryman. Petrarch became tenderly interested in him, and cultivated his taste for poetry. This young Florentine would never have quitted Petrarch, but from a strong desire to see Paris, and make the tour of France. This was the passion of all the Italians who had wit, and wished to cultivate it, and the Florentines above all others. Brunetto, Latini, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, had set the fashion of this journey. When he left Avignon, he promised Petrarch that, if he was not there at his return, he would seek him wherever he should be. He kept his word, and inquired immediately on his arrival for his master. They told him he was in Italy; on which he instantly embarked at Marseilles, and got to Verona the 6th of April.

Petrarch set out for Parma to meet this dear friend; and wrote these lines to John Anchisee, a learned man in Florence, and the friend of Francischin:—"I expect him every day. I have heard of him at Marseilles, where he arrived in good health. He flattered himself with seeing me at Avignon; and I would have waited for him, but I could no longer support that filthy court. He is a treasure I know you die with envy to possess: but be assured that, when I again lay hold of him, I will hide him safe, for fear of losing him. A good friend is more rare and more precious than gold. We ought to pardon those who possess one, for being avaricious and jealous of him. However, I consent to share him with you; but upon one condition, that you come and enjoy him here with me. I wish that friendship may engage you to take the step I propose; you will be a gainer by it: instead of one, you will procure two friends. —From the calm valley of the Parmesan."

Petrarch was so impatient to see his dear Francischin, so fully persuaded he would arrive every moment, that, at the least noise which he heard, he quitted with precipitation his books and his pen, to go out and meet him. What was his grief, when he was told that this dear relation, having stopped at Savona, near Genoa, was dead of a sickness, either brought on by the fatigue of his journey, or by the contagion which began to spread over Italy! He left an aged father, a mother, brothers, and sisters, all inconsolable for his loss; for he was the delight of all his family. "I feel," said Petrarch, "it would be my duty to go and console them; but how can I do this, being inconsolable myself?"

A few days after this, Petrarch received a letter from Lancelot Angiosciola, a gentleman, a soldier, and a knight. His valour and his prudence gained him the love of the king of Bohemia, and many great lords of his time. One part of his letter is pleasant enough. He asks of Petrarch, who had been a martyr to love twenty years, a remedy for that passion.

"How consoling it is for me," replies Petrarch, "to find you attacked with my old disease! It appears no longer unworthy of me, nor do I blush for it; but I look upon your application to me for a cure as a pleasantry indeed! Every remedy that can be proposed, is only food for this passion: there is but one that our Æsculapius has discovered; but the simples of which it is composed are not in your garden, or are too bitter for your taste. The only secret I have found to prevent the evils of life, is to do nothing without having well examined beforehand, in what we are going to embark. In most things we undertake, the beginnings are agreeable; they seduce us; but we should think of the end: they are paths strewed with flowers: where these paths lead to is the most important question."

James de Castillonchio, and Francis Bruni, two young men of cultivated understandings, sent letters to Petrarch, and with them an oration of Cicero, which he considered as a valuable present. They expressed a great desire to see his "Africa." He answered, that his Africa withered for want of watering and culture, and that the plague had silenced his muse. "It takes my friends," says he, "and leaves me upon the earth. It is my fate at present to groan myself, and reprimand the lamentation of others."

The plague began now to spread in Italy. The contagion, as I have said, defied the art of all medicine. Whether it was really incurable, or they were ignorant of the proper method of treating it, it communicated itself instantly to persons in full health, as the fire lays hold of dry and oily stuff which comes near it. It was caught by touching the clothes of those who had it, or any thing that had been brought near them; and it extended to animals as well as men. "I saw," says Boccaccio, from whom this and the former account is taken, "two swine groping with their snouts in the rags of a poor man, who died of it, and they both expired soon after, as if they had taken the most subtle poison." This dreadful calamity spread a universal consternation. Solemn processions were made, to ask of God the cessation of this scourge; but, perceiving it made every day further progress, some formed little societies, and shut themselves up in retired houses situated in a good air. There they ate only white meats, and drank the purest wine, avoiding all excess, having no communication with any out of the house; nor would they be informed of what was going on in public. Music, play, and some other innocent pleasures, were their only relaxation. Others, on the contrary, looked upon it as an infallible preservative, to give themselves up to pleasures without restraint. They passed the day and night in taverns, and in those houses where they could find most objects of voluptuousness. Nothing was easier than entrance at this time; for as death was hourly expected, every thing was abandoned. No one troubled themselves to shut their doors; and the first comer might take whatever he found without any one to oppose him. Persons of more refinement took the middle part, between the abstinence of the one, and the licentiousness of the other. They used the things of this world with moderation: they did not confine themselves, but only took the precaution to wear aromatic shrubs and flowers, to preserve themselves from the infection the air was filled with from the sick and dead around them.

In fine, some there were who, as the greatest means of safety, chose a life contrary to humanity, and the obligations to society: they quitted their relations and friends, and went wandering from place to place, where the contagion had not yet appeared: they vainly thought that God's wrath was limited to the city they had abandoned, and would not pursue them elsewhere. In all these various methods, the plague took some, and left others. No remedy succeeded: the physicians understood nothing about it; and, which is most astonishing, they acknowledged they did not. All unions were dissolved: relations and friends were separated, and avoided one another: clownish servants did whatever was merely necessary, and sometimes nothing, for great salaries. The ladies of the first rank, the most beautiful and chaste, when attacked by this disease, finding no women who would attend them, took without scruple the first man who offered, whether young or old, sober or debauched, faithful or dishonest. The state of their disorder, and the necessity of assistance, did not permit the care that decency prescribed; and this freedom became afterwards a habit, and altered the manners of those formerly most respected for their delicacy. There were no funeral rites observed: the dead were laid at the door of the house, or thrown out of the window: those whose office it was to inter them, piled them up without distinction on biers or tables, and carried them to the first church-yard, without priest or prayers. Numbers died in their houses unknown to any one; the neighbours only discovered their death from the smell of the bodies, which they were careful to get removed for fear of the infection. This dreadful picture, drawn by Boccaccio, was descriptive of every city in Italy, except Milan, and the northern part of the Alps, where this contagion was hardly perceived.

We will now return again to Petrarch. It must be remembered that, when he left Avignon, Laura was in a state that gave him great inquietude every time he thought of her, and that was continually. She was so much changed since that time, that no one would have known her. This, together with the plague, which took off many of his friends, was no doubt the cause of those dismal dreams and presentiments which he was now haunted with. "Formerly," says Petrarch, "when I had quitted Laura, I saw her often in my dreams. Her angelic vision then consoled me; but at present it afflicts and overwhelms me. I think I see upon her face compassion mixed with grief. I think I hear her speak to me thus: 'Recall that night when, forced to part from you, I left you bathed in tears. I was not able to tell you then, nor would I have done it; but I will tell you at present, and you may believe me, you shall see me no more upon earth.' Oh! what a dreadful vision! And can it be true that the light is extinguished which gave me such sweet and consoling reflections? Shall I only learn from dreams an account so interesting to me? Shall she herself come to announce it? No; it cannot be: heaven and nature forbid. I trust I shall again see that charming face, which is my support and joy, and the honour of our age. But if it is true that Laura hasquitted her beautiful habitation to fly to heaven, let that day be the last of my life. Uncertain of my state, I sigh, I write, I fear, I hope; my sighs and my verses shall relieve my sorrow. Shall Love cease to send his darts to my afflicted heart? Shall my eyes never behold the light of my life? Shall they be condemned to everlasting tears? Alas! I know not what to think. Is Laura fled to heaven, which is her country, without reflecting that she leaves one upon earth who cannot live without her? This uncertainty agitates me without ceasing. I am no longer what I was. I resemble a man who walks in a path he is not sure of. I open my ears, but I hear no one speak of her I love. I know not what to think, or what to say. My soul floats between fear and hope. Laura is more beautiful, more chaste, than all others. Perhaps God has taken her from earth to reward her in heaven. If it is so, my pleasures and my pains will soon be at an end with my life. Cruel departure! Why separate myself from her, if I was so soon to lose her?"

The sixth of April, Petrarch being at Verona, on his way to Parma, always occupied with these black presages, which foretold the death of Laura, beheld her that morning in a dream, and they held a long conversation, the account of which, from his own words, is as follows:

"Aurora had dispersed that thick darkness which renders the visions of night confused*, and a blush of the softest crimson began to enlighten the east, when I saw a beautiful female advancing towards me. Her appearance was like that of the spring, and her head was crowned with oriental pearls. She had quitted a group of females crowned like herself; and, as she drew near to me, she sighed, and gave me a hand which had long been the object of my tenderest wishes. Her presence, and such an extraordinary mark of kindness, diffused through my soul an inexpressible pleasure. 'Do you recollect her,' she said, 'who, by engaging the affections of your youth, led you from the common road of life?' While she spoke these words, which were accompanied with an air of modesty and earnestness, she sat down under a laurel and a beech on the side of a brook, and commanded me to place myself by her. I obeyed.

---

* Theocritus was of opinion that the dreams which came about the dawn of day, were more distinct than

"'Not know you! my good angel!' I said, the tears flowing from my eyes. 'But tell me quickly, I beseech you, whether you are in life, or in death?' 'In life,' she replied. ''Tis you who are in death: and in death must you remain till the time shall come when you must quit this world. But we have much to say, and little time for our interview. The day is at hand. Be brief, therefore, and recollected.'

"On my expressing the most pungent grief to hear that she was no more, she said, 'Petrarch! you will never be happy so long as you continue to be governed by the prejudices of the world. My death, which is the cause of so much affliction, would be a source of happiness to you, could you but know the smallest part of my bliss.' As she spoke these words, her eyes were lifted towards heaven, and filled with the tenderest emotions of gratitude. 'To the spotless soul,' continued she, 'death is the deliverance from a darksome prison. It is an evil only to those who are wallowing in the mire of the world.'

"'But the tortures,' I replied, 'which barbarous tyrants, such as Nero, Caligula, Mezentius, &c. have inflicted, these exhibit death clothed with terrors.' 'It is not to be denied,' she said, 'that death is sometimes accompanied with severe pains. But remember, that the severest pains that can surround a death-bed, are the fears of an eternal punishment. For if the soul can cast itself upon God, and place an entire confidence in him, death is no more than a sigh, or a short passage from one life to another.'

"I was overwhelmed with sorrow, and ready almost to sink under my distress, when I heard a low and mournful voice utter these words: 'This poor mortal is attached to the present life. Yet he lives not, neither is he at peace within himself. He is devoted to the world; and shall for ever remain the slave of this devotion. The world is the sole object of his thoughts, his words and his writings.' I immediately recollected a voice which had so often been my consolation; and, on turning my eyes towards the place whence it came, I discovered our well-known friend. She was wont to appear sprightly and gay, now she was serious and grave.

"'In the flower of my youth,' pursued Laura, 'when you loved me most, and when life was dressed out in all her charms, then was she bitter, compared with the sweetness of my death. I felt more joy at this moment than an exile returning to his wished-for country. There was but one thing which afflicted me; I was to leave you. I was moved with compassion.' 'Ah!' replied I, 'in the name of that truth by which you were governed while on earth, and which you now more clearly distinguish in the bosom of Him to whom all things are present, tell me, I conjure you, whether love gave birth to this compassion? Those rigours mixed with softness, those tender angers, and those delicious reconciliations, which were written in your eyes, have for ever kept my heart in doubt and uncertainty.'

"Scarce had I finished, when I beheld those heavenly smiles which have at all times been the messengers of peace. 'You have ever,' she said, with a sigh, 'possessed my heart, and shall continue to possess it. But I was obliged to temper the violence of your passion by the movements of my countenance. It was necessary to keep you in ignorance. A good mother is never more solicitous about her child than when she appears to be most in anger with him. How often have I said, Petrarch does not love; he burns with a violent passion. I must endeavour to regulate it. But, alas! this was a difficult task for one whose fears and affections were likewise engaged. I said, He must not be acquainted with the state of my heart. He admires so much what he sees without, I must conceal from him what passes within. This has been the only artifice which I have used. Be not offended. It was a bridle which was necessary to keep you in the right road. There was no other method by which I could preserve our souls. A thousand times has my countenance been lighted up with anger, while my heart has glowed with love; but it was my perpetual resolution, that reason, not love, should hold the sovereignty.

"'When I saw you cast down with sorrow and affliction, I gave you a look of consolation. When you were on the brink of despair, my looks were still more tender: I addressed you with a softer air, and soothed you with a kind word: my fears even altered the tone of my voice; you might see them marked on my countenance. When you looked pale, and your eyes were bathed in tears, I said, He is very ill; he will certainly die if I take not pity on him. Then it was that you had every succour which virtue could give, and then were you restored to yourself again. Sometimes you were like the fiery horse, fretted by the spur; it was then necessary that you should feel the rein, and be managed with the bit. Such has been the innocent artifice by which I led you on, without the least stain to my honour.'

"'Ah!' said I, with a faltering voice, and eyes bedewed with tears, 'such sentiments would be an ample recompense for all my sufferings, had I but courage to believe them.' 'Faithless man!' she said, a little angrily, 'what motive can I have for this declaration, had it not been the true cause of that distance and reserve of which you have so often complained? In everything else we were agreed; and honour and virtue were the bonds of our affection. Our love was mutual, at least from the time I was convinced of your attachment. There was only this difference, that one of us discovered, while the other concealed, the flame.

---

those of the night. Horace thought otherwise: *Post mediam noctem visus cum somnia vera*, &c.

You were hoarse with crying out, Mercy! help! while I opened not my mouth. Fear and modesty permitted me not to reveal my emotions. The flame, however, which is confined, burns more fiercely than that which is at liberty. Recollect the day when we were alone, and when you presented to me your Sonnets, singing at the same time,

'This is all my love dares say.'

I received them with kindness; and, after such a proof, could there be the least doubt of my affection? Was not this taking off the veil? My heart was yours, but I chose to be mistress of my eyes. This you thought unjust; and yet with what right could you complain? Were you not possessed of the nobler part? Those eyes, which have so often been withdrawn because you merited this severity, have they not been restored to you a thousand times? Often have they looked upon you with tenderness, and would at all times have done so, had I not dreaded the extravagance of your passion.

"'But the morning is far advanced, the sun is emerging from the ocean, and it is with regret that I tell you we must now be separated. If you have any thing more to say, be expeditious, and regulate your words by the few moments which remain to us.' I had only time to add, 'My sufferings are fully recompensed; but I cannot live without you: I wish, therefore, to know whether I shall soon follow you.' She was already in motion to depart, when she said, 'If I am not mistaken, you shall remain a long time upon the earth.'"

We may easily imagine the anxiety of Petrarch at these multiplied visions, which so positively foreboded the death of Laura, and the impatience with which he waited for news of her from Avignon. Unfortunately for him, the plague had stopped all communication, and the couriers could not pass without the greatest difficulty. At last, however, on the 9th of May, 1348, Petrarch being at Parma, received a letter from his dear Socrates, who informed him that Laura died of the plague the 6th of April. I will collect every circumstance relative to it, that is to be found in the works of Petrarch.

Gui de Chaliac, physician and chaplain to the pope, who attended those who had the plague, and gives a long account, tells us it began in Avignon in January, and that it lasted seven months: that in the first of these months it showed itself by a continual fever, with spitting of blood; and that those whom it seized died generally on or at the end of the third day: that it was most violent in Lent; and that, in the three days that preceded the fourth Sunday in Lent, there died at Avignon fourteen hundred persons. We owe this justice to the memory of Clement VI.—that he spared neither his attention, care, or charity, to render this calamity less fatal at Avignon than it had been in other places. He gave pensions to physicians to attend the poor: he bought a field out of the city, which he destined to the burial of the infected: he gave considerable sums to those who removed and buried the dead: and he had the most regular police observed, to prevent the spreading of the contagion. "And he did more essential kindness than all this," says one of his historians: "he permitted all his clergy to give a general absolution in their parishes to those who died of this disease. As to himself, he followed the example of one of his predecessors in the same situation: he kept close in his apartment, and had very great fires." All the endeavours of this good pope could not prevent the cruel ravages made by this contagion, which, if we may believe an historian of that time, carried off, in the city of Avignon, in the space of three months, a hundred and twenty thousand souls. Gui de Chaliac was seized with it himself, but he survived it.

Laura felt the first attacks of it the 3rd of April. She had the fever, with spitting of blood. As she was persuaded she should not live beyond the third day, she took the methods her piety and reason suggested to be immediately necessary. She received the sacraments, and made her will the same day; after which she waited for death, without fear or regret. When she was at the point of death, her relations, her friends, her neighbours, gathered around her, though she was attacked with a malady which terrified all the world. It is a singular circumstance, that so beautiful a person should be so beloved by her own sex. Nothing can be a higher eulogy on her character. Laura, seated on her bed, appeared quite tranquil: no hideous and threatening phantoms had power over her divine soul. Her companions, who stood round her bed, wept and sobbed aloud. "We are going to lose a companion," said they, "who was the soul of our innocent pleasures; a friend, who consoled us in our chagrins, and whose example was a living lesson. We lose all in losing her. Heaven takes her hence as a treasure of which we were not worthy."

Though Laura was calm and serene, it cannot be doubted she was sensible of the grief expressed by her companions; but, entirely occupied with the state she was just going to enter, she reaped in silence the celestial fruits of her virtue. Her soul departed gently without a struggle, like a lamp whose oil is wasted, which grows fainter and fainter, and is clear to the last. She had the air of a weary person who slumbers; and death had penetrated through all her veins, without disturbing the serenity of her countenance.

From the whole of her sentiments and character, we have no reason to believe this account exaggerated. For "her road to heaven," says Petrarch, "was not to seek in death: she had long known and walked in all the paths that lead to it."

She died about six in the morning, on the 6th of April, 1348. Her body was carried, the same day, at vespers, to the church of the Minor Brothers, and interred in the chapel De la Croix. It was built by Hugues de Sade, her husband, close to the chapel of St. Ann, which had been erected by his father. The body of Laura was found there, with an Italian sonnet of Petrarch's, in the year 1533; and it was then proved that the Laura of Petrarch, which some took it into their heads to doubt, was the same with Laura de Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade.

It appears, by the will of this lady, that, after several pious legacies, she made her husband her heir, to whom she had brought ten children—six boys and four girls. Her eldest son, Poulon, who was the architect of the metropolitan church of

Avignon, and made dean of that church by the bishop, died before Laura, in the twentieth year of his age. Angiere, her eldest daughter, married, in 1345, Bertrand Domicellus, lord of Bedarride. She had two thousand five hundred florins for her portion, a very considerable sum at that time. Her mother left her but one florin, probably on account of her ill conduct after marriage, which was such that Clement VI., at the solicitation of her relations, commanded the nuns of St. Catherine d'Apt, on pain of excommunication, to receive her, and keep her shut up for the rest of her life. Audibert became dean of Notre Dame de Dons, where he was placed at twelve years old; and afterwards provost of Toulouse. Ermessenda was a nun in the convent of St. Laurence, and procuratrice of that convent. Hugues, or Hugonin, the third son, became the eldest by the death of Poulon, and the entrance of Audibert into the ecclesiastic state. From him descend the three branches of the house of Sade, established at Avignon and in Provence. Margerita, the third daughter, died before Laura. Gorcenete was twice married, and possessed the fortune of her sister Angiere, who made it over to her. Her second husband was Bernard Ancezuine de Caderousse, of one of the first houses in Provence; and she was married a third time to Raimond de Moulsong, lord of Menamenes. Peter de Sade was canon of the metropolitan church. Laura left him but one florin in her will. James and Janet, who died when young, and without issue, she left also but one florin each.

It is not wonderful that Laura should alter so early in life, with so many domestic sicknesses and cares, and the grief arising from the conduct of some of her children, particularly her eldest daughter, so delicate as she was on the point of honour herself. And if any of her other children behaved ill, as should appear from her leaving them only one florin, it must have touched her very sensibly, after the care she took in their education, to inspire them with those sentiments her own heart was filled with. Add to this, she lost her eldest son, who appears to have been amiable, at a very trying period of her life, and some children when young, and had much unkindness to support in the behaviour of her husband.

Modesty was her peculiar characteristic; and it appears she was not puffed up with her birth, her beauty, or the fame she derived from the praises of Petrarch. She was not only magnificent, but elegant, in her dress, particularly in the ornaments of her head, and the manner of tying up her hair; and we have seen she wore a coronet of gold or silver; and sometimes, for variety, a garland of flowers, which she gathered herself in the fields. Petrarch speaks of two rich dresses she had: the one of purple, edged with azure, and embroidered with roses; the other enriched with gold and jewels. In the first he compares Laura to the phœnix, which naturalists describe with purple feathers, and a blue tail, strewed over with roses. "Some," says he, "place this bird in the mountains of Arabia; but it is flown to our climate." It is doubtful whether Laura was fond of all this magnificence. It should seem she only conformed to it to please her family, and support her rank; for Petrarch says of her, in one of his sonnets, that she despised all those vain nets in which mankind were taken captive.

"Rank, pearls, rubies, and gold, you reject as a weight that depresses the mind; and even the rare gem of beauty is only pleasing to you when adorned by virtue, that treasure of treasures."

She was extremely reserved in her behaviour towards the men; and this was necessary in the corrupt age in which she lived, and in a city where the most innocent actions were often ill interpreted. An old lady said one day to her, that life was preferable to honour. "What is it I hear?" replied Laura, with warmth: "change the order if you please, and place honour before life: without it there is neither beauty nor happiness in the world. A woman who loses this precious treasure is no better than a mummy—a vile corpse, which no one can behold without horror. A gnawing worm devours her continually, and her condition is a hundred times more wretched than that of the dead. The grief of Lucretia in this situation ought to have served instead of a poniard."

A reserve so uniform and constant generally renders people serious and rigid, and gives them an air of unpoliteness; but Laura was the contrary of all this; and Petrarch advises all her sex to observe Laura, to look at her eyes, and learn from her how they may unite gaiety, politeness, grace, and the air of fashion, with wisdom, and the principles of religion. "Imitate," says he, "if you can, her language and her manners. When she speaks, her eloquence and modesty enchant every heart: when she is silent, her looks charm and instruct: but do not attempt to vie with her in person. Her eyes, her features, are a present of nature, which art will never be able to attain."

The education of Laura seems to have been like that of other ladies of her age; they were taught to sew and spin, but very rarely to read or to write. Those who knew how to read, were called learned ladies, and were much sought, and in high esteem when they were met with, which was generally in convents. We find that Petrarch always praises the understanding and goodness of Laura, but never speaks of its having been adorned with cultivation: "That her words had the dignity of nature, which raised her above her education; and that her voice was a source of continual enchantment, soft, angelic, and divine; that it could appease the wrath, dissipate the clouds, and calm the tempests of the soul." An elevated turn of mind supplied the advantages of a liberal education, and her sweetness of temper won upon every heart. How touching is it to view this amiable woman sinking under distresses from an unhappy marriage, from imprudent children, and inwardly pining at heart with an attachment that, in a state of liberty, would have been her felicity and glory, continually to behold the object of this affection a prey to the agonizing sensations of this fatal and tyrannic passion! Nothing was more simple than the life of Laura, occupied in the education of her children and her domestic cares. She went out only to perform the duties of society, or to enjoy the benefit of the air with the companions of her walks. In the suburbs of the Cordeliers there was a little house, built in the Gothic style, with one window to the south, and another to the north, and a stone seat before the door, which was called the House of Madam

Laura. She used sometimes to sit here alone with a pensive air, musing and talking to herself. In the heat of summer it was a custom anciently at Avignon, for the greatest people to sit out at their doors for the benefit of the fresh air. She sometimes appeared at sun-rise at the window. What a felicity for Petrarch when he happened to pass that spot! "I rise," says he, "at break of day, to salute Aurora, the sun that follows her, and, above all, that other sun which has dazzled me from my tender youth, and has every day the same bright effect on my heart. Other lovers desire the shades of evening, and hate Aurora: but it is quite the contrary with me; my pleasures are suspended till night folds up her shades." It appears that Sennucio, the friend of Petrarch, lived in the neighbourhood of Laura, and that Petrarch had desired he would inform him when Laura appeared at the window, which she often did at sun-rise.

Such was the beautiful, the amiable Laura. I know of no character, however illustrious, that has been done so much justice to as Laura's by the pen of Petrarch, who yet always declares his praises little equal to her worth. I will not undertake to express the grief of Petrarch on this event. "I dare not think of my condition," says he, "much less can I speak of it." He lived several days without eating or drinking, nourishing himself with his tears.

It was the custom formerly to write down in a book they read the most frequently, the thing they wished to retrace. On the manuscript of Virgil I have mentioned, ornamented with paintings by Simon de Sienna, which was Petrarch's favourite book, he wrote these lines:

"Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated in my verses, appeared to my eyes for the first time the 6th of April, 1327, at Avignon, in the church of St. Clair, at the first hour of the day. I was then in my youth. In the same city, on the same day, and at the same hour, in the year 1348, this luminary disappeared from our world. I was then at Verona, ignorant of my wretched situation. That chaste and beautiful body was buried the same day, after vespers, in the church of the Cordeliers. Her soul returned to its native mansion in heaven. To retrace the melancholy remembrance of this great loss, I have written it, with a pleasure mixed with bitterness, in a book I often refer to. This loss convinces me there is no longer anything worth living for. Since the strongest cord of my life is broken, with the grace of God, I shall easily renounce a world where my cares have been deceitful, and my hopes vain and perishing."

BOOK IV.

We have seen, in the Life of Petrarch, that his sorrows seldom came single. His eyes were still wet with tears for the death of Laura, when (the 3d of July, 1348) he lost cardinal Colonna, the man who had been so many years his friend and protector. Petrarch seems to think he was destroyed by grief, brought on by the disasters in his family. By some it was said he died of the plague. He lost, in the space of five years, his mother and six of his brothers. Some time before the tragical death of his brother Etienne, he had a conversation with Petrarch, in which he deplored the losses he had sustained. "Your father predicted them," said Petrarch. The cardinal demanded an account of this prediction. Petrarch was unwilling to comply with this request: but the cardinal insisted. Struck with what he heard, "Alas!" says he, "I fear my father will prove too good a prophet." This venerable old man was yet alive, and had attained almost the age of a hundred years. Petrarch wrote him a letter of condolence, as follows:

"Unfortunate old man! What crime have you committed? How have you merited the punishment of a tedious life? You resemble Metellus in your country, birth, riches, figure, and other qualities of mind and body, in an illustrious and fruitful wife, in the consular dignity, in the command of the Roman armies, in victories, and triumphs; in fine, in a great age, and a fortune sustained to the end: for the distresses you have undergone serve only to raise your glory. But Metellus had no brother: you had five, more famed for their virtue than for their birth. He had four sons, who exercised the offices of censors, priests, and consuls, and enjoyed the honours of triumph: you had seven sons; one a cardinal; another, who would have borne a higher rank, had he lived to receive it; three bishops, and two generals; who, to say all in one word, have almost equalled their father's reputation: and six daughters, worthy of the greatest praise. From this numerous and flourishing family, there has arisen a multitude of children and grand-children, which cause you to resemble the patriarchs of old. Wherever the Roman name is known, you pass for the happiest of men. But, as Solon said to the king of Lydia, 'No man can be called happy before death. The ashes and the tomb are the only faithful witnesses of the happiness of life.' You would have been the greatest example of human felicity, if the end of your life had answered the course of it. A long life is like a voyage of a few days. The heavens alter, the wind changes; the rudder must be turned, and the sails folded up. Human life, like the sea, is exposed to frequent hurricanes, and the evening of the brightest day is often obscured and tempestuous. The wise ought to say of the world, as Palinurus, that famous pilot in Virgil, did of the sea, 'Shall I confide in that monster?'

"You alone bear the weight of your losses, and you prove your fortitude and courage. Your beloved wife was happy as the wife of Evander, in that death spared her the grief to behold her children perish. And as you resembled Metellus in the beginning, so you may compare yourself to Priam in the end, of life. The former was buried by his children; the latter lived to bury his whole family. The inconstancy of fortune is such, that we know not what we ought to fear or to hope. Shall I advise you to hope or to despair? I will do neither: there would be too much presumption in the one, and too much weakness in the other. You cannot hope for more children. When old age is the season of marriage, it is as unnatural as harvest in winter. You need not despair on this account; for have you not yourself? What possession is more delightful than the enjoyment of a man's own soul? There have been fathers who have had a hundred children: Herotimes, king of Arabia, had that number. But, rare as is such an instance, it is still more so to find men who enjoy themselves. You have lost the conversation of your children; converse with yourself. In a life long and glorious like yours, how many things may you recall, honourable and agreeable to reflect on! You foresaw all that has happened to you. Recollect the conversation we had together at Rome: I have before my eyes that ancient monument on which we leaned as we conversed on this subject. Tears are due to nature, but time should dry them up. Collect all the strength of your soul, and sustain, with courage, this last assault of Fortune. She triumphs more frequently by terror than by strength. You have lost the pleasures you enjoyed, but in their stead you have gained a real happiness. You have learned to distinguish the felicities of nature from the chimeras of the world; to discover truth in the midst of the shades that surround it; to be convinced that the advantages of life were not your own; and to despise the empire of a blind goddess, the idol of vulgar minds. The more you have lost, the less you have to lose hereafter. You came naked into the world, and naked shall you go out of it."

Petrarch, exhausted by grief, addresses himself to Death, in these lines:

"Thou hast taken from me the two treasures who were my joy and my confidence; that stately column which served me for support, and that green laurel, under whose shade my weary soul reposed! Nothing can restore to me what I have lost. What remains for me, but to bemoan, all my future days, such irreparable losses? Our life is like the shadow of the sun passing over the plain. We lose in a moment what we have been years in acquiring."

Soon after this letter of Petrarch's, old Etienne Colonna sunk under the weight of age, and of grief for the total extinction of his illustrious family.

The death of the cardinal was extremely felt at Avignon, where it left a great void; his house being the rendezvous of men of letters and of genius. Those Italians who composed his court, could not bear Avignon after they had lost their Mæcenas. They dispersed. Three of these were the particular friends of Petrarch; Socrates, Luke Christien, and Mainard Accuise. Socrates was extremely embarrassed by the death of the cardinal: he felt it was impossible to live further from his dear Petrarch, and yet he could not determine to quit France for Italy: he wrote, without ceasing, the most pressing letters to Petrarch to return and settle in France.

Luke Christien was of a noble family at Rome. He had a benefice at Plaisance, and Petrarch had given him the canonship of Modena. He was a good companion, and had a very cultivated understanding. Mainard Accuise was descended from the great civilian of Florence, whom they styled the Idol of the Law. He was Abbé of St. Antoine de Plaisance; an illiterate man, but of a most amiable, candid, and generous temper; and possessed of all those kind and gentle qualities which contribute to the comfort of life. He determined with Luke to go to Italy to Petrarch, and settle with him the life they should lead, and the place in which they should fix their residence. They set out from Avignon in March, 1349, and arrived at Parma in April; but they did not find their friend; he was gone a little journey to Padua and Verona. Luke and Mainard passed a day in his house, to rest themselves; and when they went away, left a letter in his library, wherein they told him they had taken the route of the Alps, to come and see him at Parma; that they were going to make a tour through Italy, to settle their affairs, and would then return, and concert with him the means of living together. They begged him not to yield to the solicitations of Socrates, who wanted, above all things, to bring him back to Vaucluse.

When Petrarch returned to Parma, what was his concern to find the loss he had sustained! He wrote to his friends to testify his regret:—"You appear anxious lest Socrates should engage me to return to Vaucluse. Moved by the repeated solicitations of this dear friend, it is true, I did give him hopes of it, if what I proposed succeeded: that is, had I gained an establishment which should furnish me with a just pretext to remain there, and procure me at the same time the means of living with my friends, and receiving conveniently all those persons who are used to visit me. But when I wrote with this view, our master was alive. You were at Avignon with Luke, Lelius, and the small number of friends death had yet left me: these were so many lovers who drew me thither. Since that time the face of things has changed: our master is dead; you are all dispersed, and poor Socrates remains alone in that city: he is attached to it by the force of habit. I doubt not he wishes to be with us, and to see me above all: but how can he have the courage to propose our coming into a country where the bond of union is broken, and we should be as strangers without support, and without habitation? If we were like those happy souls, disengaged from the ties of the body, who inhabit the Elysian fields, who require only shady woods, beds of grass, or the banks of a river, and meadows watered by streams, Vaucluse would furnish us. But something more is necessary for those souls who drag their bodies along with them. The vulgar think that poets and philosophers are made of stone; but they deceive themselves in this, as in many other things: they are really made of flesh. Vaucluse would produce to us, as it did formerly, agreeable amusements when we are fatigued with our residence in the city; but it is not the place for a continual settlement. It is charming in summer: no one has proved this more sensibly than myself, in a residence of ten years; and, not to incur the censure of vanity, I will add, it ought not to repent it had me for its guest. I have improved it the best I could; and it is known to many by my verses, rather than by its own fame. From my tender youth I loved that fountain, and it was afterwards the port in which I took refuge. Alas! I knew not what I did! I brought with me there the cares that consumed me. I filled those beautiful valleys watered by the Sorgia with my cries and my tears, which resounded every where. These remembrances endear that solitude: but, alas! they embitter it too!

"The beauties of Vaucluse I still admire: but can they be paralleled with those pure fountains, those majestic rivers, those vast lakes filled with fish; in fine, with those two seas which embrace Italy on every side? Not to speak of the other advantages of my country; above all, the wit, genius, and manners, of its inhabitants. I know all this; and yet my friendship for you will not permit me to hide it; I sigh in renouncing Vaucluse, and feel myself still irresistibly impelled towards it. Our youth is passed, and illusions are no longer to be indulged. What hinders us from gliding on the few days that remain in peace and study? We have lost the best of masters; and, being at liberty, why should we not enjoy it? From the great we may hope good-will, but among them, we cannot flatter ourselves with uniting in true society; vanity, and that disparity of fortune which is the bane of friendship, prevents it. Fearing always to debase themselves, they will be adored rather than loved. Our master lived with us as his friends, and his service had nothing humbling or grievous; but we are now entirely free. We are not princes of the earth, or of the sea, as Aristotle says: but is this necessary to be happy? Have we not as much as those moderate spirits need, who regulate their desires by the wants of nature? Suppose we were to join our little fortunes, we should live in abundance, and have much more to fear from envy than poverty. Why do we hesitate to do this? Why are we separated one from the other by rivers, seas, and mountains? why do not persons, so strictly united by friendship, who have but one heart and one soul, live also under the same roof? For my part, I have long fixed a term to my desires; and I fear not the reproach of my heir. I live for myself and not for him, with whose disposition and character I am not yet acquainted. What greater happiness can we propose, than to pass our life with proved and united friends, with whom we think aloud, and who have but one will, one soul? Can any thing be more agreeable than faces always serene, minds always agreed, hearts always open; conversations where truth reigns without constraint, reserve, or preparation? This manner of life is the object of all my desires: if I can obtain it, I shall have no cause for envy.

"My house is not large, but it will accommodate such friends; and if our society should increase, I have a larger in the city, to which we may repair. My domestic, who appears a world to me, who love to be alone, is at present the only person who resides there. We have in the neighbourhood Bologna, where, in the study of the law, we passed the most delightful years of youth. With what pleasure shall we revisit the places we occupied in the days of innocence and illusion! But I mean not to prescribe to you. If you like Plaisance, where your abbey is situated, I will follow you there: or to the Milanese, full of lakes and rivers, and surrounded by the Alps, which hang over these lakes, and are covered with snow even in the midst of summer: or to Genoa, where we shall have the Apennine over our heads, the sea at our feet, and the Tritons dancing before us; where our ears will be saluted with the voice of Neptune, the sounds of the Nereides, and the dashing of the waves against the rocks. When we shall be weary of this spot, Padua presents a tranquil and charming situation. What a felicity will it be to live with James de Corrara, the most agreeable of men? Virtue is always amiable; but it is still more so in this age. Its rarity augments its value. We shall then be near Venice, which appears to me, who have seen the finest cities in Europe, the wonder of them all. Andreas Dandolo, the present doge, is more illustrious for his wisdom than his birth. Treviso is near this city; it is a town surrounded with rivers and fountains, the centre of joy and pleasure. They say that sameness is the mother of disquiet; variety shall then be the cure. Let us unite without loss of time. Come here, if that suits you; if not, choose a place where we may live and die in tranquillity. I am ready to follow you everywhere, even to a barbarous clime, if you make choice of it: I will renounce my own inclination to adopt yours: I shall be at ease any where, if I am but in your society."

Petrarch, desirous of an early answer, sought among his servants a messenger whom he could best spare for this journey, and fixed upon his cook, adding the following lines:—

"The most vulgar peasant is qualified for my kitchen. I prefer the most simple meats, prepared without art or labour. I think, with Epicurus, that no cheer is more delicious than the fruits and herbs of my garden. I always approved a taste conformable to nature. Not that I dislike a good repast now and then, but it should come very rarely. Among the Romans, before the conquest of Asia, the cook was the vilest of slaves. Would to God they had never conquered that part of the world, which has subdued them by its softness and luxury! Be so good to communicate this letter to our friends; and, if you find an opportunity, send it to Socrates at Avignon."

In June, 1349, while Petrarch was revolving in his mind the happiest idea of his future union with his friends, his cook came back in the midst of a heavy storm. Petrarch, not expecting him so soon, and knowing by his air that he brought bad news, was seized with consternation. He was writing, and the pen fell from his hand. "What is the matter? what news do you bring me?" said he, in haste. "Alas! very bad," replied the servant, with a voice interrupted by his sobs. "Your two friends fell into the hands of thieves on the top of Mount Apennine. O God! what a sad accident! Mainard, who had stopped for something, they surrounded and murdered. Luke, hearing his cries, galloped back to him sword in hand: he alone fought ten of them; but at last he received so many wounds, that he fell almost dead to the earth. The thieves fled with their prey. Some peasants, drawn thither by the noise, would infallibly have taken them, if some gentlemen, unworthy to be called so, had not stopped their pursuit, and admitted the thieves into their castles. Luke was seen with sword in hand among the rocks, but no one knows what is become of him." The condition of Petrarch, when he heard these dreadful tidings, cannot be described. He sent couriers immediately to Plaisance, Florence, and Rome, to see if they could hear any thing of Luke.

These thieves and banditti were villains and proscribed persons from Florence, who had fortified themselves in remote and inaccessible places, from whence they issued forth, and committed the most horrid murders. They were backed by the Ubaldini, a very ancient and powerful house in Tuscany, who had several impregnable fortresses in the Apennine, near the city of Mugella, of which they were lords. These were the gentlemen, unworthy of being called so, spoken of by Petrarch's cook. They gave an asylum to these banditti in their castles, favoured their conduct, and divided with them the spoil. Villani, the historian of this age, from whom this account is taken, adds, that "these thieves, having learned that Mainard of Florence was returning from Avignon with two thousand florins of gold, they lay in wait for him, killed and rifled him in the country of Florence." Petrarch thought it his duty to write to those who governed the city of Florence, to engage them to pursue the villains into their entrenchments, and ensure the safety of the highways. After a compliment to the republic, he says:

"I have just received news which is grief to my soul. Mainard Accuise, one of your best citizens, and my dear friend, returning from the court of Avignon, and going to Florence, was assassinated near the gates of the city, in the bosom of his country, and, so to speak, in the face of his friends. This unfortunate man, after having traversed the earth, and suffered much in his youth, was coming to pass in tranquillity the remains of a laborious and agitated life: and he flattered himself with a quiet death and burial in that land where he received his birth. Barbarous men, or rather savage beasts, have envied him this consolation. O times! O manners! Who could have believed that this gentle and good man, after having travelled without accident through the midst of those cruel nations who inhabit the borders of the Rhone, traversed the deserts of Provence, the most desolate and depraved country in the world, after passing the night among the Alps, where are whole armies of banditti, should be sacrificed in open day at the very gates of Florence? Gold in ancient times, but blood now, is the object of these wretches. What else could induce them to plunge their swords into the breast of an innocent man, stripped and disarmed, who could never have revenged their robbery? For what have they to fear in those impregnable fortresses, which serve them for caverns and asylums, from whence they brave Florence and heaven itself?

"Justice is the basis of all grandeur and prosperity. Assassins threaten you to the face, who dared not conceive mischief in the time of your fathers. If you leave such actions unpunished, there is an end of your glory, and of your republic. Its foundation overthrown, it must sink. But I feel that your justice will not tarry; it will overtake them. You are distressed, it is true, by these banditti: but true virtue comes as pure out of adversity, as gold out of the crucible; and your courage will increase in proportion to your difficulties. But what will relieve my grief? The most eloquent words I can use, even the lyre of Orpheus itself, cannot restore to me the friend I have lost. I do not propose it to you to raise him from the dead, but to preserve his honour from burial; and, which is a most important object, to free the Apennine from banditti, which is the general road to Rome. These mountains have been always steep and rugged, but formerly they were traversed with the greatest security. But if those that should be the guardians become the robbers, and instead of faithful dogs, watching from their castles to protect, become wolves to destroy, terror will spread over the mind, the Apennine will become desert, and more uninhabitable than Atlas or Caucasus. Illustrious citizens! prevent this disgrace. Those that would pull up a tree begin at the roots; in like manner, those who would exterminate thieves must seek them in their secret retreats. Have the goodness, also, to seek out the other friend of whose fate I am uncertain. But I dread the worst. God maintain the happiness of your republic."

This letter had the success it deserved. The Florentines sent an army against the Ubaldini, and took, in less than two months, a great many of their castles, and made great havoc in their estates. The body of Mainard was found, and buried with honour—a poor consolation for Petrarch! He sought news of Luke from every one he met with, and trembled at each noise around him. He had lost all hope, when a Milanese merchant of his acquaintance called on him, saying, "I was told you were here, and would not pass without paying my respects to you." "You are very polite, sir. May I inquire the road you came?" "From Florence," replied the merchant. "I set out from thence four days ago." "Good heavens!" said Petrarch, "which, then, was your route?" "Not the high road," replied the merchant; "I was warned against that. I took a by-path through the woods. You know, without doubt, the accident that has happened to a citizen of Florence; the whole city is in arms to revenge his death. The army is already encamped on the Apennine." "I know it," said Petrarch; "but is it true that the persons who accompanied this Florentine have perished with him?" "I only heard speak of one person who suffered," replied the merchant: "had there been several, it would have been mentioned: but I can affirm nothing, as I know only the public report." This revived the hopes of Petrarch. In this uncertain and afflicted state of mind, and continually hearing of and beholding the devastations made by the plague, he wrote the following letter to his dear Socrates.

"Have any annals, since the destruction of Troy, shown such terror and desolation as we now behold? Lands abandoned, cities depopulated, fields covered with dead bodies; the whole earth almost become one vast desert! Ask the historians; they say nothing. Consult the physicians; they are astonished and confounded. Address the philosophers; they shrug up their shoulders, knit their brows, and put their finger on their lips. Our streets, heaped up with dead bodies, resemble a charnel-house rather than a city; and we are amazed, when we re-enter our houses, to find any thing remaining that is dear to us. Happy, thrice happy, the future age, which will, perhaps, look upon our calamities as a series of fables! In the most bloody war there is some resource; and an honourable death is a great consolation. But here we have none. And is it then true, as some philosophers have advanced, that God has no concern for what passes on the earth? Let us cast far from us so senseless an opinion. If he has not, how could the world subsist? Some philosophers have given this care to Nature. Seneca justly views such as ungrateful men, who would hide, under a borrowed name, the benefits of the Supreme Cause, and, by an impious subtilty, tempt men to deprive him of his just homage.

"Yes, great God! thou carest for us; we cannot doubt it: but how impenetrable are thy judgments! If we are punished more than others, we are no doubt more culpable. Perhaps thou wouldst prove, thou wouldst purify us, and render us more deserving of thy benefits; but how little do we know! There may be other causes of evil, to which our weak intelligence cannot arrive. Alas! my dear Socrates, we have outlived our friends, and almost outlived ourselves!"

Petrarch, willing to replace the voids which death had made in his heart, attached himself to Paganino Bezzozi, a man of sense and conversation. The circumstances of the times had contributed to their immediate union. Distress softens the heart, and ties close the bonds of affection: the more we have lost, the more we are attached to what remains behind. "Our fortunes became common," said he. "After a short trial of his worth, I found he merited my confidence, and he proved a sort of Socrates in the friendship he showed me." But death envied Petrarch this consolation in his misfortunes. Paganino was struck with the plague; but this did not hinder his supping with his friends. After supper, he discoursed with Petrarch as usual. He suffered with amazing fortitude, all night, the most violent pain, and expired before morning.

There remained at this time to Petrarch only three of his old friends—Gui Settimo, Lelius, and Socrates. Settimo was making his court at Avignon. Lelius had retired to Rome, his native city, some time before the death of cardinal Colonna. Petrarch was very uneasy about Socrates; he had written him several letters by safe hands, but had received no answer. He wrote again, with a letter enclosed to his brother Gerard, who had made great progress in the spiritual life in the seven years he had been among the Carthusians.

This month, September, 1349, there was another scourge which oppressed mankind. The earth was agitated in a violent manner. These earthquakes in some places lasted several days, and the violence of the shocks caused great havoc in the city of Rome. Petrarch speaks thus of it in a letter:

"I tremble not only for Rome, but for all Italy. My blood freezes when I recall the last words of the prophecy of Balaam:—'They shall come from Italy in ships, they shall vanquish the Assyrians, and ravage the Hebrews.' This prophecy has been accomplished in the fall of the Roman empire. God send that these earthquakes do not foretell the loss of peace and liberty to our land!"

Petrarch paid a visit this year to Gonzaga, lord of Mantua, who had invited him so pressingly to reside at his court. Lewis de Gonzaga had associated his three sons in the government with himself, and assigned them employments suited to their genius. Gui the eldest, liberal, magnificent, and a lover of letters, was charged with all that concerns the interior government of the city, and its negociations with strangers. Philipon, active, unquiet, warlike, had the department of war, and was general of the army: he had attended the king of Hungary in his expedition to Naples, to revenge his brother's death, and was lately returned from thence. Feltrin, who loved the arts, had the direction of the buildings, fortifications, reparations of the highways, &c. Lewis de Gonzaga, sinking under the weight of years (for he was above fourscore), had resigned the government to his children; and they showed, in their admirable conduct, what may be accomplished in a small state by three brothers firmly united.

Gui, who was the patron of letters, and had long known our poet, gave him a very distinguished reception. A despatch being sent to Avignon, in the letters of the chancellor, who was the negociator, and Petrarch's friend, no mention being made of him, Gui reproached the chancellor, saying, "You speak of our affairs, you tell us what passes at the Roman court, and you say nothing of Petrarch, in whom I am more interested than in them all." The chancellor communicated this sentiment to Petrarch, who expressed his acknowledgment by saying, "The power of love extends from pole to pole, and binds men by invisible ties, however situation may separate them; as Augustus manifested in his affection for Virgil, the son of a Mantuan labourer, and Horace, son of a freed-man, to whom he wrote with the most affectionate familiarity. If such examples render it less surprising that I should be so honoured, I feel not less sensibly the glory of being treated like these great men, when I fall so short of their merit. One of them said, 'It is not a little matter to obtain favour of princes:' for my part, I know not how I came to please others, who could never please myself."

Petrarch was at Mantua. He went to see that little village, famous for the birth of Virgil: it is only a small league from that city. It was formerly called Andes; its present name is Pietola. On this spot his fancy kindled, and he wrote the following lines to Virgil:

"Great poet! the honour of Rome, the fruitful hope of the Muses! tell me where you are at present? In what part of Avernus are you enclosed? Or are you not rather on Parnassus, with Apollo and the Nine, who enchant you with their concerts? Perhaps you are walking in the woods, or in the Elysian fields, with Homer, whom you so much resemble, with Orpheus, and the other poets of the first rank. I except Lucan and Lucretius, and all those who, like them, put an end to their own lives. I would know the life you lead; wherein your dreams differed from truth, and where is the ivory door through which you caused Æneas to pass, on his return from hell. I willingly believe that you inhabit that region of heaven allotted to happy souls.

"If any mortal shade is admitted to your celestial mansions, mine shall attend you there, and inform you what passes in the place dear to you, and the fate of your works. Mantua, whose glory you are, has been agitated by the troubles of its neighbours. Defended by princes full of valour, she has refused to come under a strange yoke, and will only be governed by her children. It is there I write these lines, in a solitary place near your tomb. I seek, with ardour, the rocks to which you retired, the meadows where you walked, on the banks of the Mincio, the trees under which you sought a cooling shade, the woods which were your asylum against the heat, and the green banks where you were seated, at the foot of your river. All these things retrace your image. The unfortunate city of Naples, honoured with your ashes, groans for the loss of king Robert. In one day it was deprived of the felicity of years. Inquire not the fate of Rome! Alas! it is better to be ignorant of it. Learn rather the success of your productions. Old Tityrus charms every one with the soft sounds of his pipe. Nothing can be more beautiful than the cultivated fields of your Georgics. Your Æneid is known through the world; it is sung, it is delighted in everywhere: how much are we obliged to Augustus, who saved it from those flames to which you had condemned it!

"Adieu! You will be always dear to me. Present my salutations to Homer and Hesiod."

There was a great friendship between Gui and Petrarch. The former loved reading, and this confirmed the bond between them. He asked Petrarch one day for a foreign book in the vulgar tongue; he sent him the Romance of the Rose, with these lines:

"I send you a little book that France praises to the skies, and ranks with the first writings. It proves, in my opinion, how much Italy surpasses all other nations in eloquence, except the Greeks.

"A Frenchman relates his dreams; his design is to explain the power of love, the force of jealousy, the tricks of an old woman, and the stratagems of a lover. He shows the evils which love draws after it; the contrary feelings it meets with in its progress; labour and repose, grief and joy, groans and laughter; and he proves that pleasures are rare, and mixed with tears. The author may well say he dreams; one could never suppose him awake. How much more pathetic are the episode of Dido, and the lines of Catullus, Horace, and Ovid; without speaking of other ancient and modern authors who have described this passion! I send it, however, because I have nothing better, unless all France, and even Paris, its capital, are in error." This poem was begun in the thirteenth century, by William de Lorris, who died before he had finished it. John de Meun forty years after continued and completed it: it is full of satire on all conditions, of digressions, and episodes; and the women in it are painted in the blackest colours.

From Mantua Petrarch went to Verona, and from thence to Padua, where James de Corrare gave him a canonship, which he held with his archdeaconry and canonship of Parma. There came to Padua, during his stay there, cardinal Gui de Boulogne, the pope's legate; he came from Hungary, whither the pope had sent him. The object of this embassy was the troubles of Naples, occasioned by the tragic death of prince Andrew. Petrarch was much favoured by this cardinal. Gui de Boulogne was the son of Robert, the seventh count of Auvergne, and of Mary of Flanders: to this exalted birth he joined wit and talents, and had studied at Paris with success. The archbishopric of Lyons was given to him when he was only twenty years of age. Two years after, Clement VI., who made him cardinal at the solicitation of Philip de Valois, wrote these lines to that prince: "The subject you have recommended to me has a cultivated mind; his character is amiable, his manners honest, his life decent: in spiritual things, he is enlightened and full of zeal; in temporal, wise and circumspect." Notwithstanding his youth, the pope confided to him several important affairs, in the discharge of which he answered the idea that had been conceived of him, which induced him to send him into Hungary on this difficult negociation. The king of Hungary, as we have seen, went to Naples, with an army, to revenge his brother's death, and to seize his kingdom, which, he pretended, belonged to him. He took with him duke Warner, a chief who was the scourge of Italy, and who soon caused that kingdom to float in seas of blood. The king of Hungary conquered, and queen Joan fled into Provence from his fury. The princes of the blood went to Aveise, to acknowledge and pay homage to the king, who was their cousin. He received them very well; after which, he ordered Charles of Durazzo to conduct him to the place where his brother had been strangled, and there, in his presence, he had this prince assassinated, after reproaching him with having contributed to his death. The other princes of the blood he put in irons, and sent them into Hungary. After this expedition, the king sent ambassadors to the pope to justify his conduct, to solicit the investiture of the kingdom of Naples, and the punishment of queen Joan; and he complained bitterly of the cardinal de Taillerand, whom he accused of having imbrued his hands in the murder of his brother. Soon after this, the plague obliged him to quit Naples, and return into Hungary.

The negociation of this affair was very delicate. Gui de Boulogne was related to the king of Hungary, and had an insinuating disposition, that the pope thought well suited to it. He was to propose peace between the king of Hungary and the queen of Naples; to solicit the freedom of the princes of the blood; to desire the account of the proceedings, that he might judge of queen Joan's conduct; to justify cardinal Taillerand; and, lastly, to engage the emperor Charles to support this negociation with his son-in-law. The cardinal legate, notwithstanding his talents, could do no more than obtain a truce. He was ordered, on his return from Italy, to go to Rome to the jubilee, and use his endeavours to procure peace. His legateship extended over all that part of Italy between the Alps and the Apennine. He arrived at Padua in February 1350, and was received with extraordinary honours. James de Corrare gave up his palace to him, and defrayed his expenses, with all those of his train, which amounted to three hundred. He stopped some days in this city to remove the body of St. Anthony, which they drew out of the tomb, to place it in a church he had built and dedicated to this saint. The cardinal had experienced his protection in a violent disease, and to show his acknowledgment, would be present and assist at this ceremony. He was glad to find Petrarch at Padua, whom he had known at Avignon, and took every opportunity of conversing with him. In one of these meetings, he showed him a letter he had just received from a prelate in France, attached to him, and who was also the friend of Petrarch. This was Philip de Vitri, celebrated for his French and Latin works, and his excellence in church music. He was chaplain to the pope, and the cardinal of Boulogne, and archdeacon of Brie, in the church of Soissons. He had applied himself, when young, to poetry and music, which contributed not a little to unite him with Petrarch. Philip de Vitri was of the opinion which the French, particularly the Parisians, were reproached with. He looked upon every journey out of France as an exile. He wrote in this manner to the cardinal, lamenting his residence in Hungary and Italy. The cardinal did not reflect upon the consequences when he gave this letter to Petrarch. To call a journey to Italy an exile, was like blasphemy in the eyes of our poet. He took pen in hand immediately, and wrote to Vitri as follows :

"Why should not I dare to tell my dear Philip at a distance, what I should certainly say if he was present ? Nothing is so free as friendship. 'I do not love my friend,' says Seneca, 'if I fear to offend him.' My dear friend, I do not know you again. I know that what rises must sink ; that all that are born grow old : but I thought minds exempted from the fate of terrestrial bodies, because, being formed of an ethereal substance, they rise by their own strength, or, to speak better, on the wings of nature. If the mind grows old, it may then die. Old age may be the end of being, and the descent of it to the grave. Alas ! if we are thus deprived of the sweet consolation that this noble part of us will live for ever, what shall console us when we become the subjects of death ! You will guess what this long preamble leads to. We have here our illustrious father, and common master, cardinal Gui de Boulogne, legate of the holy see. You blush ; I see it : your conscience is not without remorse. Confess that you did not think I should see the letter you wrote : if you had, you would not have spoken in a style so weak and unjust ; you would at least have respected the Muses, who live with me, and whose indignation you would have felt, had the time permitted. What is become of that admirable ardour, that desire of all knowledge, which formerly distinguished you ? You would then, if possible, have drawn off from Nature the veil that covers her. What attempts did you not make toward discoveries in the northern and eastern ocean ! The earth itself was then too small for your curiosity. You raised your desires even to heaven. The oblique path of the sun, the fixed and wandering stars, nothing escaped your indefatigable researches ; not even the antipodes of heaven, if antipodes of heaven there be.

"Is it possible that a man so eager after knowledge of all kinds, should give the name of exile to a journey into Italy, out of which all would be banishment indeed, if the whole world was not the country of every thinking man ? Shall I be frank with you ? The little bridge of Paris has made too strong an impression on you ; and your ears are too much delighted with the murmurs of the Seine, which runs under its arches. You have, no doubt, forgot the answer of the man, who, being asked from whence he came, 'I am a Cosmopolite,' replied he. As for you, you are French : no one can deny that ; and to such a degree French, that you consider every journey out of France as a banishment, whatever may be the motive of it.

"I know that we all have an innate love for our country, and that the greatest men have been sensible to its attractions ; but I know also, that it is only little minds that cannot shake off these fetters. How many heroes and philosophers have passed their whole lives in travelling ! Plato quitted Athens, where he was adored as a god, to travel over Egypt and Italy. The journeys of Democritus are celebrated ; and still more so those of Pythagoras, who never returned home. More inflamed by the love of truth than the love of his country, after going over Egypt, Persia, and many barbarous countries, he was twenty years in Italy ; and you weep for one only that your master passes there. Awake, my dear friend ; shake off the lethargy you are in. Elevate your soul, which is sunk under popular prejudices, and which, tied down to the glebe of its native field, sees nothing beautiful, nothing rare, beyond Paris. Give me back that ancient Philip, in whose conversation I found so many charms. It is not to him I write, it is to one of his enemies : so he must not be offended if he finds in this letter remonstrances too strong for the softness and luxury of our age.

"But I will return to our exile. I wish you saw him in his present brilliant situation, surrounded by a concourse of people, and even princes applauding and calling him the restorer of peace. This is the state of your banished man. I know you love him with all your heart. Cease, then, to lament his fate ; rather lament your own as exiled and unhappy, that you cannot behold his glory. He is in the flower of his age, his body strong, his mind eager after knowledge. It is experience, as artists know, that forms great men. What can those learn, who never go beyond their paternal estate ? Homer, desiring to give the Greeks a model of wisdom, presents them with a man who had visited several cities, and studied many nations ; and Virgil imitated him in the Æneid : and must not our master, then, delight in the lofty mountains which are the barriers of Italy, the magnificent cities it contains, and the beautiful rivers that water it ? Our prelate to-day assisted in removing the body of St. Anthony : I admired the dignity and grace with which he performed his office. To-morrow he continues his route ; and, after crossing the king of rivers, will see Ravenna, the most ancient city in Italy, and proceed to the capital of the world. As for you, my dear Philip, when you go from St. Germain on the mountain to St. Genevieve in the valley, you think you have been through the wide world ; happy in your manner of thinking, if true happiness can consist with error. But in your letter you did not follow your own judgment, but the judgment of the vulgar, which is always mean and ignorant. Adieu ! take care of yourself, and do not forget me. Mark, the physician and the countryman of Virgil, salutes you.

"Padua, February 14."

Petrarch went from Padua to Verona to see his son and his friends, from whence he wrote to Socrates, and besought him to come to him in Italy, and settle there, in any part of it he should make choice of; but he could not persuade him to leave Avignon. The few friends he had left were separated from him by necessity. Barbatus was established at Sulmone with his wife, and could not leave her. Lelius and Settimo were both settled at Rome and Avignon. He had lately cultivated a friendship with two Florentines, Francis Rinnuci, and Giovanni Boccaccio, of whom we shall soon have occasion to speak; who were both so attached to the place of their nativity, that nothing could draw them from thence.

Petrarch returned soon after to Padua, to wait the arrival of the cardinal de Boulogne, who came there on his way home. After having distributed spiritual and temporal benefits with the greatest beneficence, he took the route of Milan and Genoa to return to Avignon; and he had in his train a vast number of distinguished persons from every state in Italy, and received the greatest honours wherever he passed.

Petrarch, who was not a courtier, accompanied this prelate from attachment, and as an acknowledgment of the kindness he had shown him. The cardinal delighted in his conversation, and bantered him sometimes on his enthusiasm for his country. When they came into the territory of Verona, near the lake of Garda, struck with the beauty of the spot, they ascended a little hill, and stopped to view the fine objects around them: the Alps covered with snow, though in the month of June; the lake of Garda, subject to the ebbing and flowing of the tide, as the sea; on every side, rich hills and fertile valleys. "It must be owned," said the legate, addressing himself to Petrarch, "that your country is finer and richer than ours!" At these words the face of Petrarch brightened with joy! "But you must agree also," added the cardinal, to moderate, perhaps, the violence of his effusion, "that ours is more tranquil." "That is true," replied Petrarch, with that liberty which he always professed; "but we can obtain that tranquillity you enjoy when we please; whereas it does not depend on you to procure those beauties of which nature has been prodigal to us." The cardinal smiled, and continued his route. Petrarch took leave of him here, and returned to Parma. At Mantua, which he passed through, he wrote another letter to his dear Socrates, to recommend to him a young abbé, whom he became acquainted with among the attendants of the cardinal de Boulogne. He describes him as a young man of rare merit, whose friendship was a treasure he wished him to partake of. "Joys of this kind," says he, "ought to be common between friends. Go, and see him: you will instantly feel it is that Socrates of whom I have often spoken to you. You will be charmed with the society of such a man, whose equal I have rarely found. I feel what may be the consequence of uniting two persons, who, in tracing one another's virtues, will easily lose sight of mine: but I shall console myself in the persuasion, that what I lose in merit I shall gain in friendship."

After having finished this letter, Petrarch set out for Mantua in the evening, to sleep at Luzora, five leagues from the Po. The Gonzagas were lords of this city: they had sent a courier to Mantua, to desire he would honour them at supper. It was with difficulty he got there. The south wind, which blew, had melted the snows; the Po had overflowed the country round, and filled the roads with a quaggy mud, in which the horses sunk at every step. He got there late. They gave him a magnificent reception; rare meats, foreign wines, delicate cheer, welcome countenances, and much gaiety. A little matter will spoil a fine feast, and lose the fruits of a great expense. The supper was served in a damp hall, which flies and all sorts of insects had taken possession of; and, to complete the distress, an army of frogs, who had been attracted by the good odour of the meats, came forth, and stunned the company with their importunate croakings. They could not sit in the room, and were obliged to leave the table before supper was ended. Petrarch retired to his chamber at midnight, very much fatigued. But a courier passing to Rome, he wrote a letter to Lelius, in which was this account of the supper. The next day he went to Parma. He waited till the great heats were over, to go to the jubilee held this year at Rome. He wrote to his friend William de Pastrengo, to take this journey with him. This friend wished for nothing so much as the society of Petrarch on this occasion; but he was established at Verona, and he had a wife and children. All his family opposed this journey, and he could not overcome their fears. Instead, therefore, of William, Petrarch took with him an old abbé, of respectable character and dignity, and some persons whose experience might save him much trouble. They took their route through Tuscany, and stopped at Florence. What impressions agitated the mind of Petrarch to behold his native city, which he had left so young, that he had retained only a confused idea of it! They had not yet restored him his estate, for the Guelph party still governed there. He found, however, several friends, who, though not of long standing, had made great progress in his heart, that had suffered many voids from death, which he wished to fill up.

The first of these was Zanobi de Strata, born at Florence; where John, his father, had taught grammar, all his life, with success. Zanobi continued, and surpassed him, in that profession. His talents for eloquence and poetry united him with the most distinguished persons for rank and wit in Tuscany.

Francis Rinnuci was of a good house in Florence; his ancestors had been the first magistrates in that city. Francis had embraced the ecclesiastical state: he was first notary, judge, and secretary of the bishop, and afterwards supreme vicar; and he was prior and preacher of the church of the Holy Apostles, which had been formerly the collegiate church. It appears that he was a wise and pious man, and much esteemed at Florence. Petrarch gave him the name of Simonides.

Giovanni da Certaldo, or Giovanni Boccaccio*, whose family was of Certaldo, a village twenty miles from Florence, was born at Paris. His mother was a young woman, with whom his father was secretly connected. He studied grammar under John de Strata, and the canon law under Cino de Pistoia. The taste which Nature had given him for poetry, and the belles lettres, defeated the projects of his father, who designed him for a civilian. It is believed, however, he was made doctor of laws; after which, he certainly went for a time into the church. His father sent him on some business to Naples, where king Robert, who soon discovered his talents, received him with kindness, and loved to discourse with him. That prince had a daughter, the fruit of the only weakness that his character is reproached with: she was called Mary of Arragon by the historians. Boccaccio fell in love with her, and has celebrated her in his works. During his situation at Naples, he heard Petrarch spoken of in such a manner, that it inspired him with a great desire to see him. He took the first occasion to form this union, and it lasted till death. They had each the same tastes and the same aversions; the same ardent desire of knowledge, frankness, truth of mind, and tenderness of heart: there was a similarity also in their love. We have seen that Petrarch became enchanted with Laura in the church of St. Clare, in the Holy Week. Boccaccio also saw and loved Mary for the first time in the church of the Cordeliers at Naples. On Easter-day these friends consoled Petrarch for his past losses.

---

* For a short account of Boccaccio, see p. 3, *note*.

About the middle of October, 1350, Petrarch left Florence, and set out for Rome. He gives this account of his journey in a letter to Boccaccio:—"The 15th of October we set out from Bolsena, a small town in Etruria. Taken up with the thoughts of seeing Rome once more, I reflected upon the change that is made in our thoughts in a course of years. This, said I to myself, is my fifth journey to Rome; it was fourteen years ago I saw it for the first time, drawn by curiosity to behold its wonders. Some years after, a premature desire of the laurel brought me there a second time. The third and fourth journey was to render service and show affection to my friends. This ought to be the happiest of all, since its only object is my eternal salvation. While I was full of these thoughts, the horse of the old abbé, which was on my left side, going to kick at mine, struck my leg just under the knee: the stroke was so violent, that it sounded like bones snapping asunder, and drew all our party round me. I felt extreme pain: but not daring to stop in so solitary a place, I made a virtue of necessity, got late to Viterbo, and was dragged to Rome by the aid of my friends. As soon as I got there I sent for the physicians, who having examined my wound, found the bone laid open, and the iron of the horse's shoe had left a mark on it. The smell of this neglected wound was so strong that I could scarcely bear it; though our familiarity with, and affection for ourselves, renders many things supportable we could not bear in others. How vile and abject is man, said I, if he does not compensate for the weakness of his body by the strength of his mind! The days I was obliged to pass wholly in bed appeared longer here than elsewhere. I consider this accident as a just punishment from Heaven, who, after having fixed my unsteady soul, thought it proper thus to afflict my unworthy body. My confessor had treated me with too much lenity; I stood in need of this mortification. If my accident affects you, the courage with which I support it shall be your consolation."

Petrarch says, he was in the happiest disposition for this sacred bath, in which the soul was to be cleansed from all its stains. We have seen that pope Clement altered this jubilee from a hundred to fifty years, and in a clause of this bull (as some aver) he speaks as follows: "The sovereign pontiff, in virtue of the authority he holds from the apostles, renews the souls of those who receive this indulgence to the same state they were in after baptism; and he orders the angels to introduce them immediately to paradise, without obliging them, on their way thither, to pass through purgatory." The custom of visiting Rome, to receive a plenary absolution of all sins, was begun in 1300, from a rumour that this had been practised before. It was not, however, to be found in the ancient records: but an old man, aged 107, being questioned about it, said, he remembered that, in the year 1200, his father, who was a labourer, went to Rome to gain this indulgence. It was accordingly confirmed by the bull of Pope Boniface; and Clement gave it the name of the jubilee, because it resembled the festival of the Jews celebrated every fifty years, at which slaves were set free, debts forgiven, and each person obtained the wealth and honour of their family.

The concourse of pilgrims at this jubilee was prodigious; they were reckoned near a million. The streets were so full, that men were carried along by the crowd, whether on horseback or on foot. There was no appearance that the plague had depopulated the world. The people of quality came the last to it; and, above all, the ladies of the grandees from beyond the mountains. Most of them took the route of Areona; and Bernardin de Polenta, lord of Ravenna, whose castle was on this road, joined, and made great confusion among them. "This would not have befallen them," says a contemporary historian, "if they had remained in their houses; because a ship which is always in port cannot be shipwrecked. Indulgences and journeys," he adds, "are not fit for young people. Strangers who came from all countries, knowing only their own language, were embarrassed about confession. They therefore made use of interpreters, who often published what they heard; and it became necessary to buy their silence at a dear rate. To remedy this abuse, they established penitentiaries at Rome, who understood all the languages. The kings of Castile, Arragon, Portugal, and Cyprus, would fain have obtained indulgence without going to Rome. They wrote to the pope, to beg he would dispense with this journey; but the cardinals opposing, he wrote this answer to these princes: "My brethren, the cardinals, considering that this indulgence is granted not only for the salvation of souls, but for the honour of the saints, would not consent that any should be dispensed from this visitation to their churches." The number of thirty days was fixed for the Romans, fifteen for the Italians, and ten for other strangers. Clement, whose goodness and courtesy was displayed on all occasions, extended his indulgence to those persons who had been prevented from, or stopped on, their journey, on this condition, that they should give to the church the money they would have expended in it. "The inhabitants of Rome," says Villani, "were exorbitant in their impositions upon these strangers; and used such frauds and monopolies, that, joined to the fatigue and heat, caused a great mortality."

And Meyer, another historian of great age, assures us, that, of all these pilgrims, the tenth part never returned to their habitations.

As soon as Petrarch could get out, he visited all the churches with extreme ardour to gain the jubilee. He speaks of the good effects it had upon his soul. "I went with fervour," says he, "determined to put an end to that sinful life which has often covered me with shame, and I hope nothing can make me change the firm resolutions I have taken." The rest of his time was much of it spent, in all probability, with his friend Lelius. After having gained the jubilee, he returned immediately to Padua. He took his route through Tuscany, and stopped at Arezzo, desirous to see the town in which he was born. Aretin says, that his townsmen, charmed with the sight of a man who was such an honour to them, went out to meet him, and paid him the same respect and obeisance they would have done to a king: this was in December, 1350. He had the good fortune to find in this town the Institutions of Quintilian, which till then he could never meet with. The manuscript was mutilated, and in a bad condition: but it was an interesting discovery to him. He wrote some lines to Quintilian to express his joy; in which he tells him plainly, that he was fitter to form great orators, than to be an orator himself.

Some days after this, Petrarch going out of Arezzo to pursue his journey, the principal people of the city, who accompanied him, led him to Orto, to show him the house in which he was born. "It was a little house," says Petrarch, "as befitted an exile." They told him that the proprietor would have made some alterations in it, which the town had always opposed, that the place consecrated by his birth might remain always in the state it was in at that time. He relates this to a person who had written to know whether Arezzo was really the place of his birth; and adds, "Arezzo has shown more respect to a stranger than Florence to a citizen."

Petrarch stopped at Florence to converse with his friends; and went from thence to Padua, where he had fixed his residence. There was great consternation, and an universal lamentation, in this city, which had lost the best of all masters. James de Corrare had in his house a relation called William, whom he treated with kindness, and admitted to his table, though he was unworthy of that favour. The 21st of December, after dinner, when this lord was seated in his palace, surrounded with his friends, servants, and guards, William plunged a dagger into his breast with so much celerity, that no one had time to ward off the stroke. Some hastened to raise up their lord, who was fallen, and who expired in their arms: the rest pierced the monster with a thousand strokes who had committed this parricide. "At the same instant," says Petrarch, "there went out of this world two souls of a very different kind, and the routes they took were as opposite." The motive of this action is unknown; but some think James had forbade him to appear abroad on account of his bad conduct.

Petrarch wrote on this occasion the following letter to Boccaccio:—

"I have learnt by long habit to cope with fortune. I do not oppose her strokes by groans and tears, but by a heart hardened to repel them. She perceived me firm and intrepid, and took a lance to pierce me at the time I lay the most exposed by the death of those friends who had formed a rampart round me. By a sudden, horrible, and unworthy death, she has deprived me of another tender friend, of a man who was my consolation and glory. He was the most like king Robert in his love of letters, and in his favours to those who professed them. He was distinguished for a singular sweetness of manners, and was the father, rather than lord, of his people. I had given myself to him. While I live, I shall never lose the remembrance of James de Corrare, and shall always speak of him with pleasure. I would celebrate him to you, and to posterity; but he is much above my praise."

The death of James de Corrare rendered Padua disagreeable to Petrarch. The delightful situation of Vaucluse presented itself, and he wished once more to behold it. But he continued the winter at Padua. He spent a great deal of his time with Ildebrandini Comti, bishop of that city; a man of high rank and great merit. One day, as he was supping at his palace, two Carthusian monks came there, and were well received by Ildebrandini, who loved their order. He asked them what brought them to Padua. "We are going," they said, "to Treviso, by the order of our general, to establish a monastery; the bishop of that city, and some of its pious inhabitants, desiring to have one of our order." Ildebrandini, after several more questions, turned the conversation insensibly upon father Gerard, brother to Petrarch, and asked them if he appeared contented with his lot. The two monks, who did not know Petrarch, related wonders of his brother.

"The plague," said they, "having got into the monastery of Montrieu, the prior, a man of exemplary piety, but seized with terror, told his monks that flight was the only part they had to take. Gerard answered with courage, 'Go where you please: as to myself, I will remain in the situation in which Heaven has fixed me.' The prior redoubled his instances; and, to alarm him, said, 'When you are dead, there will be no person to bury you.' 'That is the last of my cares,' said Gerard; 'and the affair of my survivors rather than mine.' The prior fled to his own country, where death followed, and struck him. Gerard remained in his convent, where the plague respected and left him only, after having destroyed, in a few days, thirty-four of his brethren who continued with him. Gerard paid them every service, received their last sighs, washed their bodies, and buried them when death had taken those destined to this office. With only a dog left for his companion, he watched at night to guard the house, and took his repose in the day. The thieves, with which this country is infested, came several times to pillage this monastery, but he found some means to get rid of them. When the summer was passed, he sent to a neighbouring monastery of the Carthusians, to beg they would give him a monk to take care of the house; and he went himself to the superior monastery of the Carthusians, where he was received with singular distinction by eighty-three priors, and obtained of them a great favour. They permitted him to choose a prior and monks to renew his house from the different convents of the order: and he returned triumphant, which he merited by his care, fidelity, and prudence." While the Carthusians were relating these wonders of father Gerard, the prelate cast his eyes, filled with tears of joy, from time to time, on Petrarch. "I know not," says the latter, "whether my eyes appeared so; but my heart was tenderly moved." The Carthusians at last discovered him to be the brother of Petrarch, and with a holy effusion embraced him, saying, "Ah! how happy are you in such a brother!" Petrarch could only answer with his tears: he was touched with this scene beyond expression, as he owns in a letter to his brother, from whence this account is taken.

About this time he made a review of all his manuscripts. Reflecting on the uncertainty of life, and recalling the losses he had sustained in a short time, he thought it necessary to arrange his affairs; like those who, on the evening that precedes a long journey, collect together what they will take with them, burn the things that are unnecessary, and give the rest to their friends. He found much pleasure in reviewing his sentiments in the different periods of his life. When he discovered how many things he had begun, and left unfinished, he considered such undertakings as a great folly in so short a life, and he threw into the fire directly a thousand epistles and poems on all subjects. "I charged Vulcan," says he, "with the trouble of correcting them. But shall I own my weakness? it was not without sighs." But recollecting that his dear Socrates had begged of him his prose works, and Barbatus his poetry, he saved the rest. To this we owe the eight books of his familiar subjects, dedicated to Socrates, and the three books of his Latin verses, dedicated to Barbatus, printed in the edition of Basle in 1581, the most complete edition there is of his works. Those he destroyed contained probably a thousand interesting anecdotes of his life. Petrarch writes thus to Socrates on this subject:

"I will not say to my readers as did Apuleius, 'Read my works, they will please you;' but you, my dear Socrates, will read them with ardour, and perhaps with pleasure, because you love me. If my style should amuse you, it will be owing to your friendship, and not to my wit. A woman need not attend the toilette whose lover is to be judge of her beauty. You know I am not eloquent, nor does the epistolary style admit of it. The letters of Cicero are simple, plain, and easy: he reserved for his pleadings the thunders of his eloquence. If you will give me a mark of your friendship, keep these trifles to yourself; the world will not view them with your candour; even you must consider my situation. My life is that of a wanderer up and down in the midst of perils, fixed to no certain spot. This manner of life procured me a great number of acquaintance; of real friends, perhaps, but a few; but of this we cannot easily judge. This obliged me to write to people of all countries, and of every age and situation, whose characters and manners of thinking were quite opposite. You will therefore find seeming contradictions in these letters; for the attention of a writer ought to be fixed on the person to whom he writes, on his character and manner of thinking, and how he is likely to be affected with the subject before him. We must not write in the same manner to a brave man and a coward; to a young man without experience, and to a man of advanced years, who has passed through the difficulties of life; to a happy man, puffed up with prosperity, and to a wretched one, depressed by adversity; to a man of letters, and to a fool. There is an infinite variety among men, and their minds have as little resemblance as their faces. And were we to write only to one person, we must even then sometimes change our style and manner: a monotony in language will tire at length, as well as an uniformity in our food.

"I have suppressed in these letters those minute details which seldom interest those who are not concerned in them. But I am not altogether of the opinion of Seneca, who reproaches Cicero for such details, and who stuffs his own letters with morals and philosophy. I have rather followed the latter, and have mixed simple narrations with moral reflections, in the manner of Cicero. Give these trifles a corner in your cabinet, where they may be sheltered from those daring critics who, without producing anything of their own, determine with assurance on the works of others.

"I have sketched out a picture of myself, which I destine for you. It shall be drawn with care: it will not be, as Cicero says, the Minerva of Phidias; but when I have finished it, it shall not fear the critic. In this review you will be struck with my weakness and effeminate complaints: you will say, I was a man in youth, and a child in mature age. I complained not, however, like Cicero, of exile, sickness, a sum lost, a payment deferred, or an unjust decision: but when I lost my friends all at once, and the world was to me annihilated, there would have been more insensibility than strength of mind in being unmoved by such afflictions. At present I experience the change that Seneca tells us always befals the ignorant. Despair has given me courage and tranquillity. Henceforth you shall behold me act, speak, and write, with more vigour. Even a falling world might crush, but it would not intimidate me.

"I began this letter with the day, and with the day I will end it. I have prolonged my conversation with you, because it is delightful to me thus to enjoy your presence, notwithstanding the seas and the mountains that separate us. Could I procure a tranquil and fixed establishment, I would undertake some considerable work, that I might consecrate it to you. I would fain immortalize your name; but you stand in no need of my praise. Adieu! You are my Idomeneus, my Atticus, my Lucilius!"

Petrarch lodged, when at Padua, in the cloister of St. Justine, close to the church of that monastery, which was built on the ruins of the ancient temple of Concord. Some workmen employed there, found a stone on which was an inscription to the memory of Livy. Petrarch, who idolized this historian, took it into his head to address a letter to him as follows:

"I wish I had lived in your age, or rather that you had been born in mine. I should have been among those who went to seek you at Rome, or even in the Indies, had you dwelt there. I can now only behold you in your books; and in them but in part, from the indolence of our age, who have never taken any pains to collect your works. I cannot reflect on this without feeling indignation at my countrymen, who seek after nothing but gold, silver, and the pleasures of sense. I am under great obligations to you, because you bring me into so much good company. When I read your works, I think I live with Brutus, Regulus, Scipio, the Fabricii, the Camilli ; and not with the banditti among whom my unfortunate stars have placed me. Salute on my part, among the ancients, Polybius, Quintus, Claudius, Valerius, and Antias, whose glory was clouded by yours ; among the moderns, Pliny the younger, your neighbour, and Crispus Sallust, your rival ; and inform them, they have not been more fortunate than you with respect to the preservation of their works.

" I write this in the city where you were born and interred, in the vestibule of St. Justine the virgin, and on the stone of your monument."

Padua was near Venice, and Petrarch went often to that city, which he called the wonder of all cities. He became acquainted with Andreas Dandolo*, who was made doge in 1343, though he was but thirty-six years of age, which was an extraordinary thing. But he was a young man of great merit, and joined the talents necessary for governing, with an agreeable figure, and very enchanting manners. We have seen that he was in the good graces of the beautiful empress of Milan. His mind was cultivated and poetical. He had read the works of our poet, and was charmed with his acquaintance ; to obtain which he had made considerable advances, which Petrarch answered with the highest sentiments of esteem and admiration.

The commerce of the Venetians increased under the government of Dandolo : they began at that time to trade to Egypt and Syria, from whence they brought silk, pearls, aromatic spices, and other commodities of the East. This excited the envy of the Genoese, and a rupture ensued. Petrarch, in a letter to the doge of Genoa, says, " I am troubled at the situation of your republic. I know the difference there is between the tumult of arms and the tranquillity of Parnassus, and that the lyre of Apollo ill accords with the trumpet of Mars. Hannibal himself said, that a certain peace was to be preferred to an expected victory. What distresses me the most is, that it is Italians you oppose. Would it not be better to wage war against Damas, Susa, or Memphis ? Must the destruction of the Theban brothers be renewed in Italy ? With grief I learn your league with the king of Arragon ; and will you seek the aid of a barbarian to destroy your own countrymen ? Your enemies, you say, have set the example ; they are then equally culpable. Venice calls to her succour the tyrants of the West ; Genoa those of the East ! Wretches that we are ! we buy venal souls to destroy our own children ! Nature gave us for barriers the Alps and the two seas ; avarice, envy, and pride, have opened these barriers to the Cimbres, the Huns, the Teutons, the Gauls, and the Spaniards. How often have we recited with tears those lines of Virgil : 'Strangers possess these cultivated fields ! these harvests are the prey of barbarians !' Behold how discord has reduced the citizens of this wretched country ! Athens and Lacedæmon had a rivalship like yours : the latter could have destroyed the former ; but, 'Heaven forbid,' said they, 'that we should put out one of the eyes of Greece.' A fine answer, worthy of Sparta ! In the midst of these agitations I cannot remain silent. While some are dragging along great trees to construct vessels of war, and others are sharpening their swords and their darts, I should think myself culpable if I did not take up my pen, which is my only weapon. I am conscious with what circumspection we ought to speak to our superiors ; but the love of one's country is above all : this will plead my cause, and persuade you to pardon my presumption. I will prostrate myself before the chiefs of both nations, and thus beseech them : Throw down your arms, give each other the kiss of peace, unite your hearts and your colours ! Then will the Pontus, the Euxine, and the ocean, be opened to you ; and your ships will arrive in safety at Taprobane, the Fortunate Islands, the unknown Thule, and at the Poles ! Kings and people shall go before you : the Indian, the English, and the Ethiopian, shall dread your power. Let peace reign among you, and you will have nothing to fear ! Adieu, the greatest of dukes, and the best of men !"

Andreas Dandolo, in his answer, speaks thus to Petrarch :

" The Genoese are not our brothers : they have been guilty of a thousand wrongs to the republic of Venice : they are domestic enemies, and worse they cannot be. They have abused our patience, tarnished the glory of Italy, and debased the diadem of its queen. They have rendered themselves odious to the whole universe. It is not astonishing they cannot agree with others, since they are never in harmony with themselves. We only undertake this war to procure an honourable peace for our country, which is dearer to us than our lives."

The doge was delighted with the eloquence of Petrarch's letter, and the depth of his understanding. " You are very dear to us," said he ; " but you will be still more so, if you will often regale us with such fine productions !"

The sixth of April this year, 1351, three years after the death of Laura, Petrarch wrote the following lines :

" Oh, Love ! who has not proved thy mighty power ? Seek in the earth for my dear treasure that is hidden there ! Seek for that pure and chaste heart which was my sole delight ! Tear from the hands of death what he has forced from me, and fix once more thy precious ensign on her lovely face ! Re-kindle that flame which was my guide ; that constant flame, which enlightens me still, though it is extinguished itself. Never did thirsty stag seek the cooling fountain as I seek what I have lost. Amiable pilgrim! why did you set out before me? The empire of death has now lost its hold over me; for she who bound me to earth is ascended to heaven! My chains are broken. I am free and miserable!"

---

* Andreas Dandolo is distinguished as one of the first historians of his country. His "Chronicle of Venice," written in Latin, and comprehending the history of the republic from its commencement to 1342, has obtained considerable reputation for impartiality, and for the exhibition of authentic documents authenticating his statements. His talents for government were of a high order, as may be conceived from his early election to the important office of Doge of Venice. By his means Venice first extended her commerce to Egypt; an event which, rousing the jealousy of the Genoese, involved a war between the rival republics, which unfortunately caused the premature death of the doge, who fell a victim to the excessive exertion he subjected himself to on a threatened attack on the city, in September 1354, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

In another sonnet he says, "How blest should I have been had I died with Laura!" But he would not have enjoyed one of the greatest pleasures he met with in the course of his life: his friend Boccaccio came to him on this day, to inform him he was recalled to his country, and restored to the inheritance of his family.

The friends of Petrarch at last obtained his cause, and sent Boccaccio, with a letter to him from the senate, thus inscribed: "To the Reverend Signior Francis Petrarch, canon of Padua, crowned poet, our very dear countryman, prior of the arts, and Gonfalonier of Justice to the people of Florence.

"Illustrious branch of our country! Your name has long sounded in our ears, and touched our hearts. The success of your studies, and that admirable art in which you excel, have decorated you with the laurel, and rendered you worthy to serve as a model to posterity. You will find in the hearts of your countrymen all those sentiments of esteem and friendship you deserve; and, that there may be nothing in your country to give you pain, of our own liberality, and inspired by that paternal tenderness we have always had for you, we return to you, without any exception, the lands of your ancestors, which have been redeemed with the public treasure. The gift is small in itself, and little proportioned to your merit: but it will be enhanced by regard to our laws, our customs, and the recollection of those who have not been able to obtain it. You may now inhabit, when you please, the city in which you were born. We flatter ourselves that, filled with love for your country, you will not go elsewhere to seek the applause that you merit, and the tranquillity that you desire.

"We read admirable things of Virgil, and of some other authors of antiquity, whom even our own age causes us to regret. You will not find among us Cæsars or Mæcenases; these are titles unknown to us; but you will find countrymen, zealous for your glory, ardent to publish your praise, and extend your renown; extremely sensible of the honour our city obtains from having produced a man who has no parallel. Antiquity cannot boast, nor will his equal be found in posterity.

"We are not ignorant how rare, how splendid is the name of a poet. Ennius called poets holy, and they are in some sort inspired with a divine spirit; for which reason they were crowned, as were the Cæsars and heroes who triumphed. The latter are immortalized by their actions, the former by their works. It is praiseworthy, says Sallust, to do well for the republic, and it is not less so by eloquence to promote its glory. Thus men become illustrious both in war and in peace; and renown, as Lucan says, shelters both the one and the other from the outrages of time. If the soul of Virgil, if the eloquent spirit of Cicero, were again to appear in a bodily form among us, we should not venerate them more than we venerate you. Why are men more ready to praise those of whom they only hear, than those who are present with them? You excite our admiration, and we will sing your praise. Who would not be astonished to find so few good writers, and still fewer poets, in that crowd of wits among us who apply to so many different studies? Cicero explains this: It is owing, says he, to the greatness of the object, and the difficulty of success. But you have arrived at it by the strength of your genius, and great application. We have resolved, after mature deliberation, to advance the honour of our city in restoring the sciences and the arts, persuaded that they will give to it, as they did to Rome, a sort of empire over the rest of Italy.

"What we desire, what was so rare among the ancients, you alone can produce. Your country conjures you, by all that is most sacred, by all the rights she has over you, to consecrate to her your time, to preside over and direct these her studies, that they may excel those of others. You shall make choice of the authors you will explain, and shall act in the manner most suited to your occupations and your glory. The greatest things have often arisen from small beginnings. There are not wanting persons of merit among us, who, under your auspices, will give some poetic works to the public. Finish with us your Africa, that immortal poem; and bring back to us the Muses, whom we have so long neglected. You have wandered long enough about the world: you know the cities and the manners of all nations. It is time for you to settle. Return to your country, which calls you with a loud voice after a long absence; a summons which, perhaps, no one ever received but yourself. Magistrates and people, great and small, desire your presence. Your household gods, your recovered lands, wait for you with impatience. Return to them, return to us. You are dear to us: you will be still dearer, if you comply with our wishes. We have many other things to say, which we have confided to Giovanni Boccaccio, the messenger of these despatches, to whom we beg you would give the same credit that you would to ourselves."

Villani relates, that the plague having depopulated the city of Florence, the inhabitants, to draw men thither, and restore its flourishing state, deliberated about establishing an university, where they should teach all the sciences, and above all, theology, and the civil and canon law. In consequence of which they built schools, assigned public funds for them, and called thither the best professors in every branch of study. The pope and the cardinals approved the plan, and granted this university all the privileges of those of Paris, Bologna, &c. The Florentines wished for Petrarch at the head of this establishment, to do them honour, and revive the taste for refined knowledge. And this produced the just restitution of his lands, and the obliging letter they sent him. Petrarch's answer was as follows:

"I have lived long enough, my dear countrymen. According to the maxim of the wise man, we should die when we have nothing left us to desire. I have never been ambitious of riches or honours; of this my whole life has been a sufficient proof. My prayers and my wishes have all centred in being a good man, and in meriting the approbation of worthy persons. If I have not accomplished the first point, your letter, which surprised and rejoiced me, is a proof I am not far from the last. As Plutarch said to the emperor Trajan, I rejoice in my own happiness, and felicitate you on your virtue. It is a prodigy in an age so deficient in goodness, and astonishing to find so much of that public (so to speak) popular liberty in that vast body of which your republic is composed.

"Illustrious and generous men! had I been present, could I have desired more than you have granted to me when I was absent, and asked nothing? Where is the country which has better treated the best of its citizens? Rome recalled from exile, Cicero, Rutilius, Metellus; but she had exiled them unjustly. She recalled Camillus, but at a time when she could not do without him. The same reason engaged Athens to recal Alcibiades. But there is no example of an absent citizen's being recalled voluntarily, but from the motive of service to their country. Augustus restored his land to Virgil: but have we ever seen a public senate restore to the son an inheritance which (for not being claimed at a certain time) was lost by his father? With how many flatteries, caresses, and soothing entreaties, have you sweetened the restitution of my land, after having purchased it with the money of the public! When I see it thus dressed out, and enriched with the flowers of your eloquence, I envy not the most fertile spots of Africa and Sicily, or those lands of Campania where Ceres and Bacchus contend for the superiority. More sensibly affected with your flattering address than the services you have done, or wish to do me, nothing is wanting to my happiness, but to deserve, by my conduct, what I owe to your generosity.

"It is a great consolation to find myself thus re-established in my country, where my father, my grandfather, and great-grandfather, lived to old age, and distinguished themselves more by their fidelity and their zeal, than by the incense of adulation. As to myself, who have flown so far beyond it, on the wings of nature, or of fortune, you offer me an asylum where, after so many courses, I may repose in tranquillity. It is a precious gift; but what you have added is more precious still, and will be always a spur which will excite me to virtue and glory.

"Receive my grateful thanks, such as they are, and impute it to yourselves that they cannot equal your beneficence. I must be much more eloquent than I am, to express an acknowledgment that bears any proportion to your benefits. Whatever I can say will be ever unequal to my wishes. Overwhelmed with your favours, shall I dare to appropriate the answer of Augustus to the senate with tears? Arrived at the completion of my desires, what can I ask of the gods, but that your good-will may last as long as my life? I recollect that I made this request to those who were at the head of your senate when I returned last year from Rome.

"Giovanni Boccaccio, the messenger of your letter and your orders, will acquaint you with my projects on my return; I have confided them to him. I beg you to consider what he shall say on my part, as if I spoke it myself.

"Heaven grant that your republic may be always flourishing!"

Notwithstanding this letter, Petrarch formed the design of going to Avignon and Vaucluse, and gives these reasons for it in a letter to one of his friends:

"What can I allege as an excuse for the variation of my soul, but that love of solitude and repose so natural to me? Too much known, too much sought, in my own country, praised and flattered even to disgust, I seek a corner where I may live unknown, and without glory. Nothing appears to me so desirable as a tranquil and solitary life. My desert of Vaucluse presents itself with all its charms. Its hills, its fountains, and its woods, so favourable to my studies, possess my soul with a sweet emotion I cannot describe. I am no longer astonished that Camillus, that great man whom Rome exiled, sighed after his country, when I feel that a man born on the banks of the Arno regrets a situation beyond the Alps. Habit is a second nature; and this solitude, from the strength of habit, is become as my country. What engages me the most is, that I reckon upon finishing there some works I have begun. I am desirous to revisit my books, to draw them out of the boxes in which they are enclosed, that they may again see the light, and behold the face of their master. In fine, if I fail in the promise I have given my friends at Florence, they ought to pardon me, since it is the effect of that variation attached to the human mind, from which no one is exempted, but those perfect men who never lose sight of the sovereign good."

Petrarch set out from Padua the third of May, 1351, and brought with him his son, whom he had taken from the school of Parma. "I took him with me," said he, "that his presence might animate me to do him every good office. What would have become of this child if he had had the misfortune to lose me?" He arrived at Vicenza at the setting of the sun. He hesitated whether he should stop there, or proceed farther. Some persons of merit he met with, determined him to stay; they entered into conversation, and night came on without Petrarch's perceiving it. "I have often proved," says he, "that our friends are the greatest thieves of our time: but ought we to complain of this robbery, or can we make a better use of it than to pass it with them?" The conversation fell upon Cicero. Every one spoke as he thought of this great man. Petrarch, having praised his genius and eloquence, said something of his fickleness of character, and the inconstancy of his mind. Perceiving his friends astonished, he drew from his portmanteau two letters, in one of which he praises his genius, in the other criticises his character. Most of the company were convinced of the justice of the criticism, except one old man. "Ah! gentlemen," says he, "for mercy speak with more respect of so great a man: spare me the grief of hearing anything said against him." When they asked him if he thought Cicero incapable of erring, he shut his eyes, shook his head, and again repeated, "What a misery for me to hear Cicero blasphemed!" "You consider him then as a god," said Petrarch. "Yes," replied he, without hesitation; "he is the god of eloquence." "You are then right," replied Petrarch; "if he is a god, he cannot err: but I confess, this is the first time I ever heard Cicero turned into a deity. After all, since he deifies

Plato, I do not see why you are to blame for doing the same by him, if our religion permitted us to multiply gods at our pleasure." "I do but joke," said the old man: "I know well that Cicero was a man; but agree with me that his mind was divine." "Very true," said Petrarch; "you are now in the right: you speak like Quintilian, who called Cicero a heavenly man. It is sufficient, however, that he was a man liable to err, and errors you must own he committed." At these words the old man gnashed his teeth as if they had attacked his honour!

Petrarch's letters to Cicero united are as follows:

"I have read your works with avidity, which, after a long search, I found at last. You say a great deal, complain very much, and often change your manner of thinking. I knew already what you taught to others; I know at present what you think yourself. Wherever you are, listen to the most zealous of your admirers. It is not advice I mean to offer; it is a complaint dictated by sentiment, and mixed with sorrow.

"Restless and unhappy old man! What do you mean by so many quarrels and contentions? And why do you sacrifice to these a repose so much better suited to your rank and your age? What false idea of glory has precipitated your grey hairs into those wars which suit none but young men, and caused you to end your life in a manner unworthy of a philosopher? Forgetting your advice to your brothers, and the precepts you gave your disciples, you are fallen into the very precipice you cautioned them to avoid. I speak not now of Dionysius, of your brother, of your grandson, or of Dolabella. Sometimes you praised them to the skies; sometimes you overwhelmed them with reproaches. I would be silent also concerning Cæsar, whose clemency was a certain port for all those who attacked him; and Pompey, to whom your intimacy gave you a right to speak freely. But why that violence against Anthony? Without doubt, we must attribute it to your zeal for your sinking country. But what then could be the motive of your secret union with Augustus? You know what your own Brutus said of you: 'Cicero does not dislike a master; he would only have one that suits him.'

"How I lament for you, my dear Cicero! I pity, but I blush for your errors: I say with Brutus, 'Of what use are so many talents, and so much knowledge? Why does he speak so well of virtue, and so seldom adhere to its laws?' Would it not better suit a philosopher, like you, to renounce the fasces, the honours of a triumph, and those pursuits against Catiline, which inspired you with so much vanity, to pass a tranquil old age at your villa, more occupied (as you speak yourself) with the future than with the present, which will swiftly pass away? Adieu for ever! my dear Cicero. I write from the other side the Po, on the borders of the Adige to the right, in the colony of Verona, the 12th of May, 1345, from the birth of Him with whom you are not acquainted."

One of Petrarch's friends begged these reflections on Cicero, to examine them at his leisure, that he might form a clear judgment of them. Petrarch willingly consented, saying, "I wish I may be found to have mistaken his character."

Petrarch set out the next day for Verona, where he proposed only a short stay: but Azzo da Correggio, William de Pastrengo, and some other friends, detained him the whole month. "The prayers of my friends," says he, "are so many bonds on my affection. Nothing can be sweeter than friendship. I have only to complain of being loved too much for my repose." Before he departed from Verona, he wrote the following letter to Boccaccio.

"You know, my dear friend, and every one knows, that, all things considered, if I was my own master, I should fix my residence at Vaucluse, and pass the rest of my days in that obscure retreat. Though deprived of that agreeable superfluity with which cities abound, it contains liberty, leisure, repose, and solitude; four things necessary to my happiness. It has, however, two great faults: it is too far from Italy, to which I am drawn by nature; and too near that western Babylon, which I detest like Tartarus. But, to pass over these objections, there are things I cannot commit to paper which will prevent my making a long stay at Vaucluse, unless something unforeseen happens. I cannot tell what: I only know there is nothing but may befal an animal frail and mortal as man is, so insolent even in the depth of misery.

"My project then is to go and visit the Roman pontiff on the borders of the Rhone, whom our ancestors went to adore on the banks of the Tiber, and whom our successors will perhaps seek on the borders of the Tagus. Time changes all things: all things follow its passing stream. But this is the affair of that holy fisherman, who, acquainted with the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Tagus, chose the Tiber to affix there his vessels and his nets. It is the affair of the pilot whose ship is agitated by the tempest, and of those who direct its helm. We are only passengers, who run the same hazards with them, without being responsible for their errors. I will then seek him where I may, whom I cannot find where I would; and, after having taken a last leave of some friends who remain to me, I will fly, as Virgil says, from barbarous lands, and an inhospitable shore: I will go and settle at my fountain, in the midst of my woods, books, and gardens, which have expected me above four years: I will pass the remainder of the summer in retirement. If I was to betake myself to my ancient wanderings, I should fear for my health from the excessive heats, though accustomed to suffer much from my childhood. The next autumn I hope at least to return to Italy with my books, which will enrich my Italian library. These are my intentions, and I thought it right to inform you of them. Present my homage to our senate. You know how much I owe it. Say a thousand things for me to those three dear and virtuous countrymen whose image and conversation I carry everywhere with me."

In June, 1351, Petrarch went through Mantua to Parma. He stayed here but a few days, for the friends he had here were dead. From thence he went to Placenza, where, finding a conveyance to Avignon, he wrote to Socrates, to acquaint him with his approach, and desire him to be at Vaucluse to meet him. At Mount Genevra, one of the Alps, he wrote these lines to John de Arezzo:—"Padua has taken from me the man who was all my joy and consolation; I have nothing to inform you of that can make you laugh. I seek with ardour for something that may produce that effect on me. It should seem that antiquity was more grave and serious, our age more gay and comic. Great affairs render men serious; it is only trifles that amuse and make them laugh. I am persuaded that Cassius would have laughed often if he had lived among us: and Democritus would have died with laughter, could he have compared his own age with ours. We see nothing now but mad old men, doting old women, and young ones either foolish or extravagant. We should have had a fine tête-à-tête of laughing at them all. My letter, for its narrow scrawling figure, perfectly resembles the strait passage of the Alps, from whence I write it. I flatter myself that you will soon follow me. I would rather have had you for the companion of my journey, as I have often had before; but no pleasure is durable. I shall expect you at the fountain of Vaucluse, a place always agreeable and charming, but in summer it is the Elysian fields. We will breathe a little there, before we proceed to Babylon, that gulf of Tartarus." From the top of Mount Genevra, June.

Petrarch arrived at Vaucluse the 27th of June: his first care was to notify his arrival to Philip de Cabassole, bishop of Cavaillon. He wrote to him these lines:

"Vaucluse is ever to me the most agreeable situation in the world, and which best suits my studies. I went there when a child: I returned again when a youth; and in manhood I passed in that retreat some of the choicest years of my life. I would, if possible, live here in old age, and die in your dominions. I am so impatient to see you after so long an absence, that, when I have wiped off the dust of my journey, and bathed myself in the water of the Sorgia, I will come immediately to Cavaillon." A short time after his arrival, Petrarch says, in a letter to Boccaccio, "I promised to return in autumn, but how can we judge at a distance? Time, place, and friendship, make us change our resolutions: the gladiator can only determine his fate in the amphitheatre. By what appears, I have business cut out for me during the space of two years in this country: my friends must therefore pardon me if I do not keep my word; the inconstancy of the human mind must be my apology." Having passed a month at Vaucluse, to refresh himself after his journey, Petrarch went to visit the pope and the cardinals at Avignon.

The court of Avignon was at this time in its greatest lustre. The viscountess of Turenne continued to have the same ascendant as ever, disposed of everything, and lived in the greatest splendour. Eleanor, her youngest sister, was just married to William Roger, count of Beaufort, nephew of the pope, to whom the viscountess had sold the viscounty of Turenne on this marriage. It was celebrated with a magnificence which answered to the quality of the persons, and the taste of Clement; and the arrival of king John of France increased its eclat. This prince had just succeeded Philip de Valois, and immediately after his consecration he came to Avignon, to thank the pope for an essential service he had rendered him, and which is a memorable event in the history of France. Humbert, the dauphin of Vienne, whom Petrarch had reproached for his effeminacy, was a widower, and had no children. His dominions were very commodious for the king of France, and he had ceded them to him in 1343, and renewed the cession to Charles the dauphin: but, always restless and unquiet, he wanted to break through this treaty, and sometimes he thought of marrying again. To put this entirely out of his power, and bind him to his contract, the pope, after having obliged him to take the habit of St. Dominic, conferred on him all the sacred orders on Christmas day, 1350; the under deacon at the midnight mass, the deacon at the mass said at break of day, and the priesthood at the third mass. Eight days after, he consecrated him bishop and patriarch of Alexandria. By this means the dauphinée was re-united to the crown; and it was an article in the treaty, that the eldest son of the king, and the presumptive heir of his crown, should from that time have the title of the dauphin.

King John resided at Villeneuve, which is only separated from Avignon by the Rhone. Continual feasts were celebrated on this occasion; and, by his orders, a grand tournament, at which, says an ancient historian of Toulouse, all the Roman court were present. King John, to express his gratitude to Clement for this important service, granted to William de Beaufort and his posterity the first privileges and appeals in the viscounty of Turenne, and stood godfather to Joan, his sister, to whom he assigned five hundred livres yearly, a very considerable sum at that time. At this time the pope made a promotion of the twelve new cardinals, to fill the places of those who died of the plague. Among these, the two cardinals of the crown were, for France, Gille Rigaud, abbé of St. Denis, to whom at Paris the pope sent the hat by one of his nephews (a favour at that time without example). The other, for Spain, was Gille Alvari, archbishop of Toledo, who had great concern afterwards in the affairs of Italy. The pope was reproached for admitting many young men into the Sacred College, because related to him, who lived most dissolute lives. Pierre Roger, the pope's nephew, seems to be particularly referred to, who was only eighteen years of age when his uncle gave him the hat. But it was universally agreed he led a very exemplary life. He became afterwards, under the name of Gregory XI., one of the greatest popes that ever governed the church, and he re-established the holy see at Rome. There were two of these cardinals who eclipsed all the rest by their birth, their alliances with the greatest princes of Europe, their credit, their magnificence, the splendour of their court, and the superiority of their knowledge. These were Gui de Boulogne and Elie de Taillerand. The former we are acquainted with; the latter was of the illustrious house of Perigord; he had principally applied to the study of the law, and was esteemed very skilful in it. Petrarch says of him, that he was one of the brightest luminaries of the church. He was only thirty years of age when he was made cardinal. He had great influence in the election of Clement, and no person had more credit or authority in the Sacred College. "It is more honourable," says Petrarch, speaking of him again, "to make popes, than to be a pope one's self." He was reckoned insolent and proud; and some have accused him of cruel and bloody actions.

Petrarch was more attached to the two cardinals I have mentioned than any others, and wrote a letter to the bishop of Cavaillon, to thank him for his recommendation to them. In it he says, "They are the two strongest rowers of the apostolic bark." Three great affairs at this time occupied the court of Rome: the enterprise of the lords of Milan, which they meant to suppress; the war between the kings of Naples and Hungary, which they desired to end; and the troubles of Rome, which it was necessary to appease. After the fall of Rienzi, the pope had again established the ancient form of government under senators and a legate. When the latter quitted Rome, the same disorders and violences arose as before, which encouraged the remaining partisans of Rienzi. In this situation of affairs, the pope named four cardinals to deliberate on the means of reforming this city, and making choice of that government that should best effect it. The cardinal de Boulogne desired Petrarch to give his sentiments of this important affair. After speaking in the highest terms of the sacred respect due to the city of Rome, as the centre of the faith, and the seat of empire, he writes as follows:

"What has been the foundation of all its quarrels and miseries? I wish to Heaven it may not be found, ancient pride, joined to modern tyranny. An effeminate, presuming, and disdainful nobility, undertakes to abuse an humbled and unfortunate people. They would bind Romans to their car, and lead them in triumph, as if they were Carthaginians or Cambrians. Did any one ever hear of a triumph over citizens? Is there any law to authorise such an attempt?

"That I may not be suspected of speaking from any secret animosity, I ought to say, that, of the two families who have been thought to give rise to this charge, I never hated the one; the other I have loved, respected, and served with affection. The family of no prince is so dear to me. But Rome, Italy, the liberties of good men, are dearer still; and to speak the truth is what I owe to the living as well as to the dead. Behold this great city, destined by God to be the head of the church and of the world, behold it torn in pieces; not, as formerly, by its own hands, but by strangers from the Rhine, whose tyranny has reduced it to the most deplorable state. How are we fallen! Great God! cast on us, though we deserve it not, an eye of pity and of mercy! Alas! who would have thought that it should be our misery to have it debated before the vicar of Jesus Christ, and before the successors of his apostles, whether Roman citizens were to be admitted into the senate, when strangers, when new Tarquins, display their pride in the capitol? This, however, is the question which employs the four pillars of the church.

"If I am asked, I hesitate not to say, that the Roman senate ought to be formed of none but Roman citizens: and that not only strangers, but even the Latins, ought to be excluded. Manlius Torquatus should decide this question. When the Latins demanded a consul and senators of their nation, this great man, full of indignation, swore that he would never come into the senate without a poignard, which he would plunge into the breast of the first Latin who should dare to appear there. To what was this refusal owing, but because they would not grant to power or fortune, what was only due to service and to merit? But for this, Macedonians and Carthaginians formerly, and all the nations under the sun at present, might pretend to this privilege. But some will say, We are Roman citizens. Ah! that they would prove themselves so, by being the guardians, and not the oppressors, of their fellow-citizens. But can they call themselves so who disdain the very name of men, and aim at nothing but the pompous titles of lords and princes? Will they build their claim upon their nobility or riches? In what the first consists is a question; for if not in virtue, it is a false idea. As to the last, they have drawn them from the church, their mother; let them use them, therefore, with moderation, as a fleeting good; but not to contemn the poor, or ruin that dear country from whose liberality they hold them. But to govern well, is it necessary to be rich? Was Valerius Publicola rich when he joined Brutus to expel the Tarquins? Was he not buried at the expense of the public, after having vanquished the Tuscans and the Sabines? Was Menenius Agrippa rich, when, by his eloquence, he re-united those fomented spirits who threatened the republic with a fatal schism? or Quintus Cincinnatus, when he quitted his little field to head the army and become consul of Rome? Curius and Fabricius, were they rich when they fought Pyrrhus and the Samnites? Regulus, when he vanquished the Carthaginians? Appius Claudius, when he governed the republic, though deprived of sight? I should never finish were I to bring all the examples that Rome furnishes of a glorious poverty.

"Virtue, (I fear not to say it,) virtue has not a greater enemy than wealth. It was that which conquered Rome, after Rome had conquered the world. Every foreign vice entered into that city by the same door at which poverty went out of it. Shall we say that from pride, and not riches, arises the desire of dominion? This also was the pest of ancient Rome: but it was then, and will now, I trust, be suppressed by your decisions. In the first ages of the republic, the people demanded magistrates to defend that liberty which they found was invaded by the great. The nobles opposed this with all their might. To this was owing their first retreat to the sacred mount. The rights of the people prevailed over the pride of the nobles; and, notwithstanding their opposition, tribunes were created, the first public rampart against the violences of the senate. After this there was a new dispute; the nobility would not permit marriages between the patricians and plebeians: thus breaking asunder the strongest bond of union between one another, they divided the city into two parties: but the people obtained a law which should render marriages free, without any limitation. However, the former continued only to take from the patrician families their first magistrates. The people saw they were mocked; they therefore demanded, and obtained, these offices: a small fact in itself, but which Livy thought worthy of recital, as a proof of the pride of the nobles, and the glorious liberty of the people.

"Cneius Flavius, the son of a scribe, a man of low extraction, but sharp wit and excellent speech, was made ædile. The nobles, enraged at the elevation of such a man, laid down their ornaments of dignity. Flavius was not moved by this: he opposed the greatest firmness to their pride. One day, when he went to see his colleague, who was sick, the young patricians who were there would not deign to rise and salute him. When he perceived this, he ordered his chair of state to be brought, sat down in it, and looking down on them from this elevated seat, he returned them disdain for disdain; while they sat on their stools, consumed with rage and jealousy. This instance, in my esteem, proved him worthy of being consul.

"After many and violent contests, a patrician and plebeian consul were seen seated together, and dividing the government of Rome. If these things are true, and to be found in our best historians, follow the happy example of those illustrious times, when Rome, rising out of nothing, as it were, was elevated almost to heaven. It is not to be doubted but that city contains a great number of citizens, superior in birth and merit to those strangers who, on the strength of name alone, despise both heaven and earth. Were they virtuous, I would allow them to be noble; but Rome would never acknowledge them to be Romans: and were they both, they ought not to be preferred to our ancestors, the founders of this empire. What do the poor people demand? Only that they may not be treated in their own city as exiles, and excluded the public administration as if they had the plague. Can anything be more just?

"On this occasion it may be well to follow the counsel of Aristotle, and imitate those who undertake to straighten a crooked tree. Oblige those noble strangers not only to divide with the Romans the senatorship, and the other charges they have usurped, but even to give them up till, the republic having taken a contrary bend, things shall insensibly return back to their former equality.

"This is my advice; this is what I supplicate you to do; and what Rome, sinking under her calamities, begs of you with weeping eyes. If you do not endeavour to re-establish her liberty, she summons you before the awful tribunal of the Sovereign Judge. Jesus Christ, who is in the midst of you when assembled, commands you. St. Peter and St. Paul, who have inspired the pope to name you above others, desire it of you immediately. Listen to their secret petitions, and you will pay no regard to outward solicitations. Be only occupied with what will benefit Rome, Italy, the world, and yourselves. Our sins have rendered us little worthy of your protection: but the seat of the apostles deserves to be sheltered from the violence of tyrants; the temples of the saints ought to be forced from those robbers who have invaded them; that holy land, sprinkled with the blood of so many martyrs, merits surely to be saved from the blood of its citizens, which will be inevitably spilled, if you do not take some methods to suppress the fury of these tyrants."

This letter of Petrarch's was addressed to the first four cardinals.

The decision, in consequence of this letter of Petrarch's to the four commissary cardinals, is not certain, as the pope soon after this fell sick. It is probable this affair was not determined. The people of Rome themselves, wearied out with the anarchy in which they lived, assembled together, and elected John Cerroni, investing him with an absolute authority. He was a good citizen, wise and prudent, and respected for his probity. The nobles did not dare to oppose this, and it was confirmed by the pope's vicar.

The next affair in debate at Avignon was the enterprise of Giovanni Visconti, the brother and successor of Lucchino. He was archbishop, as well as governor, of Milan, and he aimed at being master of all Italy. The pope on this sent a nuncio to re-demand the city of Bologna, which he had purchased; and to choose whether he would possess the spiritual or the temporal power; for both could not be united. The archbishop, after hearing the message with respect, said he would answer it the following Sunday at the cathedral. The day came; and, after celebrating mass in his pontifical robes, he advanced towards the legate, requiring him to repeat the orders of the pope on the choice of the spiritual or the temporal: then taking the cross in one hand, and drawing forth a naked sword with the other, he said, "Behold my spiritual and my temporal; and tell the holy father from me, that with the one I will defend the other."

The pope, not content with this answer, commenced a process against him, and summoned him to appear in person, on pain of excommunication. The archbishop received the brief, and promised to obey it. Immediately he sent to Avignon one of his secretaries, ordering him to retain for his use all the houses and stables that he could hire at Avignon, with provisions for the subsistence of twelve thousand horse, and six thousand foot. The secretary executed his commission so well, that the strangers who came to Avignon on business could find no place to lodge in. The pope being informed of this, asked the secretary if the archbishop required so many houses. The latter answered, he feared those would not be sufficient; because his master was coming with eighteen thousand troops, besides a great number of the inhabitants of Milan, who would accompany him. The pope, terrified at this account, paid immediately the expense the secretary had been at, and dismissed him, with orders to tell the archbishop that he dispensed him from this journey.

There is another anecdote related of this prince; and they all serve to show his artful character, and with what apparent modesty and submission he covered his pride and resolution. The cardinal de Ceccano, going on his legateship to Rome, passed by Milan. The archbishop went out to meet him with so numerous and splendid a train, and so many led horses richly harnessed, that, in surprise, he said to him, "Mr. Archbishop, why all this pomp?" "It is," replied he, affecting an humble air and a soft tone of voice, "to convince the holy father that he has under him a little priest who can do something."

There was an anonymous letter that was also attributed to this prince; but it appears more likely to have been written by Petrarch, from the style of irony that runs through it. One day, when the pope was in full consistory, a cardinal, who is not named, let this letter fall in so cunning a manner, that it was brought to the pope, who ordered it to be read in the presence of all the court. The inscription was in these terms:

"Leviathan, prince of darkness, to pope Clement his vicar, and to the cardinals, his counsellors and good friends."

After an enumeration of very dreadful crimes, which Leviathan ascribes to this corrupt court, and on which he makes them great compliments, exhorting them to continue in this noble course, that they may more and more merit his protection; he inveighs against the doctrine of the apostles, and turns their plain and sober life into the highest ridicule. "I know," says he, "that, so far from imitating, you have their piety and humility in horror and derision. I have no reproach to make you on this account, but that your words do not always correspond with your actions. Correct this fault, if you wish to be advanced in my kingdom." He concludes thus: "Pride, your superb mother, salutes you; with your sisters, Avarice, Lewdness, and the rest of your family; who make every day new progress under your encouragement and protection. Given from our centre of hell, in the presence of all the devils." The pope and the cardinals took little notice of this letter, and continued the same course of life.

The third affair at the court of Avignon, was the peace between Hungary and Naples. Petrarch was particularly interested in this affair, from respect to king Robert, regard to queen Joan, and friendship for the grand seneschal of that kingdom, who became his second Mæcenas. His name was Nicholas Acciajoli; his family was originally of Brixia, and obtained its name from a commerce in nets. It afterwards divided into several branches, which spread abroad to Sicily, England, Hungary, and even to Constantinople. One of these branches was established at Florence, and held a distinguished rank there, without abandoning the commerce it was engaged in. From this branch descended Nicholas Acciajoli. At eighteen he married Margarita Spini, of a rich and illustrious family; and three years after his father sent him to Naples, where he had established a branch of his commerce, which succeeded so well, that he was able to lend large sums of money to king Robert, whenever he wanted them. His son Nicholas had not his taste for commerce; he was very handsome, had a fine figure, and an amiable disposition; but his mind was filled with ambition, and his head turned on chivalry. He happened to please Catherine de Valois, the widow of Philip, prince of Tarentum, whom they called the empress of Constantinople; a woman of gallantry, according to Villani, and of very indifferent reputation. She was one of those who contributed to the death of prince Andrew. The handsome Florentine gained so much favour with this princess, that she confided to him the care of her affairs, the education of her children, and the government of her state. Villani says, she made him a rich and powerful chevalier. Lewis de Tarentum, son of Catherine, having been sent on an expedition into Calabria at the head of five hundred horse, king Robert gave him Nicholas for governor, with orders to do nothing without consulting him. The young Florentine executed this commission in a manner that did him great honour, and gained him the good graces of his pupil, who became extremely attached to him.

After the death of king Andrew, he contributed to the marriage of prince Lewis with queen Joan, who was too fond of her to act with the resolution necessary to accomplish it himself. On the arrival of the king of Hungary, having been prevented following the queen his wife, he threw himself, with Nicholas Acciajoli, into a small fishing-boat, in which, with great peril coasting the shore, they got to Ercole, and from thence to Sienna. Nicholas set out with the prince for Florence, where his brother was bishop; but when they entered the confines of the republic, the officers of the government stopped them, fearing to offend the king of Hungary, and they retired to an estate which belonged to the house of Acciajoli. Nicholas got together all the money he could, and they embarked in two Genoese galleys, with the bishop of Florence, for Aiques Mortes, where they landed, and proceeded to Villeneuve, a town only separated from Avignon by the Rhone. Nicholas and the bishop went immediately to the pope, to inform him of the prince's arrival, and to concert with him the means of delivering the queen from the castle of Aix, where the people kept her as a prisoner. By means of the pope, and the duke of Berri, who happened to be at Avignon, and who assured the people of Provence she had no design against them, which was their pretence for detaining her, she obtained her liberty, and was received at Avignon with the usual honours paid to crowned heads. She made her entry there under a canopy of state, surrounded with eighteen cardinals, and several prelates, who went out to meet her. The pope received her in full consistory, according to the general custom of receiving princes: and the prince of Tarentum, through the interests of the Acciajolis, was better treated than he hoped for. The pope granted him the necessary dispensations for his marriage, touched probably with the situation of the queen, who was big with child.

During these things the king of Hungary had been driven from Naples by the plague; and the Neapolitans, who loved their sovereign and detested the Hungarians, invited her to return with her husband. Nicholas Acciajoli was sent thither to examine how things were situated, and prepare everything necessary for their reception. When he came there, he engaged in the queen's service that famous duke Warner who had served the king of Hungary at the head of twelve hundred men, and was not satisfied with his former master. Finding everything well disposed to the queen, he pressed her to set out immediately for Naples. But money was wanting for this purpose; and this determined her to sell the city of Avignon to the pope for four-score thousand florins. This sum not being sufficient, she pawned her jewels; and, having collected a little army in haste, she embarked at Marseilles with her husband, and arrived at Naples in August, where she was received with transport. She loaded all those with benefits who had given her proofs of zeal and fidelity. Nicholas Acciajoli had the office of grand seneschal, and the administration of public affairs, as a reward for his great services. There were, however, many troops in garrison in several of the principal towns; and war was carried on between these and the Neapolitans, till the king of Hungary, returning to Naples in 1350, became again conqueror; and Joan and her husband were obliged to take refuge at Gaietta, waiting for the negociations of the pope to procure peace. At first, as we have seen, the king of Hungary would not hear of it: but at last, whether he was weary of war at such a distance from his kingdom, and which had cost him so much, or whether his resentment was abated with time, or out of complaisance for the pope, whom he regarded, he consented to a truce, on condition that if, after a process, the queen was found guilty, she should be deprived of her kingdom: if innocent, he promised to restore all the places he possessed belonging to her, on the payment of three hundred thousand florins for the expense of the war.

The process of Joan was not easy to determine. There were many depositions against her, but no witnesses. At last an expedient was found to finish it. Joan proved, by the deposition of several persons, that they had given her a charm, which had inspired her with such an extreme aversion for her husband, that the persons attached to her thought it would be serving her to put him to death; and that she had been thus influenced towards it without being culpable. On this deposition the judges declared her innocent of the witchcraft and its consequences. The king of Hungary, quite tired out, agreed to a decision worthy of the age in which it was invented. The peace was signed at Avignon this year, 1352, by the ambassadors of the two powers, and ratified by the pope. He acknowledged Lewis de Tarentum king of Naples, and gave orders for his coronation, but that he should claim no right to the crown. This gave the greatest joy to Nicholas Acciajoli, who might be said to have put the crown of Naples on the head of his pupil, by first accomplishing this marriage, then supporting him by his valour and skilful management, and protecting and befriending him in his greatest adversities. The union of Petrarch with the grand seneschal seems to have been formed by Boccaccio, Zanobi, and the prior of the Holy Apostles, friends to both.

Petrarch wrote a letter to him on this event, as follows:

"Illustrious man! At last victory is yours! Thanks to your zeal, your prince shall be enthroned, notwithstanding the efforts of envy. The lustre of his crown, and the serenity of his countenance, are going to dissipate the clouds with which Italy is covered. After so many labours and perils, do not think you may repose. What remains for you to do, is far more difficult and more important than what you have done. You must collect all the strength of mind you are known to possess, to govern that kingdom with justice which you have acquired with glory. You have struggled with Fortune in adversity, and have been victor: you must now combat her in prosperity. She is the same enemy; her appearance is only changed; and she is more difficult to subdue under the form of an enchantress than any other. She has conquered mighty heroes! Hannibal, who overcame at Cannæ, was enslaved by Pleasure at Capua.

"Your prince is young: but his understanding is ripe, and he promises great things. After having weathered a thousand tempests by sea and by land, and conducted him over rocks and precipices to the utmost point of greatness, teach him to preserve the dignity he has acquired, and prove that the sceptre, hereditary in his family, was due to his virtue more than his birth. It is more honourable to be raised than born to a throne; hazard bestows the one, but merit obtains the other. Teach him to serve his God, to love his country, and to render exact justice, without which, no kingdom can endure. Let him accustom himself to desire nothing but honour, and to fear nothing but shame. Let him know that the higher he is elevated, the less he can be concealed; that the more power he has, the less he ought to allow himself; and that a king should be distinguished by his manners more than by his robes. Keep him at a distance in general from the extremes either of prodigality or avarice; virtue lies between them both. Nevertheless, he should be sparing of his time, and profuse of his private money, that it may circulate in his kingdom, and not lie useless in his treasury. The master of a rich estate can never be poor. Let him never forget the speech of that Roman, "I will not have any gold; but I love to reign over those who have." Let him not think himself happy, or a true king, till he has relieved his kingdom from its calamities, repaired its ruins, extinguished tyranny, and re-established peace and freedom. Sallust says, that a kingdom ought to be always present to the mind of its master. The surest guard of kings is not armies and treasures, but friends; and they are only acquired by beneficence and justice. 'We must deliberate before we choose them,' says Seneca: 'but when once chosen, place in them an entire confidence.'

"It is important, but not easy, to distinguish a true friend from an agreeable enemy: just praises are spurs to virtue, but flatteries are a subtle poison. We should not break lightly with a friend, nor of a sudden. According to the old proverb, we must unrip, not tear away. It is an error to suppose we shall be loved by those to whom we are not attached, and an injustice to exact from them more than we can give. Nothing is freer than the heart: it will bear no yoke; it knows no master, but Love. Never suffer your king to open his soul to suspicion, or lend his ear to informers: but let him despise slanderers, and confound them by the virtue of his conduct! Augustus wrote thus to Tiberius: 'Let us permit men to speak evil of us; is it not sufficient that they cannot do it? Does the power of God himself shelter him from the blasphemies of the impious?' Let him permit others to seek to divine his secrets; but never let him seek to divine the secrets of others. Let him really be what he would appear; then will he have no interest to hide; and will no more fear the observations of his enemy than the regards of his friend. Scipio brought into his camp with the same confidence, the spies of the Romans and Carthaginians. Julius Cæsar sent back Domitius, after taking him prisoner; despised Labienus, the deserter, though acquainted with his secrets; and often burnt the despatches of the enemy without reading them.

"The title of serenissime is given to kings, to teach them that their rank places them above the seat of the passions, and that they ought to be inaccessible to all the tempests they raise. Nothing is more dangerous than a king who deceives; nothing more ridiculous for himself, or more fatal to his subjects. On his word is established their hope and tranquillity. Why should he be false, whose interest it is that all under him should be true? Nor let him be ungrateful, for ingratitude destroys the very sinews of a state. He ought to refuse himself to no one. Teach him that he is not born for himself, but for the republic; and that he is in his proper employment when occupied with the affairs of his subjects. He must work for their happiness, and watch for their preservation. There is nothing more glorious; but nothing is more toilsome. It is a delightful and honourable servitude. Prompt to recompense, slow to punish, a good king ought to treat criminals as a good surgeon treats his patients, with all the care and tenderness possible, shedding tears for the pain he is obliged to give. A king must not punish a guilty subject as he would a proud enemy; but ever have this maxim engraved on his heart, 'Clemency and virtue assimilate to God.'

"In fine, a king ought to serve as the model of his subjects. By his character they ought to regulate their own. He is responsible for all the crimes they commit after his example. Let your prince be irreproachable in his manners. Teach him to despise luxury, and trample voluptuousness under his feet. Let him suffer no debauchery in his kingdom, and, above all, in his armies. Horses, books, and arms, these ought to be his amusements; war, peace, and justice, his occupations. Let him read the lives of illustrious men, that he may form himself after them. He should consider them as his models and guides in the path to glory. Their great actions will warm his soul, and spur him on to the like. O, how glorious is that ambition that springs from virtue! You may present to your prince a pattern of every virtue without going far. If love does not blind me, I know no one more perfect than that of his uncle, the divine king Robert, whose death has proved, by the calamities that have followed it, how necessary his life was to his people. He was great, wise, kind, and magnanimous! In a word, he was the king of kings! His nephew can do nothing better than tread in his steps.

"You feel, my lord, the burden with which you are charged; but a great man finds nothing hard or weighty when he is sure he is beloved. At the head of your pupil's counsels, the confidant of all his secrets, you are as dear to him as Chiron was to Achilles, as Achates to Æneas, and as Lelius to Scipio. Complete what you have begun. Love accomplishes all things; he who partakes the honour should participate in the labour. Adieu! You are the glory of our country, and of your own. I have said a great deal; but I have left much more unsaid."

Petrarch made use of the same courier to answer a letter of Barbatus de Sulmone, who lamented he had not found him at Rome when he went to gain the jubilee, and begged he would send him his Africa. "You speak of our not meeting at Rome as a misfortune; I hold it to have been providential. If we had met in that great city, we should have been more occupied with the arts and the sciences than with our souls; and should have sought to ornament our understandings rather than to purify our hearts. The sciences are most agreeable food for the mind: but what a void do they leave in the heart, if they are not directed to their true and perfect end! As to my Africa, if it ever sees the day, it shall visit you; but it has languished of late through the negligence of its master, and the obstacles of fortune. I am now freed from many embarrassments, and my mind approaches rather nearer that point to which it ought to arrive. I hope, however, to be always making some little progress, and to be learning something every day, till death closes my eyes: at least, as said a wise old man, I will strive so to do: and what gives me hopes I shall succeed, is, the passions that troubled my soul have almost ceased to torment me; and I flatter myself in a little time to be wholly exempted from their power. Adieu, my dear Barbatus. If we should not be able to meet in this world, we shall see one another again in the heavenly Jerusalem! Avignon, 1352."

The pope's sickness detained Petrarch a long time at Avignon, and retarded the decision of the greatest affairs: it began about autumn. A malignant humour broke out in his face; it swelled prodigiously, and he was judged to be in great danger. In the month of December, his condition terribly alarmed those who were interested in him. He was a little better in January, and they profited by this gleam of health, to assemble the consistories for necessary business, in one of which the affair of Naples was decided: but this was only a false hope; and we see, by a letter of Petrarch to the bishop of Cavaillon, that he relapsed soon after. This prelate went and passed five days at Vaucluse, without acquainting Petrarch, who complains of it in a letter, as follows:

"And could you pass five days without me in my Transalpine Helicon? I was so near to you, that, had you wanted anything easy to procure, I should have heard if you had called me. Why did you envy me this sweet consolation? I should complain bitterly, if you had not compensated your negligence to me by your indulgence to my works, with which I find you have passed the days and the nights. It is not conceivable that, in the midst of so many poets, historians, philosophers, and saints, you should give the preference to my trifles. I owe this to your tender blindness for me. My housekeeper tells me you had a mind to carry away some of my books, and did not dare to do it without my consent. Ought I not from this to fear some coolness on your part? Use your pleasure, my dear father! Do not you know that all I have is yours?

"I carried your letter to cardinal Taillerand, our master. He thanks you; and orders me to tell you, he has long determined never to importune the pope for any advantage to himself. He is inaccessible to all inordinate desires: it is rather to the turn of his mind, than the greatness of his fortune, he owes this manner of thinking. You know the public news. The king of Sicily has at last obtained the crown he has sighed for so long. God grant that his peace with the king of Hungary may be lasting. Our pope came back from death's door, and is returned thither again. He would have been well long ago, if he had not about him a gang of physicians, whom I look on as the plagues of the rich. Cardinal d'Ostia is this moment expiring. He has lived long enough, according to nature; but his death is a loss to the republic."

In the beginning of March the pope sent a young man on some business to Petrarch. After inquiring about the pope's disorder, he charged the young man expressly to desire the pontiff from him to take care of the physicians, and recollect the epitaph of that emperor,

"I was killed by the multitude of physicians."

The young man, who was extremely ignorant, related what had been told him in a very dark and confused manner. The pope, who highly esteemed the sentiments of Petrarch, sent the young man back to him, with an order to write down what was told him. In obedience to this order, Petrarch wrote the following letter.

"Holy father! I shudder at the account of your fever! Compare me not, however, to those flatterers whom the Satirist describes, who are drowned in tears if they see a friend cry, or who sweat when he says I am hot. I rather resemble the man of whom Cicero speaks, who trembled for the welfare of Rome because his own was concerned. My health depends upon yours. I will trouble you with few words, conscious who it is that addresses the divine ears of his holy father, and of the state he is in at present.

"I tremble to see your bed always surrounded with physicians, who are never agreed, because it would be a reproach for the second to think as the first, and only repeat what he had said before. 'It is not to be doubted,' as Pliny says, 'that, desiring to raise a name by their discoveries, they make experiments upon us, and thus barter away our lives.' We see in this profession what we see in no other. We confide at once in those who call themselves physicians, though there is nothing so dangerous as a mistake in this matter: but a flattering hope hides the danger; and there is no law for the punishment of extreme ignorance, no example of revenge. Physicians learn their trade at our expense: by the means of killing they become perfect in the art of curing; and they alone are permitted to murder with impunity.

"Holy father! consider as your enemies the crowd of physicians that beset you. It is in our age we behold verified the prediction of old Cato, who announced, that corruption would be general when the Greeks should have transmitted the sciences, and, above all, the art of physic. Whole nations have done without this art, and were, perhaps, much better and lived longer than we do. The Roman republic, according to Pliny, was without physicians for six hundred years, and was never in a more flourishing state. But since it is now decided that we are neither to live nor die without them, at least make a choice from the multitude, and select not the man who can display the most eloquence or knowledge, but who has the most attachment towards you. Forgetting their profession, they issue from their retreats to make irruptions into the forests of poets, and the fields of orators. More occupied with shining than with curing, they brawl round a sick bed, making a jumble of the thoughts of Cicero and the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The sickness increases; no matter, if they succeed in fine sayings, and can gain a character for eloquence. To avoid the reproaches your physicians might cast on me, I have uttered nothing which is not drawn from Pliny, who has said more of this profession than of any other; and who also writes thus: 'A physician that has the gift of a fluent speech, becomes the arbiter of our life or death.'

"The interest that I take, holy father, in your preservation, carries me further than I intended. I will add but one word more: look upon that physician as an assassin who has more prate than experience, more noise than wisdom. Say to him with the old man in Plautus, 'Go about your business; you were sent for to cure, and not to harangue.' Add to this, a good diet, and, above all, a cheerful mind, which is never discouraged. By these means, restoring yourself to health, you will preserve the welfare of your servants, and of the church, which, while you are sick, must languish and decay."

Petrarch passed the month of April at Vaucluse. Everything, particularly the sixth of that month, recalled to him the remembrance of Laura.

"When I am seated on my green enamelled banks, when I hear the warbling of the birds, the rustling of the leaves, agitated by the zephyr, or the murmurs of my clear stream, I think I see, I hear her, whom earth conceals, and whom heaven will bring to light. From afar she answers to my sighs, and asks me, with kindness, why I shed so many tears! 'Ought you to complain?' says she. 'My death has rendered me immortal; and my eyes, that appeared closed, are opened to everlasting light!'

"There is no place so favourable to the state of my heart, or where I enjoy greater liberty. In these delightful valleys there are a thousand hidden retreats formed for tender sighs; Love has not in Cythera, Gnidus, or Paphos, such delightful asylums as these. All the objects around talk to me of love! All invite me to love for ever! How often, trembling and alone, do I seek Laura in these shades! Blest soul! who dost enlighten my dark and gloomy nights; what transports do I feel when you thus cheer me by your presence!

"Oh, death! in one sad moment you burst asunder the bond that united the most virtuous soul with the most perfect form! In one sad moment you deprived me of my all! I am weary of everything around me. But Laura pities; she sometimes comes to my relief. Ah! could I paint her heavenly attractions, could I express the charms of her immortal mind, when she deigns to revisit earth, and consoles me with her divine converse, I should move to compassion the flinty heart! Zephyrus returns; he brings with him the mild season, the flowers, herbs, and grass, his dear children. Progne warbles, Philomela sighs, the heavens become serene, and the valleys smile. Love re-animates the air, the earth, and the sea: all creatures feel his sovereign power. But, alas! this charming season can only renew my sighs! The melody of the birds, the splendour of the flowers, the charms of beauty, are in my eyes like the most gloomy deserts; for Laura is no more!"

While Petrarch was leading this solitary life at Vaucluse, the physicians at Avignon, extremely irritated with what he had said of them in the pope's letter, inveighed furiously against him. One of them, born in the mountains, and now grown old and toothless, thinking it necessary to revenge the cause of the faculty, caballed against him, and wrote a letter full of the most atrocious invectives, in which he threatened he would write philippics against Petrarch more pointed than those of Cicero or Demosthenes. "I did not discover at first," says Petrarch, "the author of this letter. Struck in the dark by Nisus, I feared lest, returning it, I might hit Euryalus. At last I found out it was the production of a mountaineer."

At this time there was a report that the emperor was going to enter Italy. Petrarch, who was always solicitous for the glory of his country, and had long wished for this event, wrote the following answer to an abbé in Italy, who had informed him it was a false report:

"I am sorry to hear it. The journey would have been glorious to Cæsar, and useful to the world. But I believe he is contented to live, and has no ambition to reign. If he shuts himself up in Germany, and abandons Italy, he may be emperor of the Teutons, but he will never be emperor of Rome. It is not surprising that neither letters nor discourses have made any impression on him, when glory, the merit of a good action, and the finest occasion of undertaking it, can have no effect. I should be surprised and distressed at this news, if I had not learned, by experience, that we ought not to embarrass ourselves with the things of this world, and that all done therein resembles a spider's web. For what then should I grieve? I am only a pilgrim, a traveller on earth, for few or many years, as it shall be decreed. When I die, I shall go to my own country. Italy will be always where it is, between the Alps and the two seas. If an earthly emperor denies it succour, it will meet with aid from the emperor of heaven!"

All the world, and particularly the people of Avignon, were desirous of seeing Petrarch's letters. Those who received them were so delighted with their spirit, they could not help showing them to their friends. As there was keen satire in many of them, this raised him enemies: and they accused him of having attacked the authority of the pope, in his solicitude to have the holy see removed to Rome. One of his friends, who had been the innocent cause of these commotions, said to him, "You are very hardy to attack the physicians: do not you then fear the maladies for which they must be consulted?" "I am not immortal," replied Petrarch: "but should these disorders attack me, I expect nothing from their skill. I do not repent I have wounded them by the truth. If this makes enemies, I shall have enough, or I must keep silence for ever. With respect to the holy see, I know that Peter's chair was everywhere with him, and that it is at present wherever his successor is found; though there are places more holy and convenient than others: the master of the house chooses that which pleases him, and honours that which he prefers: the misrepresentations of my censurers never entered into my mind. I never presume to prescribe the seat where the master of all places should be fixed. I have not drawn my opinion from the slender fountain of the decretals, but from the source of St. Jerome; who says, if we seek for authority, the world is greater than a city. Whenever the bishop shall be at Rome, Constantinople, or Alexandria, it is always the same power, and the same priesthood. What I say, and what I have said, is this: in whatever place the chair of St. Peter is fixed, it is honourable to be seated in it." These aspersions gave rise to some letters of justification, which are called the invectives of Petrarch; and to a work solicitously desired by the friends of Petrarch, and much more valuable than the former, which he styled his letter to posterity, from whence many things in these memoirs are taken, and which were neglected by the former biographers of Petrarch.

At this time cardinal Gui de Boulogne lost his mother, the wife of Robert, the seventh count of Auvergne and Boulogne. This pious princess, after having been at Rome to gain the jubilee, retired into the convent of the Claristes, where she had a daughter who was a nun, and she died soon after. The cardinal, who was extremely fond of her, was sensibly touched with this loss, and received a consolatory letter from Petrarch, who in it mentions the great care of his mother from the beginning of life, and that she had even borne the burden of this beloved son a month longer than usual.

The bishop of Florence, who was then at Avignon, and just setting out for his diocese, told Petrarch he would not quit the country till he had seen the marvellous fountain of Vaucluse. "I shall be glad also," added he, "to behold you in your hermitage, and to judge myself of the life you lead there. I am going to visit the monastery of St. Anthony: as I return, you may depend on seeing me." Petrarch, who knew this prelate was a man of his word, and expeditious in his operations, made haste to Vaucluse to prepare for a person of his rank, and collected every delicacy the country afforded. On the day this prelate was expected everything was ready. It struck twelve, but no bishop appeared. Petrarch, who had been at the expense of a great feast, grew very impatient, and, in his agitation, imagined these lines to the prior of the Holy Apostles:

"There is no more faith in the world. We can depend on no one: the more I see, the more I feel this. Even your bishop, on whom I thought I might safely rely, he deceives me. He promised to dine with me to-day. I have done for him what I never did for any one: I have put my house into commotion to treat him well; a conduct quite opposite to my character. He fears, no doubt, that he shall meet with the repast of a poet; and deigns not to visit the place where the great king Robert, where cardinals and princes have been; some to see the fountain; others (shall I have the vanity to say it?) to visit me. But if I am unworthy to receive such a guest, it seems to me he is still more so for breaking his word."

While Petrarch was thus silently venting his perturbations, he heard a great noise: it was the bishop, who was just arrived. When they were at table, the discourse fell upon Nicholas Acciajoli, the seneschal of Naples. The bishop told Petrarch he had quarrelled with his best friend, John Barrili, one of the greatest lords in the court of Naples. "I am grieved at this quarrel," said the bishop. "You are the friend of both, and should make it up between them." Petrarch undertook it; and, to bring it to bear, he wrote a letter to both united, which was to be only opened and read by them together: it contained the strongest motives for their reconciliation. At the same time he wrote one to each of them in private; which was kind, insinuating, and tending to the same end. He concluded by beseeching them to give one whole day to the reading of that letter addressed to both. The grand seneschal had written to Petrarch that he would raise a Parnassus to him between Salernus and Mount Vesuvius. He replied, though he had already two, he would not refuse that he offered him. "Consecrated under your auspices," says he, "this new Parnassus cannot but delight me."

All these letters, dated the 24th of May, 1352, were given to the bishop, who took leave of Petrarch, and set out for Florence. Some months after he received answers from the grand seneschal, which informed him his stratagem had succeeded beyond what he could have hoped, and that it had brought about a perfect reconciliation.

Petrarch obtained for his son John, this year, a canonship at Verona. He might have procured him elsewhere a more advantageous situation; but as this young man was at that critical age when the passions begin to unfold, he rather chose to put him under the care of his two friends, William de Pastrengo and Renaud de Villefranche, both established at Verona. He ordered him to set out immediately to take possession of this benefice, with the letters for his friends, to whom he recommended the young canon, and besought them earnestly to watch over his conduct. To Renaud he committed the improvement of his understanding; to William, the forming of his character, and the regulation of his manners. This is the picture Petrarch gives of his son in his letter to Renaud:

"You will know the young man I send you, unless a sudden alteration in him should prevent it. You are well convinced how dear he is to me. It was his destiny to quit an able master at a very tender age. As far as I can judge, he has a tolerable understanding: but I am not certain of this, for I do not sufficiently know him. When he is with me, he always keeps silence. Whether my presence confuses or is irksome to him, I know not; or whether the shame of his ignorance closes his lips. I doubt it is the latter; for I perceive but too clearly his antipathy for letters: I never saw it stronger in any one: he dreads and detests nothing so much as a book; yet he has been brought up at Parma, at Verona, and Padua. I sometimes direct a few sharp pleasantries at this disposition. 'Take care,' I say, lest you should eclipse your neighbour Virgil!' When I talk in this manner, he looks down, and blushes. On this behaviour alone I build my hope. He has modesty, and a docility which renders him susceptible of every impression made on him."

In the month of June 1352, the people of Avignon beheld a very extraordinary spectacle: this was the entrance of that formidable tribune, Rienzi. We shall here relate the circumstances that befell him after his fall, and that brought him to the tribunal of the pope.

After he left the Capitol, he hid himself in the castle of St. Angelo. But, still in hopes of some change, he got an angel painted on the walls of a church, with the arms of Rome, holding in her hand a cross with a dove at the top, and trampling under her feet an asp, a basilisk, a lion, and a dragon; and he went in disguise to behold the effect this painting produced. When he saw the people cover it with mud, he found his power was at an end: he set out the next day for Naples, where he arrived in January 1348. The king of Hungary, then master of it, received Rienzi kindly, with whom he had some time had a secret correspondence. The news of this disturbed the pope, who by his legate desired the prince to send to him that perverse and excommunicated heretic. Whether the king of Hungary feared to displease the pope, or perceived that Rienzi was a madman not to be relied upon, he forsook him. He then went over to duke Warner, and desired him to re-establish him at Rome; but this did not succeed. Perceiving himself abandoned by all the world, and without resource, he wandered about Italy for some time, and then retired among the hermits of Mount Majella, where he passed the year 1349. In the year of the jubilee, 1350, he mixed in disguise with the strangers who went to Rome, and found that city more likely to favour his attempts from the disorders that again took place in it. There was a sedition supposed to be of his raising. A mob besieged the legate's palace, and two arrows were drawn upon him from an iron gate, one of which pierced through his hat, but did not wound him. The cardinal, who knew that Rienzi was at Rome, wrote to the pope what he thought of this matter, and sent him the arrow with his letter.

The pope wrote to the legate to continue the proceedings against Rienzi; and, if he could lay hold of him, to send him to Avignon: in the mean time, to declare him incapable of any office, and to interdict him fire and water. Rienzi, on this, was determined to throw himself on the protection of the emperor Charles, though he had offended him when he was governor at Rome, by citing him to his tribunal; but he believed this prince was too generous to take revenge on an enemy who delivered himself up to his mercy. He set out, therefore, from Rome, disguised as usual, with the caravans of pilgrims; and went to Prague, where the emperor, who was also king of Bohemia, held his court. He went first to the house of a Florentine apothecary, whom he desired to go with him to the emperor, to whom he addressed this singular speech: "There is at Mount Majella a hermit called brother Angelo, who has sent an ambassador to the pope, and who sends me to you to inform you, that till now, God the Father and Son have reigned in the world; but that for the future it will be the Holy Ghost." At these words the emperor discovered it was Rienzi, and replied, "I believe you are the tribune of Rome." "It is true," said Rienzi, "I am that tribune whom they have driven out of Rome." The emperor sent for the ambassadors, bishops, and doctors, and made Rienzi repeat in their presence what he had said; to which he added, "The person sent to the pope will use the same language; the pope will have him burned, and he will be raised again the third day by the power of the Holy Ghost. The people of Avignon will take up arms, and kill the pope and the cardinals; and they will elect an Italian pope, who will transport the holy see to Rome.

That pope will crown you king of Sicily, and of Calabria, with a crown of gold; and he will crown me king of Rome, and all Italy, with a crown of silver."

They made him write down what he had said. The emperor sent it to the pope, sealed with his own seal; and had the tribune carefully guarded till he should receive an answer from the pope. As Rienzi was accused of heresy, the emperor, in respect to the authority of the church, put him into the hands of the archbishop of Prague, who also wrote to the pope, to know his will concerning him. In the mean time, he treated his prisoner with kindness, but took care to have him well guarded.

Clement returned the emperor thanks for the important service he had rendered the church in stopping this son of Belial; and desired he might be sent him under a good guard, or take his trial at Prague, if he chose it. But Rienzi, when he heard this, demanded to be sent in person to the pope; said he was ready to submit to his judgment, and to be punished if he was found guilty. He wrote for this purpose a long letter to cardinal Gui de Boulogne, "whose immense bounty," says he, "I have proved;" and to desire that, after his examination, he might be permitted to take the habit of St. John of Jerusalem, having wished ever since his fall to consecrate himself to that holy order. "My marriage ought not to be an obstacle," added he, "because my little wife will become religious as well as myself." It appears, by this letter of Rienzi, that his wife, his children, his nephews, and his sister, were hid at Prague, and lived upon charity. From the prisons of Prague he was brought to those of Limoges, and did not get to Avignon till this year. In all the places through which he passed, the people came out to meet him, and offered him deliverance; to which he always answered, that he went freely, and of his own accord, to Avignon. His march had more the air of a conqueror than a criminal. Petrarch speaks of it thus: "This tribune, formerly so powerful, so dreaded, now the most unhappy of men, has been brought here as a prisoner. I praised and I advised him. I loved his virtue, and I admired his courage. I thought Rome was going to resume under him the empire she formerly held; and that, in exciting the emulation of Rienzi, I should participate his glory. Ah! if he had continued as he began, he would have been praised and admired by all the world. This man, who made the wicked tremble, and who gave the brightest hopes to the good, is come before this court humbled and despised. He who was never seen without a train of the greatest lords in Italy, and a multitude of people, marches now between two serjeants! The populace run out to meet him, eager to see the man of whom they have heard so much.

"The moment he arrived, the sovereign pontiff committed his cause to three princes of the church, to determine his punishment.

"On entering the city, he asked if I was there. I know not whether he hoped in me for succour, or what I could do to serve him.

"In the process against him, they accuse him of nothing criminal: they do not even impute to him the having joined with bad men, the abandoning the public cause, or the having fled from the Capitol, when he might have lived and died there with honour. It is his undertaking, not the end, they reproach him with. In my mind, what they accuse him of is to his glory; that the republic should be free, and that at Rome only they should treat of the affairs of the republic. And is this a crime worthy of the wheel and of the gibbet? A Roman citizen afflicted to see his country, which is by right the mistress of the world, become the slave of the vilest men! This is the foundation of his charge! It now remains to be determined what is the punishment due to such a crime. His beginning was glorious; but all on a sudden he changed his conduct. I wrote him a severe letter on the occasion. He abandoned the good, and delivered himself over to the wicked; but of this he is not accused. Whatever be his end, his beginning is ever to be admired."

Clement was glad to have Rienzi in his power: he was brought before him, and did not appear the least disconcerted. He maintained that they accused him unjustly of heresy, and demanded that his cause should be re-examined with more equity. The pope made him no answer, and ordered them to put him in the prison prepared for him. It was a high tower in which he was shut up, fastened by the foot with a chain which hung from the top. Excepting this, he was treated with mildness, and supplied from the pope's kitchen; and they gave him books; among others, Livy and the Bible, for of these he was particularly fond. We are not told who were the three princes of the church to whom his cause was committed; but it is supposed they were the cardinals of Boulogne, of Taillerand, and of Deux.

The crimes imputed to him were, drawing away the city of Rome from the dominion of the pope; declaring it free; and pretending that the rights of the Roman empire resided still in the people of Rome. Some said he merited death; and others, that he should be declared infamous, and incapable of transmitting any estate to posterity. Rienzi demanded a judgment according to law, and to be allowed an advocate to defend his cause: but this was denied him. This enraged Petrarch, who wrote a long, but secret, letter to the people of Rome, to do something in his favour; but it produced no effect. The contents of it were, that Rome ought to be the monarch of the world, and the arbiter of all human decisions. Rienzi, as it happened, had no occasion for it. His affairs changed on a sudden; and he owed his preservation to a most extraordinary circumstance, which shows the spirit that prevailed in the court of the pope. It is Petrarch who informs us of it, in a letter to the prior of the Holy Apostles:

"I have learned," says he, "by the letters of my friends, it being rumoured at Avignon that Rienzi was a great poet, they thought it a kind of sacrilege to put a man to death of so sacred a profession; as Cicero speaks in his oration for the poet Licinius Archias, who had been his master. I own I am overwhelmed with joy to see that men, who are not acquainted with the Muses themselves, should grant them this singular privilege; and, under the shadow of their name, should save a man from death, odious to his judges, and whom they had agreed to find guilty of a capital crime. What could they have obtained more under the reign of Augustus, in the time when the greatest honours were paid them, and they came from all parts to behold this unparalleled prince, the master of kings, and the friend of poets ! I felicitate the Muses and Rienzi ! Heaven forbid I should envy him a name which is of such service to him. But if you ask me what I think ? I answer that Rienzi is a very eloquent man ; skilful, insinuating, and a good orator ; with few thoughts, but an agreeable vivacity in his compositions. I believe he may have read all the poets ; but I think he no more merits the name of a poet, than he would that of an embroiderer for wearing an embroidered habit. Horace says, that to be a poet, it is not sufficient to make verses ; and I even doubt whether Rienzi ever made a single verse ! I thought you would be pleased to hear of an event in which the life of a man was in danger because he wished to save the republic, and to learn that the same man escapes the peril under the name of a poet, though he never made a single verse.

"Virgil himself would not have obtained such a redemption ! For it is certain, that before such judges, Virgil would have passed for a sorcerer rather than a poet."

In another letter, written to an abbé not named, he shows what a rage for poetry prevailed at this time in the city of Avignon.

"Never were the words of Horace more exactly verified : 'Wise or ignorant, we all write verses !' It is a mournful consolation to have so many sick companions ; I had rather be diseased alone : I am tormented by my own disorders, and those of others ; they do not let me breathe. Verses and epistles rain in upon me every day from all parts of the world, from France, Germany, Greece, and England. I do not know myself ; they take me for the judge of all human understanding. If I answer all the letters I receive, no mortal will be so full of business : if I do not, they will say I am disdainful and insolent. If I censure, I shall be an odious critic ; if I praise, a nauseous flatterer. But this would be nothing, if the contagion had not reached the Roman court. What do you think of our lawyers and our physicians ? They no longer consult Justinian or Esculapius : deaf to the cries of the sick, and of their clients, they will listen to none but Virgil and Homer. What do I say ? Even labourers, carpenters, and masons, abandon their hammers and shovels, to lay hold of Apollo and the Muses. Do you ask why formerly poets were so rare, and this plague so common at present ? It was because poetry demands an elevated mind, superior to everything, and free from the cares of this world : it must have a soul made on purpose, which it is rare to meet with; from whence it happens that there are such a number of versifiers in the streets, and so few poets on Parnassus : they go to the foot of the mountain, but scarcely one ascends it. Judge what pleasure those must have who attain its summit, since those who only view it at a distance, abandon for it their affairs and their wealth, however avaricious they are ! I felicitate my country for having produced some spirits worthy to mount upon Pegasus, and rise along with him : if love to it does not blind me, I see such at Florence, at Padua, at Verona, at Sulmone, and at Naples : everywhere else we behold nothing but rhymers, who creep along upon the ground.

"I reproach myself for having, by my example, contributed to this madness. My laurels were too green, and I am now tormented for my desire of obtaining them. In my house, and out of doors, wherever I set my feet, versifying frantics surround me, overwhelm me with questions, brawl, and dispute, and talk of things which would have been quite beyond the aim of Homer or of Virgil. I am afraid lest the magistrates should accuse me of having corrupted the republic. The other day a father came up to me in tears, and said, 'See how you treat me, who have always loved you. You have been the death of my only son !' I was so struck with these words, and the air of the man who spoke them, that I remained some time motionless. At last, recovering myself, I replied, that I neither knew him nor his son. 'It is of little consequence whether you know him or not,' replied the old man : 'he knows you too well. I have ruined myself to bring him up to the law, and now he tells me he will follow no steps but yours. I am thus disappointed of all my hopes ; for I much fear he will never be either a lawyer or a poet.' I smiled at this, and those who were with me ; but the old man went away in grief and rage. Happily this contagion has not yet reached Vaucluse, the air of which is, perhaps, not very susceptible of foreign impressions ; there is only my fisherman, who, though old, advises himself, as Persius says, to dream on Parnassus. If this delirium should spread, shepherds, fishermen, labourers, and the beasts themselves, will ruminate and bellow out verses."

In the beginning of August 1352, the cardinals of Boulogne and Taillerand sent by the pope's order for Petrarch. He obeyed the summons, and found it was an order to receive the place of secretary to the pope. He represented to his patrons and friends, that he could never give up liberty and leisure for any worldly gain. "This wealth," says he, "would be a real misery : a yoke of gold or silver would not be lighter to me than one of wood or of lead. I despised riches when I stood in need of them, and it would be a shame to run after them now I can do without them. We should proportion the provisions for our journey to the length of our route. I am approaching the end of my race, and ought to be more occupied with the place of rest, than the accommodations on the way." To this he adds, that it would have been more honest, and more excusable, to desire these advantages when he had a brother and friends who were indigent ; that he was no longer in this situation, his brother being a Carthusian, and all his friends dead or well placed : that he wanted nothing at present ; but, should he once open the door to worldly desires, he should want everything. He therefore with tears conjured these friends, who had laid a thousand snares to gain this point, to let him live in his own way, to preserve his honour, and not to impose a burden, the weight of which would overwhelm him. All his representations and prayers were to no purpose ; they dragged him to his footstool, who, as one says, opens the heavens with his finger, and governs the stars by the motion of his cap.

The pope, who loved Petrarch, and always received him with pleasure, said many obliging things to him. He had always wished to attach a man of his merit to his court ; and he thought it was incumbent on him to sacrifice his liberty for an office at once honourable and advantageous. "Single I stood," says he, "mournful and dismayed: my head was presented to the sacrifice, when fortune befriended, and opened to me the door of liberty." All the world agreed that Petrarch was well fitted to discharge the employment to which they destined him, for his wisdom and fidelity. They only reproached him with one fault, that his style was too elevated for the church of Rome. He thought at first they meant this in irony: but his friends, and particularly the cardinals Boulogne and Taillerand, assured him that he must lower his tone, and not take such high flights. When he heard this, his joy was that of a prisoner who views his prison-door set open to him. He was desired to write something in a more easy style. Instead of doing this, he stretched the wings of imagination to their utmost extent, that he might soar above every idea of those who wished to enslave him.

They gave him the subject. "Though it was not a work of imagination and poetry," says he, "Apollo and the Muses did me good service. Most of those who read my composition, said, they could not comprehend a word of it. Others said, they supposed I wrote in Greek, or some other barbarous language. They would send me to school at my age to learn a low and creeping style. With Cicero, I know but three styles:—the sublime, which he calls grave; the moderate, which he calls middling; and the simple, which he calls extenuated. In this age, scarce any one has attained the first, and few arrive at the second; the third is the style of the many. They tell me to lower my style: that is impossible, I answer, because I am at the lowest already: lower than that is no style at all, but a base and abject manner of speaking. Thus I am out of the difficulty, and my liberty is preserved. I feel the pleasure more sensibly, for having been on the brink of slavery. I am delighted that people who believe themselves elevated, have discovered that I flew beyond their sphere. I will never more expose myself to the same peril; nothing shall ever tempt me: I will be deaf to the prayers of my friends, and consult myself alone in matters so essential to my peace."

Petrarch having thus escaped the greatest danger he had ever run, after having thanked God for his deliverance, set out for Vaucluse, where he passed the remainder of August in a delightful tranquillity, waiting with impatience for the autumn to return to Italy. Writing to a friend, he gives this pleasing account of his calm employments at Vaucluse:

"Nothing pleases me so much as my perfect freedom. I rise at midnight; I go out at break of day. I study in the fields as in my closet: I think, read, and even write there. I combat idleness: I chase away sleep, indulgence, and pleasures. In the day I run over the craggy mountains, the humid valleys, and shelter myself in the profound caverns. Sometimes I walk, attended only by my reflections, along the banks of the Sorgia. Meeting with no person to distract my mind, I become every day more calm; and send my cares sometimes before; sometimes I leave them behind me. I recall the past, and deliberate on the future. Fond of the place I am in, every situation becomes in turn agreeable to me, except Avignon. I find here Athens, Rome, and Florence, as my imagination desires: here I enjoy all my friends; not only those with whom I have lived, but those who have long been dead, and whom I know only by their works."

The cardinal de Boulogne set out for Paris in the beginning of September, to negotiate a peace between the kings of France and England. Petrarch went to take leave of him, and request his orders for Italy. The cardinal told him he should be only one month away, and he hoped he should find him at his return. He took with him his faithful Achates, Peter, abbé of St. Benigne. The cardinal wanted to procure Petrarch some good establishment in France, and wrote upon the road to desire him to wait at least till he should have written to him from Paris upon a great affair which concerned him. "I ask you," says he, "only to wait one month." In obedience to these orders, Petrarch passed September and October at Avignon.

At this time nothing was spoken of but the cruel war between the Genoese and the Venetians: their losses were on each side extreme. Petrarch wrote a letter to the Genoese, who were the victors, to induce them to peace; and collects together the motives for their union with the Venetians in a very artful manner:

"I applied at first," says he, "to the Venetians, my neighbours: I thought it my duty. As a man, I cannot but be touched with the miseries of humanity: as an Italian, I ought to be sensible to the calamities of my country; and I believe no one feels them more. I address you with the more confidence, knowing with whom I have to do. No nation is more terrible in war, or more amiable in peace. You have conquered; it is now time to repose. In the heat of combat, it is valour that spills the blood of men; but after it is over, humanity should close their wounds. There are none but savage beasts with whom carnage succeeds victory! Who can read, without shuddering, of a battle which lasted two days and one winter night? Who can represent the horrors of it? The dreadful blustering of the wind, the rattling of the sails, the clash of arms! The dashing of the vessels against one another, the hissing of the arrows flying through the darkness, and the cries and groans of the wounded! To you may be applied what Virgil said of that famous night in which Troy was reduced to cinders: 'Who can paint the shocking carnage which she covered with her mantle, or shed tears enough to bewail the blood spilt in it?'

"Reflect at present that your enemies, as well as yourselves, are Italians; that you were once friends, and that your quarrel is only about rank and superiority. Would to God that, renouncing a war which has so slight a foundation, you would unite your arms to punish the perfidious instigators of it, and then turn them to the deliverance of the Holy Land from the Turks. This would indeed be useful to the world, and to posterity! Great cities in peace are like those strong bodies who appear healthy without, but have many internal maladies, occasioned by a too long repose. Motion and agitation are necessary to cities as well as to men, to dissipate the bad humours these inward diseases produce, and which are much more dangerous than those which appear without. This merits your attention. It is best to live in peace when we can; but when that is impossible, a foreign war is preferable to a war at home.

"I cannot read the stars; but I venture to predict, that in foreign wars you will always have the advantage, and that you have only to fear interior enemies. How many examples are there of cities whom nothing could have destroyed but wars with one another! You are becoming a proof of this yourselves. Recollect the time when you were the most flourishing of all people: I was then a child, and remember it only as a dream. Your country appeared a celestial paradise: such surely were the Elysian Fields! What a beautiful object towards the sea! Those towers which rose to heaven! Those palaces where art excelled nature! Those hills covered with cedars, vines, and olives! Those houses of marble built under the rocks! Those delicious retreats on the shore, whose sand shines like gold, on which the foaming waves, dashing their crystal heads, attract the eyes of the pilot, and stop the motion of the rowers! Can we behold, without admiration, the more than mortal figures that inhabited your city, and all the delights of life with which your woods and fields abounded! Those who entered it, thought they were got into the temple of felicity and joy. It might be said at this time of Genoa, as anciently of Rome, it was the city of kings!

"You were then masters of the sea, and without your leave no one dared to sail on it. From this happy period descend to the time when pride, luxury, and envy, the common effects of prosperity, subdued your nation, and reduced it to that misery your enemies attempted in vain. Great gods! What a difference! That beautiful shore, that magnificent city, appeared uncultivated, deserted, and ruined! Those superb palaces, become the trading-places of thieves, struck the passenger with horror instead of admiration! In fine, your city, besieged by its exiles, the Dorias and Spinolas on the side of the Ghibelines, assisted by the Milanese, suffered all the plagues of war; when king Robert, the glory of our age, who came to its succour, remained blocked up in it a whole year. They fought (a thing incredible, and unheard of before) not only on land and sea, but in the air, and under the earth.

"After this you were agitated several years by intestine commotions, having no enemies but those within your walls; till at last, instructed by past misfortunes, you elected a chief, which is undoubtedly the best situation for a republic. This changed the face of your city; your clouds were dissipated; your quarrels extinguished; and peace, harmony, and justice, were re-established.

"You may now with ease take warning for the future. There is an old proverb which says, 'How many things are ill done, because they are done but once!' You may recover what you have lost. You have learned from experience, that human prosperities are slippery and uncertain, and that you owe your misfortunes to interior discord. You begin as it were to live again: take care of those rocks on which you have formerly split. Be united among yourselves; love justice and peace: and if you cannot live without war, carry it into foreign countries, where you will always find enemies to contend with.—Avignon, November, 1352."

A few days after writing this letter, Petrarch, tired with waiting for the cardinal de Boulogne, went secretly from Avignon, giving it out he was gone for Italy; and he hid himself at Vaucluse. On his arrival there, he wrote thus to the cardinal:

"You ordered me to wait for you. You were to be absent but a month; but the Grand Monarch, who is attached to you by the bonds of love as well as of blood, the charms of Paris and of the Seine, have made you forget your promise. I am not astonished at it. For my part, the dreary city of Avignon, and the boisterous Rhone, have detained me till now their prisoner; but, no longer able to support that situation, I am come to take refuge in my retreat, and wait your commands. If you continue at Paris, I shall soon set out for Italy, without bidding adieu to my friends, who will detain me a prisoner in that vile city, from whence my spirit takes its flight, and leaves my body to its fate. The two months I have passed there, have appeared to me to be years. The service you would do me is, I doubt not, considerable: your bounties are always so. I trust my absence will not hurt the interest you take in my friends. If you will bestow upon them what you have destined to me, you will confer on me a great obligation. I have enough, and too much, for the few years that remain of life: I wish for nothing more. You are the kindest, the best of patrons. I flatter myself you will pardon me if I yield to necessity, to which the greatest kings have submitted. I have obeyed you as long as I could.—Vaucluse, November."

After having been some days at Vaucluse, with no news of the cardinal, and despairing of his return, Petrarch determined to set out for Italy. The autumn of this year was uncommonly dry; it had not rained for several months. The weather was bright and serene; he thought he might depend on its continuance: "Though there is nothing," says he, "we can less reckon upon in winter." He had in all his former journeys always endured excessive heats or violent rains.

He set out the 16th of November with his books and papers, which he meant to transport to his Parnassus in Italy. He was got a very little way, when the weather clouded, and a heavy rain came on. He was at first tempted to go back; but he took courage, a port being not far off, and continued his route. He must pass through Cavaillon; and he wished to stop there, to take leave of Philip de Cabassole. It was almost night when he arrived. The bishop was sick, and had concealed his disorder from Petrarch, that he might not afflict him. He received him as his good angel; tears of joy ran down his face. "I am no longer in pain for myself," said he to his brother; "with my friend Petrarch, health has re-entered my habitation." He was ignorant that Petrarch was going to Italy, and that he meant to reach Durance that night. When he was informed of this, he appeared in such extreme grief, and was so urgent with Petrarch to stay at least that night, that he could not deny him. It poured all night, which distressed Petrarch, who had designed to set out early in the morning; and he feared for his books and papers. At last he determined on leaving them behind, and exposing himself alone to the injuries of the weather, to which he was hardened by custom, when an unforeseen obstacle stopped his progress.

Some of the bishop's servants told him that the banditti of the Alps were come down to the Var on the side of Nice, and laid everything waste, which rendered it impossible to go that road to Italy; and this was Petrarch's route, that, before he quitted France, he might pass through Montrieux, to see his brother Gerard. The bishop expressed great joy at this news; he was persuaded it would induce Petrarch to renounce his project. Petrarch continued for some time irresolute: but the repeated requests of the bishop, and the violent rains which continued and rendered the roads impassable, at last determined him to stay. He retired to his chamber to sleep for an hour; but the rain had made way through the roof, and came down upon him. He rose, therefore, and said matins; and then went into the bishop's chamber, whom he found awakened.

He spent two days at Cavaillon; and then sent a part of his servants to Italy, that he might be the more retired, and set out himself for Vaucluse. The dread of spoiling his books and papers influenced him to this determination. "We see," says he, "what a constraint riches are on peace and liberty." The fine weather returned just as his people were got too far to be recalled. "It seems," says he, "as if Providence would put a rein on my desire to pass into Italy. He knows better than we do what is for our good, which is not always what is most agreeable to ourselves."

Petrarch passed the rest of November at Vaucluse, and all the month of December, in which there happened an event that interested all Europe.

Clement VI. was forced at last to yield to the disease which had so long oppressed him. "He forgot," said Petrarch, "or despised, the advice I had given him. The physicians delivered him from the embarrassments of the papacy by improper remedies, and too frequent bleedings. He died the 6th of December, 1352." Villani says he died of a lingering fever; others, of an abscess; and some said that he was poisoned. His body was carried the next day to the church of Notre Dame, where they bestowed on it a very pompous funeral. Various have been the opinions concerning this prince. Villani speaks only of his faults: and the ecclesiastical historians reproach him for not translating the holy see to Rome; but others own he was one of the greatest men that ever sat in St. Peter's chair; and though he had faults, he had likewise very great and amiable virtues; that he was too fond of women, but he governed his estates in a manner that was a model for all princes. One instance of his influence over a foreign prince does him honour: he ordered Casimir, king of Poland, to send back his mistress, and to be faithful to his wife. This prince refused at first, but submitted at last, and underwent the penance imposed on him.

Clement had the pleasure of bestowing kingdoms, and gave away more benefices than any one of his predecessors. Nothing was so painful to him as to refuse a request; and when it was not in his power to grant it, he always found some expedient to send the persons away not only contented, but obliged, by his behaviour. He distributed the treasures of the church with a liberal profusion, and expended considerable sums in useful buildings, in marrying orphans, and in relieving noble families who had fallen to decay. Petrarch assures us, no one better merited the name he bore; and his clemency was so great, that a person who had offended him grievously, having presumed afterwards to ask a favour of him, instead of revenge for his former behaviour, he instantly granted his petition. Clement was naturally eloquent, and spoke without preparation, in a very elegant manner: his consistorial discourses, which are in the library at Paris, prove this. He had a singular talent in conveying his sentiments: they appeared the sentiments of those he conversed with, whose hearts he could move at pleasure. He delighted in peace and harmony, and as much as possible stifled every seed of war. He attempted to establish peace between France and England; he accomplished it between Hungary and Naples, and was preparing to unite the Greek and Latin churches.

But Petrarch was never fond of this pope, who was not an Italian, and who had completed the palace of Avignon, instead of removing the holy see to Rome. A few days after his death, he wrote to the bishop of Cavaillon as follows:

"I send you three natural curiosities, of a very different kind: a golden fish with silver scales, called turtura: my fisherman's son took it in the beautiful water of my fountain. The second is a flat drake, who has been long an inhabitant of its banks: neither the air nor water could save it from the pursuit of my dog. The third is an epistle which I have fished myself, with the nets of my mind, in the waves where my soul swims in the midst of dangerous rocks. You will have the goodness to keep the two first, and return the last when you have enough of it. You know my reason; truth begets hatred. If this was true in the time of Terence, how much more is it so at present! Read it then in private, and send it back till we shall see what God or fortune will do for us. I would show it to no other person; you will judge by that of my confidence."

The bishop of Cavaillon returned it, and assured Petrarch it gave him much pleasure. "I am delighted," replied he, "my letter has pleased you. I find I like it better now it has obtained your suffrage. It is addressed to you, because you are the declared enemy of every vice. I send you a second letter to the clergy of Padua, on the death of Ildebrand, our bishop. His virtues were above our highest praise. Compare this letter with that I sent yesterday, and see if my style is as proper for praise as censure. The faults that you will find, ascribe to myself, and my excellences to the nature of the subjects; for, in truth, it is as easy to praise the one as to blame the other. Who would not be eloquent in the treating of such subjects?"

The first of these letters was a satire on Clement. Petrarch had before censured him, under the name of Pamphylius, for the little care he took of the flock confided to his trust by Jesus Christ, and for the soft and vain-glorious life that he led, so opposite to the conduct of the primitive Christians; and he threatens him that his Master will soon come and call him to an account.

Clement, under the name of Mitian, replied thus to Pamphylius:—

"No one can be more churlish and severe than you are: but know, it is easier to censure the manners of others, than to justify one's own. Ungrateful traitor! Have not you denied your

Master, and abandoned your flock, to avoid persecution? Did the flock, given to your care by Jesus Christ, ever suffer more than under you? Not a valley in Rome, but you have filled with blood. I should be ashamed to lead the sorry life in which you glory. 'I have chests full of money;' true; and can I do better than make use of it for the sweets and conveniences of life? I would choose my spouse, the church, should be adorned; that at her toilet should be seen that fine looking-glass presented me by the shepherd of Bisance; and that every one should know her to be a queen. I will not lead my flock, as you do, among thickets and rocks, but into fat pastures. I would have them want for nothing, and enjoy everything. Heaven forbid that I should be so cruel as to separate the he and she goats, the bulls and the heifers! They were intended for companions to each other. Your threatenings give me no concern. The Master I serve is good as well as powerful."

On the death of Clement, the cardinals felt the necessity of making some reformation in the Roman court: and to do this, they cast their eyes on John Birel, the general of the Carthusians, for his successor. He was a Limosin, famed for the sanctity of his life, and his zeal for the glory of God. No human influence affected him: he preached repentance with power, and he wrote to princes with the utmost freedom, to exhort them to reform their lives. The cardinal de Taillerand was alarmed when he saw them inclined to such a choice. "What are you going to do?" said he. "Do not you perceive that this monk, accustomed to govern anchorites, will oblige us all to live like them? He will make us go on foot, as did the apostles; and our fine horses he will send to the plough." The cardinals were embarrassed, and the election would have been spun out to a great length, had not king John, of France, arrived at Avignon, to procure the election of a prelate devoted to him. This hastened their choice. The cardinal de Taillerand, who had the greatest interest in the conclave, caused it to fall upon Alberti cardinal d'Ostia, who took the name of Innocent VI. He was born in a village of Limoges, of parents little known. This pontiff owed his elevation to the reputation he had for integrity and a good life, and his capacity for reforming the Roman court by his example, still more than by his laws. In effect, soon after his election, he suppressed the reserves of benefices, fixed bounds to pluralities, obliged the incumbents to residence, and diminished his table and his train; an example the cardinals made no haste to follow.

Petrarch was not much pleased at this election. An old, ignorant cardinal, but a great civilian, maintained that Petrarch was a magician because he read Virgil: and he had persuaded cardinal Alberti to think so too, though he had been professor of the canon law with success in the university of Toulouse. "He was a man of good life and little knowledge," says Villani.

Petrarch, in his eclogue on Clement VI., puts these words into his mouth: "There shall come after me a dull and gloomy man, who, by his sour refusals, shall repair the wrongs I did the church by my over-abundant facility. He shall fatten the Roman pastures with the smoke of Auvergne." After the coronation of Innocent, the cardinals de Taillerand and Boulogne wrote to Petrarch, that he must come immediately to kiss his feet, and compliment him upon his exaltation. Petrarch had often seen him at the cardinal de Taillerand's, who amused himself with joking Petrarch before him on his powers of magic. Whatever repugnance he had, Petrarch thought it necessary to obey these orders: but his chief concern was the leaving his faithful fisherman, who was fallen sick. Soon after he got to Avignon, one of his servants, whom he had left at Vaucluse to take care of his beloved friend, came post to inform him he was dead. He wrote instantly to the two cardinals as follows:—

"If Regulus, the terror of the Carthaginians, being in Africa, and charged with an important negotiation, blushed not to ask his dismission of the senate, because the man was dead who cultivated his field, why should I blush to make such a request to my two illustrious patrons, who am charged with no public, and who have few private affairs? Yesterday I lost the guardian of my retreat. He was not unknown to you; he cultivated for me a few acres of very bad land. I fear not from you the answer made to Regulus by the senate, 'Continue to work for the republic, she shall take care of your field.' The field of Regulus was at Rome; mine is at Vaucluse, a place you are scarcely acquainted with. Scipio, the other scourge of Africa, and commanding with success in Spain, asked his dismission also, because his daughter had no portion. I am in the same case at present: my library, which I consider as my daughter, has lost its friend. That rustic man, whom I can never lament as he deserves, had more prudence, and even urbanity, than is often to be found in cities; and, besides this, he was the most faithful animal that the earth ever produced. To him I confided my books, and all that was most dear to me. I was absent three years from Vaucluse: at my return nothing was wanting, nor a single thing displaced. He could not read, but he loved letters. He preserved with extreme care my choicest books, which he knew from being long accustomed to them, and how to distinguish my works from those of the ancients. When I gave a book to his care, he expressed great joy, and pressed it to his breast with a sigh; sometimes he named the author in a whisper. To behold him at this moment, one would have thought that the sight or the touch of a book rendered him wiser and happier. I have spent fifteen years with him, and confided to him my most secret thoughts, as I would have done to a priest of Ceres; and his breast was to me the temple of faith and love. I left him two days ago slightly indisposed, to obey your orders: his old age was sound and vigorous, and he is dead. Yesterday he died, asking for me continually, and calling upon the name of the Lord. His death affects me extremely; but I should have regretted him still more, if his age had not foretold that I must soon have lost him. Illustrious prelates! let the man depart who is useless to you, but of very great importance to his field and to his library."

Petrarch obtained the favour he desired without much difficulty; and it was not possible to draw him again to Avignon, notwithstanding the solicitations of the cardinals, of his friends, and particularly his dear Socrates, to accept an establishment in the court of the pope; to the latter of whom he wrote thus:—

"I am content—I have enough for life; I have put a rein on my desires, and I will have no more. Cincinnatus, Curius, Fabricius, and Regulus, after having subdued whole nations, and led kings in triumph, were not so rich as I am. If I open the door to the passions, I shall always be poor. Avarice, luxury, and ambition, know no bounds: but avarice, above all, is an unfathomable abyss. I have clothes to defend me from the cold, food to nourish me, horses to carry me, a clod of earth to sleep on, to walk on, and to cover me when I die. What more has the emperor of Rome? My body is healthy: subdued by labour, it is the less rebellious to my soul. I have books of all kinds: they are my wealth; they feast my soul with a voluptuousness which is never followed with disgust. I have friends whom I consider as my greatest treasures, when they do not aim to deprive me of my liberty. Add to this, the greatest security: for I have no enemies, but those created by envy; and I am not, perhaps, sorry for those, though I despise them. I reckon still in the number of my possessions, the approbation and kindness of all good men, even of those whom I have never seen. These are riches which you may deem poverty; I believe you do: but by what means would you have me gain others? By lending out to usury; by trading on the seas; by brawling at the bar; by the sale of my tongue and of my pen; thus fatiguing myself incessantly to amass those treasures I should preserve with inquietude, abandon with regret, and which another would dissipate in extravagance? In one word, what do you require of me? I am rich enough for my own satisfaction; must I also appear rich for the satisfaction of others? In fact, is it not my own affair? Does any one consult the taste of another in the food he is to eat? Keep then for yourself your manner of thinking, and leave me to mine: it can never be shaken, for it is established on solid foundations."

Gui Settimo distressed Petrarch more than any of his friends concerning this matter: his temper was naturally ambitious, and he had constantly adhered to the court of the pope. "He loves persons of merit," says he. "I wish it may be so," replied Petrarch; "but this is nothing to me: if the pope loves only such, he loves a very few; and I cannot flatter myself with being one of them, though I would prefer this honour to that of being pope."

Petrarch passed all the winter at Vaucluse, where he was, like a bird upon the branch, ready every moment to take wing for his dear country. He waited the return of some servants whom he had sent to Italy to learn what passed there: he was informed that his friends were all assembled, and waited his coming. Italy appeared to him preferable to all other places; but this account made him tremble for his liberty; and he determined to send another servant, to see if he could not discover some secret retreat where he might enjoy tranquillity. In the mean time he prepared for a journey to Montrieux, to see his brother Gerard, that he might not quit the country without bidding him farewell; and, before he set out, he wrote the following letter to one of his friends.

"On whatever side I turn my eyes, I find nothing but difficulties. It is time for me to go to the other world, for I cannot obtain ease in this. Is this my fault, or that of the world around me? Perhaps of all together. One part of the earth is desolated by war; in another they possess peace, but are more cruel and miserable than in war. Here is famine, there is gluttony: here the air, there the manners, are infected. Here they groan under slavery, there they suffer from the licentiousness of liberty. This land is dry and barren, the other is exposed to the inundation of furious rivers. There they freeze, here they burn. Here is a dreadful solitude, there an importunate multitude. These men are a prey to savage beasts, those to the deceits of one another. It must be allowed, that a situation of ease and tranquillity is not to be met with upon earth."

Petrarch set out for Montrieux the seventh of April, 1353. When he was between Aix and St. Maximin, he met with a company of Roman ladies, who were going on a pilgrimage. By their air and gait, he distinguished at a distance their country and their birth. Drawing near to them, and finding, by their language, he was not deceived, he stopped, and politely asked them from whence they came, and whither they were going. The sound of an Italian voice spread joy through this little company. The oldest of them answered, "Rome is our country; and we are going on a pilgrimage to St. James. And you, sir, are you a Roman? Are you going to Rome?" "I am not going there immediately," replied Petrarch; "but my heart is always there." This answer inspired the pilgrims with confidence. They surrounded Petrarch, and replied to a thousand questions he asked them concerning the state of the republic. They told him that John Ceroni had resigned his post, his nature being too quiet for the Romans, who were disgusted with a uniform government: he retired therefore to the castle of Abruzzi. The nobles on this established the ancient form of government, and named two senators, taken out of the houses of the Orsini and the Colonna, and these were in place when Clement died. Soon after they accused them of buying up the corn in a time of dearth, to enrich themselves. This enraged the people, and they besieged the Capitol. One of the senators saved himself by escaping at a back-door; the other was stoned to death. This happened in February, 1353. After this account, Petrarch inquired after his friends, particularly concerning Lelius. "How does he do? In what does he employ himself?" "We left him in good health," they replied. "He is very happily married, and his wife has brought him some fine children." Petrarch then asked these ladies if he could be so happy as to serve them in any respect. "Everything," says he, in a letter to Lelius, "urged me to make them this offer; God, virtue, their country, and their love of you. I wished to divide with them the sum I had brought with me for my journey. Their answer was, 'Pray to God that our journey may be successful; we ask only this of you.' This reply delighted, but it did not surprise me. I perceived in it the dignity and disinterestedness of Roman ladies, differing in this respect from women of all other nations, who, so far from refusing what is offered them, request with importunity what they have been refused."

Petrarch, charmed with the discourse of these pilgrims, would have passed the day with them; but they were bent on hastening toward their pious design, and he was also eager to behold his brother. "While our discourse lasted," adds he, "I believed myself at Rome, conversing with Cecilia, the wife of Metellus; Sulpitia, the wife of Fulvius; Cornelia, of Gracchus; Mercia, of Cato; Emilia, of Scipio Africanus; and all those famous heroines who were the glory of ancient Rome. Or, to speak more suitably to our age and our religion, I thought I saw those holy virgins who made so distinguished a figure in our Christian annals, Prisca, Praxida, Prudentia, Agnes, &c."

Petrarch arrived at Montrieux the 20th of April, 1353. His presence rejoiced this sacred house. Gerard was considered as its second founder, and was become a perfect anchorite, disengaged from everything upon earth; consummate in piety, and longing for the joys of heaven. "I blushed," said Petrarch, "to behold a younger brother, who was formerly my inferior, now risen so far above me. At the same time, what a subject of joy and glory is it to have such a pious brother!"

After conversing about their old friends, and what had happened to them since their last interview, Gerard acquainted his brother with the melancholy situation which Montrieux was in at present. These good monks were persecuted by some neighbouring lords, who had made frequent attempts to pillage and ruin their order. Charles II. king of Naples, and count of Provence, king Robert, and a bishop of Marseilles, who loved them, had protected and guarded them from the insults of these petty tyrants. "They are worse," says Petrarch, "than great tyrants. The last are commonly generous, and give with one hand what they take away with the other; but the former are famished harpies, who, the more they have, the more eager they are to devour."

On the death of the bishop of Marseilles, these hostilities were renewed, and that church had at its head a tyrant whose troops were encamped near the monastery. When the holy monks, before break of day, were singing the praises of God, a shepherd, all in tears, came to inform them they had robbed him of his flock. When they were renewing on the altar the memory of their Saviour's passion, a frightened tenant came to acquaint them, that a drove of cattle belonging to the tyrants ravaged their vines, their meadows, and their gardens. When they just began to taste the consolation of that short sleep their laws allowed, they were awakened out of it by the cries of a servant, or the sacristan, who were attacked and beaten by these banditti. With difficulty they had saved their books, and the ornaments of their church, from these robbers. Such was their situation when Petrarch came among them. He could not hear the account of their distresses without tears. They begged he would intercede for them with the king and queen of Naples; that they would be pleased, after the example of their predecessors, to protect their house, and to send them a guard to defend them from these insults. Petrarch wrote directly to Zenobi, to desire he would implore the protection of the grand seneschal, who loved this order so much, that he had just built a fine house for them near Florence, and he expressed to him in the most affecting terms the misery of their situation.

The Carthusians, hoping all things from the credit of Petrarch, contrived every method the most grateful and obliging, to express their acknowledgment for his letter, and their attachment towards him: and when he left them, they went with him as far as they dared, and shed many tears at parting. Petrarch returned to Vaucluse, and prepared soon after for his journey to Italy. He received from all parts the most seducing proposals of establishment. Nicholas Acciajoli pressed him to settle in Naples. Many things suited him in this kingdom; the beauty of the climate, and the friends he had there, who promised him the tranquillity he wished, and were persons on whose word he could rely: but the air of this country disagreed with his constitution, from its excessive heat. Andreas Dandolo, doge of Venice, had written to him to establish his residence at Venice, and proposed many pleasures to him there. "It is time for you to settle," says he. "Come to Venice, and you shall find nothing to trouble your repose." Petrarch, in his answer, thus apologises for his wandering life.

"Heroes, philosophers, and apostles," says he, "have led this life. I speak of the primitive apostles; for the modern ones luxuriously repose on beds of gold, and travel in mind only over the earth and the sea. The insatiable desire of seeing and knowing all things, has led me from my youth to run over the world. This desire is quenched by age. I wish to fix; but where, is the difficulty. I am like a man on a hard bed, who shifts from one side to the other, but finds no place of rest. If to be motionless is constancy, gouty men are the most constant, death more steady than they, and mountains firmer than them all."

John, king of France, a kind and amiable prince, invited Petrarch to Paris. He owed this favour to the cardinal de Boulogne; and the reasons he gave for not accepting it were, the situation of public affairs in France, at war with England, and his dislike to the manners and customs of France. In this state of suspense, he wrote to Lelius, to consult him, and to know whether he proposed continuing at Rome. "I wait," says he, "your answer with impatience. If you advise me not to go there, I will seek a port between the Alps and the Apennines. Should I find none, I would imitate those who, having many years been voyagers on the ocean, will no more expose themselves to its tempests. I will behold only the Sorgia, and live and die with the peasants of Vaucluse. One thing only will concern me; to reflect that my resurrection will be so near Avignon, that Babylon of impiety."

Lelius replied, he should not continue at Rome; and Petrarch went to Avignon the 26th of April, to take leave of his patrons and his friends. He learned there that the grand seneschal of Naples had lost his son, who was the most accomplished young man of that age. His father, though he had the greatest tenderness for him, supported this affliction with firmness, and an entire resignation to the will of God. His body was carried with the pomp of royalty to the Carthusian monastery near Florence. The removing it thither cost five thousand florins. The city of Florence rendered him the greatest honours. Petrarch wrote to Zenobi, desiring he would express to the grand seneschal the interest he took in his affliction. "I came here," says he, "the day before yesterday, to take my final leave of this place. The people I have sent to Italy, give me hopes I shall meet there with the retreat I wish. I shall leave this tempestuous country, never to return to it more. I am going to pass eight days at Vaucluse, to prepare for my departure."

Petrarch went from Avignon without seeing the pope. The cardinal de Taillerand used every argument in vain to engage him to fulfil this duty. The reason he gave for his refusal was this: "I feared I might infect him by my sorceries, or that he would infect me by his credulity."

BOOK V.

Petrarch departed from Vaucluse at the beginning of May 1353, and took the route of Mount Genevra to go into Italy. When he had passed the mountain, and was in sight of his country, he cried out in an ecstacy, "I salute you, holy land! dear to God and good men! I am come back to you after a long exile, never to quit you more, in the hope you will afford me an agreeable asylum while I live, and a little earth to cover me when I am dead. With what joy do I return to the embraces of my dear parent, and leave behind me the clouds and the fogs, to breathe this serene air!"

As he passed through Milan, he thought it necessary to pay his homage to Giovanni Visconti, who, we have before seen, was both king and priest there. This prince loved men of letters, and gave Petrarch the most distinguished reception, designing to fix him in his court. "He took me affectionately by the hand," says Petrarch, "and conversed with me on the place of my abode, introducing by degrees his desire I would settle at Milan. 'I am not ignorant,' said he, 'of your objections to cities, and your taste for solitude: I promise you that you shall enjoy it even in the bosom of Milan. You shall be troubled with no employment: I ask only your presence to do honour to my person, and to be the ornament of my court.'" Petrarch could not resist such marks of favour: overwhelmed with the goodness, and struck with the majesty, of this prince, which impressed all who beheld him, he was silent. At last he consented on these two conditions: the one, that they should give him a situation as retired as possible; the other, that he should not be obliged in any way to alter his manner of life. The archbishop very readily granted these requests.

The house chosen for him was at the end of the town, on the west side, near the gate of Verceil, and close to the magnificent church of St. Ambrose. The air on this spot was very good. At the entrance there were two handsome towers; in front, the battlements of the church; and behind, the walls of the city, and a fine view of a rich country beyond them, extending even to the Alps. He remarked that, though it was the middle of summer, they were covered with snow. What a joy for Petrarch to live near a church dedicated to his favourite saint, of whom St. Augustine had attested so many miracles! He never entered this temple without feeling an extraordinary fervour. There was a statue of St. Ambrose, said to resemble him perfectly, and which appeared alive. Petrarch was never weary of beholding it: "It was a most agreeable object," says he. "This great archbishop appeared to give me his blessing. What majesty in his countenance! What sweetness and expression in his eyes! This sight spread over my heart a lively and inexpressible tranquillity: I rejoiced that I came to Milan." Petrarch's house was also near a little chapel where St. Ambrose and St. Augustine sung together that sacred Te Deum, from them spread through all the Italian churches; and it was also near the garden where St. Augustine was converted. These circumstances rendered Milan a delightful situation to Petrarch.

His friends, however, thought in a different manner. Socrates, Gui Settimo, and Philip de Cabassole, said one to the other, "What! this proud republican! who desired nothing but liberty and independence! this untamed animal, who started at the shadow of a yoke, and refused the first offices in Rome, because he would not wear chains, though of gold! this misanthrope, who could live no where but in the silence of the country! this preacher up of solitude, is he settled in a noisy and turbulent city!" At Florence, Boccaccio and his other friends could not imagine that a man so zealous for the liberty of his country, would live under a tyrant who was endeavouring to subdue it. The prior of the Holy Apostles thought as they did; but he idolised Petrarch, and would not condemn him as his other friends had done: he wrote to him these few lines:

"Your friends have been a little sharp upon you, and have written their sentiments freely, as you always desire them. You are, no doubt, of the opinion of Socrates, who said, It is good to have censurers; if what they say is true, to correct the fault; if not, it does no harm. You ask me what I think. I am in some things, but not wholly, of their opinion. Follow the course of fortune; nothing is more painful and embarrassing, than to have a great reputation to preserve. It is not just that a man whom philosophy has made free, should become the slave of others. Do what you like without constraint, and may you long enjoy that liberty." Petrarch, in a letter to his friends, speaks thus in his own justification: "You are in the right; I lay down my arms, and have no defence to make. Man has not a greater enemy than himself. St. Chrysostom has written a fine treatise to prove, that no one can justly offend us but ourselves. I have acted against my sentiments. We pass our lives in doing what we ought not, and in leaving undone what we ought to do." In another letter he says: "The public condemn without hearing me, or viewing the reasons of my conduct. It was not possible for me to resist the entreaties of this great man. The requests of princes have more force than their commands. Laberius said of Julius Cæsar, 'How can I refuse anything to that man who has been refused nothing by the gods?' We cannot act so as to please all the world; as the fable of the miller, his ass, and son, is a proof."

There arrived at Milan this year cardinal Albornos, legate from the pope, who meant to subdue the tyrants in Italy who had usurped an unjust power. This pope had great treasures, and soon raised an army, and chose for his general this cardinal, who was nobly descended: on his father's side, from Alphonso V. king of Leon; and on his mother's, from James, king of Arragon. He was made, when very young, archbishop of Toledo; and was in the camp of Alphonso XI. in his war against the Moors, and fought by his side. Alphonso dying in 1350, just as he was going to drive the Moors out of Spain, Albornos went to Avignon, and Clement VI. made him a cardinal. When he returned to Spain, he found that kingdom desolated by the cruelties of Don Pedro, the son of Alphonso, who, inflamed with a violent passion for Mary Padilla, treated Blanche of Bourbon, his wife, with the utmost contempt, and put all those to death who opposed his measures. Albornos spoke and wrote to him with a freedom truly apostolic, which was so ill received by this blinded prince, that the cardinal retired to Avignon in 1353.

When Innocent cast his eyes on him to execute his project in Italy, all the world agreed he could not have made a better choice, as, besides his knowledge in the military art, Albornos had other great qualities. He was well acquainted with the human heart, and knew how to avail himself of the foibles of men to compass his ends. He had a mind capable of forming great designs, and of executing them with surprising celerity; and with all this, a patience that could wait the favourable moment for their ripening, when that was necessary to their success. Modest when a victor, he opened his arms to a submissive enemy: full of resources and expedients, he knew how to make advantage of the reverses of fortune: affable, though firm, he united an amiable sweetness with a just severity. Innocent VI. who knew him well, opened to him his treasures, and confided to him his spiritual and temporal authority.

The legate set out with the pope's letters to the lords of Italy, traversed the Alps, and arrived at Milan in September. This enterprise did not please Giovanni Visconti, who held a secret union with the usurpers, and feared he must give up Bologna, which he held only from a treaty with the former pope. Things were now changed, and women no longer governed. Innocent, of an austere temper, and determined on reformation, pursued a very different plan from his predecessor. The legate was, however, received at Milan with infinite respect and submission, agreeably to the policy of its prince. His expenses, and those of his numerous train, were defrayed, and he was treated with all possible magnificence. Giovanni Visconti, with his two nephews, went to meet him two miles from the city, attended by an immense concourse of people, expressing the greatest joy! Petrarch was with the Viscontis on this occasion; and, in the violence of the crowd, his horse slipping with his hind-legs into a ditch, he would have been crushed had he fallen: but Galeas Visconti dismounting, saved him from this imminent danger.

The legate treated Petrarch, who little expected it, with the utmost distinction; and, after granting all he asked for his friends, pressed him to ask something worthy his own acceptance. Petrarch replied, "When I ask for my friends, is it not the same as for myself? Have I not the highest satisfaction in obtaining favours for them? I have long put a rein on my own desires; of what then can I stand in need?" After the departure of the legate, Petrarch went into the country, to unbend his mind from the fatigues it had undergone; from whence, some time after, he wrote this letter to a friend:

"You have heard how much my peace has been disturbed, and my leisure broken in upon, by an importunate crowd, and unforeseen occupations. The legate has left Milan, and was received at Florence with general applause; and I am again in my retreat. I have been long free, happy, and master of my time; but I feel at present that liberty and leisure are only for souls of consummate virtue. Alas! that is not my state. Nothing is more dangerous for a heart subject to the passions, than to be free, idle, and alone. The snares of voluptuousness are then more dangerous, and corrupt thoughts gain an easier entrance: above all, Love, that seducing tormenter, from whom I concluded I had nothing more to fear. I shall consult a faithful physician, and suffer with patience the rudest applications of his skilful hand to remove every lurking disease." Petrarch doubtless refers here to his old passion for Laura reviving in solitude, and not a new attachment.

Soon after the departure of the legate, there arrived news at Milan, that the fleet of the Genoese was entirely destroyed by the Venetians and Catalonians, near the island of Sardinia. The courier that brought this news to Milan, gave a moving account of the state of the Genoese. Not a family in it but had lost some relation. A great part of the nobility perished: nothing but cries and groans were heard in the streets. Petrarch was going to write, to console and re-animate them; but he was told they were driven to despair. He trembled at this news and flung down his pen. "Cities," says he, "and the world itself, have their old age, and, like men, they tend onward to destruction. Sallust with reason says, that all that rises sets, and everything which grows decays." Giovanni Visconti had views on Genoa, which was a port conveniently situated for him. He invested it on all sides by land, and the enemies blocked it up by sea; so that they were reduced to famine. His partisans insinuated to the Genoese, that they had no other remedy than to put themselves under the protection of this lord. The Genoese did not long deliberate; they sent a solemn deputation to Giovanni Visconti. "There was a decent and even respectable grief," says Petrarch, "in these messengers. Statius says, there is even dignity in the unhappy."

Giovanni Visconti convened his counsellors; Petrarch was one of them. The chief of the deputation spoke, and said, "We come, by order of the people of Genoa, to offer you the city of Genoa, its inhabitants, their sea, and their land, their goods, their hopes, and estates, and everything that belongs to them, both sacred and profane, from Corvo to Monaco, on certain conditions that shall be agreed on." The prince answered, that he knew the difficulties of the enterprise ; but, depending on divine more than human aid, he would accept their proposals ; that he would engage to protect them, and to render justice to all the world ; and that not to extend his dominion, but out of compassion to an oppressed people. He concluded by beseeching God and all the saints to succeed his designs. Petrarch was desired to prepare an answer, but he excused himself on the shortness of the time assigned for composing it. The event justified the step they had taken. The city changed its appearance the moment the archbishop took possession ; plenty was restored : and after deposing the doge, he took the reins of government into his own hands. He gave them money to arm their galleys, and renew their commerce. He had the road widened from Genoa to Nice, which alarmed the people of Provence, so much was his power dreaded even out of Italy. Among other improvements, he gave a clock to the city, a great curiosity in that age.

Petrarch, fatigued with the tumults of the city, went a little tour to the castle of Colomban, built by the emperor Barbarossa in his journey to Italy, 1164. It belongs now to the Carthusians. He thus describes it :—" This famous castle, fortified by nature and art, is situated on a rich hill, at the bottom of which runs the Lambro, a small but clear river, which washes the town of Monca, and then falls into the Po. Towards the west there is a view of Pavia, Plaisance, and Cremona : to the north, the Alps which separate Italy from Germany, and are always covered with snow. The Apennine, and its numberless cities, are to the south ; and the Po, taking an immense course, winds its stream along, and fertilises this beautiful country."

Petrarch could not view this spot without recalling the idea of his beloved solitude at Vaucluse. He had just received a letter from Socrates, who informed him he was there with Gui Settimo. The latter was to have accompanied Petrarch into Italy, but was prevented by sickness ; and when he recovered, the heats were too violent to attempt it. Petrarch wrote to him, to express his regret that he was not there to do the honours of his little house. " You are now," says he, " in the temple of peace, and the asylum of repose. If you take my advice, you will often come thither, to relieve yourself from the fatigues and bustles of a court. Make use of my books, who weep for the absence of their master, and the death of their guardian. My garden implores your care, and that of Socrates, to comfort it for my absence, and to keep it in repair. Plant some trees that shall be a shade to us in old age, which we will pass there together, if the destinies shall permit. My house is yours ; my little bed will not miss its master, if you vouchsafe to sleep in it." This letter he formed on that delightful mountain, seated on the lawn, under the shade of a chesnut, and wrote it in the castle, where he slept that night. They prepared for him a magnificent chamber, and a bed which was not, says he, the bed of a poet or a philosopher.

Petrarch, when he called Vaucluse the temple of peace, did not foresee the disaster that happened soon after. A band of robbers, who had committed many robberies in that part of the country, went to Petrarch's house, which they set on fire, and took every thing they could find. An old arch stopped the rage of the flames. The son of the fisherman, who had feared this, and was now its keeper, had carried to the castle some books Petrarch had left behind him. The thieves, imagining it was well defended, dared not attack it. " Heaven would not permit so invaluable a treasure," says Petrarch, " to fall into such vile hands."

Petrarch found, on his return to Milan, a letter from the emperor, in which he gives many political reasons for not coming sooner to the assistance of Italy. " You have read," says he, " the answer of Augustus in the happiest years of Rome to those who offered him the sceptre. You know not the burden of empire : we who are charged with it feel this truth. It is love for mankind alone that can surmount the difficulties of government. Viewing the disorders of Rome and Italy, we have resolved, notwithstanding our own weak condition, to lend our aid : but it appeared as a capital disease, to deserve a very attentive examination. Friend, we must compare the present with the past, to re-establish the lustre of the one, and to purge the infamy of the other. But physicians have agreed, and Cæsars have proved, that, before we employ instruments, every method should be tried. We advise, therefore, and wait for succours, that we may do nothing unworthy or unbecoming of an emperor. We wish to discourse with you, who hold so high a rank on Parnassus, and we look upon you as one of our most faithful subjects."

As this letter was long in coming, Petrarch begins his answer with pleasantry. " I find," says he, " it is as difficult for your couriers and despatches to pass the Alps, as your person and your legions." He had pressed the emperor some time before this to come immediately into Italy, and take possession of the empire. " I hoped," adds he, " I had persuaded you ; but I perceive my error. You think differently from me, and will be believed ; for you hold the reins of the earth, and the helm of the sea. What consoles me is, that, though you do not adopt my opinion, you will approve my zeal ; and I cannot receive a greater recompense than this."

In this answer, he speaks thus concerning Rienzi : " How much easier is it for you to re-establish the empire of Rome, than it was for Romulus to lay its foundation on the rocks, in the midst of those nations who opposed him ! or for Cæsar to become master of this empire, at the time when its republic was most flourishing ! As a proof of this, behold the man who rose up in its most declining period ; and though neither king, consul, nor patrician ; nay, scarcely known as a Roman citizen ; neither distinguished by the titles of his ancestors, nor by his own virtues, yet dared to declare himself the restorer of the public liberty ! What title could be more splendid for a private man ? Tuscany submitted to him immediately ; Italy followed her example. Europe, and the whole world, were set in motion. We have seen this ; it is not a thing that we only read of in history. Justice, peace, faith, and safety, returned ; and the traces of the golden age began to appear upon earth. In the most brilliant moment of success he gave up his enterprise. I accuse no one; I will neither condemn nor absolve. This man took the least title in Rome. If the name of tribune could produce such an effect, what cannot be done with the title of Cæsar?"

1354. Soon after this a league was formed by the lords of Padua, Modena, Mantua, and Venice, with the emperor, who was to be crowned at Rome. This confederacy alarmed Giovanni Visconti; and he sent to invite the emperor to come and receive the crown at Milan, and he chose Petrarch for this embassy. He wished for repose, and did not care to traverse the mountains in winter; but he could not resist the insinuating manners of this prince. Before he set out on this embassy, he received the present of a Greek Homer from the proctor of Romania, whom he knew at Avignon, when sent there by the emperor of Constantinople, to negotiate the union of the Greek and Latin churches. He was a man of merit and genius; and the present he made to Petrarch was rare; there was not one besides this in Italy; they had only the bad translation of Homer, by Pindar, in Latin verse.

Petrarch acknowledged the favour in the following lines:—

"You could not have made a present more agreeable to me, or more noble and worthy of you: why am I not able to add also, as well deserved by me? Could you have joined yourself with it to serve me as a guide, it would have been inestimable. But I lost the two ears through which I understood Homer; the one by death, the other by absence. The Homer you have sent is, however, dear to me; and still more so, because it is the pure original emanations from his celestial mind. Macrobius calls this poet the source of all imagination. I embrace this divine author, and return you a thousand thanks for having adorned my house with this king of poets, and prince of philosophers. I shall be proud of two such guests as Homer and Plato in their own habit; and I despair not of understanding them more perfectly hereafter: Cato was older than I am when he began to learn Greek. Command me, if I can serve you in anything; and grant me some opportunity of repaying the many debts I owe you. Success, they say, inspires confidence: I find it so, and dare yet beg you to send me, at your convenience, Hesiod and Euripides. I know not why my name is more spoken of in the west than it ought to be: if you judge it proper, make it known in the east; that, by your means, the emperor of Constantinople may not disdain the man who has been honoured by the emperor of Rome."

John Cantacuzenus* was at this time emperor of Constantinople, and he merited such a compliment from Petrarch. He was a man of genius and letters, and has left us a well-written history of what passed under his own reign, and that of Andronicus Paleologus, his predecessor.

A few days after this Petrarch went on his embassy, one great point of which was to treat with the Venetians: but, notwithstanding his eloquence, and his friendship with the doge, he could not succeed. The consequence was, that the Genoese, by the assistance of Giovanni Visconti, armed twenty-three galleys, with which they made great havoc in a descent on the Venetian coast, who thought themselves secure from all attack. This news spread horror and dismay. Andreas Dandolo took every measure that wisdom could suggest at this juncture, but his precautions were ineffectual. The shock this surprise gave him impaired his health: he languished from this time, and died the 8th of September, 1354, extremely regretted by all.

"He was," says Petrarch, "a man of virtue and integrity, full of love and zeal for the republic; wise, eloquent, prudent, kind, and affable. He had but one fault; he loved war, and it was not suited to his character or manners. I spoke and wrote to him on this subject with the greatest freedom: he had the goodness to receive it kindly, for he knew my heart; but the confidence he was inspired with from his last victory over the Genoese, caused him to reject my advice. He judged of the goodness of a cause by the event; and often repeated to me what Scipio said to Hannibal, and Lucan puts into the mouth of Cæsar: 'The success of this army shall prove the justice of its cause; the vanquished shall be the guilty side.' Fortune conferred a favour on this prince in the death it sent him; for had he lived a little longer, he would have seen the total ruin of his country, over whom the Genoese gained, soon after this, a complete victory."

In October, 1354, Petrarch lost a friend, whose bounty and favour towards him had sincerely attached his heart; this was Giovanni Visconti. He had a small lump on his forehead, just above his eye-brow; he had it cut off, and died in the night, without having time to receive the sacraments. Petrarch speaks favourably of this great man, in which he agrees with many contemporary historians. Except Villani, they all allow that Giovanni Visconti treated his subjects with great humanity; that he distributed justice with exactness, and was very charitable to the poor. It is owned he was ambitious, and everything he did was accompanied with dignity. His name was renowned in the most distant countries, and respected even by the Turks. He was formed to please the fair sex; for he was handsome, gay, generous, and courageous; but his great passion was ambition, and he was feared throughout Italy. It is reported, however, that when the Romans would have yielded to his authority, he refused them, saying, "Rome belongs to the pope, and to the emperor." He was interred in the great church of Milan, where his mausoleum remains with this epitaph:

---

* John Cantacuzenus had been an adherent of the younger Andronicus, at the time of his revolt from his grandfather; and during the reign of Andronicus he held the office of great-domestic, by virtue of which he ruled both the emperor and the empire. Andronicus, at his death, left him as guardian to his children; a trust which he fulfilled with great prudence and good faith, until a disagreement took place between him and the empress, who wished to exclude him from power. Resenting her interference, he caused himself to be proclaimed emperor, and for several years maintained his power; but at length the young emperor, John Palæologus, being assisted by the Genoese, became too powerful a rival, and Cantacuzenus saved himself from the disgrace of defeat, by a voluntary abdication. Retiring to the monastery of Mount Athos, he occupied himself in the literary labours alluded to in the text, and died there at a very advanced age, in 1411.

"Passenger, wouldst thou know the nothingness of all human power and grandeur, learn what I was, and behold what I am. I had immense treasures, vast palaces, superb cities: my name alone made all Italy tremble. Of what use is all this to me now? Behold me shut up within a stone, and devoured by worms."

Giovanni Visconti had three nephews, who were his heirs, and took possession of his estates, without the least contention, on the day marked for that purpose by an astrologer, without whose art nothing of any importance was undertaken in that age. Petrarch was desired to address the people, convoked to this ceremony. In the middle of his harangue, the astrologer cried out, the moment was come, and it would be dangerous to let it pass. Petrarch, though he had the greatest contempt for this superstitious science, gave way to their prejudices, and stopped directly. The astrologer, astonished at it, said to him, "There is yet one moment more; you may go on." "I have nothing more to say," replied Petrarch; "and I know no tale with which I can amuse the assembly." The astrologer was disconcerted, and rubbed his forehead; while some of the auditors were laughing, and others wondering at his assurance; when he cried out again, "The happy instant is come;" on which an old officer carried three white stakes, like the palisades of a town, and gave one to each of the three brothers, which finished the ceremony. "The astrologer," says Petrarch, "was older and wiser than me. I loved, and should have been still more attached to him, if he had not been an astrologer. I sometimes joked, and sometimes reproached him for his profession. One day, when I had been sharper with him than usual, he replied with a sigh, 'Friend, you are in the right: I think as you do; but I have a wife and children.' This answer touched me so much, that I never spoke again to him on that subject."

There was a great difference in the character of the three Viscontis. Matthew, the eldest, hated business, and led an idle, drunken life; all his pleasure was hawking, and every amusement which women could partake of. It is recorded in the annals of the church, that he passed the days and nights in continual debauchery, always surrounded by the infamous part of the sex.

Barnabas, the second brother, was cruel and morose, breathing nothing but war and slaughter; the exercise of which, added to his natural ferocity, made him afterwards a monster of tyranny and cruelty. He married the daughter of Martin de Lescale, who was called the Queen from the great airs she put on, and her love of pomp and ostentation. She lay-in this year of a boy, and did Petrarch the honour to choose him for its godfather. He called him Mark; gave him a cup of gold; and made a Latin poem on the occasion, in which he celebrated all the great men who had borne that name.

Galeas, the younger brother, had great sweetness of temper, and goodness of mind. He loved hunting, but only as an amusement. He made war with courage and judgment, but he preferred peace. Handsome, well-made, and agreeable, he pleased and loved the fair sex; but he kept this affection within bounds. He idolised Petrarch, and engaged him to continue at Milan. Petrarch attached himself sincerely to this prince, whom he speaks of in the highest manner.

These brothers perceived of what consequence it was to be firmly united against the league that threatened them, headed by the emperor. Barnabas was charged with the military affairs; all the rest lay upon Galeas. Matthew, the eldest, presided over all in name, but did not interfere in anything. They did nothing of any importance without consulting Petrarch, and this confidence retained him at Milan.

The deaths of the doge of Venice and Giovanni Visconti were followed by that of Rienzi, whose tragic end we will briefly relate. He continued in prison during the life of Clement. Innocent viewed Rienzi in a different light from his predecessor, who had suffered him to live, but thought his madness required confinement. Rome was at this time in a worse state than ever; it was a scene of violence and bloodshed. The pope sent Rienzi to cardinal Albornos, with orders to the cardinal to re-establish him at Rome when he saw a convenient opportunity, and wrote these lines with him:

"As a remedy for the evils of Rome, we have sent our dear son Nicholas Rienzi, a Roman chevalier, in the hope that, being enlightened by adversity, he will rênounce all his fantastic visions, and employ the great talents God has given him to suppress the wicked, and to establish peace. We have absolved him from the censure and punishment he was under, and send him to you freed from all bonds." Cardinal Albornos, who knew mankind better than the pope, thought differently of Rienzi, and made no great haste to re-establish him. Francis Baroncelli, the writer for the senate, took it into his head to set himself in Rienzi's place, without his eloquence and talents. But this novelty lasted only four months. He abandoned himself to excess and cruelty, and was massacred, after which the people submitted to the legate.

Rienzi being thus set aside, desired leave to go to Rome, which the cardinal granted, giving him the letters-patent from the pope. Thus established senator, he obliged the nobility to take the oath of fidelity. The successor of the Colonnas, shut up in his palace at Palestrina, a place of such strength that it required an army to besiege it, refused, and braved his deputies to the very gates of Rome. Rienzi had no money to raise forces; but the chevalier de Montrial, the chief of the banditti who infested the country round, coming to Rome to see his brothers, Rienzi had him stopped and beheaded, and seized a part of the treasures he had amassed. The people were displeased at this; but much more so when he put to death Pandolf, a good man, loved and respected by all. They rose up against Rienzi. Abandoned by every one, he put on his armour, and came on the balcony where he used to harangue, making signs to be heard, and crying out, "Long live the people!" But finding all in vain, he ordered the doors of the Capitol to be thrown open, hoping to save himself during the pillage. He blackened his face, put on the habit of a peasant, and throwing a pillow over his head, which covered his face, he ran down the stairs, crying out, "Ascend! ascend! there is good spoil." Some one, who knew his voice, snatched off the pillow, saying, "Stop! whither art thou running?" His bracelets of gold, which he had forgot to take off, betrayed him. They brought him to the place where he had passed so many sentences of death. In this ridiculous disguise he was an hour exposed to the rabble, without saying a word, or being insulted by any one: such was the awe in which they stood of him! At last one of them plunged a poniard into his breast, and it was immediately followed by a thousand others. Such was the end of this mad tribune!

It does not appear, from the writings of Petrarch, that he had the least connexion with, or concern in, Rienzi's re-establishment: he was wholly engaged, at present, with the arrival of the emperor, who was expected every day in Italy. He came to Mantua in October, after having been at Padua, where he was magnificently received. From Mantua he wrote to Petrarch, to invite him to come there, and expressed an extreme desire to see him. Petrarch, delighted with so flattering a distinction, was not stopped by the extreme bad weather. It froze so hard, that they said the emperor had brought with him the German frosts. The old men in Italy declared they had never felt such severe cold. The roads were like glass; the horses, though frost-shod, could scarcely keep on their feet. Happily there fell a great quantity of snow, which made the roads passable. Petrarch set out in so thick a fog, he could not distinguish one object around. Some armed soldiers came now and then out of their ambuscades. "They alarmed, but did me no hurt," says he, "as they belonged to the lords of Milan." The first night he was obliged to stop on the banks of the river Chiosi, it being too late to pass over it. The next day he wanted to set out before sunrise: his attendants murmured at being exposed to so violent a cold, which could hardly be supported even in bed. As he came out of the inn, he saw the emperor's messenger. He came that night from Cremona: his people were frozen, and could not move a step farther. "As to himself," says Petrarch, "he had the air of a man who is walking by moonlight in a fine summer's night. Never was there a body more hardened to fatigue, or less sensible of the injuries of the weather." Petrarch, with all his diligence, was four days upon the road. The emperor expressed his obligation to him for coming in such weather, and told him he had seldom felt so sharp a frost in Germany. Petrarch answered, that Providence would inure the Germans by degrees to the climate of Italy. He thus relates his reception and discourse with this prince. "The emperor received me with such kind and easy manners, as had neither the appearance of imperial pomp, nor German formality: he lived with me as with his equal. We passed sometimes whole days in discoursing, from the break of day till night, as if he had no other employment. He spoke to me of my works, and expressed a great desire to see them; above all, that which treats of illustrious men. I told him that I required leisure and repose to finish this work. He gave me to understand, he wished it to appear with his name. I replied with that freedom with which nature endued me, and which custom has confirmed, and years have strengthened, 'Great prince! there requires for this, only virtue on your part, and leisure on mine.' He desired me to explain myself; and I said, 'Time is necessary for a work of this kind, in which I propose to insert great things in a little space. On your side, you must labour to merit your name at the head of my book. It is not sufficient for that to wear a crown, or bear a superior title; your virtue and great actions must rank you among those famous men whose characters will be sketched out in this work. Live in such a manner that, after having read the lives of your illustrious predecessors, you shall deserve that yours also should be read by posterity.'

"The emperor showed, by a smile, and a serene countenance, that my liberty had not displeased him. I took this occasion to present him with some medals of emperors in gold and silver, which were my delight. In the collection there was one of Augustus in high preservation: he appeared alive! 'Here,' said I, 'are the great men whose place you occupy, and who ought to serve as examples. These medals are dear to me. I should not have given them to any other; but they are yours by right.' I then gave him an abstract of their lives, with a word here and there to excite his imitation of them. He seemed to listen to me with pleasure, and said he had never received so agreeable a present. I should never end, was I to give an account of all the conversations I had with this prince. He desired me one day to relate my history from infancy; I made every possible excuse, but he would be obeyed. He was very attentive; and if I omitted anything from forgetfulness, or the fear of tiring out his patience, he reminded me of it. I was astonished to find him better informed than myself of the minutest circumstances of my life." [It will be, no doubt, recollected, that this was the prince who, on a visit to the pope with his father, then emperor, selected Laura from the ladies around her, to pay her the most particular marks of respect and attention.]

"After this, the emperor asked me what were my projects, and my future plan of life? 'My will is good,' said I; 'but habit prevails over it. I am like the sea buffeted by contrary winds.' 'I understand you,' said he; 'but you do not answer my question. What kind of life would be most agreeable, and that you would prefer to all others?' 'A life of solitude,' I replied, without hesitation. 'There is none more sure, more tranquil, more agreeable, or which suits me so well. If I am able, I will seek it at its source; that is to say, in woods and in mountains, as I have already done: if not, I will try to enjoy it even in the midst of cities.' 'This,' said he, smiling, 'is what I wished to bring you to; and that you should own an error I would undertake to combat, though I am partly of your way of thinking.' 'Take care,' replied I; 'you will not fight with equal weapons. I know the vulgar think differently on this head; but I have the greatest of authorities on my side, beside experience, that it becomes not a prince like you to think as the vulgar; and I would even take the inhabitants of cities themselves for my judges in this cause. I have just written a little treatise on this subject.' 'I know it,' returned the emperor with vivacity; 'and if I find that book, I will throw it into the fire.' 'I must then take care,' replied I, 'it never falls in your hands.'

"We had long and frequent disputes of this sort, always seasoned with the salt of good-humour; and I must confess that the emperor combated my solitary system with surprising energy, and boasted he had gained the victory. He begged of me to accompany him to Rome. 'It is not sufficient for me,' said he, 'to see that celebrated city with my own eyes; I wish to see it through yours, which are so much clearer than mine. I shall want you also in some of the cities of Tuscany.' 'Rome and Cæsar! these are, indeed, my idols,' I replied; 'and it would have delighted me to go to Rome with Cæsar, but many obstacles oppose:' and this was a new subject of dispute till we separated. He used every obliging persuasion; and I may well boast that Dionysius the tyrant was not kinder to Plato than Cæsar was to me."

1355. This pacific prince, who came into Italy entirely to make peace, negotiated one with the Viscontis in particular, who had thirty thousand troops in good order. They made the emperor presents; but exacted that he should not enter Milan, and that the troops that followed him should be disarmed. Charles had the weakness to submit to these conditions: his love of peace prevailed over every other consideration. The Viscontis ordered that his expenses should be defrayed while in their territories, and that of his three thousand disarmed cavaliers, commanding none of their subjects to receive any payment or reward. Galeas Visconti came out to meet him, and conducted him to the palace destined for him. The next day the emperor went to the abbey of Chioravalle, where dinner was prepared for him, and where Barnabas presented him, on his own part, and on his brothers', with thirty fine horses, richly harnessed. When they came to the gates of Milan, the emperor, invited by the two brothers to enter, answered, that could not be, for he would keep the word he had given. The Viscontis politely told him, that it was a favour they had asked, because they supposed the troops of the confederate lords would attend him; but that such a precaution could never regard his person, whose presence would do them great honour; and that, if he judged it necessary, they would absolve him of the promise he had made. The emperor insisted no farther, and entered with them the fourth of January, 1355. He was received with drums, trumpets, and other instruments, which made so loud a noise, that "had heaven thundered, it could not," says Petrarch, "have been heard: it was more like a tumult than a feast." They gave the prince and his attendants a palace magnificently furnished, and everything he could desire. The three brothers then paid homage to him, and declared they held all they possessed from his authority, and would only employ it in his service.

The next day, willing to give the emperor a high idea of their power, they made a general review of all their troops, the cavalry and infantry, to which they joined some companies of citizens, well mounted and magnificently dressed, to add to the parade; and they told him that, besides these, their forts and castles were all furnished with good garrisons.

The emperor was not much at his ease in the midst of so many troops, shut up in the city, and at the mercy of those whom he had some reason to suspect. However, he put a good face on the matter, and appeared everywhere with a countenance which hid the feelings of his heart. Petrarch scarcely ever left him; and the prince employed every moment in conversing with him he could steal from public affairs, and these fatiguing ceremonies. He received the iron crown in the church of St. Ambrose, from the hands of Robert Visconti, archbishop of Milan, in the presence of the patriarch of Aguilon, his brother, and a great number of lords and bishops. In this ceremony, the emperor made knights of Giovanni Galeas, son of Galeas Visconti and Blanche of Savoy; and Mark, son of Barnabas, and his queen; two infants only two years old. The three brothers were declared vicars of the empire for all the estates they possessed in Italy. They gave to the emperor fifty thousand florins of gold, twelve horses covered with a fine cloth lined with ermine, and six hundred soldiers to escort him to Rome. A bishop had predicted that the eagle should submit to the viper: as the viper was painted on the Milanese standards, this prophecy seemed to be verified. The emperor looked upon himself at Milan to be in a magnificent prison: he got out of it as soon as he could, and his impatience caused him to lose his imperial gravity. Villani says, that he ran through the states of the Viscontis with the precipitation of a merchant who is going to a fair: and he did not fairly breathe till he was out of their dominions. Petrarch accompanied him five miles beyond Placentia. The prince renewed his entreaties that he would go with him to Rome. Petrarch excused himself with all the civility possible, and with much difficulty obtained leave to depart. When they were bidding farewell, a Tuscan knight, in the train of the emperor, took Petrarch by the hand, and, turning to the emperor, said to him, "This is the man of whom I have so often spoken to you: he will sing your praise, if you deserve it: but be assured, he knows when to speak, and when to be silent." Such freedom of speech did the emperor indulge to those who were attached to his person.

On his return to Milan, Petrarch desired nothing so much as to go and enjoy in solitude the repose he had been so long deprived of. He compares his condition to that of a thirsty stag, who, stunned with the noise of the dogs, seeks the cool stream and the silent shade. In his retreat he reflected on the corrupt manners of the age he lived in: the excesses he witnessed in the Germans who were in the emperor's train gave rise to these soliloquies. Seneca says, Every one complains of his own age.

At this time Lelius wrote a letter to Petrarch from Avignon, to inform him of his departure from Pisa and Rome, and to desire a letter of recommendation from him to the emperor. Petrarch immediately wrote this letter:

"Great prince! your goodness emboldens me to present to you my other self. The bearer of this letter to your footstool is a Roman citizen, ennobled by birth, but still more ennobled by his virtues. I should never end, was I to speak of his prudence, his fidelity, his industry, and eloquence; and I would rather you should form an idea of him from your own judgment, which nothing escapes, and which cannot be deceived. If you honour me with so much confidence, be assured that he is a man worthy of your favour. Add to this, that he has been always attached to your person, your friends, and your empire. Stephen Colonna, that renowned hero, whose zeal for the emperor Henry VII. your royal grandfather, is known to all the world, loved Lelius as his son. Alas! that good old man sighed for your arrival, as Simeon did for that of the Messiah; but death defrauded him of this pleasure. His children cherished Lelius as their brother; and John Colonna, his grandson, looked upon him as his father. I remember to have seen you at Avignon, leaning familiarly upon his shoulder, and caressing him with the greatest affection. Lelius possessed the confidence of all this noble family. After passing his infancy with one branch, and his youth with another, he consecrated to them every moment of his life; and would have ended it with them, if death had not cut down, almost at one stroke, a family devoted to your service. Imagine them all at your feet, beseeching you to protect the man they loved and esteemed, and whom they had, as it were, adopted.

"I will further add, that Lelius was favoured with the good graces of pope Clement, whom you respected as your father, and who loved you as a son; of the king of France, who is united to you by blood and by friendship; and of the cardinal de Porto, who does honour to the purple by his birth and great qualities, and with whom you are also tenderly united. After so many great names, shall I presume to add my own, and recommend him to you as my friend? Behold how far zeal and attachment can heighten my confidence!"

It is not astonishing that such a man as Petrarch describes Lelius, and the bearer of a letter from him, should be well received by the emperor. This prince treated him with the greatest distinction, carried him to Rome with him, and vouchsafed to admit him into the most intimate friendship. The emperor set out from Sienna in March, with the empress, and all her train, and arrived at Rome on Holy Thursday, the second of April. The two following days he visited the churches in the habit of a pilgrim. On Easter Sunday he was crowned with the empress; and in the ceremony he confirmed all the privileges of the Roman church, and all the promises he had made to the popes Clement and Innocent. When he came out of St. Peter's church, he went, with a great retinue, to St. John of Lateran, where he dined; and in the evening went to sleep at St. Laurent out of the walls, which was one of the promises he had given, and faithfully adhered to. Some historians have said, the Romans offered to make him master of Rome, or desired he would re-establish it in its former state. He replied, he would think of it; but when he was out of the city, he answered, "It was not expedient to change the government so often, and that they should recollect their oath to the pope." The fall of the emperors, and rise of the popes, may be placed at this period. Petrarch thought this promise of the emperor's, not to sleep in Rome, a very dishonourable one. "The emperor," says he, "came only into Italy to be crowned. The successor of St. Peter, who wears his tiara on the banks of the Rhone with as much confidence as he would on the banks of the Tiber, not only suffers, but orders, him to go out of Rome: that is to say, he permits him to bear the title of emperor, and forbids him to discharge the offices that belong to it. With one hand he opens to him the temple where he is to receive the imperial crown, and with the other he shuts on him the door of the city which is the capital and seat of the empire! What a contradiction is this!"

Neri Morandi, a friend of Petrarch's, going to Rome with the emperor, had asked of Petrarch letters of recommendation: he gave him one to his friend Paul Annibaldi. Paul had a son in the flower of his age, who was a youth of great hopes: he happened just at this time to be killed in a fray, and his enemies committed all sorts of insults on his body. The father, who beheld the sight, was struck with such horror, that he fell dead upon the spot. "I believed," said Petrarch, "that the loss of so many friends, and the total extinction of the house of Colonna, had exhausted all my tears; but I have found some to shed for a man who had acquired my friendship by his virtues."

The emperor returned to Sienna in April, where he had great conferences with cardinal Albornos, and gave him troops to reduce the tyrants of Romania: from thence he went to Pisa, where was Zenobi de Strata, the friend of Petrarch, and of the grand seneschal of Naples. Nicholas Acciajoli, who loved Zenobi, presented him to the emperor as an orator and poet of the first rank, and desired him to give him the crown of laurel, as Petrarch had received it at Rome. The emperor, who piqued himself on encouraging men of letters, granted his request, and crowned Zenobi himself, after declaring he was a great poet. To testify his acknowledgment, he made a discourse, in which he thanked the prince for having renewed in his favour the ancient custom, and promised to dedicate his talents to convey his glorious actions to posterity. After this he walked through the streets of Pisa with his laurel-crown, accompanied with the German barons, and other distinguished persons. Villani, the historian, after a short relation of this ceremony, adds a reflection very honourable to Petrarch.

"There were in this age," says he, "two poets crowned; both of them from Florence; Master Zenobi de Strata, and Signior Francis Petrarch, of an ancient and worthy family in that city. This last was crowned at Rome: his name is more known than that of Zenobi, and his reputation more extensive: he has composed a great number of works, and discoursed on the most elevated subjects: also it must be owned he began earlier, and his fame was before that of Zenobi. Neither the one nor the other are known as much as they deserve; and the taste for theological studies, which occupies our age, makes their productions appear frivolous, notwithstanding the pleasure they are capable of producing."

There appears no work of Zenobi which could put his name in any competition with that of Petrarch, or that gives us room to suppose he could deserve the honour done him: but the request of the grand seneschal was not to be refused; and the emperor could give a crown of laurel at a much easier rate than troops or supplies. After this ceremony, Nicholas Acciajoli went for some days to Florence, where he lost the great reputation he had acquired, by the soft and dissolute life he led; passing his days and nights in feasts, balls, and other parties of pleasure, with the beauties of that city. The Florentines received him with honour, but refused him the succours he asked, which, but for his conduct, says Villani, they would have granted. Petrarch, who had conceived a high opinion of him, was grieved when they informed him of the grand seneschal's conduct, and the injury he did his reputation by such behaviour; and he ceased corresponding with his favourite, the new poet; and soon after his elevation received this letter from the prior of the Holy Apostles'.

"I reserve my conversation on that shadow of a Cæsar till I shall have the pleasure of seeing you. I would have wrote you what I thought, if I could have given to my style all the energy I feel at my soul. You will lament his conduct: for my part, I cannot pardon him for having crowned one of our citizens, who troubled the fountain of Parnassus. He has turned his head, in raising him to an honour he did not deserve. He was, no doubt, ignorant of the wrong he did you thereby; and not only you, but all the world."

Boccaccio was of the same opinion with the prior. He reproached Petrarch that, in his letters, he gave him the name of poet. "I do not merit this title," said Boccaccio, "having never had the honour to be crowned with laurel." "What," replied Petrarch, "if there were no laurel, must the muses then keep silence? Do not you think as fine verses may be made under an oak or chesnut?" And, speaking of this coronation in another letter, he adds, "A barbarous laurel ornaments a head nourished by the muses of Ausonia; a German censor dares to give his judgment of the fine Transalpine wits: really that is not supportable!"

Some days after this, the emperor granted honours and rewards of another nature to the famous Bartolo, then at Pisa, the greatest lawyer of his age; he made him his counsellor, gave him the arms of Bohemia, and several other privileges. In the emperor's return through Italy, he and his empress met with many affronts. The gates of most places were shut against him. Enraged at such treatment, after being crowned emperor, he made haste to pass the Alps with great treasure, but little honour. "His riches were increased," says Villani, "but his fame was diminished." Petrarch, who wanted him to reside in Italy, struck with his sudden departure, took up the pen, and, in indignation, wrote him this letter:

"Ah, Cæsar! how ungrateful are you! How little do you know the value of things! What your grandfather and others have pursued with labour and blood, you have obtained with ease and safety, and have as readily abandoned. You renounce all, to return to your barbarous country. I dare not say all I could, all I ought to say: persuaded that your flight causes you much chagrin, I will not augment it. Go, then, since you will; but never forget, that no prince before you ever renounced so well-founded, so glorious a prospect! Wisdom is not an hereditary portion; I see it: not that I dispute your knowledge of government, and your military talents, of which you have given us so many proofs; it is inclination you want; it is emulation, the source of all great and glorious actions. Listen to what your grandfather and father would say, were they to present themselves before you as you pass the Alps: 'You have gained much, great Cæsar, by a journey so long expected, and by so precipitate a return! You bring back with you a crown of iron, a crown of gold, and an empty title. They call you emperor of the Romans, though you are in reality only king of Bohemia. Would to God you were not even that: perhaps your ambition, enclosed in narrower bounds, would make some effort to extend itself, and that your wants would excite you to recover your patrimony.' Lelius brought me your farewell; it cut me to the heart; and he presented me, from you, with an antique of Cæsar. If that medal could have spoken, what would it not have said against your making so shameful a retreat? Adieu, Cæsar! compare what you have forsaken to what you are going to possess!"

Peace was at this time concluded between the Venetians and Genoese, through the mediation of the Viscontis. It cost two hundred thousand florins to the Venetians while the treaty was in agitation. The doge that succeeded Dandolo, who was called Marino Faliero, a venerable old man, about fourscore years of age, was beheaded; it is supposed, on the following account. He had a handsome wife, who was unfaithful to him. A young Venetian nobleman, of great fortune, who made love to one of the maids of honour, having received a very rough reprimand from the doge for some misconduct he had been guilty of, to revenge the affront, he wrote this motto over the ducal chair: "Marino Faliero has a handsome wife he maintains, and another possesses her." The enraged doge could obtain no more from the council than the imprisonment of this young nobleman for a month. Stung with the little regard the people showed for his authority, he plotted to exterminate the order of nobles, and make himself sole lord of Venice. The conspiracy was discovered, and Marino Faliero was beheaded. He was fond of Petrarch, who says, "I knew him formerly: he had more reputation than merit, more courage than prudence. Let his example teach his successors, that they are the chiefs, but not the masters, of the republic: or rather its honourable servants."

When Petrarch was re-established at Milan, he sent for his son John from Verona, who was now eighteen years of age, to have his education finished under his own eye. John had a great affection for a young man whom he had known at Parma and at Verona, where he was secretary to Azzo da Correggio; his name was Modio. He was a youth of genius and knowledge, and a tolerable poet. Petrarch thought he could not do a better thing than engage this young man to come and live with him, to finish the education of his son, and to assist him in his literary works. Accordingly, he wrote him this letter of invitation:

"I do not know what my son has written, but I know he wishes to be informed whether you can come and take up your residence with us. That you may determine with the more ease, I will acquaint you with the nature and conditions of the situation we propose to you. I am sensible the courts of princes are open to you: but if I know your character, you would prefer our poverty to their riches; an humble independence with a friend, above the treasures of the East under a master. It is not a servant I seek in you, it is a friend. I propose not to you to labour for us, but to live as we do; to be the master of your employment, and to hold the reins of your life. I flatter myself that my son, who has loved and admired you from his infancy, will make a great progress under your direction. If you choose it, you shall be also the associate of my studies, and at liberty to copy my trifles; they will please me better when written out by your hand; you will discover the faults that have escaped me. I do not offer you mountains of gold, palaces of marble, or purple robes; but a comfortable mediocrity, a temperate and almost philosophic cheer, retirement, leisure, and liberty. It may surprise you, I should offer to another what I possess not myself; but do we not every day behold physicians, who are indisposed themselves, give relief and health to others? The lustre of an empty name, which importunes me, though I do not desire it, prevents my enjoyment of freedom and solitude; but you will possess both, at least till you are known. This is all I can offer you: I shall be happy if you can make it agreeable to you to partake my studies, and engage in this manner of life. I forgot our being near St. Ambrose, which may perhaps have more influence with you than all I have said!"

Modio did not accept this kind invitation; a principle of gratitude to Azzo da Correggio prevented him. In a great revolution at Verona, Azzo had been obliged to leave that city; his estates were confiscated, and his wife and children imprisoned. Modio, whose heart was filled with affection and honour, and who loved Azzo, would not abandon him in this condition. He followed him, and devoted himself to the education of his children. This increased Petrarch's esteem for his character, and a very affectionate correspondence took place between them.

The month of September was always critical to Petrarch; he generally suffered in this season from a tertian fever. "I was obliged," says he, "the fits were so violent, to pass the whole of the month in bed. Had it lasted much longer, it must have outlived me." In this sickness news was brought him that the eldest of the Viscontis was found dead in his bed. His brothers were accused of poisoning him, from the following circumstance: one evening, when they were supping together, Galeas and Barnabas said to Matthew, "It is a fine thing to be a sovereign." "Yes," replied Matthew, "when one has no partners." From this answer it was supposed he meant to get rid of them, and that they got the start of him. Villani says, that he died like a dog, without making confession; and that his end was worthy of his life, which was spent in such horrible debauchery, that it does not seem necessary to ascribe the death that followed it to poison. Petrarch, though he was not touched with the death of such a man, was extremely affected with the rumour that reflected on Galeas, to whom he was tenderly attached: he would doubtless have left his court if he had thought him guilty. As to Barnabas, there was no cruelty he was not capable of: he had put to death, for some unknown reason, a priest, sent by the pope to preach the crusade against the tyrants of Romania: he had him roasted alive in a sort of iron tub, with bars like a gridiron, and a handle by which they kept turning it before the fire like a spit. Galeas and Barnabas divided the estates of Matthew.

Petrarch began to recover in October, and his health was quite re-established by a letter from his dear Barbatus. It was full of enthusiasm and friendship, and addressed to Francis Petrarch, the king of poets. The monks had told Barbatus that in all Italy he had this title. Petrarch, after politely joking his friend for his blind partiality, and refusing with some heat the title he assigned him, wrote as follows:—"Before the Muses passed from Greece to Italy, it was easy to be the king of poets. What respect was paid to the poet Lucilius! To dare to criticise him was sacrilege! What a reputation had Revius and Plautus! We do them justice at present, but their wit and talents do not equal their fame: to read their epitaphs, you would believe them as great as Homer and Virgil! Our age is not so easy; it exacts from poets, works more correct and refined. We are surrounded with dainty wits, who are not lavish of their praises. Take care, my dear Barbatus, that you do not wrong me by your friendship, and overwhelm me with a false title. I should fear the being accused of high treason, if I took the honour you would give me! Where do you pretend my kingdom is placed? Which are its boundaries? There are but two kingdoms of poets, Greece and Italy. The venerable sire of Mæonia occupies the first, and the shepherd of Mantua the last. For myself, I can only reign in my Transalpine solitude, and on the banks of the Sorgia. It is there alone I can say with Ovid, in his exile among the Scythians, Here there is no one wittier than myself."

At the beginning of the year 1356, there came to Milan, to serve under Galeas, who made him general of his cavalry, Pandolph, a descendant of the ancient house of Malatesta. He was a cavalier of a noble figure and a fine countenance; and, though brave and warlike, he loved letters and the Muses. The works of Petrarch had made such an impression on him that he sent a painter to take his picture, who made him pay very dear for a bad likeness. He was delighted with the society of Petrarch, with whom he spent every leisure moment. The great fatigues he had suffered, encamped in winter among the snows, and in summer exposed to the scorching heats, had brought upon him a severe indisposition, which had like to have cost him his life. Petrarch never quitted his room during his illness; and when he began to recover, he was carried by his servants to Petrarch's house at St. Ambrose, and finding him in his library in the midst of his books, "Here it is," said he, "that I delight to behold you."

Galeas was fond of Pandolph, and confided in his valour and skill; but the brutality of Barnabas obliged him to leave Milan. Galeas being attacked with the gout, ordered Pandolph to review the cavalry: this displeased Barnabas, who sent for him immediately. Pandolph kneeling down to pay his homage, Barnabas struck him with the hilt of his sword, and would have killed him, but he avoided the stroke. Queen de Lascale, who was present, told her husband it was a base action to attempt the life of a gentleman in his own house. Barnabas had him put in irons, and commanded his head to be cut off.

Galeas sent his wife, and two of his officers, to beseech a pardon for Pandolph. Barnabas answered, that he would send him to his brother, for him to take revenge for his offence ; on which Galeas sent him back to his own country.

A rumour prevailed at this time, that the king of Hungary was coming into Italy against the Venetians, and that he had made a league with the emperor. The Viscontis were extremely alarmed, and begged Petrarch to be their ambassador to the emperor, to justify their conduct, and to penetrate into his designs. "They send me into the north," says he, "when I have most need of repose. Man is made for labour. I love the man who sends me, and shall be repaid for the fatigue, if I am so happy as to succeed in my negotiation." Petrarch went to Bastia, where he waited a month for the emperor. "This prince finishes nothing," says he : "I must go seek him in the depths of barbarism." His departure was most fortunate, for the city of Bastia was destroyed a few days after by an earthquake, which overthrew at the same time more than fourscore castles on the banks of the Rhine. Petrarch describes this river in affliction, that "its stream must now run over these ruins." These commotions continued a great part of the year. Strasbourg, Treves, Spires, and all the towns on the Rhine, were more violently agitated than the rest : the inhabitants of these towns, not daring to continue in them, wandered about in the fields.

Petrarch arrived at Prague in July: he found the emperor employed about the famous golden bull which he had just bestowed on the princes of the empire at the diet of Nuremburg. This singular charter, which is at present the fundamental law of the empire, shows the turn of that age. It begins by an apostrophe to Satan, to Pride, to Luxury, Wrath, and Envy. The style by no means answered the dignity of the subject.

Petrarch made but a short stay at Prague, notwithstanding the kind reception and request of the emperor. This prince, though displeased with the Viscontis, did not intend to make war against them. His affairs in Germany fully employed him, and the embellishment of the city of Prague. He had with him two prelates of distinguished merit, who possessed all his confidence, and went everywhere with him ; Ernest de Pardowitz, archbishop of Prague, and John Ocsko, bishop of Olmutz. Petrarch formed a short union with them during his stay at Prague, and corresponded with them afterwards. Ernest said to him sometimes, "Friend, I am concerned to see you among barbarians." "Nothing was, however," says Petrarch, "less barbarous than these prelates, and the prince they served ; they were as gentle, polite, and affable, as if they had been born at Athens."

Petrarch returned to Milan in the beginning of September ; he would not pass this critical month in a foreign climate ; when he received from his friend Simonides the following letter :—

"You are returned in health, my dear Petrarch, thanks be to God ! This is the most agreeable news I could receive. Life would be nothing to me without you. I dreaded for you the intemperature of the air, and still more the barbarous manners of the country you was in, so different as they are from those of our beloved Italy. You inquired of me for a good housekeeper : I found just such a one as you wanted ; a woman above forty years of age, neat, skilful, of good manners, and understanding in a kitchen. I have used every argument, but cannot persuade her to come to you. She says she will be a servant no longer, as she can live by her distaff."

Some days after Petrarch's return, there arrived a courier at Milan, who brought the news of the battle of Poitiers, in which fourscore thousand French were conquered by eight thousand English ; and king John and his son made prisoners. Galeas Visconti, who loved France, and was attached to the family which governed there, wished to write to prince Charles the dauphin, and to the cardinal of Bologna, to express his grief ; and he begged Petrarch to compose these letters. That to the prince is as follows :

"Serene prince ! If on one side grief forces from me lamentation, on the other, I am petrified and reduced to silence, when I reflect on the caprice of that blind goddess who governs the human race. If by a turn of her wheel she has overthrown your illustrious father, with his son your brother, who can hope to be saved from her strokes ? I speak not of the losses all France has sustained in that fatal day, which obscured the sun of that great kingdom, and eclipsed the greatest part of the stars that enlightened it.

"Great prince ! your affliction has reached me at this distance : God is my witness that I share it with you. Of what is not that insolent hand capable, who dares touch with sacrilegious hands the diadem of France ? With all the princes of Europe, I feel this sad event : but, besides this, I have a particular concern in it. Your majesty will not believe me capable of ever forgetting the marks of goodness I received from your grandfather, your father, and yourself. There was in your family a sort of contest who should be kindest to a man but little known to you. So many benefits are engraven on my heart in lines that time cannot efface, and that ingratitude shall never cover with her clouds ! And can I then fail to deplore your calamity, or, under the weight with which you are charged at your age, endeavour to moderate your grief, and give you the consolation I should wish to receive in your place ? Providence has given to your youth what he seldom grants to the old age of princes, to know the emptiness of all things human, and the perfidy of Fortune, whose power can only be resisted by a virtuous soul. You have received that soul from nature, and have perfected it by study and experience : on this is founded the public hopes, and the safety of your kingdom. Heaven has spared you, to deliver and revenge your father, and to hold the reins of empire for him : if the weight is above your years, it is not beyond your courage. The affairs with which you are overwhelmed will not permit me to intrude on your time. I conclude with offering to your service my person and possessions. Happy shall I be if I can afford any succour to your majesty, whom I pray Heaven to console, in granting freedom to your father, and victory over his enemies."

The letter to the cardinal was in these words :

"Very reverend father and lord ! The horrible catastrophe of the king my master has made so deep an impression on me, I have hardly power to speak. If love does not blind me, all the human race ought to grieve for this disaster, and princes more than others; but those who are attached like me will be inconsolable! I feel tenderly for the dauphin, but I hope everything from his courage and virtues. With the divine aid he shall deliver his father, and steer the helm of his abandoned kingdom. I thought it my duty, as it was my inclination, to express these sentiments to him, and to you, my lord, who, next to him, are the most sensibly concerned in this unhappy event. Vouchsafe to engage him to use with confidence what I have most freely offered. The Lord preserve and make you prosper."

Petrarch could scarcely believe it possible that an invincible hero, the greatest of kings, should be vanquished by so inferior an enemy. The Viscontis at this time had enemies on all sides, and their city was like a vessel buffeted by the tempest. "For my part," says Petrarch, "I am tranquil in the midst of these storms; and if I did not hear the roaring of the waves, if I did not behold others in agitation, I should be ignorant that I was sailing on a tempestuous sea, and seated at the feet of the pilot. Firm, without being motionless, I wait without fearing; no wind is contrary to me; on every shore I find a safe asylum. If I dared compare myself to Cato, I should say I am in the state in which he was found by his nephew Brutus; uneasy for others, but careless about himself." In fact, while the city of Milan was the theatre of war, Petrarch revised several of his Italian poems.

Soon after this, he received a letter from Avignon, written by Socrates, Lelius, and Gui Settimo, together. They all inhabited the same house, and lived in the greatest union. Petrarch replies, "I should never have believed I could have envied people who dwell in Babylon. Nevertheless, I wished to be with you in your house, shut up from the poisonous air of that infamous city. I look upon your dwelling to be like the Elysian Fields in the middle of Avernus." Sometime after this he received a very singular letter from young Agapit Colonna, who had formerly been his pupil, but who had profited very little by his instructions. The letter was in a sharp, unpolished style. He thanked him for the pains he had taken with his education; but adds, "Fortune has elevated and overwhelmed you with benefits. Proud of your treasures, and the elegance of your houses, you despise a poor exile, fallen from his prosperous state, ill-clothed, and worse provided for, leading a miserable life in a little house near Bologna. You fly from, and think no more of, me in this poor situation."

Petrarch answered these reproaches in the following manner:

"I am neither rich nor poor. I have everything that is necessary, and I desire nothing more. It is true that my income is somewhat increased, but my expenses are increased in proportion, and I lay nothing up at the end of the year. You say you are poor: I can scarcely believe that a person of your name and merit can be so. But was this the case, how could you ever think that poverty rendered you despicable in my eyes? This is very opposite to my character. I despise no one, and have always had a singular regard for you. If I was capable of contempt, it would fall upon the rich rather than the poor: Not that riches are contemptible in themselves, but because they bring so many vices in their train.

"Your letter has astonished me beyond expression: I cannot recover my surprise, and I look upon it as a dream. You cannot think all you wrote: you only meant to punish me for my neglect in writing to you. I will not justify myself in that particular: I am flattered in your chagrin on that account, and kiss the hand that wounds me. But you ought to attribute my silence to my idleness of disposition, well known to you, to my occupations, which increase every day, and to the difficulty of conveying my letters. I do not comprehend what you mean by the magnificence of my houses: I dwell in a retired corner of Milan: often a wanderer in the fields, I am ignorant of what passes in the city. Adieu! And if it is possible, be persuaded that, whether rich or poor, whether I write to you or keep silence, I shall always be sincerely attached to you."

In the beginning of the year 1357, Petrarch received a diploma sent to him by the bishop of Olmutz, chancellor of the empire, by which the emperor created him count palatine, with all the privileges of that dignity, which consisted in creating doctors and lawyers, legitimating the natural children of citizens, crowning poets, giving dispensations of age, &c. These counts were sometimes also stewards of the estates of the prince, and receivers-general of his finances. The emperor had added to this dignity some particular privileges, and very flattering encomiums.

Petrarch, in his letter of thanks, says, "I am very grateful for the singular favour the emperor has vouchsafed me, and the obliging expressions with which you have heightened this grace. My expectations from his goodness, and your friendship, are more than satisfied: but I will not receive any gold: be not displeased that I return that on the bull by your friend who brought it to me."

The diploma was enriched with a bull, or seal of gold, on one side of which was the figure of the emperor seated on his throne, with an eagle and a lion; on the other, the city of Rome, with its temples and walls.

Petrarch sustained a loss at this time, which he thus speaks of in a letter to Lelius: "An old Milanese of four-score, who called me his father, and came almost every day to dine with me, has paid the tribute of nature. He was a man of condition, but little fortune; of a good character, and a lively disposition; though he was almost in his second childhood. His questions were so droll and uncommon, they would have moved a dead man to laughter. He disputed on philosophy and religion, and had an inexhaustible storehouse of arguments. He submitted to no one but myself, and that rather from friendship than conviction. He fatigued every one with his questions, especially the monks. He inquired of them, at first sight, Have you studied? If they said No, he shook his head, and went away without a word more: if they replied Yes, then he began his disputations, turned a question on all sides with an inexhaustible volubility, and violent peals of laughter. I asked him sometimes, with an air of surprise, from whence he obtained his knowledge, and where were all his books? 'Here, here!' replied he, rubbing his forehead; 'here is my library: it is from hence I draw my knowledge. Books were only invented to aid the memory, and are only the supports of its weakness.' This odd assertion diverted us extremely. He said nothing but what he firmly believed, and his opinions were the joys of his life. He held in absolute contempt the rules of grammar, spoke incorrectly, and disputed under the armour of ignorance. He undertook to write a book in your name: I wish he had lived to finish it; it would have been a notable and most singular production. Three days before his death, he came to seek me with a melancholy countenance. I asked him what concerned him. He answered, 'I am this day four-score. How many years think you remain for me? Perhaps twenty-five years, or thereabouts?' 'Go,' said I to him, with a smile, 'be easy, and you may very well reach thirty.' 'If so,' replied he, 'I am content; I desire no more.' He went away, and I saw him no more. Three days after this they informed me he was brought to my church to be interred. He had no sickness, no other disease but old age. I regret his loss; he loved me, called me father; and his singularities amused me. Characters of this sort are necessary to divert me from more serious and interesting occupations. After having succoured his old age as much as I was able, I shed some tears on his tomb, which is in my church of St. Ambrose. This good old man loved and called you his son."

Petrarch had for some time perceived, in the letters of Lelius, a sort of confusion and concern. At last he was informed that a quarrel had happened between him and Socrates, after having lived twenty-eight years in the strictest friendship. It was occasioned by one of those busy malicious people who are the plagues of society. They told Lelius that Socrates spoke ill of him, and had even written unkind things of him to Petrarch. Lelius too easily believed so unlikely a report. Petrarch on this occasion wrote him a sharp letter, in which, after having justified Socrates, he conjured him to go to his friend immediately; for he was persuaded, with good reason, nothing more was necessary to reconcile such old friends. It is to be lamented this letter is not inserted, which might have served for a model to others in such situations. It had all the effect that was to be expected from such an interposition. Lelius could not read it without a deluge of tears. He went in a flood of grief to Socrates, fell upon his neck, and wept. Socrates embraced him in the tenderest manner. Those who were by could hardly stand this affecting reconciliation. Petrarch was full of joy when he was informed of it, and wrote to congratulate them both.

In the violent heats of this year, Petrarch retired to a little village near the river Adda, three miles from Milan. "The situation," says he, "is charming, and the air very pure. It is on a little elevation in the middle of a plain, surrounded on all sides with fountains; not rapid and noisy, as those of Vaucluse, but smooth and gentle in their motion. The course of these waters is so intermingled, that their beginnings or endings cannot be discovered. As if they would imitate the dance of the nymphs, they approach, retire, unite, and separate alternately, in a most agreeable and singular manner. After forming a sort of labyrinth by these meanderings, they go all together, and empty themselves into the same reservoir."

Giovanni Visconti had chosen this situation to found a Carthusian monastery. Petrarch designed at first to lodge in it, and the Carthusians consented: but as he could not do without horses and attendants, he feared that the noise, and, above all, the drunkenness, of servants, would give trouble and distress in this holy retreat. He therefore hired a house in the neighbourhood, near enough to go there any hour of the day. He gave this house the name of Linterno, in memory of Scipio Africanus, whose country-house was so called; and in joke sometimes he called it the Inferno.

1358. While Petrarch was in this retirement, he received a letter from his friend Settimo, who desired he would inform him of all the occupations and projects of his son John. Petrarch wrote this answer:

"The train of my life has been uniform since the frozen hand of age has extinguished the ardour of youth, and that fatal passion which so long tormented me! But what do I say? It is the dew of heaven that has produced this blessed effect. Do we not every day behold, to the shame of humanity, old men plunged in debauchery? What a horrid and dangerous spectacle for youth! Like a weary traveller, I double my steps as I hasten to the end of my course. I read and write day and night: one is my refreshment after the other; and my labours grow continually. Novelty pushes me on, obstacles increase my ardour. God, who knows my intentions, will assist me, if he sees it for the good of my soul. Labour is certain, success hazardous: I feel this in common with those who follow the same painful course of life. I wish posterity to know and approve me: if I do not succeed there, I shall be known in my own age, or at least by my friends. Nothing more is necessary. It would be even sufficient to know my own character, if it was such as it ought to be; but with this, alas! I cannot flatter myself. Whatever shall be the success of my labours, I pray that God will not abandon me in old age, and above all, at my death. My health is so good, my body so strong, that neither increase of years, serious occupations, abstinence, nor the strokes of grief, have been able to subdue this stubborn ass, on which I make continual war.

"As to fortune, I possess that happy medium which is equally distant from both extremes; except in one point, that I am more sought after than I would be, or than suits with my repose. I am loved without being known or seen, and that is perhaps the reason of it. I have already passed an olympiad at Milan, a thing which neither myself nor my friends thought possible; so true it is, we ought never to say, here I will live, or there I will die; for we can be certain of nothing in this world. The kindness I have received at Milan attaches me not only to its inhabitants, but to its houses, land, air, and even its walls; not to speak of my friends and acquaintance. I reside in a very retired corner of the city towards the west.

"An ancient religious custom draws the people on Sundays to the church of St. Ambrose, who is my neighbour: the rest of the week this spot is a desert. Behold what this great saint does for his guest: he consoles me by his presence; he gives spiritual succour to my soul, and saves it from disgust. Under the shelter of his wings, I see the tempests, and hear the noise of the waves, but they come not near to trouble me. When I go out to pay my duty to my master, or for some other business, (which rarely happens,) I salute every one, on the right side and on the left, by a simple motion of my head, without stopping or speaking to any. My increase of fortune has made no alteration in my diet or sleep, which you know was always slender; on the contrary, I retrench still, and shall soon have nothing more to diminish. I am only in bed while I sleep, except I am sick. It appears to me that sleep so strongly resembles death, and the bed our tomb, that the idea gives me a disgust to my bed, from which I rise the moment I awake, and go into my library. I generally do this in the middle of the night, except when the nights are at the shortest. I grant to Nature only what she commands imperiously, and which it is not possible to refuse her.

"I am always fond of solitude and silence; but when I am with my friends, I am disposed to converse a great deal: this happens, perhaps, because I see them seldom: and I would compensate for the silence of a year by the prate of a day; and when my friends depart, I become dumb again.

"Nothing is so fatiguing as to converse with many, or with one whom we do not love, and who is not conversant with the same subjects as ourselves. I resemble those people of whom Seneca speaks, who take life in detail rather than in the gross. I have taken a house a league from Milan, to shelter me from the heats, in a fine clear air, where I am still more at liberty than in the town. Here my table is abundantly supplied; the peasants are ambitious which shall bring me most fruits, fish, ducks, and all sorts of wild-fowl. There is in my neighbourhood a fine monastery of the Carthusians, newly founded, where I can enjoy, at all hours of the day, the pure and delightful pleasures of religion. The gates are always open to me; a privilege few people possess: but we should take care not to give trouble to others in seeking our own convenience, and this prevented my lodging there. It appears to me, that it is here we most frequently fail in delicacy; and it is because we are more occupied with ourselves than solicitous for our fellow-creatures. In this happy retreat I wish for nothing but my old friends. I was rich in many such formerly, but death and absence have diminished these possessions, and they are only to be regained in imagination. Your society, and that of Socrates, I long flattered myself with obtaining. If you persist in your rigour, I must draw all the consolation I can from my pious monks. Their conversation is neither bright nor wise, but it is innocent and holy. Their repasts are not inviting; but there is a perfect freedom in their company; and their prayers will be my great consolation both in life and at death.

"Solomon has told us that riches draw parasites. I have never obtained so much of them as to experience this truth. The little gold I have passes through my fingers, and my coffer is rather a passage than a dwelling-place for it. I know that it is made to solace the wants, and not to nourish the passions, of men. In this view it was originally sought from the mines, purified, struck, and stamped. He who expends it properly is its master; he who lays it up, its keeper; he who loves it, a fool; he who fears it, a slave; he who adores it, an idolater: the truly wise man is he who despises it. You wish to hear news of our young man; I don't know what to say about him: his manners are gentle, and the blossoms of his youth promise fruit; of what sort it will be I cannot yet guess; but I think I can flatter myself he will be an honest man. I know he has understanding: but of what use is understanding if not cultivated by study? He flies from a book as he would fly from the face of a serpent.

"If his disposition pleases me, I see with grief that idleness will reduce it to nothing. Prayers, caresses, menaces, and pains, all have been tried by me without success: Nature has always surmounted my endeavours. I have nothing, however, to reproach myself with; and I will be satisfied if, as I hope, he turns out a good man. The glory that letters bestow is, no doubt, greatly desirable; but it is difficult to acquire: it is more easy to live a life of virtue than a life of fame. We pardon a man if he is not wise, but we never forgive him if he is defective in goodness; and Themistocles said, he loved the man much better who was without letters, than letters without the man."

This year the Viscontis laid siege to Pavia. There was in this city a man of singular character, who was called James Bossalaro: his father was a trunk-maker. He early abandoned the world, to live in a desert the life of a hermit, and afterwards took the habit of the order of St. Augustine, and acquired great reputation for knowledge and piety: nothing was talked of at Pavia but the eloquence of brother James. Encouraged by these attentions, he declaimed with vehemence against usury, monopolies, and the ornaments of dress; and the effect of his preaching was a thorough reformation. Usurers were no more seen at Pavia; and even the ladies renounced their finery. After this he began to attack tyranny and tyrants, and exhorted the Pavians to establish a republican government. The people listened to him greedily, complied with all his regulations, and gave him sixty men for his guard; so that the lords of Beccaria, then governors of Pavia, did not dare to oppose him; and he became master, in fact, though without any change of his monastic life, and his commands were considered as blessings. "The sermons of a little monk," says Villani, "did all this."

Petrarch wrote a letter to brother James, representing to him how ill war suited the habit of a monk; and that it was incumbent on him to promote peace, rather than sow the flames of discord: but it made no impression on him. When the Viscontis laid siege to Pavia, the citizens were depressed by famine, and began to be discouraged. Brother James never ceased to animate them by his preachings, and with a prophetic tone announced victory. One day their money failing, he spoke with so much force against luxury, that the ladies brought him their jewels and rich habits, and the men all the gold and silver they possessed. He got the former sold at Venice, and obtained a considerable sum for them, which served to support them for some time: but they were at last obliged to capitulate. Brother James treated with Galeas, who showed him the utmost respect, and granted all his demands. After having concerted with him the necessary regulations, he brought him to Milan, where, as soon as he arrived, he delivered him up to the monks of his order, by whom brother James was shut up in a strong prison, with very little light, says Villani, and a great many wants; where, no doubt, he repented he had not followed the good advice of Petrarch.

The year 1358 was almost wholly employed by Petrarch in his treatise on the Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune. It is dedicated to his friend Azzo da Correggio, whose past life and present situation occasioned him to undertake this work. In his dedication he describes it as follows:

"When I consider the instability of human affairs, and the variations of fortune, I find nothing more uncertain or restless than the life of man. Nature has given to animals an excellent remedy under disasters, which is the ignorance of them. We seem better treated in intelligence, foresight, and memory. No doubt, these are admirable presents; but they often annoy more than they assist us. A prey to useless or distressing cares, we are tormented by the present, the past, and the future; and, as if we feared we should not be miserable enough, we join to the evil we suffer, the remembrance of a former distress, and the apprehension of some future calamity. This is the Cerberus with three heads we combat without ceasing. Our life might be gay and happy if we would: but we eagerly seek subjects of affliction, to render it irksome and melancholy. We pass the first years of this life in the shades of ignorance, the succeeding ones in pain and labour, the latter part in grief and remorse, and the whole in error: nor do we suffer ourselves to possess one bright day without a cloud.

"Let us examine this matter with sincerity, and we shall agree that our distresses chiefly arise from ourselves. It is Virtue alone which can render us superior to Fortune: we quit her standard, and the combat is no longer equal. Fortune mocks us; she turns us on her wheel; she raises and abases us at her pleasure, but her power is founded on our weakness. This is an old rooted evil, but it is not incurable: there is nothing a firm and elevated mind cannot accomplish. The discourse of the wise, and the study of good books, are the best remedies I know of; but to these we must join the consent of the soul, without which the best advice will be useless. What gratitude do we not owe to those great men who, though dead many ages before us, live with us by their works, discourse with us, are our masters and guides, and serve us as pilots in the navigation of life, where our vessel is agitated without ceasing by the storms of our passions! It is here that true philosophy brings us to a safe port, by a sure and easy passage; not like that of the schools, which raising us on its airy and deceitful wings, and causing us to hover on the clouds of frivolous dispute, lets us fall without any light or instruction in the same place where she took us up.

"Dear friend, I do not attempt to exhort you to the study I judge so important. Nature has given you a taste for all knowledge, but Fortune has denied you the leisure to acquire it: yet, whenever you could steal a moment from public affairs, you sought the conversation of wise men; and I have remarked, that your memory often served you instead of books. It is therefore unnecessary to invite you to do what you have always done; but, as we cannot retain all we hear or read, it may be useful to furnish your mind with some maxims that may best serve to arm you against the assaults of misfortune. The vulgar, and even philosophers, have decided, that adverse fortune was most difficult to sustain. For my own part, I am of a different opinion, and believe it more easy to support adversity than prosperity; and that fortune is more treacherous and dangerous when she caresses than when she dismays. Experience has taught me this, not books or arguments. I have seen many persons sustain great losses, poverty, exile, tortures, death, and even disorders that were worse than death, with courage; but I have seen none whose heads have not been turned by power, riches, and honours. How often have we beheld those overthrown by good fortune, who could never be shaken by bad! This made me wish to learn how to support a great fortune. You know the short time this work has taken; I have been less attentive to what might shine, than to what might be useful, on this subject. Truth and virtue are the wealth of all men, and shall I not discourse of these with my dear Azzo? I would prepare for you, as in a little portable box, a friendly antidote against the poison of good and bad fortune. The one requires a rein to repress the sallies of a transported soul; the other a consolation, to fortify the overwhelmed and afflicted spirit.

"Nature gave you, my friend, the heart of a king; but she gave you not a kingdom, of which, therefore, fortune could not deprive you. But I doubt whether our age can furnish an example of worse or better treatment from her than yourself. In the first part of your life, you were blest with an admirable constitution, and astonishing health and vigour: some years after we beheld you thrice abandoned by the physicians, who despaired of your life. The heavenly Physician, who was your sole resource, restored your health, but not your former strength. You were then called iron-footed, for your singular force and agility: you are now bent, and lean upon the shoulders of those whom you formerly supported. Your country beheld you one day its governor, the next an exile. Princes disputed for your friendship, and afterwards conspired your ruin. You lost by death the greatest part of your friends; the rest, according to custom, deserted you in calamity. To these misfortunes was added a violent disease, which attacked you when you were destitute of all succours, at a distance from your country and family, in a strange land, invested by the troops of your enemies; so that those two or three friends whom fortune had left you, could not come near to relieve you. In a word, you have experienced every hardship but imprisonment and death. But what do I say? You have felt all the horrors of the former, when your faithful wife and children were shut up by your enemies; and even death followed you, and took one of those children, for whose loss you would willingly have sacrificed your own.

"In you have been united the fortunes of Pompey and Marius: but you were neither arrogant in prosperity, as the one; nor discouraged in adversity, as the other. You have supported both in a manner that has made you loved by your friends, and admired by your enemies. There is a peculiar charm in the serene and tranquil air of virtue, which enlightens all around it, in the midst of the darkest scenes, and the greatest calamities. My ancient friendship for you has caused me to quit everything; to perform a work in which, as in a glass, you may adjust and prepare your soul for all events; and be able to say, as Æneas did to the Sybil, 'Nothing of this is new to me; I have foreseen, and am prepared for it all.' I am sensible that, in the disorders of the mind, as well as those of the body, discourses are not thought the most efficacious remedies; but I am persuaded also, that the malady of the soul ought to be cured by spiritual applications. If we see a friend in distress, and give him all the consolation we are able, we perform the duties of friendship, which pays more attention to the disposition of the heart than the value of the gift. A small present may be the testimony of a great love. There is no good I do not wish you; and this is all I can offer toward it. I wish this little treatise may be of use to you. If it should not answer my hopes, I shall, however, be secure of pardon from your friendship. It presents you with the four great passions: hope and joy, the daughters of prosperity; fear and grief, the offspring of adversity; who attack the soul, and lance at it all their arrows. Reason commands in the citadel to repulse them: your penetration will easily perceive which side will obtain the victory."

This treatise of Petrarch's made a great noise; the moment it appeared, every one was eager to obtain it. It is full of genius, erudition, and true philosophy, and enlivened by a thousand examples both from ancient and modern history. We must add, in justice to Petrarch, that the misfortunes of Azzo da Correggio never lessened his friendship for him to his death. The cause of his sufferings and exile is not very certain. Three of his servants were hanged; and he only saved his life by retiring to Ferrara; and at last went to Mantua, to live with the relations of his wife.

In June, 1358, a peace was concluded between the Gonzagas, lords of Mantua, and the Viscontis, to which Petrarch, by his influence, greatly contributed. One of the articles of it was, that Ugolino Gonzaga should espouse Catherine Visconti, the daughter of Matthew Visconti. The marriage was celebrated at Milan with great magnificence. At the same time Barnabas had a child baptised. The feasts on these occasions lasted several days, with games and tournaments, and all kind of rejoicings.

Petrarch was a great part of the summer at Linterno. The Carthusians, with whom he spent much of his time, talked of nothing but the sanctity and virtues of their general. This was John Birel, whom the cardinals would have made pope after the death of Clement, if the cardinal de Taillerand had not opposed it. Petrarch was pressed by these monks to write to John Birel, as the prior of the Carthusians at Milan was going to a general chapter held in the great monastery of that order. His letter is dated, "From the monastery of the Carthusians at Milan, where I dwell."

"Full of astonishment and admiration, I speak to you as I would speak to Jesus Christ himself, who, no doubt, dwells in your heart: for the heart of the just, is it not the temple of God? They say you are an angel, and that you lead the life an angel would do if he was on earth. For my part, I behold you as a star which rises from the monastery of the Carthusians to enlighten a sinful world, as we see the morning sun rise from the eastern mountain to illuminate the world. How happy are you! How miserable am I! While I am struggling with the tempestuous waves of time, in continual view of the death I dread, you are arrived safe in port, and, so to speak, entered into the porch of paradise, with the hope, or rather the assurance, of a blessed and endless life!"

After beseeching the blessing of his prayers that God would inspire his mind with unfeigned charity, perfect piety, and holy religion, he finishes his letter thus:

"From whence can my confidence arise to a man I have never seen? It is not my merit which gives it, but my love for you and your pious flock. It is the idea of your piety which makes me hope an easy access to your favour. We sometimes love those the best we do not personally behold. Sinner as I am, I see you in Jesus Christ, who views us all, and whom we behold in all things. I would, however, that my eyes also rejoiced in this sight; and, though I daily hear of your pious words, that my ears could enjoy them from your own mouth. In fine, though I embrace you tenderly with my soul, I wish to enfold you in my arms, and kiss that hand I revere, that hand consecrated to God. I know you better than you imagine. Placed on a sacred elevation, your virtue makes you known of many with whom you are not acquainted. To this is joined that precious pledge I have confided to your care, that only brother enrolled in the militia of Jesus Christ, under the banners of your protection. Of all the gifts I have received from nature or fortune, none is so dear to me as he is. I know that you love him as your son. You have taken him from me. I am consoled. I rejoice, nay, I glory, in a brother worthy to serve Jesus Christ in your holy family. This has inspired me with confidence towards you. The prior of the Carthusians at Milan, who will present you with my letter and my homage, will confirm my affectionate sentiments for you and your order."

John Birel, in his answer to Petrarch, reprimands him severely for the praises he had given him, saying, that it was not right to praise any one to their face. He exhorts Petrarch to employ the great talents God had given him in works on morals and devotion; and, in particular, desired he would write a treatise on the dignity of human nature, which pope Innocent III. had promised to the world when he published his treatise on the misery of man.

Petrarch, after justifying himself for the praises he had bestowed, by the examples of the greatest saints, Augustine, Jerome, Ambrose, &c., says, "I could make you the same reproaches with much better foundation. I neither claim nor merit the praises you have bestowed on my genius. You desire me to make good the promises of others, who have not time to fulfil my own. Perhaps, also, it was a subject too difficult for the great pope, and what then will it be for me? Innocent III. was one of the wisest men of his age, and did honour to the holy see. He knew that human misery was an extensive, and human felicity a short and delicate subject.

"I am engaged in a treatise on the Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune, in which I try to suppress or extirpate, if possible, the passions of the soul. I was in the chapter of grief and misery when I received your letter. I apprehend that the malady of the soul called grief, can only be cured by the subject of joy we are furnished with from the dignity of human nature. One would have imagined you knew what I was about when you wrote, and that you meant your letter as a spur: it is certain I am animated by it. The honour of your notice, and the pleasure of obeying your commands, shall inspire me with courage; and if I cannot treat the subject in particular as you desire, you will accept it as considered more generally in the treatise I have mentioned."

The correspondence of Petrarch with John Birel was short. This general of the Carthusians died soon after, with the highest reputation for his piety and good works.

Petrarch had an inflammation in his leg while he was at Linterno, occasioned by a large volume of Cicero's Epistles falling on it as he was reaching it down, and this happened more than once. "I could not help," says he, "asking Cicero, with a smile, Why do you strike the man who loves you so much?" His leg was so bad through neglect, that advice was sent for, and the physicians thought it must be cut off; but by rest and fomentations he recovered. "It is singular," adds Petrarch, "that from my childhood, the accidents I have met with have always chosen this leg; which have made one of my servants call it pleasantly, The leg of ill fortune. In reality, these are motives to believe in fate; and why not, if by this word we understand Providence?"

As soon as he recovered, Petrarch took a little journey to Bergamo, eight leagues from Milan. The occasion of it was this. There was in that city a goldsmith of excellent skill in his trade: he was born with a lively genius, and would have made a great progress in letters, if he had applied to them early; but he was somewhat advanced in life when this humour took hold of him. It soon absorbed his whole attention, and caused him to neglect his trade. Struck with the renown of Petrarch, he was determined, whatever it cost him, to become acquainted with so great a man, and to merit his esteem. He tried several methods to introduce himself, and at last succeeded. "It would have been barbarous," says Petrarch, "to have refused him what cost me so little, and delighted him so much." The favourable reception that Petrarch gave him, quite turned his head: his joy was expressed in his countenance, gait, and gestures. He spent a great part of his fortune in having the name and arms of Petrarch either chased, carved, or inlaid, upon everything in his house; and, at a great expense, he got all his writings copied; for Petrarch had given to his ardent entreaties what he had denied the greatest princes. By degrees, he entirely changed his character and manner of life, and abandoned his trade, which was a very profitable one. Petrarch repeatedly told him it was too late to devote himself to study, and that he ought on no account to quit his business. Obedient to his advice on every other subject, and listening to him as an oracle, he would not be persuaded in this matter to alter his resolution, but shut up his shop, and spent all his time in the schools of the professors, in which that city abounded.

He was passionately desirous that Petrarch should visit him at Bergamo. "One day only," said he, "would he honour my house with his presence, it would be my glory and felicity for ages." Petrarch kept him in suspense for some years; but at last, moved with his earnest supplications, and the pleasure he felt in bestowing happiness, he went to Bergamo, though some of his friends were against it, and thought it would be demeaning himself. The jeweller, whose name was Henry Copra, came to fetch him; and, that he might be amused upon the road, he brought with him some men of genius, whose conversation might be agreeable to him. Some of Petrarch's friends followed, curious to observe the event of this singular visit. When they came to Bergamo, the governor, commanding officer, and principal people of the city, came out to meet Petrarch, and rendered him the greatest honours. They would have lodged him in the townhouse, or some palace. The goldsmith was terrified lest he should not be preferred. But he was unjust to Petrarch, who was faithful to his promise, and went, with the friends who followed him to his house. He had made vast preparations: the house was magnificently decorated, the chamber destined to Petrarch hung with purple, the bed gilt, and the banquet was a royal one. His library was more like a scholar's devoted to letters, than a tradesman's who had spent his life in a shop.

Petrarch went away the next day, satiated with honours and good things. Never was a host so delighted with his guest: his joy was so immoderate, that his relations feared he would fall sick, or turn fool. The governor, and a great train, accompanied Petrarch much further than he desired. The goldsmith would not quit him, and they were obliged at last to force him away.

Petrarch arrived that night at Linterno, where he passed the rest of the autumn of 1358. He had a letter from Lelius, in which he informs him, that the office of apostolic secretary was conferred on Zenobi de Strata, but had been solicited for him by his friends. Petrarch, after repeating what he had so often said on this subject, adds,

"It gives me pleasure Zenobi has this employment: I love and am sure of being beloved by him. Among so many enemies of God and man, we shall at least have one friend in that court. But I lament the loss of the muses, and I pity his fate. In accepting this office, he has had more regard to riches than reputation, life, or repose. It was not long ago he joked me in a friendly manner for choosing a turbulent and noisy city for my Helicon. He was ignorant of the free, retired, and tranquil life I lead at Milan. He disapproved also of my situation in Provence, supposing it impossible for any one to be happy on that side the Alps. Nevertheless, at Vaucluse, if, respecting my body and my errors, I led the life of a man, with respect to the peace of my mind, I led the life of an angel. When Zenobi talked in this manner, he did not foresee he should soon be an exile from Italy, and an inhabitant of the Babylonian Parnassus. If I know him, he will often regret his country, and the leisure he enjoyed at Naples, and will envy the freedom I possess at Milan. He will be richer, no doubt; but he will be less happy."

1359. It was the most severe weather when Petrarch wrote this letter; his ink was frozen, his hand benumbed. It snowed violently: so great a quantity had never been seen between the Alps and the Apennine. Many villages and houses in the country suffered extremely. At Bologna, the snow lay sixty feet deep; and they made a vault under it, where the young people had feasts and diversions. Villani, and other historians, speak of this snow, which fell in February, as exceeding what had been known in the memory of man.

Petrarch's son was at this time at Avignon. Simonides, who was there also, after speaking of their common friends, Lelius, Socrates, &c., with all the warmth of friendship, talks to him of his son, whom he calls John Petrarch. "He hardly ever leaves me," says he. "He amuses me by his conversation, and teaches me many things. I find him gentle and modest; a good sign in a young man, if we may believe Seneca. I conjure you not to give ear too lightly to what may be said against him: either I am much deceived, or you will see him one day almost such as you wish him to be." We are not told why Petrarch's son went to reside at Avignon, or what he had done to incur his father's displeasure.

Petrarch had a visit this year from his friend Boccaccio. United by the same genius and disposition, they wrote often, and had a tender regard for each other. They had been but little together before, and this re-union confirmed their friendship. Boccaccio called Petrarch his master, and expressed great obligations to him for the knowledge he had communicated to him. His character had been dissipated and libertine; and he confesses that to Petrarch he owed the conversion of his heart. His Decameron, which he wrote in 1348, is a proof of the freedom of his sentiments in the early part of his life. He was about forty-five years old when he came to Milan. Petrarch convinced him it was shameful at his age to lose his time among women; that he ought to employ himself in more serious pursuits, and turn his solicitude towards heaven, instead of fixing it upon the earth. His eclogues, like those of Petrarch, are obscure and enigmatical. After passing some days at Milan, his affairs obliged him to return to Florence in the beginning of April. The weather was stormy, and the waters out. Petrarch begged he would write to him as soon as he had passed the Po, and the other rivers, which he did.

Petrarch writing to Simonides, speaks thus of this visit:

"We have passed our days delightfully, but they slided too fast away. We only wanted you to complete our society. I could not be easy at my friend's setting out in such bad weather, till I learned he had passed safely the king of rivers: he has only after this to cross the Apennine, that father of the mountains. This friend knows all my thoughts, and will give you a faithful account of my transactions."

Simonides answered Petrarch from Florence: "Be at peace; our dear Boccaccio has passed the king of rivers, and the father of mountains, and is arrived here safe, and in good health."

Soon after his arrival at Florence, Boccaccio sent Petrarch a fine copy of Dante's poem, which he had taken the pains to copy; and he apologises for the praises he gives him, by saying he was his first master, the first light which illuminated his mind. It was generally thought Petrarch was jealous of Dante, because he had no copy of his works. Petrarch was concerned that Boccaccio should adopt this opinion, and wrote to him as follows:

"The praises you have given to Dante are well founded, worthy both of him and you; and much more flattering than those applauses of the vulgar which disturb the peace of his manes. If we owe much to the fathers of our body, how much more are we indebted to those who have formed our mind! I unite with you in praising this great poet, whose style is vulgar, but whose sentiments are noble and beautiful. I am only displeased that you know me so little, by whom I wish to be perfectly known: of all the plagues of the soul, I am the least assaulted by envy. My father was strictly united with Dante, and the same ill-fortune pursued them both. Neither injustice, exile, nor poverty, neither the love of his wife or children, could take this poet from his studies, though they required silence and repose: for this I can never enough admire him. I see many reasons for loving, but none for hating or despising him. His genius, sentiment, and humour, excellent in their kind, place him very far above contempt. I feared when young, to read writers in the same language, lest, by hazard, I should copy their sentiments or manner. I have always avoided with care every kind of imitation; and if it has happened, it has been by accident: this was the reason I did not read Dante then, though I admire him sincerely now; and was I envious, it must be of the living; for death is the tomb of envy as well as of hatred. All that I can be reproached for is, that I have said, he succeeded best in the vulgar tongue, both in verse and prose: that he rises higher, and pleases most, in this, you will agree with me; and what author is there who has succeeded equally in every style? This was not even granted to Cicero, Virgil, Sallust, or Plato, when eloquence, now dead, was at its height. It is sufficient for a man to excel in one species of writing. I had this upon my mind, and I am consoled now that I have expressed it to you."

In May, 1359, Petrarch received a letter from the empress Ann, to inform him of the birth of a daughter, and the joy this event had given her. She had been married five years without any children. Petrarch, in his answer, expresses his gratitude for the great honour she had done him; and enumerates the illustrious women whose virtues, courage, and great actions, have given them such just renown.

Petrarch being informed his friend, the bishop of Cavaillon, was returned from Germany to his diocese, after he had been in quality of nuncio to the pope, wrote to congratulate him on his arrival; and says, "I dread more than death those long and dangerous journeys you take so often; it is time for you to repose yourself. I cannot express the ardent desire I have to behold you again; it is now seven years that we have been separated. I was in my youth absorbed in love; in age I am wrapped up in my friends; chilled in one period, and warmed in the other. I resign what I once adored, and I adore those I then only loved. At the moment when you least think of it, you will, perhaps, see me in your library. On the banks of my river, or in my cave, I wait for my Socrates, or rather your Socrates. Love him, treat him as your dear child, as you have always treated me, and never forget your servant."

Some malicious people persecuted Socrates. Petrarch wrote to encourage him, and invite him to Milan. "I know," says he, "you wish to see me. Never have we been so long separated. Nothing, indeed, can divide souls united by virtue and the faith of Jesus Christ. But, after all, there is nothing like the presence of a beloved friend. Come; you are expected, and longed for. You will find friends unknown to you, and a reputation. Your society will increase, and not diminish. Come, the way is short; let nothing stop you. Either you must fix with me, or I must come to you. Your journey will not be useless: you will see me; you will see Italy. The Alps, which separate you at present from your friend, will serve you as a barrier against those envious serpents who pursue your peace."

Socrates did not accept this invitation. He loved Petrarch above all men. He detested Avignon, and wished to see Italy; but he could not resolve to quit France, and run the hazard of ending his days in a foreign country.

When Petrarch returned from Linterno, he met with an accident in his house at Milan, which distressed him very much. When he arose one morning, he found he had been robbed of all but his books. As he perceived it was a domestic robbery, he could suspect none but his son John, who was returned from Avignon, and his servants. He was become extremely libertine; and it was the necessities his debauched life reduced him to that had brought him to this action. He fought every day with his father's servants; and Petrarch could not keep either him or them within any bounds; so that he lost all patience, and turned them all out of his house. His son begged to be received again; but Petrarch would not for some time consent to it. This event had occasioned him to quit his retired house at St. Ambrose, in which he did not think himself in safety; and he took a small mansion in the middle of the city, where he remained but a short time. His love of solitude and repose soon induced him to seek a more retired habitation; and he found one in the monastery of St. Simplicien, situated out of the walls. "I have here," says he, "a long covered walk, separated from the fields by a narrow woody path, from whence I can go round the city without meeting any one: for such is the solitude of this place, that you seem to be in the middle of a wood, if the view of the city in some parts, and the noise we sometimes hear, did not remind us we are near it."

Petrarch asked one of the monks for a life of St. Simplicien. "He brought me a book," says he, "which the author had compiled from the Confessions of St. Augustine, but in a very flat and injudicious manner. I threw it aside in anger; but it brought to my mind a good saying, 'The glory of saints depends not upon the eloquence of biographers. Those saints want not the pen of mortals, who are written in the book of life.' But, if we suppose a good writer capable of the work, who wishes to animate the living rather than honour the dead, where will he meet with facts, if we find none in the house of the saint himself? It is only from the testimony of St. Augustine we learn that Simplicien was all his life a faithful servant of God, well versed in the duties of an evangelical life; that he contributed to his conversion, and was chosen to succeed St. Ambrose by the direction of that great saint. This is all I could discover of my sacred host. God knows the rest."

A physician, called Albin de Canobio, who was fond of Petrarch, wrote to invite him to his country-house, at the foot of the Alps. The air of Milan was become infectious. "Come hither," says Albin; "the air is very good, and you will have always near you a physician and a friend." Petrarch replied, "It becomes not one of my age to fly from death: it is needless so to do, because it comes everywhere. I would sooner visit you as my friend than my physician. The art of physic may be useful to preserve health, and cure lesser disorders, but in violent diseases it is of little use. We see physicians themselves despair, and run away, which proves the ignorance or the weakness of men."

Gui Settimo was appointed this year (1359) to the archbishopric of Genoa. As he was extremely beloved, it caused great joy in Genoa. Petrarch wrote to congratulate him. "I know not," said he, "whether I should rejoice or grieve for your exaltation: you will have more honour and revenue, but you will lose that freedom you are so fond of. But why do I say this? You did not enjoy liberty; you was the servant of the public; you are now the servant of God: your condition is to be rejoiced in."

He was scarcely settled in this new dignity, which brought him back with such honour to his country, when he was attacked with violent fits of the gout, and begged Petrarch to write him some consolations against pain, assuring him that he suffered with patience. Petrarch answered him with his usual spirit and philosophy, and then adds: "I would have sent you my Remedies of Good and Bad Fortune, but I have no person at present who can copy it. The young man whom we have both taken so much pains with, that he might be the honour, relief, and joy of my old age, overwhelms me with shame and grief. This is contrary to my former predictions. Alas! they must be now effaced: he is the slave of his passions; envious, and disobedient: he hates knowledge and virtue. But we must suffer all things with patience. Augustus, esteemed the happiest of men, did not he lament the giving birth to three poisons? I, that have but one, should do wrong to complain."

This son of Petrarch did everything he could to obtain his father's forgiveness, and to be received into his house: he acknowledged his faults, and promised to correct them. Petrarch wrote him a very sharp letter, in which he refuses to receive him then, but that he should be ready to do it when he gave proofs of his reformation. In effect, he permitted him soon after this to return home, and appears as much rejoiced as his son at this re-union.

In 1360, Galeas Visconti removed from Milan to Pavia; the cruelties of his brother had rendered his society insupportable. He embellished his new city, and rendered it a very agreeable and magnificent situation. Petrarch often passed a part of the summer with him there. He built a citadel of astonishing size, and at an immense expense; a covered bridge over the Tesin, ornamented with marble, which is still the favourite walk of the Pavians; and he made a fine park, which was twenty miles in circumference, and stored it with deer and game of all sorts. He established a university for all the sciences, engaged able professors, and ordered all his subjects to send their children to study there. All that he did was great; and Petrarch says of him, referring to the citadel of Pavia, "Galeas surpassed other men in most things, but in the magnificence of his buildings he surpassed himself."

This year, Nicholas Acciajoli, who had been for some time at the court of Avignon, where he was on a public business from the king of Hungary, was sent by the pope to Milan, to negotiate a peace with Barnabas, who had invaded Bologna. The grand seneschal was extremely desirous to see Petrarch, who gives this account of their interview to Zenobi: "Your Mæcenas is come to treat with my Augustus, and has been twice to see me: neither the number of visits, the multitude of affairs, nor the distance, could prevent him. This great man came to my remote dwelling, and entered into my little house, as Pompey entered into that of the philosopher Posidonius; the fasces downward, the head uncovered, bowing with respect. What could an inhabitant of Parnassus do more, was he to enter into the temple of Apollo and the Muses? This generous humility moved me, and some persons of distinction who followed him, almost to tears; such was the majesty of his air, the softness of his manners, the dignity of his language; preceded by a silence more expressive than words! We conversed upon all subjects, and spoke of you in particular. He examined my books with condescension, staid a long time, and went away with concern. He has honoured my dwelling so much, that not only Romans and Florentines, but every lover of the sciences, pays homage to it. His presence, his noble countenance, has spread joy and peace in this royal city. He has completed the favour he always expressed for me, and his presence has raised rather than diminished the idea I had of him. How happy are you to have such a friend! Adieu! Do not forget me."

The dispute about Bologna, between the pope and Barnabas Visconti, was more violent than ever, and a proceeding was commenced against the latter. Galeas was not to be included in it, on condition he should not aid his brother. Galeas consented, having in view an alliance with France, and being very unwilling to break with the pope.

King John was still a prisoner at London: the truce was expired between the French and English. Edward entered France with a powerful army, persuaded that nothing could resist him, and that before the end of the campaign, he should become master of that kingdom. He laid siege to Rheims; but was obliged to raise it; and approached Paris, where he sent to defy the regent to battle, and ravaged the country around it: but his army being straitened for provision he removed towards Chartres. On a sudden there arose so terrible a storm, accompanied with thunder and hail-stones of such a prodigious size, that it crushed both men and horses; and so violent a rain deluged the camp, that a thousand soldiers and six thousand horses were buried in it. The violence of the winds, and the rapidity of the torrents, carried all before them. The English historian says, that the troops looked upon this storm as a mark of God's wrath, and that the king himself was of this opinion. It is affirmed, that he turned towards the church of Chartres, and made a vow to consent to peace, which was concluded some time after. One of the articles of it was, that king John should pay three millions of gold crowns for his ransom; six hundred thousand at Calais, four months after his arrival; and four hundred thousand every year till all should be paid. The performance of this agreement was very difficult. France was desolated, and without resources. Money did not circulate: those who had any concealed it; all sorts of means were employed to bring it forth. the good citizens taxed themselves; the financiers and Jews were laid under contribution; and the pope granted two tenths from the clergy. Philip de Comines speaks of leather money being used at this time, with a nail of silver in the middle.

Galeas Visconti took advantage of John's embarrassing situation, to demand his daughter Isabella for John Galeas, his son. Historians assure us this honour cost him dear. Villani says, the king sold his daughter for six hundred thousand florins; and makes a singular reflection on this subject. "When we consider the grandeur of France, who would have imagined that by the attacks of a king of England, a petty monarch in comparison, its king should be reduced to sell his own flesh as at a public auction!" Isabella was twelve years old, and John Galeas not eleven, but of ripe understanding for that age. When he was but five years old, being in his father's court, in the midst of the great persons assembled, he was observed to examine their faces and appearance very attentively. His father asked him which he thought the wisest person there: after looking again at every one of them, he went to Petrarch, took him by the hand, and brought him to his father.

Isabella made her entrance into Milan the 8th of October, 1360, attended by the count of Savoy. She was dressed in royal habits, received all the honours paid to queens, and had a royal court; at which no ladies appeared before her with any covering on their heads. This ceremony lasted till the celebration of the marriage, when, setting this royalty aside, she did homage to the Viscontis and their wives. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest magnificence: the Viscontis invited all the lords of Italy, who came to it with all readiness, and brought their wives along with them. The rejoicings lasted three days, and were concluded by a sumptuous feast given by Barnabas. Six hundred ladies and more than a thousand lords, were served at tables of three courses with the greatest elegance and profusion. There were every day tournaments, where they prepared booths for the ladies, whose fine dresses, with the pompous ornaments of the knights, and the vast concourse of princes, nobles, and people of all nations, formed all together a most superb spectacle.

Petrarch set out for Paris when these rejoicings were over, as ambassador from Galeas Visconti, to compliment king John on his return to, and on the recovery of, his kingdom. Petrarch gives this account of the dreadful condition of France :

"When I viewed this kingdom, which had been desolated by fire and sword, I could not persuade myself it was the same I had formerly beheld fertile, rich, and flourishing. On every side it now appeared a dreadful desert ; extreme poverty, lands untilled, fields laid waste, houses gone to ruin, except here and there one that was defended by some fortification, or which was enclosed within the walls : everywhere were seen the traces of the English, and the dreadful havoc they had made. Touched by such mournful effects of the rage of man, I could not withhold my tears.

"I am not among those whose love of their own country causes them to hate or despise all the rest of the world. As I approached Paris, it appeared with that melancholy, disfigured air, as if it still breathed the horrors it had been a prey to : and the Seine, which bathes its walls, wept over its late miseries, and shrunk at the idea of new disasters. Where, said I, is Paris now? Where are its riches, its public joy, its crowds of scholars, disputing even in the streets? To the buz of their syllogisms has succeeded the din of arms, troops of guards, and machines of war : in the stead of libraries, we behold nothing but arsenals : and Tranquillity, who formerly reigned here as in her own temple, is now banished and fled from this unhappy land. The streets are deserted ; the highways covered with weeds and brambles : the whole is one vast desert."

Preparations were making at this time for the re-entrance of king John into his kingdom. He came first to Calais, and from thence set out for Paris. Petrarch relates a circumstance of this journey not in other historians. "The king and his son," says he, "in traversing Picardy, were stopped by those troops of banditti who were soldiers of all nations united under several chiefs, and called companies, who ravaged the whole kingdom; and they were obliged to make a treaty with them to continue their journey in safety." The king made his entrance into Paris, in December, 1360. Villani says he was received with great honours, and that the city presented him with a thousand marks in silver plate. The streets were carpeted, and the king walked under a canopy of cloth of gold. He went immediately to the church of Notre Dame, to return thanks to God, where, ever since the battle of Poitiers, a wax light was kept burning night and day before the altar of the Virgin. They said it was rolled round a wheel, and in length would have comprehended the city of Paris.

Petrarch having witnessed the joy of the Parisians, went to compliment the king on his deliverance, in the name of the lords of Milan. John, who knew his reputation, and had heard him much spoken of by the cardinal of Bologna, was happy to see him, and gave him a very distinguished reception. This prince, though brought up by his father in ignorance, loved letters and wise men : but his son, Charles, to whom he had given for his preceptor the most learned man in his kingdom, was a prince of great genius and fine taste. Petrarch was astonished to find in him a mind so highly cultivated : he admired his perfect politeness of manners, and the wisdom and moderation with which he conversed on the most important subjects. He only says of king John, that he was brave and humane.

Most of Petrarch's friends, whom he had gained at Paris in 1333, were dead ; but he had the happiness to find Peter le Berchier still alive, the wise Benedictine he had known at Avignon, and who visited him at Vaucluse. This monk was prior of St. Elay, and, as he held a distinguished rank among men of letters, he rendered Petrarch's residence at Paris very agreeable to him. In a discourse which the latter held with the king and the dauphin, he said it was not to be wondered at that Fortune, who diverts herself with all things human, should reduce a flourishing kingdom, formerly the object of envy, to so miserable a condition. The king and the dauphin fixed their eyes upon him with surprise, when they heard him speak of Fortune as a real being. The dauphin, who had a lively imagination, was curious to know what Petrarch thought of Fortune ; and he said to Peter le Berchier, and some other persons there, "Petrarch and his colleagues are to dine here to-day ; we must attack him after dinner, and get him to explain himself on the subject of Fortune." One of his friends warned him of the dauphin's intention. Petrarch had no books with him ; but he collected his thoughts, and proposed to represent Fortune as a being of reason, and not a divinity who governed the world at pleasure, which was the common opinion of this age. After dinner, the king was so occupied with doing the honours of his court to the ambassadors from Milan, that, to the great regret of the dauphin, he was prevented from discoursing with Petrarch. When the court broke up, Peter le Berchier, and three other learned men not named by Petrarch, went home with him and entered upon a conversation which lasted till vespers.

In the beginning of February, 1361, Petrarch, in haste to return to Italy, went to take leave of the king and the dauphin. They expressed extreme regret at his departure, and made some attempts to retain him at their court. The dauphin pressed it in particular, and wished ardently to have a man of Petrarch's merit near him. But neither their arguments nor offers had any effect : he loved his country too well ; and the court of France was too illiterate for him. King John, though he loved letters, had hardly twenty books in his library ; his reign and that of his son was the period of their revival in France. Peter le Berchier was engaged to translate Livy : this work was much admired, though never printed : there is a copy of it, with very pretty drawings in water-colours, in the library of the Sorbonne. Jane, duchess of Burgundy, the niece of the cardinal of Bologna, who was second wife to Philip de Valois, concurred with John in the translation of several works. This princess, who had as much wit as beauty, died this year : if she had lived longer, she would have done much towards the revival of letters. Jane of Bourbon, wife of Charles V. followed her steps: it was she who engaged Philip de Vitry, the friend of Petrarch, to translate into French verse the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

Peter le Berchier's best work was his translation of Livy, in which it seems probable he was assisted by Petrarch. He composed another work, called a Moral Reductory, a sort of encyclopedia, where, in the taste of his age, everything is allegorically represented, and ends with a moral. One passage may serve for an idea of it. He says, that "At Orange the frogs never croak, except one; and the reason of this is, St. Florent, bishop of that city, fatigued with the noise of these animals, commanded them to be silent; but afterwards, touched with compassion, he allowed them all to croak again. The clerk, who was to carry this permission to the frogs, gave it in the singular instead of the plural, and so but one poor frog was ever heard in that city."—I have mentioned the Romance of the Rose, a famous work of this age, in the same style. There was also a History of the three Marys, full of absurd fables. An Abbé published, in Three Dreams, the Pilgrimage of Human Life, the Pilgrimage of the Soul, when separated from the body, and the Pilgrimage of Jesus Christ.

From this view of letters in France, we cannot be surprised at Petrarch's refusing to stay in it. He quitted the dauphin, however, with regret, and presented him with his treatise on good and bad fortune, which the prince had immediately translated by his preceptor; and this book held a distinguished rank in his library, which was said to contain nine hundred volumes; a prodigious number at a time when books were so scarce.

1361. Petrarch set out for Milan at the end of February. In the bad inns he met with it was his custom to write to his friends; and, recollecting the conversations he had had with Peter le Berchier, he wrote him the following letter:

"In my youth, the inhabitants of Great Britain, whom they call English, were the most cowardly of all the barbarians, inferior even to the vile Scotch. On the contrary, the French militia was then in the most flourishing state. At present the English, become a warlike people, have subdued the French by frequent and unlooked-for successes. Would you know in two words the cause of this change? Listen to Sallust. He says, 'Fortune changes with manners, and empire goes from the wicked to the good; strength, genius, virtue, renown, circulate like money, and pass from one people to another.'"

Petrarch then, describing the luxury of the French, gives this picture of their militia:

"When you enter into the camp, you would believe yourself in a tavern. They are even delicate, and will be drunk with foreign wines: and when there are none, they complain that the army wants for everything, that they are dying with drought, and it is no wonder that the soldiers desert. The military emulation has passed from arms to glasses: it is no longer the question with what weapons they shall fight, but with what glasses they shall drink: those who can take off the largest draughts, and bear the most wine, are victors, and gain the laurel crown. Seneca predicted this: 'There shall come a day,' says he, 'when drunkenness shall be honourable, and it will be esteemed a virtue to excel in it.' Thus they abide in their tents, eating, drinking, playing, snoring, and swearing, and plunged in debauchery with the women who follow the camp. If called out to fight, they know no chief, obey no command, but run here and there without order, like bees that have lost their hive, fawning, cowardly, ignorant, and boasting. When called upon to attack the foe, they do nothing for glory, or from valour, but are wholly swayed by interest, vanity and the love of pleasure."

Petrarch adds to this an account of the severity of discipline among the Romans, and that from the time it began to relax they may date their overthrow.

Some months after writing this letter, he sent it by a monk who was going to France, having had no opportunity before, who found Peter le Berchier just dead in his priory at Elay.

This year the empress Ann was delivered of a son. The joy of the emperor was so great, that, instead of the avarice generally imputed to his character, he distributed gold by handfuls, and made presents to all the world. He sent sixteen marks of gold to Aix-la-Chapelle, which was the weight of the child, to put him under the protection of the Holy Virgin, patroness of the church which Charlemagne had built in that city. He loved Petrarch too well to forget him on this occasion. He sent him a golden cup, of admirable workmanship, and a very affectionate letter with it, pressing him to come and live in his court. Petrarch replies to these great favours—

"Your letter is conceived in terms too condescending for your rank, and too high for my condition. The cup, valuable in itself, and still more so for its high workmanship, is a present worthy of you, but unmerited by me. Who will not be astonished to see transferred to my use a vase consecrated by the mouth of Cæsar? But I shall take care not to profane this sacred cup by applying it to my own use. I would destine it to make libations on altars, if this ancient rite were still observed among us. It will be the delight and ornament of my table on solemn days; and when I give feasts, my friends shall behold it with pleasure. I shall preserve it all my life with your letter, as a monument of your goodness and of my glory. You propose a very agreeable journey to me, but I cannot quit Italy without the consent of the master under whose law I live: but my greatest obstacle is my library, which, without being immense, is much above my genius and knowledge: how will my books be able to traverse the Alps, infested as they are by thieves? The longer I live, the more I feel the truth of that saying, 'All is trouble and vexation of spirit.' He who doubts it, has only to live to a certain term of years, and he will be perfectly convinced of its truth. Nevertheless, I design to obey your orders before the summer is over, if my master permits, and I find a companion for my journey; and I will remain what time you please in your court. The presence of my Cæsar will console me for the absence of my books, my friends, and my country."

This letter of Petrarch is dated from Padua, where he was now fixed. Probably this removal was owing to the plague, which ravaged the Milanese; and to the inroads of troops of robbers, called the companies, many of whom were disbanded troops not paid, who had pillaged France, and were now come into the provinces of Italy under several different chiefs, some of whom were in league with the great men in power, who, either from fear or interest, connived at these disorders. Petrarch laments the distresses they occasioned in a very pathetic manner. It is easy to imagine what desolation must rise from villains familiar with blood, and bound by no law, either human or divine. A Milanese historian says, "They ravaged the lands, killed the men, forced the women before the eyes of their husbands, violated the daughters in the presence of their parents, and reduced all around them to ashes."

What was Petrarch's grief to behold all these distresses in his dear country! "I speak," says he, "because I cannot keep silence. It is some consolation to my heart to vent its sorrows, though I know I speak in vain. Yet who can tell? Though my words are cast into the air, some favourable wind may convey them to a beneficent ear, where they may become fruitful. Alas! I desire more than I hope this; for there remains nothing now to hope. Great God! thy regards formerly rendered us the most envied of mortals, the most illustrious of men! A handful of Romans went everywhere displaying their victorious standards; to the east, to the west, to the north, and to the south; there subduing pride, here confining ambition; reprimanding voluptuousness in one land, and leaving the most glorious traces of their footsteps in all. The whole world acknowledged Rome as its chief, and fell prostrate before her. Now a troop of banditti, rushing from a thousand different retreats, spreads devastation over this queen of provinces, this mistress of the world! All-powerful God! Thou art the last and the greatest hope of man. Thou hast created, and thou governest, the world by thy power. If we have not answered thy goodness, punish and disgrace us. If prosperity has rendered us proud, let thy arm make us humble; but suffer us not to be a prey to those wretches, and their yoke our portion. Good Lord! oppose thy supreme defence to the torrent of their wickedness and cruelty; confound that impious people who say in their heart, 'There is no God.' Assist thy children, who are indeed unworthy, but who invoke thy aid with tears, and trust in God alone."

1362. The occasion of their leaving France for Italy, was not only the pope's money, and the solicitations of the marquis de Montferrat, but also the plague, which was returned with such violence to the city of Avignon, that, between the 29th of March and the 25th of July, there perished seventeen thousand persons, among whom were nine cardinals, a hundred bishops, and a great number of officers belonging to the Roman court. It came after the famine, which the city of Avignon suffered from the invasion of the Companies.

Historians remark, that more persons of condition perished in this plague than in that of 1348: but it was not so general, nor of such long continuance. It was brought into Italy by the Companies. The city of Milan, which the former plague had respected, was worse treated by this than any other. Villani says, there died in it every day a thousand, twelve hundred, and some days fourteen hundred people. All the great lords abandoned it. Galeas Visconti went to Monza. Barnabas shut himself up in his fine castle at Marignan, a place surrounded with woods, in a very pure air, and which he had carefully guarded: that no one might come near it, he placed a sentinel in the bell-tower, who had orders to ring when any one should appear on horseback. Some Milanese gentlemen having entered Marignan, and the bell not sounding, Barnabas sent soldiers, in a violent rage, with orders to throw the sentinel immediately from the top of the tower; but when they came, they found him dead at the bottom of it. Barnabas, in the utmost terror at this news, fled into the thickest part of the forest, and lay a long while there for dead.

The plague had not yet reached Padua, but was very severe at Parma. The son of Petrarch was one of its victims. Petrarch would have been much less touched with his death, on his own account, had it happened sooner; for this young man had expressed so much grief for his misconduct, and appeared so true a penitent, that Petrarch was well pleased with his penitence, and sincerely lamented his loss. He had just gained for him a benefice, bestowed by the lord of Verona. In a letter to a friend he says, "Death takes my friends as usual, while I march cheerfully on. Your lord has restored the benefice about which you took so much pains; but death has taken it from me, and the young man who was to possess it: he died the same day he was to have been reestablished in his rights. I am thus delivered of a great burden, but it is not without grief. Adieu!"

It was upon this that Petrarch determined to marry Frances, his daughter. It is nowhere said in his works, where she lived, or was brought up. He chose for her the son of a gentleman of Milan, a most accomplished and amiable young man, of the sweetest temper and the best dispositions. Boccaccio says of him, "His figure was striking, his countenance calm and agreeable, his conversation discreet, and his behaviour gentle and polite." Frances had an agreeable figure, and resembled her father in person. She was submissive and faithful to her husband. Simplicity, modesty, attachment to the duties of her station, and a contempt of the pleasures of the world, formed her amiable character. Two such friends were delightful society for Petrarch: he took them into his house, and this affectionate union was uninterrupted to his death.

BOOK VI.

The plague, which raged this year (1361) with violence, carried off Zenobi de Strata, who enjoyed his place of apostolic secretary only three years. The grand seneschal, who had the tenderest friendship for him and the greatest idea of his talents, could hardly support this stroke. "The world," says he, "has lost a man who has not had his equal for a thousand years: I except only signior Francis Petrarch." The grand seneschal offered to Simonides, the prior of the Holy Apostles, the place Zenobi held under him at Naples, and, with many entreaties, engaged him to accept it. He had not on this occasion consulted Petrarch; but when he arrived at Naples, he wrote him the following letter:

"You will be astonished at receiving a letter from me here, and at my long silence, which has been occasioned by a variety of affairs." He invites Petrarch to come to him. He was then at a country-house of the grand seneschal's, of which he gives this fine description: "Do you seek solitude? here are deserts that seem to have been contrived for poets, by art and nature united. Do you wish the cheerful societies of cities to unbend from studies? you have Amalphi to the right, Salerno to the left. Do you love the sea? you are on its banks, near enough to throw in your nets, and count the fish they enclose. I speak not of the fine gardens all around, exceeding, in neatness and beauty, all the rest of Italy. In the middle of a delightful valley, a river rolls its transparent waters, with an agreeable murmur over the shining pebbles. The magnificent villas, scattered on all sides, appear to rise out of the rocks, rather than to have been the work of man. The air is delightfully temperate, and the land produces every year fruits of the most exquisite taste. In short, here is everything that can delight the senses springing up on the spot, and brought from other countries, both by land and by sea."

The grand seneschal joined his entreaties to those of Simonides, to which Petrarch replied, "I have learnt with pleasure that you are in Campania: my better half then, as Horace says of Virgil, is there also, provided you are happy: but how should you be otherwise, with such a host as our common Mæcenas, with a mind like yours, and those virtues which follow you to every clime? I need no temptations to accept your offers: your requests, and those of your Mæcenas, would be my only inducements: but I wonder you are not fatigued with asking what I am weary of refusing: I can only beg you to recollect what I have said a thousand times on this subject." The charge of apostolic secretary, through the influence of the cardinal de Taillerand, was again offered to Petrarch, with additional advantages annexed, and the most ardent solicitations he would accept it: but he persisted in his refusal; in which he notices very keenly the pope's opinion of him as a sorcerer, and recommends Simonides and Boccaccio as more worthy of the office.

"Pardon me," says he, in a letter to the former, "if I have done wrong in naming you: if you accept this employment, you will procure wealth and fame; if you refuse it, the refusal will do you honour: as they have thought me capable of it, they will suppose me also a judge of this capacity in others. Whether they despise or concur with my judgment, I have seized this occasion of saying what I think of you: and though it would be more in character another should have told you this, I have not deferred writing, that you might have time to prepare your answer. I have not forgot to join with your praise that of your Mæcenas, and that to him they must address themselves, if they wish to obtain you. What idea ought they not to have of a man who raises up such subjects for the church as yourself and Zenobi! This glory reflects also on our country, which produces both the one and the other."

At the beginning of the year 1362, the plague deprived Petrarch of his beloved friend Socrates. "He was," says he, "of all men, the dearest to my heart; my first, my darling friend: from the first hour we met, we loved with mutual tenderness. His sentiments and dispositions towards me have never varied during the space of one-and-thirty years; a rare and astonishing thing to say of a man born among barbarians: but the habit of living with me, my society and friendship, had inspired him with such a taste for our manners and opinions, that he was become a perfect Italian. Yes, he was our Socrates, the Socrates of Italy: and his singular transformation was the joy and honour of my life, and the admiration of the world!"

The plague and war rendered Italy at this time so disagreeable to Petrarch, that he had resolved on a journey to Vaucluse as soon as the severe frosts would permit him to pass the Alps. But when he came to Milan, he found them impassable. Barnabas was come out of his den, and had again attacked Bologna. The plague had enriched his coffers, because he had taken possession of the estates and wealth of those who died without heirs. Become prouder than ever, he made exorbitant demands of the pope, who engaged in a league with several of the Italian princes against him. Barnabas hearing of it said, "They are children; I will have them all whipt."

The emperor of Germany sent to Petrarch, at this time, a third invitation, in very pompous and flattering terms, which Petrarch promised to accept, but was prevented by the impossibility of a safe passage. The grand seneschal of Naples wrote also to Petrarch, to thank him for his attention to Simonides. In his letter he says, "Since Providence permits me not to obtain what I have long wished for, I beseech you earnestly, my master and my friend, the honour of my country, that you judge me worthy of your admirable letters, which will not only render my name honourable to posterity, but the few days of life that remain to me delightful to myself."

In Petrarch's answer, he mentions the death of Lewis king of Naples, and how little honour he did to the advice given him through Nicholas Acciajoli. "We may say with reason," adds he, "that virtue is not obtained by precepts. This prince had little dignity, and less authority: he had neither knowledge nor prudence, and gloried in deceit. He loved a debauched life, and was avaricious of money to an extreme. He often suspected his greatest friend the seneschal; but had recourse to him in every critical conjuncture. He slighted the queen his wife, and treated her as one of his subjects; and he tired all around him with the detail of his great actions both in peace and war."

Boccaccio, hearing that Petrarch proposed going to Germany, was much alarmed, and reproached him for his intention of dragging the Muses into Sarmatia, when Italy was the only true Parnassus. In this letter he gives Petrarch an account of a singular adventure which had just happened to him. "A Carthusian of Sienna, whom I know not, came to me at Florence, and asked to speak to me in private. 'I came hither,' says he, 'from the desire of the blessed father Petroni, a Carthusian of Sienna, who, though he never saw you, by the illumination of heaven knows you thoroughly. He charged me to represent to you your extreme danger, unless you reform your manners and your writings, which are the instruments the devil uses to draw men into his snares, to tempt them to sinful lusts, and to promote the depravity of their conduct. Ought you not to blush for such an abuse of the talents God has given you for his glory? What a reward might you have obtained, had you made a good use of that wit and eloquence with which he has endowed you! On the contrary, what ought you not to fear for devoting yourself to love, and waging war with modesty, by giving lessons of libertinism both in your life and writings! The blessed Petroni, celebrated for his miracles and the sobriety of his life, speaks to you by my voice. He charged me, in his last moments, to beseech and exhort you, in the most sacred manner, to renounce poetry, and those profane studies which have been your constant employment, and prevented your discharging your duty as a Christian. If you do not follow my directions, be assured you have but a short time to live, and that you shall suffer eternal punishments after your death. God has revealed this to Father Petroni, who gave me a strict charge to inform you of it.'"

The Carthusian who spoke thus to Boccaccio, was called Joachim Ciani: he was the countryman and friend of father Petroni, who died in a religious rapture, May 1361; and, it was said, wrought several miracles before and after his death. Father Ciani was with him when he was on his deathbed, and heard him utter several predictions concerning different persons, among whom was Petrarch. Boccaccio, terrified at what Father Ciani had said, asked him how his friend came to know him and Petrarch, as they had no knowledge of his friend; to which the good Carthusian replied, "Father Petroni had resolved to undertake something for the glory of God; but death preventing him, he prayed to God with fervour to point out some one who should execute his enterprise. His prayer was heard: Jesus Christ appeared to him, and he saw written on his face all that passes upon earth—the present, the past, and the future. After this he cast his eyes upon me for the performance of this good work, and charged me with this commission for you, with some others at Naples, France, and England; after which I shall go to Petrarch."

To convince Boccaccio of the truth of what he said, the holy father acquainted him with a secret which Boccaccio thought none knew but himself. This discovery, and the threat that he had not long to live, impressed him so strongly, that he was no longer the same man. Seized with a panic terror, and believing death at his heels, he reformed his manners, renounced love and poetry, and determined to part with his library, which was almost entirely composed of profane authors. In this situation of his mind, he wrote to his master Petrarch, to give him an account of what had happened to him, of the resolution he had made to reform his manners, and to offer him his library, giving him the preference to all others; and begging he would fix the price of the books, some of which might serve as a discharge of some debts he owed him. Petrarch's reply to this letter was as follows:

"To see Jesus Christ with bodily eyes, is indeed a wonderful thing! it only remains that we know if it is true. In all ages, men have covered falsehoods with the veil of religion, that the appearance of divinity might conceal the human fraud. When I have myself beheld the messenger of Father Petroni, I shall see what faith is to be given to his words: his age, his forehead, his eyes, his behaviour, his clothes, his motions, his manner of sitting, his voice, his discourse; and the whole united, will serve to enlighten my judgment.

"As to what respects yourself, that you are not long for this world, if we reflect coolly, this is a matter of joy rather than of sorrow. Was it an old man on the borders of the grave, one might justly say to him, Do not at your years give yourself up to poetry; leave the Muses and Parnassus, they only suit the days of youth. Your imagination is extinguished, your memory fails, your feelings are lost; think rather of death, who is at your heels, and prepare yourself for that awful passage. But for a man in the middle age of life, who has cultivated letters and the Muses with success from his youth, and who makes them his amusement in riper years, to renounce them then, is to deprive himself of a great consolation. If this had been required of Lactantius, St. Augustin, or St. Jerome, would the former have discovered the absurdities of the heathen superstition? Would St. Augustin with so much art have built up the City of God, or St. Jerome combated heretics with so much strength and success? I know, by experience, how much the knowledge of letters may contribute to produce just opinions, to render a man eloquent, to perfect his manners, and, which is much more important, to defend his religion. If men were not permitted to read poets and heathen writers, because they do not speak of Jesus Christ, whom they never knew, how much less ought they to read the works of heretics who oppose his doctrine! yet this is done with the greatest care by all the defenders of the faith. It is with profane authors as with solid food, it nourishes the man who has a good stomach, and is pernicious only to those who cannot digest it: to the mind that is judicious they are wholesome, but poison to the weak and ignorant. Letters may even render the former more religious, of which we have many examples, and to them they will never be an obstacle to piety. There are many ways of arriving at truth and heaven: long, short, clear, obscure, high and low, according to the different necessities of men; but ignorance is the only road the idle walk in. Surely wisdom may produce as many saints as folly; and we should be careful that we never compare a lazy and blind devotion with an enlightened and industrious piety. If you resolve, however, to part with your books, I will never suffer them to fall into base hands. Though separated in body, we are united in mind. I cannot fix any price upon them; and I will make only one condition with you, that we pass the remainder of our lives together, and that you shall thus enjoy my books and your own. Why do you speak of debt to me? you owe me nothing but friendship; and herein we are equal, because you have always rendered love for love. Be not, however, deaf to the voice of a friend who calls you to him. I cannot enrich you; if I could, you would have been rich long ago; but I have all that is requisite for two friends, who are united in heart, and sheltered under the same roof."

It was, doubtless, the Decameron of Boccaccio which drew upon him the adventure we have related. It consists of a hundred novels, which are related as the amusement of seven ladies and three gentlemen, who went to pass some days in the country, two miles from Florence, to escape the infected air of that city. Among these novels there are some true stories that Boccaccio had been a witness of, or had learnt from good information; the rest are only tales he had read or heard of. He possessed the talent of story-telling in perfection. Nothing can be more plain or natural, skilful or elegant, than his compositions; his words seem formed on purpose for his descriptions. Men of wit in Italy agree, that the Decameron exceeds in style every other book in their language; and that it is very remarkable that Boccaccio should carry the vulgar tongue all at once to its perfection, which had been left to the people, and the rust of which had been but in part rubbed off by Dante.

No book, perhaps, had ever so many readers, and so many censurers, as the Decameron: the devotees were for having it burnt; and the monks were enraged against him, because he had taken many of his tales from the convents, and had severely satirized their licentiousness of manners. To attack the monks, said they, is to attack religion itself; and to publish their infamy, is to be guilty of impiety. To this they added, that Boccaccio was an atheist. He did not take the pains to answer them seriously, but turns them into ridicule in a very pleasant manner, at the end of his Decameron. He composed this work as an amusement only, and was far from beholding it as the ground of his reputation. What would have been his astonishment if he had been told, "Your other works will remain buried in obscurity, while your Decameron will go through more than two hundred editions, will be translated into all languages, and will be read by all the world!"

Boccaccio was not arrived at a mature age when he composed the Decameron: its lively air was suited to tales, and its free representations to the vices it censures; and at the time when he wrote it, the plague had made a great change in the manners and customs of society: the women, of whom only a few remained, having most of them lost their husbands, their parents, and all who had authority over them, thought themselves no longer subject to those rigid decorums which formerly restrained their conduct. Having no persons of their own sex to attend them during the plague, they employed men as their servants, which introduced a violation of the laws of modesty and reserve. With respect to the convents, it is not surprising that Boccaccio should find subjects in them for his licentious tales. The plague had opened their gates, and the monks and nuns coming forth into the world, and living without restraint, had lost the spirit of their profession; and when the plague ceased, they continued the same course of life. The historians of those times give us dreadful pictures of their debauchery; and the ecclesiastical writers look upon the plague of 1348, as the true period of the relaxation of monastic discipline.

The Decameron gives an animated view of those times, satirises the vices that prevailed, and contains some lively images of human life, and very judicious representations of the characters of men. But the judgment of Petrarch respecting profane authors may be very usefully applied to the readers of this work: and it is probable this book did a good deal of mischief in Italy, since the wise fathers of the council of Trent forbade the reading of it till it should be corrected.

Father Ciani's visit and conversation occasioned so great a revolution in the mind of Boccaccio, that he was not only for renouncing poetry and pagan authors, but it was reported he was going to turn Carthusian; and a sonnet on this subject was addressed to him by Franco Sacchetti *, one of the best poets of that time. It appears that Petrarch's well-judged answer re-established the peace of his mind, and made him renounce his chimerical projects: he kept his books, and continued his studies: but it is certain he also reformed his life, and did all he could to suppress his Decameron; but that was impossible, there were too many copies of it spread abroad.

In the month of June 1362, the plague spread to Padua, and made such havoc there, that Petrarch removed to Venice; it had not yet reached that city. Villani says, "It came like hail, which, after ravaging the fields to the right and to the

---

* Sacchetti was not only a poet, but a novelist; and it is in the latter character that he is best known, as but little of his poetry has been published. His novels, which are in the manner of Boccaccio, but shorter, more lively, and in general more decent, were published at Florence, in 2 vols. 8vo, in 1724. Sacchetti was born at Florence, about 1335. His family was ancient and of great respectability; and he himself took an active part in public affairs, and at various periods filled several magisterial offices, both at Florence and in different parts of Tuscany; and, as was invariably the case in that disturbed period, suffered from the frowns, as well as enjoyed the smiles, of fortune. He is supposed to have died about the beginning of the fifteenth century.

left, spares those in the middle." The war did not permit Petrarch to go to France or Germany, and the plague drove him from Milan and Padua. Venice appeared to him the surest asylum against these two scourges. "I fled not from death," says he, "but I sought repose."

Petrarch always took his books when he went any long journey, which rendered travelling incommodious and expensive to him, as he required for their conveyance such a number of horses. When he had been some time at Venice, it came into his mind not to offer these books to a religious order, as he once proposed, but to place this treasure in the care of the republic, to whom he wrote as follows:

"Francis Petrarch desires to have the blessed Evangelist Mark for the heir of those books he has, and may have, on condition that they shall neither be sold nor separated; and that they shall all be placed in safety, sheltered from fire and water, and preserved with care for ever for his honour, and the use and amusement of the noble and learned persons of this city. If he makes this deposit, it is not because he has a great idea of his books, or believes he has formed a fine library; but he hopes by this means, the illustrious city of Venice will acquire other trusts of the same kind from the public; that the citizens who love their country, the nobles above all, and even some strangers, will follow his example, and leave their books to this church at their death, which may one day become a great library, and equal those of the ancients. Every one must see how honourable this will be to the republic. Petrarch will be much flattered with having been the original source of so great a good. If his design succeeds, he will explain himself more minutely hereafter upon this subject; in the mean time, he offers to execute this his promise."

This proposal having been examined and approved, and the procurators of the church of St. Mark having offered to be at the necessary expenses for the placing and preserving these books, the republic made the following decree:

"Considering the offer that Messire Francis Petrarch has made us, whose reputation is so great, that we do not remember to have met, in the Christian world, with a moral philosopher and poet united who can compare with him; persuaded that this offer may contribute to the glory of God and of St. Mark, and do much honour to our city, we will accept it on the conditions he has made; and we order such a sum to be taken from our revenue as will purchase him a house for his life, according to the advice of the governor, counsellors, and chiefs."

In compliance with this decree, Petrarch had assigned for his dwelling, and that of his books, a large mansion called the Palace of the Two Towers, belonging to the family of Molina. It is at present the monastery of the monks of St. Sepulchre. This house was of an immense size, and had two very high towers. It was delightfully situated, fronting the port. Petrarch was delighted to see the vessels come in and go out. "These vessels," says he, "resemble a mountain swimming on the sea, and go into all parts of the world amidst a thousand perils, to carry our wines to the English, our honey to the Scythians; our saffron, our oils, our linen, to the Syrians, to the Armenians, to the Persians, and the Arabians; and, which is more incredible, they carry our woods to the Achaians and Egyptians. From all these countries they bring merchandises which they carry all over Europe. They go even to the Tanais: the navigation of our sea extends no farther than that towards the north; but when they are there, they quit their ships, and go to trade in the Indies and to China, and, after having passed the Ganges and the Caucasus, they go by land as far as the Eastern Ocean. Behold what men will do for the thirst of gold!"

Petrarch's view toward the republic was fulfilled: several cardinals left their libraries to it after his example, and it appeared the best and safest perpetuation of many valuable authors; but by the humidity of the place, they were almost all destroyed, together with a precious manuscript written by the Evangelist St. Mark.

At this time there happened a great event at Avignon, which disconcerted all Petrarch's measures for his friend Simonides. Pope Innocent VI. died the 12th of September, 1362: he was a good and simple man. The cardinals cast their eyes on his brother, Hugues Roger, a man of great worth, whose virtue and modesty had gained him universal respect; but he refused this dignity. They then elected William Grimoard, abbé of St Victor. All the world was astonished, and even the cardinals themselves, at the choice of a pope who was not of the Sacred College. Petrarch says to Urban, in a letter, some time after, "It was the effect of divine inspiration; it was God, not the cardinals, elected you to the papacy, making the hands and tongues of men the instruments of his good pleasure. Your name," adds he, "was pronounced without their intention. Full of pride, they esteem themselves alone, and despise all others. Each one aspires to the supreme dignity, and thinks himself the only one who deserves it: but, as he cannot name himself, he elects another, from whom he expects the same return. How should it come into their mind to bestow on a stranger what they aimed at themselves? to raise so high the chief of a simple monastery, though they had every proof of his holiness and faith? How should they think of placing over them as a master, the man whom they had been used to command? No; it was God who placed you in their ballots without their design. What must have been their surprise, and that of all the world, when they beheld an abbé elected, while there were so many cardinals who might pretend to the papacy!"

As William Grimoard was in Italy, the cardinals sent a courier to inform him of his election, and agreed to keep it secret till he had accepted it. He had been sent to Naples with a compliment of condolence to queen Jane on the death of king Lewis, and to watch over her conduct. He was at Florence when he heard of the pope's death; and when he went from thence, Villani assures us, he said, "If I beheld a pope who would re-establish the holy see and overthrow the tyrants, I should be content to die the day after." The courier, having overtaken him on his route, received his answer. He arrived himself at Avignon soon after, and was enthroned the next day by the name of Urban V., which he preferred to all others, because all who had borne that name were distinguished for their piety. Petrarch says, this choice proved the goodness of the pope, and his design to show kindness to all the world. At his coronation, he forbade the cavalcade that used to pass through the city, though all was ready for it according to custom, because it appeared to him vain-glorious. He was very learned in the canon law, had been employed by Innocent in several public negotiations, and had acquired so great a reputation for faith and piety, that every one applauded this election.

King John, who was at Villeneuve, made his entrance into Avignon, and dined with the new pope. He took this occasion to make him four demands: the tenths of the benefices for six years, the disposal of the four first hats, the mediation of peace between the holy see and Barnabas Visconti, and the consent of the pope for the marriage of his son Philip with queen Jane of Naples. Urban, with great skill, eluded all these demands. The king staid at Villeneuve to the end of December. Nicholas Areme, who was in his train, pronounced a discourse before the pope and the cardinals with great pathos, in which he draws a frightful picture of the manners of the Roman court. This gave him the honour of a place among the witnesses for the truth against the popes.

Petrarch was full of joy at this exaltation, knowing the great qualities of the pope, and his design to re-establish the holy see at Rome. He was again solicited by Urban to accept the place of secretary, still vacant, but he continued immoveable. While he was rejoicing at this public event, he was informed of a private one that grieved him exceedingly: this was the death of Azzo da Correggio, who had been for some time in a languishing state, but the strength of his constitution had struggled through every disorder, till the plague put an end to his life. He left a widow of the house of Gonzaga, and two children, Gilbert and Lewis da Correggio, who had been brought up by Modeo, that generous young man at Parma. They all wrote to Petrarch to acquaint him with their loss, and to seek some consolation in his friendship. The children said in their letter, "We look upon you at present as our father and our master." "I accept," replied Petrarch, "the first with pleasure, though I merit not such children as you are; but I reject the second, which does not become me. Ever since you came into the world, I have adopted you for my children, and revered you as my masters. I have not changed my sentiments, and I shall feel all my life for you as I have done for your father. I exhort and conjure you, with tears in my eyes, to live in such a manner, that the world may be able to say that your father has left children worthy of him, and that, instead of one friend and one master that I have lost, I may gain in you two friends and two masters, resembling him. This will be easy for you to accomplish, if you are obedient to the counsels of your respectable mother, and submissive to her orders."

In his letter to Modeo, Petrarch speaks thus of Azzo's friendship for him: "He loved no one as he did me, and said I was the only person who had never given him any cause of complaint, either by my words or actions; that he had sometimes little domestic uneasinesses, even with his wife, that pious and amiable woman, and with his children, though gentle and obedient; but that his affection increased every day for me, and he interested himself tenderly in all my concerns.

"All who would obtain anything of him, disclosed their errand by first speaking kindly of me. I found in him the assistance of a master, the advice of a father, the submission of a son, and the tenderness of a brother. I passed with him a great part of my life; everything was common between us—good or bad fortune, the pleasures of town or country, his glorious labours, his happy leisure, nothing was excepted: when we journeyed together, he would expose his life for mine. Alas! why did he not take me with him in the last journey he will ever make?"

These letters were transcribed from a manuscript in the Medicis library. The widow of Azzo wrote also, but her letters are lost. She was a lady of the greatest merit. Soon after the death of her husband, her brother, Hugolin de Gonzaga, a man of great genius, and possessed of a most graceful person, was assassinated by his brothers, who were jealous of the authority his father had left him in at Mantua. Petrarch says, "I did not dare to touch upon this string in my letter; the poor woman is afflicted enough already."

The plague having reached Florence, Boccaccio went to Naples, where he was invited by Nicholas Acciajoli; but not enduring any dependence, he stayed but a short time with the grand seneschal at Amalphi, where he lived like a sovereign prince. He came to Venice to his friend Petrarch, who was rejoiced to see him, and showed him every mark of friendship.

Boccaccio brought with him a man of a very singular character; he was a Greek of Thessalonica, called Leontius Pilatus; he gives us this description of him:—"He had a very ugly face, and a terrifying countenance; he had a long beard, and stiff black hair, which he scarce ever combed. Plunged in continual meditation, he neglected all the rules of society, was rude and clownish, without the least civility or good manners. But, to make up for these defects, he was perfect in the Greek tongue, and his head was full of the Grecian history and mythology: he had but a superficial knowledge of the Latin; but, persuaded it was honourable to claim a foreign origin, he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece." Boccaccio met with him in 1360, going from Venice to Avignon: he took him to his house at Florence, and procured him a professorship for the Greek language in that university. Leontius explained the poems of Homer there for two years, and gave lessons upon them in private to Boccaccio. This Greek was not unknown to Petrarch; Boccaccio had often spoken of him, and joined with him in a letter to Petrarch, in the character of Homer, complaining that his works were very little known in Italy, and his name had hardly reached the Alps; and that even in his own country they had lost a great part of them. He then speaks of the ingratitude of his imitators,—above all, Virgil, who has not so much as named him, though ornamented with his spoils; that his name, revered in former times by lawyers and physicians, is at present the sport of the public; that Leontius Pilatus has dragged him to Florence, where he is as it were exiled, having only three friends: he concludes by beseeching Petrarch to take him under his protection, and shelter him from the insults of the vulgar.

Petrarch begins his answer with this address: "Petrarch, little man, to the prince of the Greek Muse;" and then proceeds to answer his complaints. "As to the loss of your books, this is the fate of all human things: and who shall complain hereafter in the same situation, since the sun of eloquence has suffered an eclipse? As to your imitators, always sure of the first place, you ought to be pleased with those who try to equal you, and fall so short: for my own part, I wish for some to surpass me: as to Virgil, he had the most generous of souls, and, if we believe Horace, was incapable of ingratitude. He has spoken of Theocritus in his Bucolics, and of Hesiod in his Georgics, whom he copied; how came he then not to speak of you in his Æneid? It was because he destined to you the most honourable place, and would conclude his poem with your eulogy. Death prevented him; of that alone you can complain.

"Do you forget the answer he made to those who accused him of pillaging your verses? 'He must be strong indeed who can take the club from Hercules.' You feel the salt of this reply. As to the contempt in which you have been held by some, there are persons whom it is an honour to displease: it happens to you as to the sun; weak-eyed people, and the birds of night, cannot support its lustre: all who have possessed a ray of genius, have regarded you not only as a philosopher, but as the first and most sublime of philosophers.

"You are not to wonder you have met with three friends only in Florence, a city immersed in trade; but I am astonished you should call it an exile to be brought out of Greece into Italy. Consider, however, you will find a fourth, and we may add a fifth, friend there, who have received the laurel crown: and, as the world goes, five friends in one city is something to boast of. Look among the other cities: you find one at Bologna, the mother of science, two at Verona, and one at Mantua, if he has not quitted your colours, to follow those of Ptolemy. Perusia produced but one lover of science, and he abandoned Parnassus, the Apennine, and the Alps, to run about Spain. At Rome I know of none at present; but I knew many there, and elsewhere, formerly, who exist no longer upon earth. But are not persons of this character rare even in your country? The friend who exiled you to Florence, is, perhaps, the only Greek attached to you. You had another who was my preceptor, Borlaam, the famous Greek, who died soon after I had obtained him a bishopric. You ask my protection, and seek a refuge in my house; but what can I do for you, when I cannot defend myself? If you were persecuted through envy in the learned city of Athens, what can we hope for from these cities, plunged in ignorance and voluptuousness? Though I do not merit a guest like you, I am seeking your acquaintance with ardour; and if the Thessalian perfects his instructions, I shall soon complete the friendship which I have so long desired. I have prepared you a habitation in my inmost heart; nothing can equal the love and esteem I have for you."

Petrarch and Boccaccio passed the summer together in the most delightful manner. Benintendi, chancellor of Venice, came frequently to visit them in the evening, when he had finished his public affairs, and took them upon the water in his gondola: he was a man of letters, an excellent companion, and a sincere friend and admirer of Petrarch. There were some other persons of genius who joined this little refined society; Donato de Albanzani, and Peter de Muglo. The former was a grammarian, born in the mountains of the Apennine, a man of very amiable dispositions and agreeable conversation. "He was poor, (says Boccaccio,) but full of honour, and one of my best friends." The latter was a celebrated rhetorician: he was formerly a professor at Padua, and called himself the scholar of Petrarch; in his old age he went to Bologna, and had for his pupil the famous Coluccio Salutato.*

The affairs of Boccaccio required his return to Florence; and when he heard the plague was less violent, he left Venice. Petrarch, who loved him affectionately, feared the air was not yet purified, and was extremely grieved at his departure. Boccacio would have taken with him Leontius Pilatus; but he wanted to return to his country, and waited for a ship to set sail for Constantinople. Petrarch wished to detain him somewhat longer, but he embarked soon after. Petrarch adds to the picture Boccaccio gave of him, that he was sour, arrogant, and sometimes almost crazy; so filthy as to disgust every one; and very inconsiderate and rude in his expressions, of which he gives us an example. One day, when they were together at a solemn feast, where they sung high mass according to the Roman ritual, with all the accustomed ceremonies, "I cannot support," said the Greek, "the nonsense of these Latins." Petrarch was extremely offended, and alarmed with his want of delicacy in this solemn situation. "If the people had heard these words," says he, "they would have stoned the unfortunate Greek. Though I wished for more instruction from him, I was not sorry for his departure. I feared I might catch his sour, melancholy humour; it is a disease of the soul, as contagious as the disorders of the body." Petrarch treated him, however, with great kindness; and, as he perceived he read the comedies of Terence with pleasure, he gave him a copy of them to amuse him upon his voyage: "Though I cannot imagine," says he, "how the most gloomy of the Greeks can relish the most lively of the Africans."

In the year 1363, a priest, whom Petrarch had charged with a letter for Lelius, called on his return from Rome, and, with a mournful silence, put Petrarch's letter into his hand without speaking a word. Petrarch, perceiving his own characters and seal, cried out hastily, "What does this mean? Why is this letter still sealed up? What is Lelius about? where is he?" The priest kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and made no reply. Petrarch too well comprehended his meaning, and gave himself up to grief. He had lived thirty years in the greatest friendship with Lelius. This loss was followed almost immediately by that of Simonides, who died at Naples of the plague. The person who had closed his eyes, brought the news to Petrarch. He sought in the bosom of his friend Boccaccio a consolation under these distresses, and beseeches him to come to Venice. "You are dearer to me than ever, you are almost the only friend left me. I know not what is become of Barbatus; death ravages the country he inhabits. Comply with my request; you know my house, it is in a good air. Benintendi will pass his evenings with us, and our Donato, who has quitted the mountains of Tuscany for the shores of the Adriatic. An absolute solitude is contrary to humanity; but to a philosopher and a man of letters, two or three friends are sufficient, because at the worst he can be satisfied with his own company. If you wish to vary your situation, we will go and spend some time at Trieste, or Capo de Istria, where they tell me the air is good. Let us join together in reviewing the works of Simonides, and fitting them for posterity: this is what I hoped from you and from him." A few days after this, he received the news that Barbatus was dead of the plague. The person from whom he received this account, had passed his life with him, and besought Petrarch to write his eulogy. Petrarch replied to his letter as follows:

---

* Coluccio Salutato, who obtained a very high reputation in the republic of letters, and who was particularly distinguished for the zeal he displayed in the collection of ancient manuscripts, leaving at his death more than eight hundred of these precious relics, was born at Stignano in Pescia, in 1330. For thirty years he filled the office of Chancellor of the Republic of Florence. He died on the 4th of May, 1406; and his remains, after being decorated with a crown of laurel, were interred with extraordinary pomp in the church of Santa Maria de Fiore.

"I ought to do what you desire; Barbatus well deserves it; the sun never shone upon a kinder and more elevated soul. Letters were his food, and he fled from pomp and pleasure: he was neither proud nor envious: he had great knowledge, and a memory to retain it; a lively genius and a flowing style. He preferred me to all the world, but fate separated us ever since the death of that incomparable prince who united us: we have lived at a distance from each other, so that I am ignorant of his manner of life, what passed in his house, what he did for the republic, or his writings since that time. You, who have passed your life with him, can do nothing more honourable for your country, or yourself, than to make his works known: never was there a better citizen. I do not except Ovid, whose manners were not answerable to his genius. Barbatus had more understanding than Ovid, and his manners were irreproachable. The letters I have written to him, are a proof of the singular esteem in which I held him."

The place of apostolic secretary being still vacant, Francis Bruni wrote to Petrarch that he was known to the pope, who had often shown him favour, and that he begged he would write a letter of recommendation for him to his holiness. Petrarch replied, that it would be impertinent in a man like him to recommend one known and beloved by the pope. He wrote, however, to Avignon; and it was, no doubt, owing to the character he gave of him, that this office was conferred upon Bruni. When Petrarch was informed of it, he gave him some admirable advice on his conduct in this important place: and, speaking of the Roman pontiff, he says,

"There is not a greater or more respectable character; his peer is not in the world; but he ought, in his very elevated station, to be more humble and meek than he was before. He ought not to forget that he holds on earth the place of him who says, 'Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.' Does it then suit the vicar of an humble Lord to be proud and arrogant in spirit?"

Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio at this time, speaks of the Italian jugglers, who were poets and musicians joined: they went to the palaces of princes, or the castles of great lords, to sing their praises: their songs were sometimes satirical, on various subjects; and they accompanied them with the harp, or some other instrument. "They are a set of people," says Petrarch, "who have little genius, great memories, and still greater impudence. Having nothing of their own, they cover themselves with the spoils of others, and declaim with emphasis the verses they have learned by heart: they hereby conciliate the favour of the great, who give them money, clothes, and sometimes considerable presents. They seek these means of living among authors, whose verses they obtain by prayers or money, when the necessities of the author or his covetousness will part with them on these conditions. I have often been troubled with their importunities; but, silenced by my refusals, they come rarely to me at present: now and then, touched by the misery of the petitioner, I give him a production to procure him food. Some, who have gone from me naked and penniless, have returned some time after dressed in silk, their purse well filled, to give me thanks for having relieved their distress. I asked one of them why he always came to me, why he did not go to others; to Boccaccio, for instance: he replied, he had often, and without success. As I was surprised that a man so prodigal of his wealth should be so avaricious of his poetry, they told me he had burnt all his verses in the vulgar tongue, because they were inferior to mine. Tell me, is it from pride or modesty you have done this? Did I even precede you, who should be so happy to walk in the same line, would there not be too much presumption in refusing the second or third place, and beholding with impatience the superiority of two or three fellow-citizens?"

The first rank in letters had been given to Dante, the second to Petrarch, and the third to Boccaccio. Petrarch proceeds in his letter to comment upon the ignorance of his age:—

"Age obscure and inglorious!" says he, "thou despisest Antiquity, thy mother, the inventress of all the arts; thou darest to compare thyself to her, and even arrogate the preference. I speak not of the people in general, whose opinion is always to be despised; or of the military, who think their art in its perfection when it is in the decline, and who go to combat dressed out as for a wedding, more occupied to please their mistresses than terrify their enemies; their ignorance is their excuse. I pass over in silence all those kings who make royalty consist in gold and purple, the sceptre and the diadem, while they are governed by their own passions; prosperity blinds them, and how then should they penetrate into antiquity? But what can men of letters allege, who are guilty of the same error? who condemn Plato and Aristotle, make a mock of Socrates and Pythagoras; despise Cicero, that god of eloquence; think slightly of Varro and Seneca, and look upon the style of Livy and Sallust to be rude and vulgar? I had a conversation one day with a philosopher of this kind, who went beyond all that I have said, and had the horrid presumption to blaspheme against Jesus Christ, and the doctrine of his gospel. I was talking with him in my library, and I happened to quote some passages from the sacred books: he replied, his brows bent with displeasure, 'Keep to yourself your doctors of the church; I know very well who ought to be followed.' 'You speak,' said I, 'with the authority of the apostle Paul; I wish you thought as he did.' 'Your St. Paul,' he replied, 'is a fool, and a sower of words.' 'It is true,' said I, 'that the seed he has sown has had great success, cultivated by his successors; and, watered with the blood of the martyrs, it has produced an abundant harvest.' With an air of compassion and a contemptuous grin, he replied, 'Be a good Christian as long as you please; for my part, I believe nothing about it: your Paul, your Augustin, and all the others you boast of, were only idle babblers. Oh! if you could read Averroes, you would see how superior he is to them all!' I own that this blasphemy put me into such a passion, it was with difficulty I could contain: 'Go,' said I to him, 'hold elsewhere such discourses as these;' and, taking him by the cloak, I put him out of my house with more roughness than suited my character. There are a multitude of such people as these, whose insolence and ignorance nothing can suppress; neither the respect due to Jesus Christ, nor the fear of inquisitors, prisons or faggots, nothing can make any impression upon them. These are the people, my dear friend, with whom we live, and who take upon them the office of our judges. Not content with having lost the works of the ancients, they insult their manes: eager after novelties, they attach themselves to new guides, spread abroad new doctrines, and despise all that are ancient. We cannot hope for better judges in posterity: licentiousness increases every day, and the number of its philosophers; the schools, market-places, and streets, are full of them."

Soon after writing this letter, Petrarch went and passed the autumn at Pavia. Galeas Visconti had built there the finest palace in the world. At Easter he went always to Padua, to discharge, at that holy time, the office of his canonry. The Florentines, who asked him to reside in his own city, applied to the pope to grant him a canonry there. The pope had something better in view for him; but the rumour of his death being spread over France, the pope disposed of that, and the benefices of Petrarch; many of which the latter, unknown to him, had given away to his friends: this caused a great disturbance in the Roman court. This false report had spread to Italy; and they wept for him at Milan, and even at Padua, which is so near Venice, "That, had I been dead," says he, "they might have heard my last sigh there." He had a sort of complaint, which was very troublesome, and occasioned so great an itching, that he was unable to write, or employ himself in his usual affairs: this was the only ground of the report.

In 1365, Boccaccio went to Avignon on some public affair. He wrote to Petrarch, giving an account of his friends whom he saw at Avignon, and particularly Philip de Cabassole, now made patriarch of Jerusalem. As soon as he saw Boccaccio, though he knew him not, he ran to embrace him in the presence of the pope and the cardinals, asking with impatience for news of his dear Petrarch.

Petrarch, some months after this, sent his Treatise on Solitude to Philip de Cabassole, which he had long promised, but could not before get copied. This prelate wrote to Petrarch to thank him for his book: he assured him, the pope and the cardinal Gui of Bologna were desirous of it; that the archbishop of Embrun, and the bishop of Lisbon, had read it with great pleasure. "As to myself," adds he, "I delight in it so much, that I make them read it to me at my repasts."

"You have the eyes of a lynx," replies Petrarch, "but your friendship for me has blinded you; it is always equally ardent. You will cause me at length to esteem my own works; for why should I suppose that so many great men are deceived in their judgments? Truly you will inspire me with confidence and emulation!"

Donato, the friend of Petrarch at Venice, came one morning to inform him of the tragical death of Leontius Pilatus. When he was got to Greece, he wrote Petrarch a letter, as long and as dirty as his hair and his beard, in which he praised Italy to the skies, said every ill thing he could devise of Greece, and cursed Byzantium. He concluded by desiring from Petrarch a letter of recommendation to the emperor of Constantinople, by whom, he assured him, he was as well thought of as by the emperor of Rome. Petrarch made no answer to this letter. The Greek, who sighed after Italy, and wanted to be recalled there by Petrarch, wrote several times to acknowledge his error in returning to Greece, and to desire him to pardon it; but Petrarch, who knew his natural inconstancy of humour, and believed him too old to alter, agreed with Boccaccio to give him no answer. "This Greek," said he, "who would have been useful to our studies, if he were not a savage beast, shall never be recalled by me. It is but just that a man who, though in misery, trampled under foot the delights of Italy, should drag out a miserable life at Byzantium. Let him go, if he will, with his filthy beard, his ragged cloak, and his brutish manners, and keep the labyrinth of Crete, where I know he passed several years."

Notwithstanding Petrarch's continued silence, Leontius embarked for Venice in the first ship he could meet with, persuaded that Petrarch and Boccaccio would behold him again with pleasure, or at least that they would not shut their doors against him. Having safely passed the Bosphorus, the Propontis, the Hellespont, the Egean and Ionic seas, he was entered happily into the Adriatic, when there arose on a sudden a dreadful storm. While every one was employed in the necessary business of the ship, the terrified Greek had bound himself to a mast, when a flash of lightning setting fire to the cords of the sails, he was consumed in a moment. The people in the ship were seized with terror, but no one perished except Leontius. The shapeless and half-roasted body of this miserable Greek was thrown into the sea, and devoured by the fish of Italy instead of the worms of Greece, to whom Petrarch had destined it. He was touched, however, with this event, and wrote to Boccaccio to impart it to him. "This unfortunate man," said he, "is gone out of this world as mournfully as he came into it. I believe he never experienced one serene day. His physiognomy seemed to announce his catastrophe. I cannot divine how any sparks of poetic fire could ever penetrate into a soul enveloped with such thick darkness. His clothes and his books are not lost; I will have them sought; for, perhaps, there may be an Euripides and a Sophocles, and some other books he promised me." Petrarch was ever assiduous in his search after the best Greek authors. He begged Boccaccio to send him the translation of Homer made by Leontius. It was written out fair by the hand of Boccaccio, who had worked at it with the Greek. The manuscript comprehended the whole Iliad, and a part of the Odyssey. Leontius had not finished the last. Petrarch had sighed for this Latin Homer many years. "The Greek and Latin authors," says he, "which were in my library, received him with transports of joy."

In February, 1366, there was great rejoicing in the house of Petrarch at Venice; Frances, his daughter, was brought to bed of a son, to whom Donato stood godfather, and to whom they gave the name of Francis. She had a daughter before this, born in 1363.

Every letter Petrarch received from Avignon, above all, from Philip de Cabassole, whose opinion weighed with him more than all the rest, was filled with the praises of Urban. The church resounded with his fame; nothing was talked of but his wit, his eloquence, his piety, his love of justice, his zeal for order, his bounty to the good, and his aversion to the wicked. He began his pontificate with the wisest regulations. He sent back the courtly prelates, and repressed the greediness of the ecclesiastics, obliging most of them to be content with one benefice. He extended his care also to the reformation of luxury, in the habits of the monks and clergy. The black monks had taken it into their heads to place upon their cowls high crooked bonnets, which they called horns. He forbade them to wear these bonnets; and the officers of his palace had orders to take them off by force, if they appeared there in them. Petrarch highly approved these regulations, and only wished this great pope would extend his reformation to the dress of all the world, but principally in Italy. "Who can behold," says he, "with patience, the shoes with pointed toes, so long that they will reach the knee; head-dresses with wings to them, the hair put into a tail; the foreheads of the men furrowed with the heads of those ivory needles with which the women fasten their hair; and their stomachs squeezed in by machines of iron," &c.

One of the best reforms of Urban was the suppression of asylums. A man, guilty of the greatest crimes, had only to take refuge in the court of a cardinal's palace, and he could not be pursued by justice. The cardinal de Taillerand, who knew the characters of men, foresaw this would be a great pontiff; for, a little time after his exaltation, he said to some one, who asked him his opinion of Urban, "We have now indeed a pope." Petrarch could not hear these things without shedding tears of joy, and was tempted to write to this great man. After some hesitation, he was encouraged to do it. The chief of his letter is an ardent request that, after so many excellent works, he will put the finishing hand to all, by removing the holy see to Rome; and he speaks with the utmost freedom, and even presumption, on the subjects he was led to examine, by the hope of this great event. The answer of Urban was agreeable to the benevolence of his character. "I received your letter," says he, "with pleasure, and read it with attention. I find many things in it worthy of praise, for the beauty of the thoughts, and the elegance of the style. I admire your eloquence, your wisdom, and your zeal for the public good. I shall be charmed to see you, and to have it in my power to give you some tokens of my favour."

Urban, who was more versed in the canon law than in history and the belles-lettres, desired Francis Bruni to make some comment upon Petrarch's letter, that he might understand it with more ease. Everybody at Avignon was astonished with this request. Soon after he received this letter, the pope, whose inclination was in perfect accord with it, declared his resolution to depart for Rome the Easter of the following year, and ordered the apostolical palace to be repaired, which had been long neglected, and that they should prepare lodgings for him at Viterbo, where he would stop. The king of France, who found it advantageous to have the pope in his neighbourhood, sent Nicholas Oreme, who made a very flat oration in full consistory. The pope replied to it with gravity, and in a few words, and showed the impression it had made, by hastening the preparations for his departure.

In 1366, Petrarch went to pass the hot months at Pavia. The court of Galeas Visconti was in the midst of joy and festivity at the baptism of a daughter, whom Isabella of France lay in of in May. Petrarch found Galeas himself in a pitiable state with the gout, which tormented him more than ever: he had it in his feet, hands, and shoulders; the other parts of his body were without motion; and his nerves so shrunk, that he could not hold himself upright. The pains he suffered were so terribly sharp and severe, that his friends could not behold him without tears: his courage and patience astonished all the world. It was indeed wonderful, to behold a man of his rank, still young, of a delicate constitution, brought up in softness and pleasure, deprived of all his limbs, and suffering such agonies, without the least complaint. He looked upon his distempered body with as tranquil and serene an air, as if it had been the body of another man. He sent to Florence for Thomas de Garbo, the greatest physician at that time in Italy. Thomas joined to a great knowledge in his profession, a very extensive practice; he told Petrarch he had never seen so strong and so healthy a constitution as his in his life.

The 20th of July, 1366, Petrarch awaking at midnight, as was his custom, to say matins, recollected, that just at that time he entered into his sixty-third year, which is looked upon as the most critical period of human life. "I was born," says he to Boccaccio, "at Arezzo, in 1304, on Monday the 20th of July, at the break of day. Many princes, philosophers, and saints, have died at this period: observe what happens to me, and judge from my fate."

At the end of October, 1366, Petrarch received a visit from Stephen Colonna the younger, the only remaining branch of that illustrious family.

He came from France, and was going to Rome, to wait the arrival of the pope. After many hours of conversation, not having met for such a number of years, Stephen, in haste to depart, asked Petrarch if he should carry no message for him to the pope. Petrarch replied, "After presenting my humble duty to the holy father, relate to him the following history, which is taken from Seneca. Alexander having acquired the name of Great by his victories in Asia, the Corinthians sent ambassadors to him, to offer him the freedom of their city; a thing ridiculous in itself, but which they had never done to any but Hercules. This determined Alexander not to despise the present they made him. There are things mean in themselves, which obtain value from their rarity. This example authorises me to offer my heart to the pope: though I am only a worm of the earth before him, it may be acceptable, perhaps, because, of all the popes of this age, to him alone have I offered it. If he asks, why such wise, eloquent, and generous men as have been among them, and whose kindness I have experienced, have never obtained this from me, you may answer, because, according to my judgment, he is the only one of them who has done his duty."

The twenty-fifth of October, this year, Nicholas Acciajoli, the great friend and patron of Petrarch, died at Naples. His biographer relates, that St. Bridget, coming to that city, lodged with dame Jaquette, sister of the grand seneschal, and that she said to her one day, "Your brother will die shortly." The sister, distressed at this prediction, went to seek her brother, and found him with the queen, in good health; but he died a few days after, of an abscess in his head. His body was carried, by his order, to that magnificent monastery of the Carthusians he had built near Florence, and to which he had sent a great number of precious manuscripts, intending to establish a library, and finish his days in that delightful spot.

In the beginning of the year 1367, Petrarch underwent a domestic chagrin, which (as it regarded a person of great consequence to the republic of letters, after the death of Petrarch, and most writers of that person's life have mistaken many circumstances in it) shall be inserted here from Petrarch's letters: I speak of John Malpighi, known by some by the name of John of Ravenna. His father, though he had neither birth nor fortune, sent him, when very young, to study at Venice: he was so fortunate as to have Donato de Prato for his master, who conceived a particular friendship for him. Petrarch took him into his house in 1364. He describes him thus to Boccaccio.

"A year after you went from me, I took to live with me a young man of good character; he has a lively and penetrating genius, and an extraordinary memory. He learned my twelve Eclogues by heart in eleven days, and recited them without hesitation. Notwithstanding this strength of memory, he has fire and imagination, qualities rarely united. If he lives, I hope he will be something great. He hates and flies from money as much as others love and desire it; it is to no purpose to offer it, he will hardly receive the necessaries of life. As to the love of retirement, fastings, and watchings, he goes far beyond me. Shall I own it? By these dispositions, he has insinuated himself into my heart to such a degree, that I love him as if he was my own son, and even more; for my son would be master, according to the fashion of the age; and this young man is all obedience, more occupied with pleasing me than himself. He acts from feeling, and not from interest: he seems to desire nothing but to improve by my assistance. My familiar epistles were in the utmost disorder; four of my friends had undertaken to arrange them, but were soon tired of the employment; he accomplished this task: there are three hundred and fifty, including this I am writing; you shall have them written by his hand, which is clear and distinct, and not like that of most writers. He has a talent for poetry, and, if he cultivates it, he will succeed admirably. The timidity of his youth gives him an air of embarrassment, and his expression is not easy, but his sentiments are sublime and delicate. He loves to imitate at present, which is agreeable to his age; in time he will cease to copy, and from the styles of others, form one of his own that shall excel them."

Malpighi seemed to be formed expressly for Petrarch: he took him with him everywhere, in all his journeys and amusements; and, to attach him still more, he caused him to take upon him the ecclesiastical state. The bishop of Ravenna, who conferred it on him, commanded him to love and honour Petrarch, never to leave him, and to look upon the happiness of falling into his hands as a particular favour of Providence. Petrarch procured for him the certain reversion of a benefice, which should enable him to buy books, clothes, and all he wanted, without recourse to any one, and intended to do much more for him.

This young man, amiable as he was, and the delight of Petrarch, went into his study, and told him plainly, he could not stay any longer with him, and that he designed to go away immediately. Petrarch, astonished beyond measure, dropped his pen, and looking attentively at him, and perceiving in his countenance the disorder of his soul, he asked him what all this meant, and whether he had any cause of complaint against him, his friends, or his servants? John declared he had not; and added, with tears, that he well knew he should never be situated so happily and honourably as with him.

"If this is the case, unhappy young man," said Petrarch, "if nothing is wanting, nothing displeases you with me, why would you leave me? Where do you propose to go?" John, with a voice interrupted by tears, replied, "I only leave you because I can write no longer." "How then? Do your hands tremble? Does your eyesight fail you?" "Neither one nor the other; but I have taken such a disgust to writing, that I cannot bring myself to take up the pen again." "I told you so," replied Petrarch; "you wrote too much. It is excess that produces disgust. Leave off writing, repose yourself, and you will find that your taste for it will return." "No," replied John, with a melancholy air: "I shall never more write for you, or any one." "So much the better; do not write: I did not take you for my secretary, but my son. You shall read, you shall chat with me; you shall accompany me everywhere, and be the ornament of my little house.”—“ I inhabit a house where I do nothing ! Eat bread I have not earned ! I have too much heart for that. Your arguments are vain : let me go freely, or I shall depart without your permission.”

Petrarch, hurt by this answer, replied to him with some sharpness, “ Wretched young man ! and do you then think so poorly of yourself, that you cannot be useful to me unless you write ? You have deceived me : I had conceived a better opinion of your understanding. But what will our friend Donato say, who gave us to each other ?” “ He may say what he will ; what have I to do with Donato ?” “ Ungrateful as you are, is it thus you respect your master, and the father of your soul ? When he shall see you without me, he will ask you where you have left your father ; he will believe either that I am dead, or that your head is turned.'' Petrarch then recalled to his remembrance the exhortations of the bishop, and tried to convince him of his comfortable situation. “ It is all in vain,” said John ; “ nothing can move my resolution.” Saying this, he went out immediately, and directed his steps to the gate ; but he could not get off, because the city of Padua is surrounded with double walls, and two rivers. He came back very melancholy. Petrarch begged he would acquaint him with the true cause of his departure, promising to let him go, and to give him money for his journey, and letters of recommendation. He still protested that he had no other reason for leaving him than that he named. “ For my own part,” says Petrarch, “ I think he must have been tempted by some other prospect, or that he is turned fool. His eyes wander, and are different from what they were. When he walks through the city, the people point at him, and say, ‘ Do you see that young man ? Learning has turned his head.’ I am just now informed it is his design to go to Naples. Who knows ? perhaps from the cinders of Virgil of Mantua, may rise up a new Virgil of Ravenna. He has been spoiled with praise : to give him emulation, we have fed him with pride. This will be a lesson hereafter, to praise none but persons of approved virtue, and not to depend on persons of his age.''

Petrarch hastened to put this young man again into the hands of Donato, hoping he might cure him of this folly. He appeared better at first, but it soon returned. There was nothing fixed or regular in his designs : sometimes he would go to Naples, to see the tomb of Virgil ; sometimes into Calabria, to seek the bower of Ennius ; in fine, to Constantinople and Greece, to learn the Greek tongue. Petrarch in vain represented to him that he did not perfectly understand Latin ; that the voyage was full of peril ; that he had no money ; and that he would find nothing but ruins at Athens, and ignorance in Greece. When he was thus opposed, he bent his brows, talked in a confused manner, and changed his intention. Every moment his body appeared to be agitated by many contending souls. The conclusion of all was, he went away one day, saying, he would go and see the Western Babylon.

In crossing the Apennine, to go to Pisa, he suffered much from violent rains. When he found on his road any one who knew Petrarch, he told them he went to Avignon by his order. Several pitied him, and blamed Petrarch for sending so young a man, without experience or a companion, on so long a journey. When he came to Pisa, he waited some time for a ship ; there was none ; he was tired of waiting, and repassed the Apennines amidst a thousand dangers. As he crossed the Taro, he was near being drowned ; but a person who saw him sinking, drew him out of the water by his feet, almost dead with famine, fatigue, and misery. When he came back to Pavia, he had the air of those shadows that glided round Virgil on the banks of the Styx. Petrarch says on this occasion, “ I no longer confide in this young man ; I expect every moment he will leave me again. He will find a little provision I have made for him, and the door open. I shall not even attempt to retain him. I know what I ought to think ; but you know me, and that there is nothing that I do not pardon and forget ; no enemy, whoever he be, that I cannot love, if I find in him repentance and shame : this softness of my nature may sometimes be dangerous, but it will never make me blush.”

John, as Petrarch foresaw, did not remain one year in peace ; the rage of journeying came upon him again : he determined to go to Calabria, and Petrarch gave him a letter of recommendation for Hugues de St. Severin, whom he knew at Naples, and who held a distinguished rank in that province. “ I recommend this young man to you,” said he ; “ he has genius, and an excellent disposition : seized with the madness of running about the world, he is determined upon travelling for improvement. I cannot blame him for this choice, though I am very sorry for his departure.” Petrarch gave him also a letter for Bruni, the apostolic secretary, as he was to pass through Rome, who took him to his house ; on which Petrarch felicitates him. “ You are now,” says he, “ after many tempests, got into a fine port : if you cannot live with this amiable man, I know not with whom you can live. Learn to fix, and remember the proverb, ‘ The rolling-stone gathers no moss.’ Learn to live with men ; you will find some everywhere. You must live with them, or with beasts. You can neither suffer solitude, nor the world ; this is a great disorder of the soul, which virtue alone can cure.”

These anecdotes concerning Malpighi have been dwelt on, as he was one of the most learned men of this century, and contributed very much to the establishment of letters. He went to teach at Padua after the death of Petrarch : he had there for his disciple, Sicco Polontin, who gives him the greatest praise. “ He was,” says he, “ the wisest, most eloquent, and the best master in Italy, both for science and morals.'' Colluccio Salutato speaks of him in the same manner. The republic of Florence invited him to be a professor in that city in 1397 ; he passed the rest of his life there, and had for his disciples the most learned men of the fifteenth century, the Aretins, Poggios, &c. What he did for the Latin tongue, Emanuel Chrysoloras* did for the Greek in that city: and this is the true period of the revival of letters, to which it must be owned Petrarch greatly contributed, if we only consider his forming the genius of Malpighi.

---

* Emanuel Chrysoloras was the principal of those learned men who brought the Greek language and literature into the West. Leonard Aretin, secretary to pope Gregory XII. and to the republic of Florence, and Poggio, the apostolic secretary of seven pontiffs, and one of the most zealous restorers of learning, were his pupils. Chrysoloras, who was of a noble family, was born at Constanti-

In 1367, Urban removed to Rome. Most of the cardinals were chagrined to leave the fine palaces they had built at Avignon. Five of them would not follow him, but remained at Avignon. The pope went in a Venetian galley, and was escorted by a fleet which the queen of Naples, the Venetians, the Genoese, and Pisans, had sent to carry over the Roman court. When they had weighed anchor, the cardinals who remained at Avignon, raised horrid cries, and overwhelmed the pope with abuse. "Vile pope," said they, "impious father, whither are you leading your children?" "One would have supposed," says Petrarch, "he was leading them to Memphis among the Saracens." The pope despised these impotent assaults, and had a rapid course. He stopped some days at Genoa, and arrived in June at Viterbo, where he received the homage of all the Italian princes; and the ambassadors of Rome brought him the keys of the city, and of the castle of St. Angelo. There was a commotion among the people at Viterbo, caused by a quarrel of the inhabitants with the servants of some of the cardinals; but the sedition was soon appeased, and the authors of it hung up.

Petrarch was delighted with this event, and wrote a long letter to the pope, which chiefly tends to prove the superiority of Italy to France. In it is the following remark on the French: "As to what regards the social character, I own that the French have a gay and cheerful temper, and are easy in their manners and conversation; they pay generously, they sing agreeably, they entertain freely; they are, in short, amiable hosts; but we must not seek among them for solid manners, or true morality."

Another of his remarks on the preceding popes is singular. "I rise always at midnight, to sing the praises of God; the silence of the night is best suited to this employment. It is the part of my life when I am most myself, and most delightfully employed. It is a custom I have observed, which has never been interrupted but by sickness, and which I shall ever adhere to. In the office for Lent there is a prayer for the pope, which is to be repeated three times: I declare to you, that formerly, when I came to that part, I could scarcely forbear smiling, though I had more reason to weep and groan. What, said I, shall I pray more frequently for a man who keeps the church in exile, and who leaves the chair of St. Peter empty, than for my relations and benefactors? However, I continued to pray, but it was not heartily. What a difference do I feel at present, since the friend of God has rejoiced the triumphing church by his return! When I pronounce his name, I bow three times profoundly. I say those three prayers with a louder and more distinct voice: and I seem even to wish for them before they come."

Galeas Visconti sent for Petrarch, in 1368, to desire him to negotiate a peace with the pope, who was in great displeasure at the conduct of Barnabas, and, in alliance with many of the great lords, he determined to exterminate the Viscontis. He also sent for him to be present at the marriage of his daughter Violante, which was soon to be celebrated at Milan. This lord chose Lionel, duke of Clarence, second son to Edward, king of England, for her husband. Her dowry was two hundred thousand florins, and several places in Piedmont.

This young prince crossed France, followed by all the English nobility, who were eager to attend a marriage where the charms of Italy, and the magnificence of the Viscontis, led them to expect so many pleasures. The duke was well received at Paris: the dukes of Berry and Burgundy walked before him, and he was lodged in the Louvre. His stay in that city was one continued scene of joy and feasting. The king loaded him with presents. He passed from thence to Chamberri, where the count Amadeus, uncle to Violante, treated him kindly, and conducted him to Milan. He made his entry there in May, at the Pavian gate. Galeas went out to meet him with a superb train. Blanche of Savoy, his wife, and Isabella of France, wife to the count of Vertus, his son, appeared at the head of fourscore chosen ladies, all dressed with the greatest magnificence in the same kind of habit. After them came John Galeas, count of Vertus, followed by thirty cavaliers, and thirty equerries in a uniform, mounted upon fine palfreys for the tournaments. The marriage was celebrated in the portico of the temple of S. Maria Maggiore, in the sight of a vast multitude. Galeas gave a splendid feast in the court of his palace. Petrarch was seated at the first table, where, except himself, there were none but princes and lords of the first rank. This was a mark of distinction which at once served to show the friendship of Galeas, and that he knew what was due to genius, knowledge, and so great a character as Petrarch supported through the world.

John Froissart, known by his history and poems, came to Milan in the train of the duke of Clarence. He had been in England, and had paid his court there to Philippa of Hainault, wife of king Edward III. He was at this time about thirty, and seized this favourable opportunity of visiting Italy. It does not appear that he was known to Petrarch: he had not then arrived at the fame he afterwards procured; so that, having no rank in the republic of letters, and being hid, as it were, in the bustle of this agitated court, it is not wonderful that Petrarch should have no knowledge of him: but it seems surprising he should not seek a union with Petrarch, who passed for the greatest genius of his age, so desirous as he was of seeing and knowing all great characters: but he tells us himself he was at that time absorbed in pleasure and in love.

In the midst of these rejoicings, Petrarch was informed of an event which grieved him extremely; the death of his little grandson. "This child," says he, "resembled me in so striking a manner, that he might have been taken for my own. This rendered him dearer to his parents, and to Galeas de Visconti, my lord, who bore the death of his own child with calmness, but shed many tears for the loss of mine. For my own part, I could have wept abundantly; but I suppressed a grief that did not become my age. I had erected to his

---

nople about 1355. He was employed on many occasions, in a diplomatic capacity, by John Palæologus, and also by pope Martin V., who engaged his services in the negotiations previous to the celebrated council of Constance. He died at Constance, on the 15th of April, 1415.

memory at Pavia a little mausoleum of marble, on which I had engraved, in golden characters, twelve elegiac verses; in these were mentioned his age, two years and four months, and the tender sorrow of his parents."

At this time Petrarch had the following letter from Boccaccio:

"My dear master! I set out from Certaldo to come to you at Venice; but continual rains, and the badness of the roads, prevented my pursuing my journey while you were there. As soon as the weather had cleared up, I was desirous of seeing two persons dear to you, your Tullia and her husband, the only friends of yours I was not acquainted with. I met by accident upon the road, Francis de Brossano, your son-in-law, who has, doubtless, told you how it rejoiced me. After the general compliments, and some questions concerning you, my attention was fixed upon his fine figure, his tranquil countenance, and the sweetness of his manners and conversation. I admired your choice. But how should I not admire every thing you do?

"When I came to Venice, I did not accept the offer of your house. I will tell you the truth: I would not lodge with Tullia in the absence of her husband. I doubt not you will do justice to my manner of thinking in this as in other respects: but others do not know me as well as you do. My age, my grey hairs, my fat, which render me of no consequence, ought to silence even suspicion. But I know the world: they often see evil where there is none, and find traces of its footsteps where it has never been: on the minutest trifle, you know, a false rumour is often raised, which has as much effect as truth itself. After I had recovered my fatigue, I went to see your Tullia. When she heard me named, she came with eagerness toward me; and, with a modest blush, and her eyes cast upon the ground, paid me the politest reverence; after which she embraced me with filial tenderness. I felt immediately that she was only fulfilling your wishes, and felicitated myself in being so dear to you. After the conversation that is produced on a first acquaintance, we went and seated ourselves in your garden, with some friends who were with us. She then offered me your house, your books, and all that belonged to you, which she pressed me to accept of with as much eagerness as the delicacy of her character would permit. While she was making these offers, your beloved little girl walked into the garden with a step of dignity far beyond her age: she looked at me with a sweet smiling face, though she knew me not. I took her into my arms, quite overwhelmed with joy: I thought I saw my own grand-daughter whom I have lost; only she was something older and taller, and had chesnut instead of flaxen hair. Alas! how many involuntary tears, which I hid as much as possible, did the words, gestures, little questions, and gay appearance, of your dear child cost me on the reflection!

"I should never end, were I to tell you how many instances of friendship your son-in-law showed me on his return; the visits he made me when he could not prevail upon me to reside with him; the repasts he gave, with a politeness and liberality like yourself. I will only mention one instance of his kindness. He knew that I was poor; I have never disguised it. When he found me just ready to leave Venice, which was late in the evening, he drew me aside, and, finding he could not make me accept the marks of liberality he offered, he stretched out his gigantic arm to slip money into my hand, and, bidding me adieu, ran away, leaving me confused at his generosity, and distressed by the obliging violence with which he enforced it. Heaven grant I may be able to make some return!"

Boccaccio concludes this letter, written in the easy and familiar manner of his Decameron, with a thousand expressions of friendship and veneration for his master.

The war in Italy was at this time carried on with warmth on all sides. Petrarch could not, therefore, return to Venice by land; but he engaged the master of a vessel, for a great sum, to embark with him on the Po. All the great lords were his friends, so that he had nothing to apprehend from their soldiers. The banditti, who infested the highways, were his only terror. His friends, however, dreaded his embarkation: and his servants, and the rowers, trembled at every vessel they beheld approach them. Petrarch alone felt no uneasiness; and in reality, he received the greatest civilities from all he met with. Every one said, none but Petrarch could have passed without accident in such a conjuncture; every other vessel would have been pillaged; but they loaded his with game, fruits, and all kinds of provisions, and stopped him on his route only to show him every mark of respect. His modesty made him attribute the success of his navigation to the insignificance of his condition, and to his known love of peace, "which is," says he, "stamped upon my face." When he came to Padua, Francis de Corrara went out to meet him; but the rain, and the approach of evening, obliging him to return, he left some of his people with orders to accompany Petrarch to his house, where he sent him provisions for his supper, and after supper went to him, and spent the greatest part of the night in conversation with him.

When Petrarch returned home, he was informed by some letters from Rome, particularly one from Francis Bruni, that the pope desired very much to see him there. Petrarch replied, he hoped soon to have that satisfaction; but the season, and a disorder in his leg, which he had hurt, prevented it at present. Bruni, in his letter, informed him, he had adopted and joined Colluccio Salutati in his office of apostolic secretary with himself, and that Colluccio earnestly desired to be acquainted with Petrarch. He had devoted himself to eloquence, letters, and poetry, and studied sacred and profane history under the most learned men of his age: he loved men of letters, and attached himself in a singular manner to Petrarch during the remainder of his life, and expressed every sentiment of zeal and affection for his memory after his death; and, though they never met, Petrarch cherished his affection with paternal love and attention. His answer to the first letter of Salutati is as follows:

"Old age, which renders others talkative, imposes silence upon me. In my youth, I wrote many and very long letters; at present, I write very short ones, and these only to particular friends. With respect to you, whom I have never seen, whom I know a little, but love very much, I shall write only a line in answer to your amiable letter. Your style pleases me, and I am flattered by your kind opinion. I know I am unworthy of your praises, and the homage you pay me; but it turns to your glory; for how highly must you love virtue, who run after its very shadow! If, deceived by fame, you treat me with such generosity, who can boast only an empty name, what would you not do for the man in whom you should behold a real and solid virtue!"

In the letter of Salutati, not inserted, there is a great eulogy on the pope, and an account of many noble actions done by him since he came to Rome. In October, 1368, the emperor came to the castle of St. Angelo, and waited there for the pope: as soon as he saw him, he dismounted from his own horse, and, taking the reins of that the pope was upon, led the holy father to the church of St. Peter. Salutati speaks of this condescension of the emperor in the following lines to Boccaccio:

"The Roman prelates who followed the pope were charmed with the honour done him by the emperor. The people ran in crowds, transported to see this union of the two greatest monarchs upon earth. The lovers of peace could hardly satisfy themselves with a sight which excited such pious emotions: but those who interpret everything wrong, attributed to the pusillanimity of the emperor, and a feigned humility, his submission to the pope. The enemies of the church either turned this affair into ridicule, or openly condemned it. For my own part, I was intoxicated with joy to behold what our fathers have never seen, and which we dared not even to hope—the pontificate in union with the empire, the flesh obedient to the spirit, and the monarch of the world submissive to the monarch of heaven!"

The emperor performed also the office of deacon at the mass, where Elizabeth, his fourth wife, was crowned the day of All Saints. He made a shameful peace with the Viscontis, and in every action expressed the covetous mind for which he was famed; after which, he went out of Italy weighed down with gold, leaving in exchange for it a great number of parchments, and the sublime and imperial dignity prostituted. His conduct was such that Petrarch renewed not his connexion with him on this visit to Italy. The pope's entering Rome, followed by two thousand soldiers, was also disapproved by Petrarch; and, though he thought highly of his conduct on the whole, he speaks with his usual freedom of this action.

"It does not," says he, "become the Roman pontiff to enter into Rome at the head of an army: his dignity, his sanctity, is a stronger defence than swords and staves. The arms of priests are prayers, tears, fasts, virtue, and sobriety of manners: the cross of Jesus Christ is the only standard they should set up; it is dreaded by devils, and reverenced by men: and, instead of drums and trumpets, they should make the air resound with the song of hallelujah!"

The pope at this time conferred the hat on Philip de Cabassole, the friend of Petrarch. "Urban," says he, "is the only one who knew his merit. I rejoiced at first; but afterwards I pitied my friend, and said, What has he done to the pope, that he should bind him with a chain of gold, when he has most need of liberty and repose?" The pope was fond of Philip; he had left him governor of Avignon, and ordered him to see the walls of that city completed, and that, if any cardinals opposed, he should order their houses to be pulled down.

In the month of May, 1369, the cardinal de Cabassole went to Montefiascone to the pope, who was gone there to pass the summer. In a conversation they had together, much was said about Petrarch. Urban expressed a great desire to see him, and begged the cardinal to join his endeavours to bring him to Rome. The cardinal wrote him a very pressing letter, which Petrarch was thus obliged to answer: "Your letter found me in a languishing state. I have had my fever forty days, and it has weakened me to that degree that I am obliged to be carried to my church, though it joins my house. I feel that I shall never be well again: I am quite worn out. The holy father does me more honour than I merit. I owe it all to you. Return him a thousand thanks in your name and in mine."

The pope, thinking this was an excuse, wrote himself to Petrarch. "It is long," says he, "I have desired to see a person endowed with all the virtues, ornamented with all the sciences: you cannot be ignorant of this, and yet you do not come. You make your health your apology. Come as soon as you can without danger or inconvenience. You will find me always eager to behold you, and to procure you that repose of soul after which you have long sighed."

"Holy father," replied Petrarch, "is it possible I should not ardently desire to behold the man whom God has raised to the church, to draw it out of the infamous dungeon it was fixed in? I should not think myself a Christian, if I did not love—but what do I say?—if I did not adore, the pontiff who has rendered so great a service to the church and to myself. If the Po joined the sea of Tuscany, as it does the Adriatic, I would embark immediately: the calm motion of its waters would agree with my weakness, and you would see me sail into your port seated in the midst of my books. The physicians say the spring will re-establish my health; in this hope I am seeking out horses for my journey. I know that Cato the Censor had but one horse and three servants; but our depraved manners will not allow that simple train: we cannot take a step now without being surrounded with horses and grooms. I resist, as much as possible, the torrent of so perverse a custom: two horses suffice me when I am at home; but on a journey, I am obliged to have many more for use, and to avoid murmurs. I am more known than I would be, and must sometimes bend a little to the customs of a luxurious age. I shall avail myself of the first gleam of health to obey your orders; but I am persuaded, when you shall see at your feet a weak old man, useless to all but himself, and who only sighs after leisure and repose, you will quickly send him back again to his humble dwelling. My friends write me word you wish to serve me; I doubt not your goodwill. You have promised to procure me repose of soul; I can receive nothing from you I should esteem so great a treasure: I should prefer it to the wealth of Crœsus.

"Riches take peace from the soul; but rarely, if ever, bestow it. I would not set a foot out of my house to gain an empire: I neither desire nor wish for anything beyond what I have. Love, duty, piety, and gratitude, these are the only springs which can put me in motion. I ask your benediction and favour; and if to that you can add repose, you will fill up the wishes of a poor old man."

Petrarch passed all the winter in preparing for this voyage; and made his will, in which were the following dispositions:

He forbids any one to weep for his death; "because," says he, "tears benefit not the dead, and they may injure the living." He asks their prayers only, and that alms should be given to the poor to pray for him. "As to what regards my burial," adds he, "let them do as they will; it is of little consequence to me where they place my body." He makes, after this, some pious legacies in favour of the religious orders, according to the custom of that age; and he founds an anniversary in the church of Padua, which is celebrated every year to this day, on the 9th of July.

He bequeaths to the lord of Padua his picture of the Virgin, painted by Giotto, "which ignorant people," says he, "discern not the beauty of, but which masters in the art cannot behold without admiration."

To Donato, the grammar-master at Venice, he gives all the money he had lent him.

He bequeaths the horses he may have at his death, to two of the citizens of Padua he was acquainted with, and that they should draw lots for them. To one of them, called Lombard de Serico, he owes the debt of one hundred and thirty-four gold ducats, advanced for the expenses of his house, which he charged himself with on a particular occasion, to the neglect of his own affairs. He bequeaths to him a goblet silver-gilt, which he made use of to drink water in; "more agreeable to me," says he, "than wine." He bequeaths to John Abocheta, warden of his church, his great breviary that he gave a hundred francs for at Venice; on condition that, after his death, this breviary should remain in the sacristy, for the use of the priests belonging to that church.

To John Boccaccio, five hundred florins of the gold of Florence, to buy him a winter habit for his evening studies. "I am ashamed," says he, "to leave so small a sum to so great a man:" and he begs all his friends to impute to his fortune alone the insignificance of his gifts. To Thomas Barbosi, of Ferrara, he makes a present of his good lute, for him to make use of in singing the praises of God. To John Dondi, physician of Padua, he gives fifty gold ducats, for a gold ring to wear in the remembrance of him.

He appoints Francis de Brossano, citizen of Milan, his heir; and desires him, not only as his heir, but likewise as his very dear son, to divide in two parts the money he should find; one for himself, and the other for the person he had assigned him. It should seem by this, he would not mention his daughter by name in a public will, as she was not born in marriage. This daughter died in child-bed sixteen years after this, in the year 1384.

With respect to his little estate at Vaucluse, he gives it to the hospital in that diocese. If Francis de Brossano should happen to die before him, in his place he makes Lombard de Serico his heir, who knows his sentiments; and as he has always found him faithful during his life, he hopes he shall find him so after his death. This appears likewise to be a codicil in favour of his daughter.

His last bequest is to his brother Gerard, a Carthusian of Montrieu: he desires his heir to write to him immediately after his decease, to give him the option of a hundred florins of gold, payable at once, or by five or ten florins every year.

1370. A few days after he had made his will, Petrarch set out on his route. The pleasure with which he undertook this journey to Rome, made him believe he was in a condition to support it; but he soon found he had presumed too much upon his strength. When he got to Ferrara, he fell down in a fit, in which he continued thirty hours, without sense or motion, and it was supposed he was dead; however, they tried the most violent remedies, in hopes these might recal his senses; "but I felt them no more (says he, speaking of this afterwards) than a statue of Polycletes, or Phidias."

Nicholas II. of Esté, son of Obizzo, was then lord of Ferrara, and the friend and admirer of Petrarch; he was extremely touched with his situation, had him brought to his house, and took the greatest care of him. The physicians, as well as others, thought he was dead, and the whole city was in grief. The news spread to Padua, Venice, Milan, and Pavia: crowds came from all parts of Italy to his burial. Hugo de Esté, the brother of Nicholas, a young man of great merit, who had a singular taste for the conversation of Petrarch, showed him the most tender attention and care during his whole illness; he went to see him several times in the day, sent every moment to inquire after him, and had every thing carried to him he thought might contribute to the re-establishment of his health. Petrarch acknowledged he owed his surprising recovery, from death itself, as it were, to the bounty and affection of these two lords; and expressed the most lively gratitude for their friendship. Hugo de Esté was fond of tournaments to distraction. These tournaments were tiltings, or combats with lances; equestrian games, which presented an image of war, and helped to form warriors, and keep up among them military ardour. There were some traces of them in France in the ninth and tenth centuries, mentioned in the Chronicle of Taus, and strangers called them the combats of the French. These warlike exercises passed from France to Germany and England; and the authors of the Byzantine History agree, that the people of the East learned these games from the French. Whatever precautions were, however, used in these games, and though edged and pointed weapons were forbidden, they were always dangerous, and sometimes they proved mortal; which induced several popes, and some councils, to prohibit them: and this was probably the reason why they were established in Italy later than elsewhere, from the respect paid to the ecclesiastical authority. A Milanese historian says, that Barnabas Visconti was the first who ordered in that city, in the year 1350, tiltings on high saddles, and tournaments according to the custom of France and Germany; after which they soon became the fashion in all the courts of Italy. Hugo de Esté was the lord in this country who distinguished himself the most in them, and acquired the highest glory. As his life had been often endangered by this practice, his relations desired Petrarch to try if he could not moderate this passion for glory, which he indulged beyond bounds. Petrarch wrote this young lord the following epistle :

"I learn with pleasure that you march rapidly on in the path of glory. It is difficult, and it is short. Far from stopping, I would assist, I would accelerate you, in so noble a career. Go ; let nothing detain you : confront, if necessary, perils and death: fight for your honour, for your country, for your safety ! It is for these you ought to display your valour, and sacrifice your life ; but it is a madness to expose it in such useless and dangerous games as the equestrian ; there is more rashness in this than true courage. Renounce these phantoms of war, I conjure you. My age, rather than my judgment, authorises me to speak to you in this manner : you will pardon my temerity, in consideration of my zeal. You have shown sufficiently of what you are capable in these exercises ; it is time to stop : and it would be folly to pursue a course, where the peril you run is greater than the glory you can acquire. Leave these games to those men who can do nothing more, who know nothing better, and whose life or whose death are of no consequence. Your welfare is precious to your brothers and your friends, and dear to the republic. A soul like yours ought to be occupied with more noble objects. We nowhere read that Cæsar or Scipio amused themselves with any games of this kind." Hugo de Esté died soon after receiving this letter, in August, 1370. Tournaments, though so destructive to the nobility in France, were not put a stop to till Henry II. was killed in one of them.

When Petrarch was thus recovered, by the hospitality and affectionate care of the lords of Ferrara, he would have pursued his route, but the physicians assured him he could not get to Rome alive. Their threats would not, however, have prevented his attempting it, if his strength had seconded his desires ; but he was unable to sit his horse. They brought him back to Padua, laid down on a soft seat in a boat. His unhoped-for return caused as much surprise as joy in that city, where he was received by his lord, and the citizens, as a man come back again from the other world. To re-establish his health, he went into the country, to a place called Arqua, a large village situated on the edge of a hill, which shelters it from the north, famous for its beautiful vines, and the excellent wines they produce. An everlasting spring reigns here, and there are little villas scattered in a most agreeable manner over this delightful place. Petrarch built him a house at the top of the village, and he added to the vines of the country a great number of fruit-trees.

Petrarch had quitted Venice for Padua, disgusted with that licentiousness of conversation which reigned universally there ; and the philosophy of Aristotle, so disfigured by former commentators, and not much enlightened by Averroes, whose disciples at Venice believed the world coeternal with God, and made a joke of Moses and his book of Genesis. "Would the architect of the world," say they, "remain so long doing nothing? Certainly no. Its youthful appearance is owing to its revolutions, and the changes it has undergone by its deluges and conflagrations." They had a great contempt for Christ and his apostles, whom they treated as idiots ; the greatest fathers of the church as enthusiasts ; as well as all those who did not bow the knee to Aristotle and Averroes*. They called the doctrines of Christianity fables, and hell and heaven the tales of an ass ; and finally, they believed that Providence took no care of anything under the region of the moon. Four young Venetians of this sect had attached themselves to Petrarch, who loved them, but opposed their opinions : this liberty astonished them, and in consequence of it, Petrarch was examined in a sort of juridical manner, and pronounced by these judges to be a good man without letters : upon which occasion Petrarch wrote a treatise, entitled, His Own Ignorance, and that of many Others ; in which he says, "I care little for what they deny me, if I really possess the good part they allow me to claim."

Averroes was a Spaniard by birth, who lived in the twelfth century : he was a judge, a physician, a philosopher, and theologist : he knew neither Greek nor Latin history, nor ancient philosophy ; he took the sentiments of Aristotle from an Arabian translation ; and men of learning agree, that the Arabian language is very ill calculated to express the turns of the Greek, and the philosophical ideas in this work. Petrarch had himself formed the design of confuting the doctrines of this book ; but he engaged father Lewis Marsili, an Augustine monk of Florence, to undertake it : he was a man of great natural genius, to which was joined indefatigable study. "When your leisure will permit, I conjure you," says he, "to write against Averroes, that enraged animal, who barks with so much fury against Jesus Christ and his apostles. I have neither time nor knowledge equal to such a work ; you have both : employ all your powers in it : Christ himself will assist the champion of his cause : it is impious for those to be silent who are so able to face this enemy of true religion."

There was great reason for this pious zeal of Petrarch : these unfriendly doctrines to the peace and salvation of men spread fast, insomuch that Leo X. two centuries after this, published a bull, in which he forbade any, under grievous penalties, to write or teach that the soul was mortal.

Petrarch languished all the summer. John de Dondi, his physician, or rather his friend, (for he would have no physician,) wrote to him that he had discovered the true cause of his disease, and that it arose from eating fruit, drinking water, and from his frequent fastings : he besought him to alter his diet, if he wished to live, and to abstain from all salted things, and raw fruits or herbs.

---

* Averroes was one of the most celebrated Arabian philosophers, and a passionate admirer of Aristotle. His devotion to the tenets of the Grecian sage exposed him to the charge of heresy; in consequence of which he was exposed to cruel persecution, until he consented publicly to express his penitence. His private conduct was exemplary ; and in his public capacity of governor of Cordova, which he held before his pretended apostacy, and to which he was again called, by the expression of the public opinion, on his recantation, he excited universal admiration. He afterwards retired to Morocco, where he died, as some say, in 1195 ; or, according to others, in 1206. He left several works behind him, which were once held in great esteem ; particularly his "Commentaries on Aristotle," which were translated into Hebrew.

"If you will not believe the physicians," says he, "believe experience, and reflect how much you have suffered this year for not following their advice." Petrarch easily renounced salt provision; "but as to fruit," says he, "which all physicians look upon as they do hemlock and aconite, Nature must have been a very unnatural mother to give us such agreeable food, of such delightful hue and fragrance, only to seduce her children, by presenting them with poison, covered over with honey."

John de Dondi, who has been often mentioned as the friend of Petrarch, "had a genius," says the latter, "that would have raised him to heaven, if physic had not tied him to the earth." He was the greatest physician in all Italy, and attached to Galeas Visconti, who gave him yearly two thousand florins. He was also a skilful astronomer, and the inventor of the famous clock placed on the tower of the palace of Padua, which was considered as the wonder of the age: besides the hours, it showed the annual course of the sun, according to the twelve signs of the zodiac, the motion of the planets, the phases of the moon, the months, and even the holidays of the year. Philip de Maiziere says, "It was a sphere all of brass; and that, notwithstanding the number of wheels, which could not be reckoned without pulling the instrument to pieces, the whole of its motion was governed by one single weight." John wrote a treatise on the baths of Padua, and the cause of the heat of the waters at Albano; and he mentions in it, that his father made salt without sun, and without fire, by a sort of evaporation with the Balneum Maris. He also wrote a treatise on the manner of living in the time of the plague. He loved the conversation and the works of Petrarch, and often went to see him: they had continual disputes about physic, and each remained, at the end of them, in his own opinion. Petrarch permitted him to visit him as a friend, but not as a physician. "When a physician comes in," says he, "I know what he will say; Eat young chicken, and drink warm water."

While Petrarch was thus struggling with his disorder and his physician, he learned a piece of news not very likely to forward his cure. The pope took it into his head on a sudden to return to Avignon; that city, in concert with the queen of Naples, and the kings of France and Arragon, had sent him vessels to convoy him thither. Urban gave this reason for his conduct; the necessity of making peace between the kings of France and England: but no one doubted, that the love of his country, the difficulty of inuring himself to the climate of Rome, the uneasy and rebellious character of the Italians, and the importunate solicitations of the cardinals, were the causes of it. He was received at Avignon with the greatest demonstrations of joy. St. Bridget told him, "If you go to Avignon, you will die soon after: the Holy Virgin has revealed this to me." This pretended revelation happened to be accomplished: not long after his arrival there, he was seized with a mortal disease, and died in public the 19th of December, 1370, having ordered the doors of his house to be set open, that all the world might be more impressed, by witnessing his death. "It must have been a very touching and edifying sight," says a writer of that time, "to behold a pope extended like a poor man on a sorry bed, with the habit of St. Benedict, which he always wore, his crucifix in his hand, showing such marks of piety, penance, and perfect resignation. In the course of his pontificate, he received two singular honours, which might have discomposed the most philosophic head; and yet he was always the most humble and modest of men. The emperor of the West performed the office of his equerry; and the emperor of the East abjured schism, and acknowledged him as primate of the church.

Petrarch was extremely grieved, when he was informed of the return of this pope to Avignon, and was preparing to write to him on the subject, when he was informed of his death. He made this short prayer on the occasion: "Lord, have mercy on this good pope, and pardon his weakness: pass over the faults of his youth, and this fault he has committed in his old age; since, considering the corruption of the times, he may be justly called a good man." Petrarch speaks afterwards of his wisdom and sanctity, and that he erred through an excess of kindness to those around him; and he adds, that he was famous for the miracles he performed.

When this news came to Bologna, to cardinal Anglic, his brother, who was legate there, it spread over that city a general grief. They resolved to celebrate a solemn service, with a magnificence beyond example, for a pope who had bestowed such services on their city: all the princes and neighbouring lords were invited to it, and the ambassadors of the principal cities; they reckoned up eight hundred noble persons, all dressed in black: the shops were shut up for eight days. Among the princes there was Francis de Corrara, who took Petrarch along with him: his health was more established; he found several friends, who were delighted to see him so much better, and who showed him every mark of distinction. Cardinal Anglic was adored at Bologna, and through all Italy; there was no lord more beloved, or who governed with greater wisdom and prudence; his temper was perfectly amiable. He was recalled to Avignon by his brother's successor, and died in 1388. One of his executors was Audibert de Sade, the son of Laura, for whom he had always had a great affection.

1371. The cardinals chose Peter Roger, nephew of Clement VI. to fill up the place of Urban: he took the name of Gregory XI. He had great virtues, and great modesty. Soon after his exaltation, he wrote to Petrarch, whom he had long known and loved, in the most polite and flattering manner: in which he expressed a great desire to see him, and do him some service. In Petrarch's answer to cardinal Bruni, he says, "I will receive no benefice with the charge of souls, however great the revenue: the charge of my own is sufficient for me. As to the rest, let the holy father do as he pleases; I shall be always his servant; useless indeed, but faithful and submissive. His generosity may inspire me with gratitude, but it will never augment my zeal and my attachment. If he bestow any office on me, it will be a very short deposit, for I feel myself as a shadow vanishing away. If it will enable me to expiate my sins, the sooner the better. I pray God my purgatory may be completed in this world."

In a letter to the cardinal de Cabassole, he says,—

"I had projected to visit the pope in the spring: my design was to go by water as far as I could, and the rest of the way in short journeys by land; but there has been no spring this year; a burning summer has all at once succeeded a very cold winter. Notwithstanding this, I had packed up my goods, when I was attacked in May with a violent fever, which has disappointed my projects. I have been very ill, the physicians believed me dead; they said I should not live the night over, and the next day they found me cured. This has happened to me ten times in the last ten years." When these violent returns of the fever came upon Petrarch, the physicians came to him from all the cities in Italy, either sent by the princes, or attending him from affection. After many altercations, they agreed he could not live over midnight, unless he was prevented sleeping; and that, by taking something for that purpose, he might hold out till morning. No regard was paid to what the physicians said; for he had expressly commanded his friends and servants to do nothing they desired, but rather the contrary: this saved his life, and he slept in the most tranquil manner. The next morning, when the physicians re-appeared, to behold the accomplishment of their predictions, what was their astonishment, when they found the man who should have died at midnight, not only alive, but even writing! They contented themselves with saying, "Petrarch is not like other men!"

In 1371, the pope sent the cardinal de Cabassole as legate to Perugia. When he took leave of the pope, he said to him, "Holy father! allow me to recommend to you Petrarch, for the love I bear him, which is not to be expressed: in truth, he is a phœnix of a man." He went out repeating this with the warmth of a true friend.

The cardinal of Bologna, after his departure, turned both him and Petrarch into ridicule, whom he was disgusted with, for the freedom with which he declaimed against the vices of the court. This prelate was intoxicated with great prosperity, and no longer supported the character he bore at the time he expressed so great a friendship for Petrarch, who heard of this, not by the cardinal de Cabassole, but by accident. "I am not astonished," says he, "at this change. Would you know the reason of it? He is the enemy of truth, and I am the enemy of lies: he dreads the liberty with which I am animated, and I detest the pride with which he is swelled. If our fortunes were equal, and we were together in a place of freedom, I say not that I should be a phœnix, that eulogy would not become me; but he would certainly appear an owl. Such people imagine their wealth, ill acquired, and worse employed, permits them to say every thing: but there are people who are made eloquent by poverty; and others who are struck dumb by riches."

When the cardinal de Cabassole arrived at Perugia, he wrote to Petrarch, to congratulate him on the restoration of his health, and the fortitude he had expressed in sickness. Petrarch was uneasy for him, as he had been ill, that he should undergo the fatigues of a journey, so that his letter gave him double joy. In his answer, he expresses a great desire to see him once more before he dies. "I have loved you," says he, "from my youth; you are almost the only friend left me on earth. I have been twenty-four years deprived of your society: now that you are in my neighbourhood, if my ill fate does not pursue me through life, I shall kiss that hand from whence I have received such affectionate letters, filled with salutary advice, and holy consolations; and, agreeable to the indulgence you have long granted me, embrace my dear father with tender affection, and ardent zeal. I would recall to him our happy village days, when we passed our hours in the woods, so absorbed that we forgot our repasts; and whole nights in delightful discourse, surrounded by our books, till we were surprised by the appearance of Aurora. You praise my courage in sickness; it is true, my physicians and my friends were astonished to see me gay and tranquil in the midst of pain, without a sigh or tear; but this was the gift of heaven; to heaven, therefore, be the praise!"

1372. In the beginning of the spring, Petrarch tried to sit his horse, that he might go to see his dear friend, the cardinal; but his strength failed, he found he could not bear the least motion. He wrote again to him to express his regret. "You are not," says he, "like most of your brethren, whose heads are turned by a bit of red cloth, and who forget that they are men, and mortal. On the contrary, these honours only make you the more humble; and I do not believe you would change your manner of thinking, were you to be adorned with the imperial diadem."

This good cardinal, so worthy the description Petrarch gave of him, could not bear the air of Italy; he was sick all the time he was there, and died the 26th of August, 1372. His body was transported to the Carthusians of Bonpas, where his monument still remains.

Petrarch, in a letter to one of his friends, speaks thus of his present condition:—"I pass the greatest part of the year in the country, which I have always preferred to cities. I read, I write, I think: thus my life and my pleasures are like those of youth. Having studied so long, it is astonishing that I have learned so little. I hate no one; I envy no one. In that first season of life, which is full of error and presumption, I despised every one but myself: in manhood I despised none but myself: in old age I despise all the world, and myself more than all. I reverence none but those I love; and I desire nothing ardently, but to die with piety and honour. I dread a multitude of servants as I should a troop of thieves; I would have none, if my age and my weakness did not oblige me. I take pains to hide myself, but I cannot escape visits; it is an honour that displeases and wearies me. In my little house on the hills of Eugania, I hope to pass my few remaining days in tranquillity, and to have always before my eyes my dead or my absent friends."

In 1372, war was again lighted up between Venice and Padua. The country round the latter being ravaged by the enemy, Petrarch went with his books, which he considered as his most precious treasures, to shelter himself at Padua. A friend advised him to put his name upon his door, and to fear nothing, for it would be a sufficient protection. Petrarch replied, "I would not trust to that: Mars is not a favourer of the Muses: I have not so exalted an idea of myself, as to suppose this could shelter me from the fury of war; I even doubt its advantage to me in peace." He was advised to quit Padua; but the bad state of his health, the rigour of the season, and the danger of travelling, prevented him.

Petrarch was solicited at this time for his Italian works: he sent them, and these lines with them: "I have sent the trifles you ask for; they were the amusement of my youth; but they require all your indulgence: my age must excuse the faults of the style, the intoxications of love, and the variations of my soul. It is a shame for an old man to send you such frivolous productions: but with what face could I refuse you verses which are in the hands of every one, and even sung about the streets, and which the world prefers to those solid compositions I have made in riper age?"

Francis de Corrara, lord of Padua, perceiving the strength of the Venetians, signed a peace on the terms they prescribed, which were very humbling. One of the articles was, that he should come himself, or send his son, to ask pardon for the insults he had been guilty of, and to swear an inviolable fidelity. Francis sent his son, and begged Petrarch to accompany him; and, though he wished to decline it, he would not, having so many obligations to this lord. Accompanied with a great train, they arrived at Venice in September, 1373, where Petrarch was received with the greatest honour. Whether the majesty of the senate awed him, or his memory was lost, Petrarch could not pronounce the discourse he had prepared; but so great was the desire to hear him, that they dismissed the assembly till the next day: he was then more fortunate; he spoke with grace and energy, and was highly applauded. The son of Francis Corrara asked pardon on one knee. The doge raised him, saying, "Go, and sin no more; neither you, nor your father!"

Francis said one day to Petrarch, "I am astonished, and I am not astonished, at the good and evil that happens in the world; explain to me this enigma." Petrarch replied, "It is not impossible to reconcile the contradiction your genius has proposed. When you meditate on the corruption of men's hearts, you are surprised at the good they do; but it is the rarity of this virtue causes your astonishment, and that ceases when you reflect that it is God who is the author of all good. With respect to evil, it is wonderful to behold the son conspire against the father, the brother against the brother, the wife against her husband, and the ungrateful man against his benefactor; but this wonder ceases when we review the history of the world, and observe what passes every day in it. If I have explained your enigma, I shall be glad; if I have not, I shall learn it most willingly from you." This lord loved Petrarch in the tenderest manner; his greatest pleasure was to converse with him, and he went often to see him in his little house at Arqua. He said to him one day, "You have written something for all your friends but me."

Petrarch had thought some time of composing something for this lord; but he was doubtful on what subject to fix. At last, he composed a treatise on government, in which he might indirectly praise his virtues, and warn him of some faults he had remarked in his conduct. The sentiments of this work would not be at all new to this age, though they were very great for that in which he lived; and he gives a high idea of the talents and virtues of Francis Corrara, in which he agrees with the best authors of that time.

1374. After Petrarch's return from Venice, he had not an hour's ease; his fever undermined him very sensibly; and he languished through a tedious disorder, expiring by inches. Nevertheless, he made no change in his manner of living: he passed the greatest part of the day in reading and writing. He happened at this time to meet with the Decameron of Boccaccio, which he had never seen before, though they had been united twenty-four years. He had not time to read it attentively, but he speaks of it in the following manner, in a letter to Boccaccio. "I have only run over your Decameron, and therefore am not capable of forming a true judgment of its merit; but, upon the whole, it has given me a great deal of pleasure: the freedoms in it are excusable, from having been written in youth, from the subjects it treats of, and the persons for whom it was designed. Among a great number of gay and witty jokes, there are, however, many grave and pious sentiments. I did as most people do, I paid most attention to the beginning and the end. Your description of the people is very true and pathetic; and the touching story of Grisildis has been ever since laid up in my memory, that I may relate it in my conversations with my friends. A friend of mine at Padua, a man of wit and knowledge, undertook to read it aloud; but he was scarcely got through half of it, when his tears prevented his going on: he attempted it a second time, but his sighs and sobs obliged him to desist. Another of my friends determined on the same adventure, and after having read from the beginning to the end, without the least alteration of voice or gesture, he said, returning the book, 'It must be owned this is a touching history; and I should have cried, could I have believed it true; but there never was, nor ever will be, a woman like Grisildis."

This was Petrarch's last letter: he closes it by saying, "Adieu, my friends; adieu, my letters!"

Soon after this, he was found dead in his library, July 18, 1374, with one arm leaning on a book. As he had been often seen to pass whole days in this attitude, those who beheld him were not at first alarmed; but, on a nearer view, finding in him no signs of life, they gave themselves up to the most bitter grief. It was supposed he was taken off at last by an apoplexy; but as no one was with him, this could not be known. His death caused a general grief and consternation; they came from all parts in crowds, to pay their last duty to a man who had been the greatest ornament of their country, and had raised its fame on all occasions. Francis de Corrara, with the bishop and clergy, and all the nobility of Padua, came to Arqua to attend his obsequies. The body of Petrarch, dressed in a flame-coloured cassock, which was the habit of the canons of Padua, was carried by sixteen doctors on a bier, covered with a cloth of gold, lined with ermine, to the parish-church of Arqua, which was hung in a manner suitable to this solemn ceremony. After the funeral oration, which was pronounced by Bonaventure de Peraga, of the order of the hermits of St. Augustine, the body was interred in a chapel of the Virgin, which Petrarch had built in this church. Some time after, Francis de Brossano, having raised a marble tomb on four columns opposite the same church, had his body removed thither, and engraved three Latin verses to his memory: the rhyme is their only merit.

Frigida Franscisci tegit hic lapis ossa Petrarcæ
Suscipe, Virgo parens, animam: sate Virgine parce;
Fessaque jam terris cœli requiescat in arce.

In 1667, Paul de Valdezucchi, proprietor of Petrarch's house at Arqua, had his bust in bronze placed on this mausoleum.

In 1630, some persons broke into this tomb, and took away some of Petrarch's bones, to sell them. The senate of Venice, enraged at this sacrilege, punished those who were guilty of it with extreme severity, and in the decree against them, expressed the highest respect for the ashes of this great man.

Through all Italy there was a general weeping and lamentation: they all cried out, "The father of letters is no more, the light of our age is extinguished!" Funeral songs were composed in every city to his memory; and Aretino * gives him a distinguished place in the great work he composed; and Francis Sacchetti, one of the best Italian poets of that age, composed a canzone, at the beginning of which, he represents heaven rejoicing, earth lamenting, purgatory weeping, and hell howling, at his death. It was at Florence, his native country, they felt his death most sensibly; for it was there his zeal, his merit, was most known, and where the most intimate friends he had left resided; Boccaccio, Colluccio Salutati, and Father Marsili.

As soon as Petrarch's will was opened, Francis Brossano, his heir, sent to all his friends the small legacies he bequeathed them. When Boccaccio received his, and the letter written with it, he made the following reply:

"When I saw your name, I felt immediately the contents of your letter. I had already heard, from public report, the happy translation of our master from this earthly Babylon to the heavenly Jerusalem. My first intention was to have visited the tomb of my father, and to bid him my last adieu, and to mix my tears with yours: but it is now ten months I have been attacked with a languishing disorder, which has weakened and altered me so much, you would not know me. I am no longer fat, nor fresh-coloured, as when you saw me at Venice: my sides are shrunk, my eyes become dim, my hands tremble, and my knees knock against one another. After having read your letter, I wept all night for my dear master: not, indeed, for him; his prayers, his fasts, his life, permit me not to doubt his happiness: but I weep for myself, and for his friends, whom he has left in this world, as a vessel without a pilot in a stormy sea. I judge by my grief of yours, and that of Tullia, my dear sister, and your amiable wife, whom I beg you will reason with, as well as console, for her great loss, which she ought, long ago, to have expected: women are weaker than men on these occasions, and therefore require their utmost assistance and consolation.

"I envy Arqua the happiness it enjoys, in receiving into its bosom the ashes of a man, whose heart was the residence of the Muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, and the fine arts. This village, hardly known even at Padua, will become famous through the world: it will be respected as we respect Mount Pausilippo, because it contains the cinders of Virgil; Tomos, and the banks of the Euxine, for the tomb of Ovid; and Smyrna, because Homer died and was buried there. The sailor who returns from the ocean, and who, charged with riches, sails along the Adriatic Sea, shall fall prostrate, when he discovers the Euganean hills! 'They inclose,' he will cry out, 'that great poet who was the glory of the world!' Ah! unhappy country! thou didst not merit such an honour! Thou hast neglected to cherish the most illustrious of thy children! Thou wouldst have caressed him, if he had been capable of treason, avarice, envy, and ingratitude: so truly is that old proverb verified, 'No one is a prophet in his own country.'

"You propose, you say, to erect him a mausoleum: I approve your design; but permit me to hint to you one reflection; it is, that the tombs of great men ought never to be raised at all, or answer, in magnificence, to the renown of their heroes! This was what Fortune did for Pompey: she thought it not proper to enclose his ashes in an urn, or to cover his body with the finest marble; but she gave him for a sepulchre, all that region which is watered by the sea, from Pelusium to Canope, and the heaven for his monument, that the passing traveller might tread lightly, and dread to trample under foot the body of that great man, who had marched over the heads of those kings he had subdued by his arms. If he had died with glory in Rome, I doubt whether the Mausoleum of Artemisia had been equal to his desert.

"My master has given me, at his death, a new proof of his friendship and generosity, of which I have received so many proofs during his life: I accept it with gratitude; I wish I was not in a situation to receive it. I beg of you to inform me, what is become of the precious library of this illustrious man. They say, there are persons commissioned to examine his works, and decide their fate: I dread lest this office should be given to lawyers, who think they know all things, when they have confused their heads with the chicaneries of law. God preserve the works of my master from falling into such hands as these! Science has no enemies so powerful as ignorant persons; they are always envious, hide the best parts of an author, condemn what they do not understand, and corrupt the whole of his works. Be upon your guard; for, if things were to go thus, how irreparable would the loss be to letters in Italy! I heard he had written me a long letter, with a translation he made of the last novel of my Decameron, as a compliance with my advice, that he would save himself as much as possible from the fatigue of writing: I have not received these kind

---

* Charles Aretino was distinguished among the learned men of the fifteenth century. His character has, however, been very differently represented by his contemporaries; —Poggio, on the one hand, extolling his talents and acquirements, while Philelphus decries both. As a Greek and Latin scholar his merits cannot be disputed, and he obtained deserved reputation as a poet. In 1443 he succeeded Leonard Aretino as secretary of the republic of Florence. The year of his death is not known.

marks of his attention. I am concerned for the trouble I give you, and beg of you, my dear brother, to consider me as a friend, and entirely yours.

"My weakness is so great, that I have been three whole days in writing this letter."

Boccaccio did not long survive his master; he died the 21st of December, 1375. Colluccio Salutati wrote to acquaint Francis Brossano with this mournful event, and, after giving the greatest praise to Boccaccio, begs Petrarch's poem, called Africa. "I will," says he, "defray all the charges of copying it. I know I do not deserve this honour; but I will venture to say, your putting it into my hands shall not tarnish the glory of Petrarch." Francis sent it him, desiring him to correct, and not to publish it. Salutati's design was to have made several well-corrected copies of it, to send to Bologna, Paris, and England; and to place one in a celebrated house in Florence, for the use of the public. He was prevented by this prohibition, and by finding a chasm in the poem, either placed apart accidentally by Petrarch, or omitted by the copiers. It seems extraordinary, that Petrarch should never have shown Boccaccio a poem he had spent so much time in composing, and that he should have been so long ignorant of the Decameron, undoubtedly the best work of Boccaccio, and an admirable satire on the monks. The latter was, probably, owing to the reverence of Boccaccio for Petrarch, who could not think of presenting him with a work which, being meant to expose vice, might probably, in some parts, offend the delicacy and sublimity of his sentiments; and Petrarch would not read his poem to Boccaccio, because he was not satisfied with it himself.

CONCLUSION.

We have now finished the account of Petrarch: and when a life (if I may so speak) paints itself, it would be a reproach to the reflection of the writer, and a very ill compliment to the penetration of the reader, to attempt to draw it over again, by a summary of insipid assertions. I shall, therefore, only remark one particular, which, with all feeling hearts, will apologise for that unfixed and variable temper so justly ascribed to Petrarch, and this was his tender and ardent passion for Laura, which entirely unsettled him for twenty years, and produced a restlessness in his mind (not formed, perhaps, by nature in the calmest mould) through every succeeding period of life. Had his profession, and happy lot, permitted him to have filled up the sacred and delightful relations of a husband and father; could he have brought up, with tender and virtuous care, the pledges of an honourable affection, (as from the principles of humanity and justice, he did the innocent offspring of a dishonourable one,) and thus given a public example of parental virtue; could he have rewarded with his esteem, and soothed with his attention, the cares of a tender mother, and a faithful wife; how much would it have promoted his happiness, and heightened his worth! As it was, he frequently led the life of a wanderer, to whom the sweets of a kind and cheerful home are unknown, and unhoped for, to alleviate the toils of life, and the distresses of humanity; and, with the finest taste for knowledge, the most perfect sympathy with nature, and the most lively and picturesque imagination, he often felt all the languor of discontent. His heart was formed for tenderness; but, alas! it fixed where its affections could not be sacredly confirmed. This uncertain spring of joy at last entirely failed; and his friends, one after another, followed the same beaten track.

From youth to manhood, he was a prey to the keenest sensibility: from manhood to old age, he was struggling to recover a calm and virtuous state of soul; but, often pierced with regret for the hours he had lost in the early part of his life, and with sorrow for the death of those he tenderly loved, he was continually interrupted in this great and noble pursuit. What a striking lesson for youth! What an awful lesson for all human beings! to engage them to seize with ardour, those fair and unruffled moments, that may fix the most pure and sacred principles in their hearts, and lay the foundation of that solid peace through life, which, once lost, we have seen, is never perfectly regained; not even under the influence and direction of the brightest understanding, and the most fervent piety.

Those readers who have been interested in the fortune of Petrarch, will pity his fate, admire his sublime and exalted genius, and revere his humble piety, which their candour, penetration, and sensibility, will draw out to life, from this faint and imperfect representation.

THE END.

SH
LOND

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA

3 0112 076204590